## PUNCH

Vol. CXLIX.

JULY-DECEMBER, 1915.

Pu 



LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 10, BOUVERIE STREET.

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.



Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Printers, London and Tonbridge.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI, July 7, 1915.

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

JMMER PRICE SIXPENCE

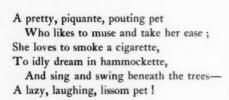
## PICTURE OFFER

To "De Reszke" Smokers only

This "Rilette" picture, "A Symphony in Smoke," on art paper 15 ins. by 10 ins., will be sent free to any smoker forwarding to MESSRS, J. MILLHOFF & CO., LTD., (Dept. 7), 86, Piccadilly, London, W., a "De Reszke" Box lid and 2d, in stamps, mentioning Picture No. 28. Previous pictures on same terms, viz.: a box lid and 2d, for each picture required. Please mention picture number when sending. "De Reszke" Cigarettes are sold by all Tobacconists and Stores, or may be obtained from the above address.







Her charm one never can forget,
Her eyes are blue as summer seas,
Or azure rings of cigarette:
As calm as babe in bassinette,
She basks there in the balmy breeze,
A dainty, dimpled, darling pet!

She tries to read a novelette,

Her parasol is Japanese,
'De Reszke' is her cigarette:
She likes a fume without a fret,

Her blouse is white, her frock cerise—
A saucy, sunny, smiling pet!

She almost goes to sleep, and yet,
Though lulled by booming honey-bees,
She keeps alight her cigarette.
A winsome, clever, cool coquette,
Who flouts all Grundian decrees—
A graceful, girlish, gleeful pet!

J. ASHBY-STERRY.





Sho likes a fume without a feet







## Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company

With which is incorporated the Goldsmiths. Alliance, Lid. (A. B. Suvery & Sons). Established 1781.

DERION. Gewellers & Silversmiths to HM. Che King.

OLIALITY

OLIALITY

OLIALITY



## FOR MEN.

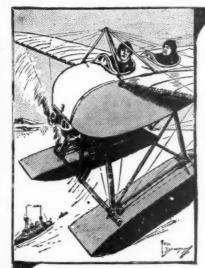
THESE gifts for men are practical and serviceable in design, and are especially suitable for service conditions. A large stock of other useful things for men affords full opportunity for choice. A Catalogue will be sent post free on request.

Active Service Flasks in Regent Plate, gilt lined, Bayonet Cap. Very serviceable and strictly hygienic Various Sizer. 10/- 11/- 12/- Solid Silver Flasks stocked from 18/6 Registered "Wind-screen" Match Box Holder, Solid Silver, takes ordinary size Match

Silver, takes cordnary size Match
Box ... £1 1 0
Solid Silver Friction Tinder Lighter, with
two reserve Finits and a supply of tinder ... 7/.
Solid Silver Combination Match Box and Motor Map
Measurer, Recording nautical and
stable miles, kilometres and versts
£2 5 0

THE name of the Goldsmiths and Silver-smiths Company on any article is a guarantee that it is the best obtainable, and the price charged the lowest consistent with the high quality given.

112, Regent Street, London, W.



#### THE BOREL HYDROPLANE

One of the first Hydro-monoplanes adopted by the Government. Driven by an 80 h.p. Gnome engine mounted in front of the fusilage on double bearings. Floats sprung at the rear on rubber shock absorbers. Chassis built of streamlined steel tubes. Pilot an l passenger in separate cockpits arranged tandem fashion. A small float under the tail which turns with the rudder enables the machine to be steered on the water at low speeds,

## PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

HAVE A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION.

They are made from fine quality Virginia Tobacco and are sold in two strengths-GOLD LEAF and MEDIUM.

> 50 for 1/6 100 for 3/-

Smaller sizes of packing at proportionate 50 for 1/11 100 for 2/3

In Packets and Tins from all Tobacconists and Stores

## PLAYER'S NAVY CUT DE LUXE

Is a DEVELOPMENT of the ORIGINAL PLAYER'S NAVY CUT.

Player's Navy Cut De Luxe is the outcome of many years' experience and is probably the best Pipe Tobacco yet offered to the Public.
It is perfectly accurate to describe it as being manufactured from not only the best growths of Virginia, but from the selected leaves of those best growths.

Packed only in 2-oz. AIRTIGHT TINS at 1/2 and 4-oz. AIRTIGHT TINS at 2/4.

FOR THE FRONT AT DUTY FREE PRICES.

Terms on application to JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham

Issued by the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.



A line drawing of a photograph of Boegebjerg's life-size statue of Lieut, Muller.

## HEALTH

## A System of Exercise for Everyone — from Infancy to Old Age.

ATIONAL exercise is the first step towards better health. It is what Nature prescribes to keep the body fit. Lieut. J. P. Muller (Royal Danish Engineers) has reduced exercise to so fine a point of simplicity as almost to give a new meaning to the word. His "System" is exercise without drudgery. It is scientific, easy, delightful and suited to old and middle-aged persons of either sex, as well as to the young.

No appliances of any kind are The whole series of required. movements occupies only a few minutes daily, and there is no risk of strain.

The responsiveness of the body to the exercises is immediate, because they exercise all the vital organs and every muscle of the body. The series includes self-massage with the hands—a novel feature which produces a delightful, exhilarating glow; removes and prevents indigestion and constipation; promotes circulation; tones the nerves and makes the skin clear and healthy.

The Body-bending and twisting Exercises—performed without difficulty even by people unused to exercise-strengthen the muscles of organs, ensuring functional efficiency. As a result the acids which cause gout, rheumatism and similar ailments are removed from the efficacy of the Muller System of

Stoutness is overcome by the discipline of the body under the sion letters from people in all parts Muller System, because the exercises restore the entire physical results from the practice of his organism to its normal or natural System. The following list of subcondition of health. For the same jects reported upon is but partially reasons the System corrects ex-representative of upwards of 20,000 cessive thinness.

A special descriptive brochure, entitled "A Statement to Medical his methods mostly on the instruc-Men," will be sent free to any doctor at his request, or the request of any of his patients desiring his advice before taking the Muller System for curative purposes.

The Muller System is advocated and used by Lord Alverstone, Lord Nunburnholme, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir R. S. Baden-Powell, Ex-President Roosevelt, Sir Malcolm Fox, Sir William Crawford, J.P., Viscount Hill, Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, Mrs. Alfred Illingworth, Alderman Broadbent, J.P., Rev. F. B. Meyer, and has also received Medical endorsement so weighty and complete as to leave no loophole for doubt as to its soundness.

## Personal Instruction.

Tuition is given personally and privately at the Institute in bright,

Separate instruction rooms are set apart for Ladies and Children.

For those who are unable personally to visit the Institute arrangements can be made to send Instructors (lady or gentleman) to explain and teach the System in their own homes.

### Free Consultation.

Readers are invited to call at the Muller Institute, 45 Dover Street opposite Tube Station), Piccadilly, W. (Telephone 416 Regent), for a free consultation with Lieut. Muller.

## Postal Instruction.

Special courses by post are conducted by Lieut. Muller to enable persons in the country and abroad to learn the exercises thoroughly, easily and quickly. Full particulars free on request. Please mention Punch, July 7.

The instruction of every pupil, whether at the trunk and massage the inner the listitute or by post, is personally super-

In many issues of *Punch* we have published the testimony of eminent men and leading journals to the exercise for everyone.

Lieut. Muller has in his possesof the world reporting beneficial cases communicated to him which have been successfully treated by tion and under the supervision of medical men.

## Subjects dealt with in Reports.

Appetite. Arterio-Sclerosis. Asthma. Biliousness. Bronchitis. Catarrh (Bronchial) Catarrh (Pulmonary) Chest (Narrow). Colds. Constipation. Consumption Curvature of Spine. Debility. Dyspepsia. Fatigue Feet (Cold). Figure Improved. Flatulence. Giddiness. Gout. Headache. Health (General). Heart (Weak). Heart (Disease). Heart (Strain).

Height Increased. Hyperæmia. Indigestion. Influenza. Insomnia. Lumbago. Lungs (Weak). Melancholia. Middle Age. Nerves. Neurasthenia. Neuritis. Obesity. Old Age. Palpitation. Rheumatism. Rupture. Skin. Sciatica. Stammering. Suppleness Throat (Sore). Weakness. Weight Increased. Weight Reduced.

It is evident that the Muller System is a remedy which does not merely cure here and there just because the conditions happen to be favourable to its operation. The great number and variety of subjects quite preclude that idea. It is a fundamental natural method which develops the inner vitality and builds up the genuine, permanent strength of real abounding health, ejecting in the process many specific ailments which are but the symptoms and effects of general ill-health or of a weakened organism.

The Muller System accords with the inevitable law of life which prescribes activity for every organ and muscle if the health of the whole body is to be preserved. essential activity is secured by the practice of the Muller System, which is capable therefore of exercising a decisive and beneficial influence on the physical well-being and of

prolonging life itself.

# MEN OF POWERFUL PERSONALITY RECOGNISE THE VALUE OF HEALTH

It is not from what a man swallows, but from what he digests, that blood is made. Pure blood means perfect health.

Imperfect digestion and assimilation causes impure blood, bodily weakness and mental apathy.

Unsuitable food is a frequent contributory cause of indigestion and consequent stomach and



have ninent

to the

ossesparts eficial

of his

of sub-

rtially

20,000

which ed by strucion of

ports.

eased.

k).

a.

e).

eased.

uced.

er Syses not
ust beto be
The
ubjects
a fun-

ich debuilds

rength

ting in Iments

is and

or of a

ls with

ch pre-

an and

whole

That

by the

, which

rcising

Auence

and of

## ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

intestinal disorders. Errors of diet can be quickly and safely corrected by the prompt use of

the natural remedy for preventing and relieving all functional disorders of the body's filter—the liver—enabling it to separate from the blood those carbonaceous matters which are dangerous to health.

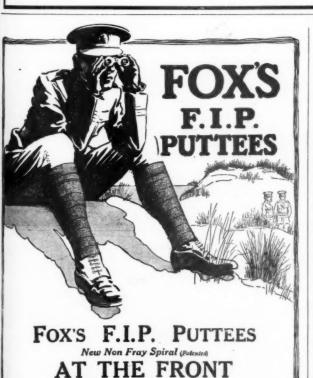
Eno's 'Fruit Salt' contains valuable constituents of ripe fruit in a portable, agreeable, and simple form, and is in every respect as harmless as the juices of the fruits from which it is obtained.

Order a bottle TO-DAY from your chemist or stores.

SOLD THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Prepared only by

J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'Fruit Salt' Works, LONDON, S.E.

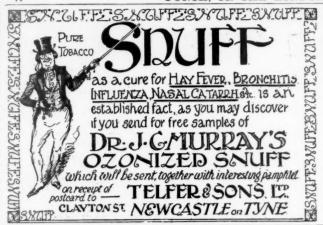


Patentees and Sole Manufacturers: Fox Bros & Co., Ltd. (Dept. L.) Wellington, Somerset.

Agents for United States:

Manley & Johnson, 266. West Broadway, New York. U.S.A.







## For Active Service

Vickery's Fa mous Dustproof Service Wrist Watch with Luminous Hands & figures.

Perfect Timekeeper, Screw-case back and front. Silver . . 58/6 and 72/6. Solid Gold . £6 18s. 6d.

Another make Sterling Silver, also ver Reliable . . 50/-

Send for Catalogue of Active Service Comforts

## Summer & Shooting Season. Pianos in Scotland.

STEINWAY, BROADWOOD, COLLARD, CHALLEN, SQUIRE, H.M.V. GRAMOPHONES,

## Paterson Sons & Co.

152, Buchanan St., GLASGOW. 27, George St., EDINBURGH.

26, George St., PERTH. 36, Reform St., DUNDEE.

11, Bridge St., ABERDEEN.

Dunollic Villa, Victoria Rd., OBAN.

Sole Probrietors :

## MANUEL WEBSTER

103 West George St., GLASGOW.

(Wholesale & Retail)

4/3 per bottle.

51/- per doz.

CARRIAGE PAID

Cash with Order or satisfactory references

Established nearly a Century.

## In Khaki

or mufti - it matters little which - when your garb is accidentally stained or marked, Pullars' Dry Cleaning process can make it spick and span again.

Many uniforms, suits, overcoats, etc., reach Pullars visibly the worse for wear, and go out beautifully renovated and ready for further service.

Your Clothes may benefit to the same extent! cost is small when the splendid efficacy of Pullars' treatment is considered.

Pullars' booklet gives full particulars. Write for copy to Dept. K.



About 4,000 Agents in the United Kingdom.



An Interesting

Pullars' Roll of

Sidelight

177 to 183 RECENT ST

LONDON

The Healthiest Spot in Scotland.

## PANMURF HOTFL

At the foot of the Grampians.

Grand Scenery. Bracing Air. A Delightful Rest and Change. The Hotel is fitted with every Modern Comfort. High Class Cuisine. Electric Light and Heating. Spacious Lounge.

An Ideal Resort for GOLF 18-Hole Course within five minutes' walk of Hotel.

MOTORING; Garage & Pit Listed Hotel R.A.A. & all principal clubs

Tennis and Bowling Greens near

Send for Tariff to the MANAGER.

## SYMONS' CYDER

A health-giving and delicious drink skilfully manufactured from the finest Apples grown in Devons best Orchards. Awarded many first and Stores at home and Stores at home and abroad. Sendfor sample case and state if "Dry" or "Sweet." is preferred, or our non-intoxicating non-intoxicating "Sydrina."

JNO. SYMONS & CO. LTD. Totney DEVON or Ratchel LONDON E.

Honour presently contains the names of one Director and no fewer than 230 employees.

## Behind the Firing Line the Sea



UNIQUE

West George Street, GLASCOW.

The value of the DULCITONE for "Tommy on the land and Jack upon the sea" has been specially demonstrated to us in the past few months by the number which we have despatched to the Continent and also to the ships of war.

One of the chief reasons for the popularity of the Dulcit.

tone is its portability—it can be so easily carried about and when folded up stows away in such a small space.

## THE DULCITONE

has keys and touch like an ordinary Piano, but NEVER gets out of tune as its sound producers are tuning-forks instead of strings.

Compass 31, 4 and 5 Octaves. Prices - - - from £12 net.

Write for free illustrated catalogus to the sole makers and patentees:

THOMAS MACHELL & SONS 46 Great Western Road,



ANDERSON & SHAW LT., · · · GLASGOW · · ·

GRA BRA

#### VISIT ANDREWS ST.

ctive

ice

y's Fastproo

Wrist

with

nous

figures.

Screw-

d 726.

8s. 6d.

e Ster-

so very

. 50/-

ogue of comforts

land.

ians.

Air.

nge. verv Class

and

nge.

OLF

five

Pit

clubs

near

R

lrink

d by

nts

our

1

the Picturesque Old City and Famous Golfing Resort.

FOUR GOLF COURSES, PUT-TING GREENS. Exceptional opportunity for a delightful golfing holiday. Unequalled bathing facil-ities. Charming walks and drives.

Excellent accommodation. Everything quite normal.

WRITE TO TOWN CLERK FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED GUIDE.

## **BROUGHTY FERRY**

OF THE NORTH

is an Ideal Serri le Holiday Resort.

Safe Sea Bathing on fine sands; Safe Sea Batting on Miles Boating; High Class Pierrot Entertainments daily; Public Entertainments daily; Public Bowling Greens and Tennis Courts; Good Motoring centre and within easy reach of many first-class Golf Courses.

Guide Book Free. Apply to Town Clerk (Dept. A), DUNDEE.

British Owned and Managed.

## ST. ANDREWS. Grand Hotel

Finest Situation—Frontages Sea and Links. Excellent Cuisine. Wines a special feature, Electric Light and Lift. Garage. Apply Manageress.

## ELIE, FIFE. Marine Hotel

Patronised by Royalty.
Immediately adjoining the Links.
Open Sea View.

Apply Manageress

#### CLUBS GOLF

When buying ask for

FORGAN'S CLUBS

which have been on the market for 60 years; given every satisfaction and accepted throughout the golfing world as the standard of excellence by reason of their superior finish, perfect spring

and balance.
Stocked by all High-Class Sporting
Goods Dealers throughout the world.
If unable to obtain same write for
Illustrated Booklet
to the Sole Makers:

R. Forgan & Son Makers:

By Special Appointment Golf Club Makers to the late king Edward VII.

Send for a supply of REAL SCOTCH, and you will be delighted.

GRANT'S "Old John" Oats, 21b, packet 1/-.
GRANT'S "Old John" Oats, 21b, packet 1/-.
GRANT'S Scotch Oatflour, 11b, tin 1/-.

\*\*MANI & SERICH VALUEUR, 115, MH 1/All Postage paid. Cash with Order.

Messrs, Grant have been selling their famous Oat
products since 1813, which for perfect purity and
favour are unsurpassed. They have exceptional
diocer are unsurpassed. They have exceptional
four is a splendid food for children and invalids. John Brant & Sons, Ltd., Craig Mills, Dunder, Scotland.



The Leading Authority in all that pertains to a boot, it's modelling, making, and fitting to the wearer's foot, is indisputably the firm of Manfield & Sons. The name commands universal respect as regards the essentials of fit and wear. It carries confidence too into the more delicate points of taste and style. A discriminating public has been taught to expect the best that the bootmaker's craft is capable of - at Manfield's.

M775-25/-Write for Catalogue to MANFIELD & Sons 228 & 229 Piccadilly, London, W.

Branches in all large towns



## ORIGINALITY

?&~?&~?&~}&~}&~?&~}&~}&~}&~}& ```&~``&~``&~``&~``&~``&~``

The originality of the CLINCHER TYRE, combined with its excellent quality is the reason of its success.

It was the First Detachable Pneumatic Tyre invented and every Beaded Edge Pneumatic Tyre of to-day is constructed to this design.

It is made in the largest Rubber Factory in the British Empire where science and skill combine to produce the finest of Tyres.

# FIT

Motor Tyres.

THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO., LTD., 169, Great Portland Street, LONDON, W. Factories: Castle Mills, Edinburgh.



DEAFNESS IS A TRIAL THAT CANNOT BE BORNE PATIENTLY. are many men home from the Front suffering keenly from this affliction, is easily prevented by the use of HARBUTTS PATENT

A small piece made into a plug and placed in each ear effectually cuts up the nerve-shattering concussions while interfering but little with ordinary conversation, the word of command, or the bugle call; and the price is only 7d., in a strong tin box, post paid; larger boxes 1/2, post paid. Every man at the Front ought to have a box. Send one to your friend there. Postage abroad 3d. extra for the small box and 9d. extra on the large.

The state of the s

HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE, Ltd., 100 Bathampton, BATH.

"Made like a Soldier's Kilt."



The Kill.

The Kill.
Plaited and stitched exactly like a soldier's kilt.
The skirt folds round the body and fastens at right side. Made to order in about zoo clan and family tartans, in all wool hand-woven Saxony.

Fatterss free on application

JOHN WIGHT & Co. The Home of Scottish Industries

104-105 PRINCES ST. EDINBURGH.

EDINBURGH.



Cockburn Hotel

(First-class Temperance.) Adjoining Waverley Station

Full particulars on application.



MANNA

MEDIUM 3 EX-LARGE 5 LARGE 36 GIANT 66

> AS SMOKED BY THE **OFFICERS** OF H.M. NAVY

PETER MITCHELL iai Union Street & 3 Market Street. ABERDEEN.

Remittance must accompany Order.

## REST and RECUPERATE at

(Forfarshire)

"A QUEEN OF SUMMERTIME" SET BY THE SILVERY SEA. So

GOLF LINKS: Famed for Centuries.

BATHING SANDS: Unsur-passed on Scottish Coast for Beauty and Equipment. ogo

Illustrated Guide and House List Free. Apply: Town Chamberlain.

## CARNOUSTIE

Golfing Riviera of the North.

Ideal for healthful holidays. Dr Ideal for healthful holidays. Dry and bracing. Perfect sanitation. Long stretch of beautiful sands. Safe Bathing. First-class Golf: two 18-Hole Courses, Tennis, Bowling. &c. :: Fine walks and drives. Superior and plenti-ful accommodation. Reached by Caledonian and North British Railways. Official Guide Book post free from Town Clerk.

R. S. F. MOTOR GARAGE.

Agents for Vauxhall and Calthorpe Cara.
EXTENSIVE VAUXHALL AND CALLED THE VALUE OF THE VALUE OF

MADE IN SCOTLAND.

The "R. & T." LEATHER SUIT CASE

With 8 Solid Leather Corners

20 inch . . . . 25/6 24 inch . . . . 28 inch . . . 30/0 CARRIAGE PAID. BEST VALUE EVER OFFERED.

8 Renfield St., 212 Sauchiehall St.,

REID & TODD GLASGOW.

## CLYDESDALE HOTEL

Leading Hotel in the beautiful Falls of Clyde district. Golf. Garage. First-class. Patronised by leading county families.

LANARK, SCOTLAND.

Telephone: 31 Lanark Telegrams: "Nicoll, Clydesdale, Lanark."

## **COW'S LOCH RANNOCH HOTEL**

The Largest and Most Modern First-Class Hotel in the District.

is Beautifully Situated on the Northern Shore of Loch Rannoch, facing South and sheltered from the East and North winds. It commands the Best View of the Loch, Schiehallion, and surrounding listrict, and is situated within its Own Grounds. Garage. Pit. Fetrol. Motor Cars and Carriages on Hire at the Hotel. Boats and Fishing Free. Headquarters Automobile Club. Golf Course. Mrs. G. GOW, Proprietrix. Telegrams: "Gow's Hotel, Kinloch-Rannoch."



Radio-Active Waters. The CURE for **GOUT**RMEUMATISM, SCIATICA, etc. All Continenta
reatments available. Superb Scenery. Motoring,
Golf, Theatres. Gardens, Children's
Gymnasia,
Guide Free. Secty. Information Dept. D, Buxton,

Exterminated by

'LIVERPOOL' VIRUS without danger to other animals and without smell from dead bodies. In tins ready pre-pared with the bait. Virus for Rats, 2/6 & 6/-; for Mice, 1/6. OF ALL CHEMISTS.

Write for particulars to EYANS SONS, LESCHER & WEBB, Ltd., 56 "J." Hanover Street, LIVERPOOL.

## IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND

Sulphur (Strongest in Europe) and Chalybeate Waters. Bathing and Drinking Cures.

Radium, Inhalation and Electric Treatments.

## Hotel—The Highland

Owned and Managed by The Highland Railway Company

Beside the Baths, the Wells and the Gardens. Special terms till 14th July: 10/- per day.

Ask Messrs. H. Powell Rees, Ltd., 95 Fetter Lane, London, or 65 Renfield St., Glasgow, or the Traffic Manager, Highland Railway, Inverness, for Illus-trated Guide to Strathpeffer Spa, and other holiday literature—post free.

## **INVERNESS**

A. W. CHAPMAN & CO., Eastgate Garage

Repairs, Tyres, Petrol, etc.

Tel. Add .: "Magneto"



Hiring Open and Closed Cars, Shooting

Brakes. Powerful and Comfortable.

## Sole Agents for WOLSELEY and FORD

Also at Craigmhor Hotel, Newtonmore and Cairngorm Hotel, Aviemore

ondon Address: PUTNEY BRIDGE STATION GARAGE, HURLINGHAM, S.W.

## Be'linen-wise: Buy Scotch Linens



OR 75 years this house has been selling QUALITY Linens, direct from the foremost Scotch Factories, at first cost. These Linens have stood the test of time. Many a grandmother of to-day points with pride to the fine old linens she purchased from this house in her prine. She was "linen-wise." Write for our catalogue illustrating and describing Household Linens. Specimen Wedding Outfits are detailed. Every Bride-elect should have a copy.

Mustrated. All flax Huckaback Towels with Charming Damask Towels with Charming Damask Towels with Charming Damask Ends, Hemstitched. Pesigns include Fleur-de-lis, Viola, Chrysanthemum, Lily and Rose-bud. Size 22 by 40 inches. 1/11 each. 6 for 11/3. Fine Value. Towels, quite Plain with Hem-stitched Ends. Very absorbent having a beautifully soft finish. Life-long wear. Size 24 by 40 inches. 1/7 each. 6 for 8/11.

urchases safely packed and sent to any part of the world. We pay carriage within the United Kingdom.

## DRAFFEN & JARVIE, LTD. DUNDEE.

ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR 1838

## When Friends Drop in you will find it handy to have a case

of mellow Old Saint Mungo

Scotch Whisky
in your cellar. Simply send
cheque or m.o. for 50/- to-night;
plain case containing r doz, bottle
will come carr. paid by return.

## ROBERT BROWN & CO

Scotch Whisky Merchants 39 Washington Street, GLASGOW



"Heart of Highlands."

## TRUIMBANK HOTEL

.200 ft. Alt. Bracing Air. Fine Scenery. Fishing in Loch Bricht. Ideal for recu-perating. Write for Booklet.

#### MOTOR GARAGE Everything for Motors.

Repairs - Accessories - Hiring. Patronised by Royalty.

DAVID MILLAR & SONS Carriage Builders and Motor Engi Commissioner St., CRIEFF, N.B.

## Pitlochry Hydro Hotel,

PITLOCHRY, PERTHSHIRE.

"The Switzerland of Scotland."

Coaching, Golf, Tennis, Fishing, etc Illustrated Guide on application.

Telegs.: "Comfort Pitlochry." 'Phone 3

## STATION HOTEL, PERTH.

(Proprietors: Caledonian, North British and Highland Railways)

TI

Unrivalled centre for the Tourist. whether travelling by road or rail. The Hotel is comfortable and convenient the charge moderate. Accommodation for Motors strictly under the control of the Proprietors. S.A.C. and R.A.C. appointments in first class.

## **STRATHPEFFER** Spa Hotel Patronised by Royalty

Highest Situation overlooking the Strath.
Salmon and Trout Fishing. Gelf.
Tennis. Recreation and Ball Rooms.
INCLUSIVE TERMS from 100- per day.
Special Terms for the Army & Havy
during the War.
Telegrams . "Wallace, Strathpeller."

PITLOCHRY.

## FISHER'S HOTEL

(First Class.)

GOOD MOTOR CENTRE
on the direct route to the North of Scotle Hotel & Motor Garage lighted throughout with Electricity.

#### FRUIT & VEGETABLES FINEST QUALITY

supplied at moderate prices to shooting lodges, etc. ... Prices on application to

MALCOLM CAMPBELL, Ltd. 18, Gordon Street, GLASGOW.

## LISONEL

## Crême de Luxe (VANISHING CREAM) and

**Crêmede Beauté** (MASSAGE CREAM) Prices (post free) 1/9 and 2/9.

J. S. GREGSON. Ltd., Massage Specialists 396 Sauchiehall St. GLASGOW. Write for Booklet

THOMPSON'S FOOT JOY Corn Plaster quickly cures CORNS, Bunions and Swollen Joints. No pain. "Walking a pleasure." Large sheet 1s. 2d., rost feet Large sheet 1s. 2d., post fres

only from
THOMPSON, Homapathic Chemist
17, Gordon Street, Glasgow.

## **AMBLESIDE**

ICOUR.

SS

ANDS.

scenery

ΓEL,

SHIRE.

Scenery.

GE liring.

SONS

, N.B.

lotel.

RE.

ind."

ig. etc.

RTH.

tish and

of the

ppoint-

ronised Royalty

Strath.

peffer."

EL

thted icity.

LES

xe

ıté

Plaster

lking a

post free

Chamist,

RE

R

et.

The principal Centre of the English Lake District,

## THE SALUTATION HOTEL THE OUEEN'S HOTEL

THE WATERHEAD HOTEL

(Standing on the margin of Windermere Lake) are replete with every comfort and convenience, and offer first-lass ac-commodation to Families & Tourists.

TAYLOR'S Four-in-Hand Stage Coaches leaving the Hotels daily for KESWICK, CONISTON, ULLSWATER, and the LANGDALES, returning in time for Table d'hôte.

GOOD GARAGE ACCOMMODATION.

For Tariff and Information apply to THOMAS TAYLOR, Proprietor.

Grasmere (English Lakes).

## THE RED LION HOTEL

Beautifully situated. THE BEST CENTRE FOR THE LAKE DISTRICT.

Electric light throughout Tel. 50 Grasmers.

S. BAWDEN,
Proprietor.

## KESWICK-on-Derwentwater,

the most delight ul resort at the Lakes. The KESWICK HOTEL, the most up-to-date Hotel in the Lake District.

Booklet and Tariff J. B. WIVELL

For RESTFUL HOLIDAYS Levely Scenery and Delightful Steamer Trips, Come to

ULLSWATER

" The English Lucerne." Hotel List and Guide, Postage lid. Guide and Maps, (cloth) is. lid. Time Tables, &c., apply W. Scott, No. 1 Town Hall, PENRITH.

ENGLISH LAKES.

## TRUBSHAW & GIBSON, Estate Agents & Surveyors.

ILLUSTRATED PROPERTY REGISTER WITH MAP OF DISTRICT FREE.

Bowness Rd., WINDERMERE. Telephone 127.

## BERMALINE

BEST BROWN BREAD

a nourishing and wholesome BREAD for family use, delicious to eat and always fresh.



FREE SAMPLE LOAF (made in Model Bakery) and name of nearest Baker from Montgomerie, Ltd., Ibrox, Glasgow.



## **FURNESS** RAILWAY

THE **ENGLISH LAKE-LAND** Always Beautiful in Sunlight or Moonlight.

RAIL, COACH, AND STEAM YACHT TOURS THROUGH LAKE-LAND

(With certain exceptions, for particulars of which see Tours Programme.) IN OPERATION EVERY WEEK DAY FROM

JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER EMBRACING

WINDERMERE, CONISTON, GRASMERE, THIRLMERE, DERWENTWATER, ULLSWATER, WASTWATER, ENNERDALE, etc., LAKES, GEORGE ROMNEY'S HOME (1742-1755), AND FURNESS ABBEY.



WINDERMERE LAKE.—The Furness Railway Company's beautiful Steam Yacht "Britannia" (licensed to carry 122 passengers) can be chartered for Parties during the Season, per day or half-day at popular charges.

FURNESS ABBEY HOTEL is the centre for Lake-land,—Beautifully situated within the grounds of Furness Abbey. Under the management of Mr. H. P. Stephenson. Telegrams, "Hotel," Furness Abbey. Telephone, 59, Barrow-in-Furness.

Apply for Furness Railway Guides, Tours Programmes, etc., to Mr. A. A. Havnes,
Superintendent of the Line, Barrow-in-Furness.
ALFRED ASLETT.

\*\*Recretary and General Manager.\*\*

## TERRY'S Restaurant, Café,

Confectionery Establishment

## ST. HELEN'S SOUARE, YORK.

(Within 100 yards of the Cathedral, St. Mary's Abbey, Guildhall, etc.)

-Luncheons, Dinners, Afternoon Teas, etc.

CHOCOLATES, CAKES & CONFECTIONERY. MAKERS OF THE CELEBRATED "THISTLE" BRAND CHOCOLATE MIXTURE. TOGO BULLETS AND TANGERINE ORANGE DROPS.

JOSEPH TERRY & SONS, LIMITED, YORK.

Established in 1767-IV hen George the Third was King.



## FARRAH'S HARROGATE TOFFEE

Made by the House of Farrah for 75 years

The most delicious Toffee in the World

## HARROGATE

In Ideal Situation, overlooking Valley Gardens, three minutes from Pump Room. Superior Private Apartments or Board-Residence.

Quiet. Very Comfortable. Select. Highly Recommended.

MRS. E. M. HARTLEY,
"RYECROFT," 69 VALLEY DRIVE.

HARROGATE HOUSE ACENT

A. N. THOMPSON, 11 Albert St., HARROGATE.

Frunished Houses, Rooms, etc. Lists Gratis.

## GARDENS

When visiting the famous Lake District do not miss the opportunity of seeing our Nurseries and selecting trees

or plants for autumn delivery.
Our speciality is designing,
remodelling and furnishing gardens.

Distance no object.

#### THE LAKELAND NURSERIES. WINDERMERE.

LONDON ADDRESS: 72 Victoria St., S.W.

# 1916 greeland £198

## The Most Sensational Motor Car Value ever offered to the British Public

of the new 'Overland.' A bold statement, but true to the letter. It is a car of supreme comfort and absolute efficiency. It has a low streamline body to seat five in comfort. It is made to run silently; the chassis and body are as one; there is no rattling. Every 'Overland' goes through rigid inspection and very severe road tests; nothing is left undone to make it absolutely efficient. Yet the price is but £198 complete, ready for the road.

ORDER YOUR 'OVERLAND' FROM OUR AGENT IN YOUR TOWN.

We will post it free.

1916 Overland' Features

ELECTRIC ENGINE STARTER
No more laborious cranking.
ELECTRIC LIGHTING
No bother with gas or oil.
MAGNETO IGNITION
Full power developed—always.
AUTOMATIC OLLING
Never too much: never too little.
NICKEL AND ALUMINIUM PARTS
The least trouble to clean.
UNDERSLUNG REAR SPRINGS
Elliptic. Easy riding—always.

THERMO SYPHON COOLING
No trouble—it is automatic,
ONE-MAN HOOD
No extra help needed
SPEEDOMETER

ELECTRIC HORN
DETACHABLE RIMS AND SPARE
All included in the price

£198

BUILT for the OWNER DRIVER



WILLYS-OVERLAND, Ltd.
'OVERLAND HOUSE'

151 Great Portland Street
LONDON, W.

Gillette

Send for "Illustrated Catalogue."

## Shave Yourself

What excuse can a man give nowdays for appearing with an unshaved face? Everywhere he goes, he sees other men keeping clean shaven and presentable by three minutes' use of the Gillette Safety Razor and the Gillette blades. British made.

Gillette Safety
Razor

## Come! Polish up!

AND if they're brown boots polish with Lutetian Cream.

"Lutetian" does the leather good to start with—feeds it, softens it, prevents splitting — adds vastly to foot comfort.

"Lutetian" brings that rich colour and varnish-like gloss that look right!

"Lutetian" gives a quicker thine a longer lasting shine and a cheaper shine than any other polish you can buy.

"Lutetian" pays for itself in improving your appearance, in saving your time, in lessening your boot bill.

"Lutetian" has been 'out' for 40 years and is more popular to-day than ever.



LUTETIAN CREAM

In Light, Dark & Extra Dark—for all Brown Lea

For Black Glace or Patent Boots there is nothing to equal MELTONIAN CREAM.

Meltonian Cream keeps leather soft, preserves and improves it, gives a marvellous lasting lustre.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining these preparations send us a card for name of nearest dealer.

E. BROWN & SON, Ltd., 7, Garrick St., London, W.C.



#### DEVON MEN.

From Bideford to Appledore the meadows lie aglow
With kingcup and buttercup that flout the summer snow;
And crooked-back and silver-head shall mow the grass
to-day,

And lasses turn and toss it till it ripen into hay;

For gone are all the careless youth did reap the land of yore.

The lithe men and long men,
The brown men and strong men,
The men that hie from Bideford and ruddy Appledore.

From Bideford and Appledore they swept the sea of old With cross-bow and falconet to tap the Spaniard's gold; They sped away with dauntless Drake to traffic on the Main,

To trick the drowsy galleon and loot the treasure train;

For fearless were the gallant hands that pulled the sweeping oar,

The strong men, the free men, The bold men, the seamen,

The men that sailed from Bideford and ruddy Appledore.

From Bideford and Appledore in craft of subtle grey Are strong hearts and steady hearts to keep the sea

to-day; So well may fare the garden where the cider-apples bloom And Summer weaves her colour-threads upon a golden

For ready are the tawny hands that guard the Devon shore,

The cool men, the bluff men,

The keen men, the tough men,

The men that hie from Bideford and ruddy Appledore!

## TRAINED VOLUNTEERS AND THE REGISTER.

(To certain responsible people.)

WHEN from a ten months' sleep you wake To find that we've a war on hand, And feel the time has come to take

A Register of all the land; To ask about our names and ages And who the persons are who pay our wages;

Whether in single bliss we live Or bear the weight of wedlock's chains; What leisure hours we have to give, What skill of eye or brawn or brains To put at England's service, please, If she should ask us on her bended knees;

You'll hear with nicely feigned surprise That you have had, this six months long, Unnoticed by official eyes, An army half-a-million strong Begging for leave to do its bit And getting for its pains the frozen mit.

Spurning delights of ease and sport They plead to serve some humble use, To guard a line, to man a fort, Letting our younger warriors loose, And earn the right to have a pitch Allotted to them in the final ditch.

And when at last you come and say: "What can you do? We ask for light On any service you can pay,"
The answer is: "You know all right, And all this weary while you knew it; The trouble was you wouldn't let us do it."

O. S.

#### SQUAD DRILL WITH RESPIRATORS.

WE have much pleasure in favouring our readers with the new instructions, which are shortly to be embodied in the *Manual of Anti-Zepptic Training*. For drill purposes the important word will be shortened to "Prators.

## GENERAL RULES.

1. Recruits, before they commence the respirator exercises, are to be taught the names of the different parts of the appliance and the care of pads and sponge-bags.

2. Drill with respirators should be practised occasionally in extended order, i.e., up and down stairs and round unlikely corners, to accustom recruits to hold their noses steadily and breathe correctly when separated from their comrades.

3. The recruit, having been thoroughly instructed in the respirator exercises by numbers, as shown in the following sections, will be taught to perform them in quick time, with a pause of one beat between each motion.

#### FALLING IN WITH RESPIRATORS AT THE ORDER.

The recruits will fall in in the front hall, should there be one in the house, dressing by and numbering from the right, the mistress or governess (if any) being right marker, and the butler or cook (also if any) marking on the left. Nurses with babies in arms will act as supernumeraries in the rear and will not form fours or carry their infants at

first finger and thumb, with the two middle fingers extended O'LEARY V.C. had never shown to the Germans.

and the little finger at an angle of forty-five degrees from the rest, the back of the hand being upwards and the arm slightly bent, with the elbow against the side. The left hand will hang perpendicularly, thumb against the thigh, fingers together and slanting towards the ground. When each man (woman or child) has got his dressing he will stand at ease.

THE SLOPE FROM THE ORDER,

#### Slope Prators-One.

Give the respirator a cant upwards with the right hand, catching the muzzle with the left hand, back of the hand to the left, elbow to the rear.

#### Two.

Cut away the right hand to the side.

TO FIX RESPIRATORS FROM THE SLOPE.

#### Fix Prators-One.

Seize the right-hand string of the respirator with the right hand, knuckles to the front; at the same time push the muzzle of the respirator sharply forward and turn the head and eyes to the right, the right-hand man looking to

#### Two.

Taking the time from the right-hand man, raise the muzzle of the respirator to the level of the face, pressing it home on the nose, open the mouth five-eighths of an inch, lips pointing outwards, and take a deep breath. Body and head to be erect.

Tie the strings behind the back of the head on a level with the eyes, turning the head and eyes to the front.

Cut away both hands to the sides.

Note.—On the word Fix, the right-hand man of the unit will take three paces forward, resuming his place in line when the fourth motion is completed.

#### TO UNFIX RESPIRATORS.

#### Unfix Prators-One.

Keeping the heels closed, place the head between the knees, muzzle downwards, and grasp the strings of the respirator with the thumb and fore-finger of each hand, keeping the little finger erect.

Taking the time from the left-hand man, untie the strings of the respirator, and with the right hand disengage the muzzle from the nose.

Extricate the head from between the knees, cut away the left hand to the side, and return to the order. ZIGZAG.

#### Impending Apologies.

#### I. To Sir Edward Grey.

"Published in Lausanne by Payot and Company, the book . . . has already appeared in French. An English translation has, we understand, been prepared for the use of our Foreign Office." Daily Chronicle.

## II. To the Cape Mounted Police.

"As one observer put it, it was generally a case of 'one fool following another.' Whenever a body of mounted police was seen marching along a crowd of nondescripts immediately pursued."—Cape Times.

"When O'Leary stepped from the train he was received by the Lord Mayor, who shook him warmly by the hand, and in a few words cordially welcomed his back to Cork."—Glasgow News.

Each recruit will hold his respirator between the right | Cork might well be proud of seeing something that Sergeant

h, en ill

d,

sh ne to

it h, id

el

it ne

ie ie d,

1e

10

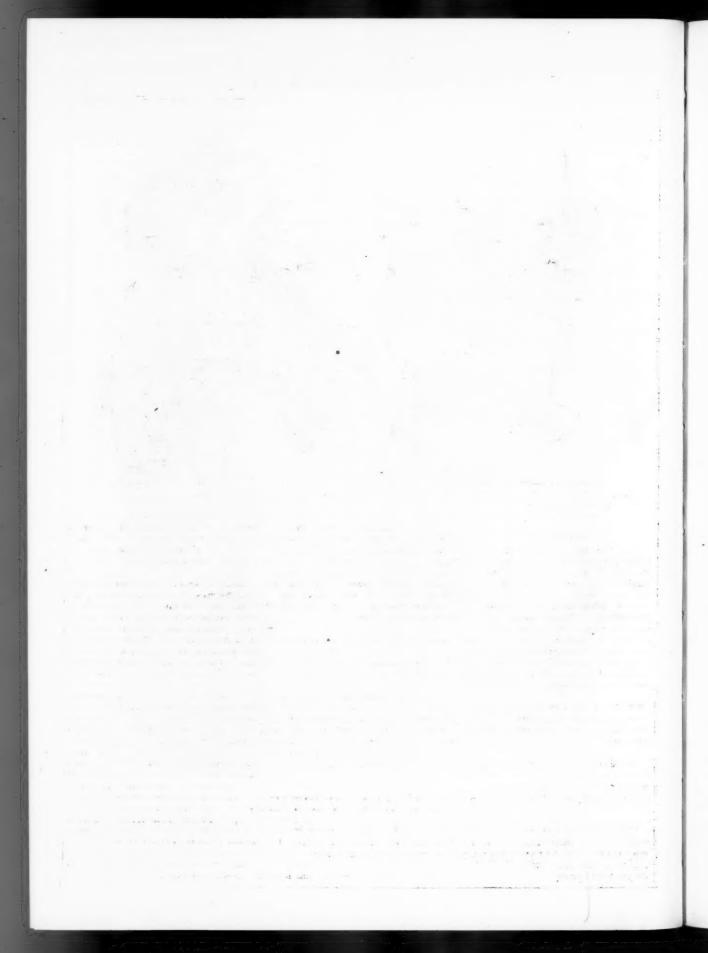
r-

nt



## READY AND WAITING.

MEMBER OF VOLUNTEER TRAINING CORPS (to President of Local Government Board). "WHAT CAN I DO? AH! I'M GLAD THEY'VE ASKED ME THAT AT LAST. I SHALL TELL THEM I'M ONE OF HALF-A-MILLION VOLUNTEER SOLDIERS WHO'VE BEEN WAITING FOR A JOB FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS."





Tommy. "WHY, IN MY BIT OF THE LINE THE TRENCHES WAS SO NEAR THAT BOTH SIDES USED THE SAME PARAPET AND TOOK TURNS AT THE LOOPHOLES!

### CHARIVARIA.

War that it is good to know that, as Observer. "No shopkeeper dares now regards their own country, they will inscribe 'Mann spricht deutsche' on the fought in vain. It is the his window." It must have been a that the Russian administration of the glad tidings. "Canadians as a whole," says this paper, "have given such proof of bitter animosity to Germany that they must not be surprised if henceforth every effort is made to prevent the We are relieved to hear that Sir further influx into their land of the Edward Henry was not involved. virile stream of German manhood.'

"ENEMY FLUNG BACK IN GALICIA," announced a newspaper the other day. was used.

The Queen of Sweden, who was in Karlsruhe at the time of its bombing is said to be returning to Stockholm. There's really no place like homefor neutrals.

newspapers. As a matter of fact many masters, refuse to talk Bosch. public schools have had a Shell class for years and years.

THE Canadian troops have fought here than most English people imagine," with such magnificent gallantry in the writes a Paris correspondent in The less than they actually are. even before the War.

> "BIG FALLS IN LEADING COPPERS." Daily Chronicle.

The Daily Mail publishes a photoannounced a newspaper the other day. five clergymen making munitions. It asked where persons working in the We trust that no unnecessary violence should now be possible to solve the City would be registered, and he hits his thumb with a hammer.

hailed as an innovation by several The dignified inhabitants, unlike their in hand, remembering things.

Bravo, fair sex! We hear that many Ginnell, not Ginnelheimer.

"The feeling against Germany and ladies in order to appear the more fit everything German is much stronger for active work intend to give their ages in the National Register form as

Tägliche Rundschau which sends the very bold shopkeeper who dared do it town was splendid. The population were treated well, and the public buildings, museum and galleries were left in perfect order, the Russians paying all official salaries and other expenses. Not so bad for a people who have never enjoyed the advantages of Kultur!

At the Court of Common Council, graph, taken in a Lancashire town, of last week, the City Remembrancer was interesting and much debated question answered that those who slept outside as to what a clergyman says when he the City would be registered in their own districts, and only those who slept within the confines of the City would A Daily Express correspondent who be registered in the City. The City has been paying a secret visit to Con- Remembrancer himself will presumably stantinople reports that the German not be registered anywhere, for we officers there, in order to be understood imagine that Remembrancers have to "Shell-making at School" has been by the Turks, have to speak French. sit up all day and all night, note-book

No, the name of the person is

#### AT THE FRONT.

WE have come to the conclusion that the people who arrange the battles have decided that their attitude to us is to be one of attempted frightfulness. Whereas other regiments enjoy all the amenities of peaceful trench life, with, say, a battle on every third Thursday, we are continually threatened with some fresh and frightful prospect which never materialises. In fact, we are constantly disappointed.

Sometimes they turn us out at dead of night and ship us to some forlorn bit of line, pleasant only in the forgetting, and assure us that we shall all be dead in two hours, and that the old the second night in, and he shells our remember the exact way, so we have country is already proud of us. The support line with enormous missiles for to go out and bring them in, quite beginning of the third hour finds the one half of every day. But as we got broken up.

evening sees us re-entraining for France, billets and security, with nothing more glorious to carry back than a sleepy surmise that the old country must have reconsidered her decision just in time.

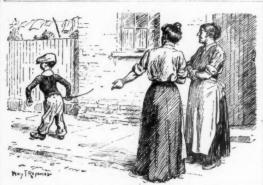
Sometimes again they think out for us a highly unfortified attack on a highly fortified position. Then the General, or the General's General, sends for company commanders-at least it gets to them eventually, possibly by indirect fire -and exhorts them with cheerful words, such as, "On the afternoon of to-morrow, Friday, the 17th inst., you will spring lightly over

your parapet and take the enemy's first shells is, like the equator, imaginary, line trenches, second line trenches, over LITTLE WILLIE to your battalion and it never varies: sergeant-major to birch severely.'

We spend the night working up a frightens German listening post. deuce of a hate, and cutting great chunks out of our barbed wire. Some of the and when dawn arrives the Bosch is are A 8). frightened out of his life by the strange music of our men grinding their bayonets on their teeth-an old and little known army custom always observed on the morning before an attack.

Then at last, as we are finishing a apricots and cream, touching up our ing signaller dashes up to the mess hut made the ground of a conference. and falls in a dead faint in the act of

After they had played the attack accident. game often enough to impel the two senior Captains to tell some of our lead- sports. (Observe that the Britannic ing Generals not to be silly, they comes after the Teuto, as is always the moved us off here as a punishment case, but the Teuto usually gets away.) for not taking our attacks seriously. "Here" is the seat of the original usually distributed neatly along roads; Flanders frightfulness. The Bosch has a few get tired on the way and try to done all his best turns; he gassed us drop in on us. But they can never mess president still pillaging Belgium warning of the gas half-an-hour before for something to fry eggs in. The next it arrived, and as the support line he get involved in this war they talk so



"THERE'S NO DOIN' NOTHINK WITH 'IM SINCE 'E'S GOT SHARES IN THAT THERE WAR LOAN!"

we are not yet wiped out, though the third line trenches, fourth line trenches, brigades and divisions and army corps machine guns, communications, keeps, to left and right are worried a little small arm ammunition, large arm with the splinters of the shells dropped ammunition, guns, transport, strategic in our sector. We are now quite railways, and personnel. You will send settled into our new war; the daily the Kaiser to Belgian G.H.Q. and hand round, the common task is like this,

0.5 A.M.—B 18's bomb-blunderbuss

0.30 A.M.—Battery of Little Willies sends us four short and two over, officers even have their rifles cleaned, under delusion that we are B 18. (We

3.30 A.M.—Battery Commander of German heavies (left rear of Hill 2493), returned by theatre train from Brussels, orders test mobilization of battery. and 4 are always short, 3, 5 and 6 apparently laid, with devilish ingenuity, frugal ration of lunch tongue and to ensure enfilade effect on imaginary support line. Something will have to wills, and writing home assurances that be done about 2; it is nothing short of everything continues very quiet, a foam- a public danger, and might well be

10-11 A.M.—Three young batteries delivering the massage, "Submarine blow in A 8 f vi.—this is a trench in ling and sleeping.

U296 sunk this morning, A.A.A. Your Flanders, not a form for claiming a attack postponed indefinitely. Ends." rebate in respect of unmarried grand-And then everything continues very children. A 8 f vi. is not really occuquiet, and we are left wondering pied. When the young batteries have whether there is a strategical connec- finished we build it up again with one tion between U296 and our attack, row of sandbags. It is awful to think or whether Mr. Balfour just wired what would be the effect on our moral the news out of pure goodness of heart, if they one day blew in A 8 f vii, by

2-5 P.M.—Teuto-Britannic aviation

6-10 P.M.-Réchauffé of odd shells,

much about in the illustrated papers. Some day we shall emerge glorious with full packs, mess-tins, blankets, and other appurtenances of famous attacks (v. contemporaries) and with our names once more on the -well, whatever it is one writes one's name on in such circumstances. But at the moment it's weeks and weeks since we did as much as a bayonet charge.

#### Wanted, a Deus ex Machina.

"Existing firms were not delivering gods up to promise because they had machines which they could not man. Yorkshire Evening Post.

"According to information received, the Headquarters of the German Army has published a statement declaring that Russian prisoners found in possession of dum-dum mullets or other projectiles of a like nature will not be considered as prisoners of war, but will be shot on the spot."—Evening News.

But the Germans themselves do not come into court with clean hands in this fishy matter. Witness the following, from a description of the attack of one of their submarines on a French grain ship under tow :-

"The tug was attacked with a hail of mullets, but it and the grain ship both escaped.' Manchester Evening News.

It does not actually say that they were dum-dum mullets, but this fish is notoriously soft-nosed.

From an article on Lord KITCH-ENER:-

" His sole departure from the Spartan habits of eating and drinking and sleeping, learnt on his earliest campaigns, takes the form of an occasional cigar after lunch or dinner." Daily Chronicle.

Most of us acquired at an even earlier period the habits of eating and drink-

## 

# ROSS'S BELFAST Dry Ginger Ale

It is interesting to trace the history of this Beverage right down through the ages.

The basis of its formula is a delectable Oriental joysome consisting of fruits and spices crushed with sugar-cane.

This delicacy was a great favourite in far Eastern Royal Courts thousands of years ago, and there is evidence that it was known, at least in a modified form, to the Greeks in those happy days when a goat and a basket of Attic figs was as yet the prize in contests.

It was certainly imported, in the fulness of perfection, into England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Doubtless, Shakespeare, Spenser, Sidney, Jonson, and other great luminaries of that age appreciated it — it touched them with poetic power.

On festival occasions it was diffused through water, and in this form received many fanciful names, all suggestive of Health, and Song, and the Mystic Moon.

Long afterwards the discovery of the effervescing principle of champagne by van Helmont, and the subsequent work of Priestley, Lavoisier, Black and others, turned men's thoughts to the production of sparkling non-alcoholic beverages, and, appropriately enough, Ireland, with its lovely skies and pure crystal waters, became the centre of a great industry.

Starting with a vision, the Messrs. Ross, Belfast, built a factory to protect and preserve their own deep underground Springs of peerless water, and very quickly indeed the name of Ross became famous throughout the world in association with the best non-alcoholic beverage ever devised by man.

Delicious fruits, fragrant spices, refined cane sugar, pure natural water, and the sparkling spirit of champagne—all brought together by the progressive skill of three generations of one family—produce a beverage which must surely suggest a bunch of the choicest of Time's roses.

Ross's Ginger Ale undoubtedly adds to the agreeableness of life.

Pour it briskly into a pint glass and notice its delicate bouquet—sweeter than the breath of the brier, the beaded bubbles bursting with fragrance at the brim, and the aroma of ginger stealing through all like the rich mellow notes of the 'cello in orchestral music.

Its purity and wholesomeness commend it as the best beverage for all those who have something to do in the world, and for the Home Circle when the day is done—it quenches thirst, charms away the feeling of fatigue, gives stamina, and convinces you that the end of the British Empire is not yet—not yet.

W. A. ROSS & SONS LTD., SOLE MANUFACTORY, BELFAST.

id-

ve ne

nk val by

on

he y.) ls, ls; to

to so ed all

er

ks

th

he

es

n-

nt

e,

he

111

re

ut

ot

in

N -

of

ch

ts,

re

H-

ita

on

an

er k-

## A Sound Guarantee is worth an Infinity of Talk

Most makers will readily exchange faulty tyres—but they have their own ideas of "faultiness." And it is frequently most difficult to tell whether tyre or motorist is to blame. The guarantee given with

# MOTOR TYRES

completely alters this state of affairs. As the makers, we know what our tyres will do, and that with reasonable care they will double or treble the guaranteed mileage. So we can afford to take all risks, despite the careless driver, and the driver who, because his tyres are guaranteed, takes less than the usual care

Square-Tread - - 3,000 miles.

Non-skid - - - 3,500 miles.

(Steel or All-Rubber).

AGAINST ALL RISKS, EXCEPT FIRE.

WRITE FOR GUARANTEE FORM.

WOOD-MILNE SOLID TYRES for HEAVY COMMERCIAL VEHICLES.

## WOOD-MILNE, LTD., PRESTON

Wire: "Comfort, Preston."

'Phone: Preston 413.

LONDON: Manchester Avenue, E.C.

Wire: "Byturning, London."

Phone: City 4797.

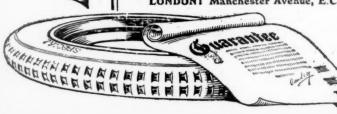
BRISTOL,

BIRMINGHAM,

BELFAST,

DUBLIN,

GLASGOW, etc.



M 503.

#### ASSISTING NATURE.

"Come by the 9.30 to-morrow morning," said the voice of Macvicar, at the country end of fifteen miles of telephone. "Small Lochleven flies will do."

"Delighted," I answered. "I'll bring plenty of sandwiches and a flask."

"The flask by all means," Macvicar murmured; "but don't bother about food. We'll stroll home to lunch, and tea, too, if you like. I had a 21-pounder this morning, a grand fish."

Over an aged fly-book I speculated about the New Angling, which enables one to land 2½-pounders and "come home to lunch." The private loch of The private loch of the Strathrowan Angling Club was to show me many surprising ways in which Science can assist Nature to maintain a steady supply of 21-pounders, and deliver the goods.

Macvicar, when I reached his semisuburban residence next morning, was casting on his lawn with one of those supersensitive, five-guinea rods, which can be tied in a true-lover's knot without damage to material or moral.

"That's our Club-house," he announced at the end of five minutes' walk. "Strictly limited to twenty-five. We are allowed three guests each per annum, and we put in four thousand

yearling trout every spring.

The Club-house looked big enough for a couple of hundred golfers. There was room in it to handle a fourteen-foot rod freely. No coaxing of fractious gossamer casts with chill fingers ever tried the temper of the Strathrowan Angling Clubmen. On a Chippendale sideboard in a bow-window stood a weighing machine, registering decimals of an ounce. The scale-pan was of oxidised silver. Two books, both bound in morocco, with tooled edges, flanked this apparatus, to record the baskets of Members and Visitors.

"Somewhat de luxe," I said ad-

miringly.

"Not bad," Macvicar agreed. "The gift of the President. He takes a great

interest in the Club.
"What's this?" I asked, pointing to a mahogany cupboard in one corner.

"Afternoon tea," said Macvicar, doing the honours of the cupboard.

"Crown Derby and Georgian silver," I whispered, awe-stricken. "I say, you know-

"The gift of the President's wife," said Macvicar lightly. "She takes a great interest in the Club. Let's start now. Augustus is waiting with the tosh in the stern of the boat. "Yes, Sir." he answered

Augustus, and I never dreamt that there could be a boatman on a Scotch loch of "Did you invent it, Augustus?" I here," I remarked.



FORCE OF HABIT.

Passenger. "THIRD RETURN TO BILLINGSHURST, PLEASE."

War Booking-Clerk (late of Snagg and Stelgrove). "I Suppose you wouldn't care for A FIRST RETURN TO BRIGHTON? WE'RE SELLING QUITE A LOT OF THESE JUST NOW. THEY 'RE CONSIDERED VERY SMART."

wearing not only the name Augustus, but also a neat uniform of dark green, with leather leggings to match. His silver buttons bore the Club motto. It President, I believe." was over the doorway, on the weighing machine, on the covers of the records kept for Members and Visitors, " Semper Grandiores."

"' Semper Grandiores,' I muttered to Augustus as he stowed my mackin-

"Yes, Sir," he answered; adding I had never met a boatman called helpfully, "I understand it is the Latin

asked, getting in with due respect for the polished satin-wood thwarts.

"No, Sir. It was selected by the

Macvicar seated himself in the bows, in an elegant and lofty cane-chair, pivoted like a piano-stool for convenience in casting. Augustus fiddled with an electric switch and a little wheel amidships. We backed out from the pier and turned towards the head of the loch, visible six hundred yards away and marked by a row of poplars.

"Don't see many poplars about

"No," said Macvicar. "The Club imported these from Bedfordshire. They bring the Mayfly on the water a week or two sooner.'

We purred along an islet, about fifteen yards by ten, gay with daffodils. "Charming," I said. "Very nice

indeed."

"That's Eilean Shona," Macvicar explained. "The Vice-President put those in. They are his favourite flower. He does a bit of gardening on the island on Sundays. He did think of a little hot-house, too, but people might have rotted us about it.

"It would have had to be a very little one," I said, "or it might have sunk the island. Everything here is on a small scale, except the Club-house-

"And the fish," Macvicar corrected. "Lock out, you're into something."

Three yards of line ran out with a pleasant whirr. About thirty seconds later a plump Lochleven trout sailed reluctantly into the landing net. Augustus released it tenderly from the Marchbrown-and-Gold.

"I'm afraid it's just under, Sir," he

"Why, it looks a good half-pounder," I protested.

Augustus laid the fish delicately along an ivory foot-rule let into the edge of a thwart. "Nine inches, Sir," he said with the solemnity of a judge prescribing penal servitude.

"Pity," said Macvicar, casting greedily towards the islet and speaking over his shoulder. "Ten inches is the limit. Not hurt, is it, Augustus? If it had been badly hooked we could have kept it.'

Augustus slipped the fish overside and wiped his hands on a towel bearing the Club monogram and motto.

"All right," I said; "I'll strike the next in the angle of the jaw and be

rather harsh with it."

On our first drift down-wind, which day, ended only when I hooked one of the hanging baskets of Darwin tulips on the Club verandah, we had five trout, all under ten inches. Those of seven useful, grey roofs against a sky of or more were immediately released on Italian blue. their own recognisances to come up again when called upon. The others light . . . . Augustus slipped through a kind of letter-box in the bottom of the boat.
"What happens to the little fellows?"

I asked Macvicar.

"They wait in their private tank till lunch-time . . .

"What do they have for lunch?"

"Our lunch - time," Macvicar explained; "and then Augustus interns them behind the wire-netting there, in catch them again till they 've grown a bit mcre."

"Won't they find it rather dull behind that wire netting? It's not even barbed wire."

"They grow, anyhow," Macvicar said. "Minced liver and wheat tailings, boiled soft, make a wonderful difference

in three months' time."

Between lunch and tea we had a dozen fish, and kept three, including one well over two pounds, which Macvicar caught, according to his explanation, not in any spirit of bombast, but as evidence of good faith.

"We'll fish the Narrows," he said, after our Crown Derby tea, "from the European side. That's where the

rainbows lie."

We slid to the top of the loch and looked into a little creek, about eighty yards by twenty across.

"Doesn't look promising," I said; "there's not a breath of wind in

there.

"We'll soon put that right," said Macvicar confidently. "We'll try the

transuff, Augustus.

Augustus sculled the boat to the bank, stepped out, opened a padlocked box above high-water mark and turned a handle. There was a sudden hiss of air released under heavy pressure. Little catspaws of wind appeared at intervals along the creek. By the time Augustus was back in the boat these puffs of air had grown to a light but steady breeze.

"My aunt!" I said in respectful

"Service's Patent Transufflator," Macvicar explained. "Costs a bit of money, of course. That's why it's only fitted for this little creek. season we mean to put a pipe down right along one side of the loch."

The Transufflator yielded us three rainbow trout, all over a pound, within twenty minutes. We drifted down to the Club-house, well pleased with our

"Delightful place this," I said gratefully. "Plenty of sport, daffodils on the island, poplars, both decorative and Those fir-trees on the hillside are exquisite in this evening

From the fir wood a voice interrupted me. "Cuck-oo, cuck-oo."

"To say nothing of the wandering voice," said Macvicar. "There he is. The bird flapped slowly across the loch.

"Bless my soul," I said, "so it was a real bird after all?"

"Of course," said Macvicar. "Why

"Everything's so well thought out Tom Thumb Bay. We don't want to here," I said admiringly, "that I felt sure you had a Cuckoo Attachment to Service's Patent Transufflator.'

#### ARMY CONTRACTS.

Alfred had a severe attack of Army Contract fever the moment the War started. He had every known symptom of the malady and a few over, in spite of his forty-eight years and a good business as a Surveyor. When he was first attacked the disease took the form of mittens. But when the War Office people wrote and told him that the kind he sent them would not mit, he swept his samples into the waste-paper basket and went all out on khaki cloth.

The reason his malady took this form was that he had what he called "an enquiry" for it. I have since learnt what an enquiry means in this connection, and I think this is both the time and the place to explain the term and

what it connotes.

It means apparently the dropping of a hint by A to B that A has seen C who can place so many hundred acres of cloth, so many thousand quarts of brass buttons, or so many million hands of horse, or whatever the commodity may be which is the subject of enquiry.

B then sets out to find D, who when discovered is found to be a person having the acquaintance (business, and slight at that) of E, who knows F (and sometimes wishes he didn't). F is in close touch (a fine old hallowed expression in the City) with G, who lives in Bradford, or the button-growing district, or Mexico, as the case may be; and G says he has the cloth or buttons or horses. He is probably lying, but this is not generally established till the end of the game. A, B, C, D, E and F all want commissions if the deal comes off, and G, the alleged seller of the goods, wants a profit, so it's a sort of round game rather like "Snap."

Alfred by superhuman efforts heard of some khaki cloth that had nothing particular to do at the moment, so he engaged it for the deal. But when the samples were submitted to the authorities it was discovered that the maker had bungled over the recipe and had put in the ki before the kha, or else the dye was all loose and wobbling about. Any-

how the deal was off. Following the proper rotation of crops, Alfred tried rations, lint, chloroform and boot polish, and came at last

to horses.

It was at this stage of the game that I first took a forced interest in his doings. His office is not tidy at any time, and when I called on him it was difficult to find a seat, every available piece of furniture being filled up with samples. His desk was littered with bottles of all sorts, tins of boracic powder, liquid soap, and packages of various shapes, sizes and aromas.

ar 111 te od as m ce od nt

m 11



Aunt (to little girl who has omitted to say "please"). "SAY 'PLEASE, AUNTIE DEAR.'" Little Girl. "I THINK YOU MIGHT LEAVE THE 'DEAR' TO ME."

the book-case, and a pile of army blankets on the only chair I could see besides the one Alfred was using. I came to anchor at last on a packingcase full of boot polish.

"How many hands go to a herse?" said Alfred.

"It depends on the horse," I said. "Not counting ponies and cobs, say from fifteen two-

"And one for his nob," said Alfred.

"To about seventeen hands," I said. "The Russian agents," said Alfred,

"who are after my horses want to know the age, size and colour, and I've had to guess them."

"What height did you guess?" I

"Well, I thought the average would be somewhere about twenty-three to twenty-five hands."

"Very useful," I said. "They'd frighten the Germans to death, even without soldiers on their backs.'

"I must alter my let'e then," said Alfred. "What age shall I put?"

"Oh, if you're guessing, I should say four to eight years."

Three saddles were perched on top of here, old man, you'd better join me in this game. We'll make pots of money."
"No, thanks," I said. "The off-chance

of sharing commissions with half the 'runners' in London is not alluring. Besides," I added, "I'm busy with War Office contracts myself.'

"Got any through?" asked Alfred irritation. eagerly.

"Yes," I said, "several contracts I'm

interested in were signed last week." "Handled any commission yet?" he

"No," I said decidedly. "But two or three of the people I've been dealing other name would have smelled as with will get commissions shortly, I expect. The fact is, I've gone in for supplying the War Office with better roses Madame Karl Druschkis. stuff than you have."

"What stuff?" said Alfred.

"Recruits," I said.

"Our guns must have killed and wounded hundreds of the Turks, as the shells were actually dropping in and around the trenches, many of them being blown to pieces. Daily Dispatch.

The tendency of these projectiles to suffer from sudden and violent disinte-"Mere babes," said Alfred. "Look gration has frequently been observed.

#### MEDITATIONS OF MARCUS O'REILLY.

I HAVE often of late meditated upon a garden and its immoral influenceas to why the growing of tulips should promote intolerance, or what there was in a dahlia (besides carwigs) to cause

Sir Francis Bacon, as I pointed out to Cecilia, fell under the fatal fascination of gardens and very soon had to be removed from the Bench. SHAK-SPEARE, on the other hand, was no gardener. To him a rose under any sweet, nor would he have lost his selfcontrol even if you had called his tea-

Old hardened gardeners are bad enough, but the youthful convert is a terror to his friends. Cecilia, before she took up gardening, would not have harmed a worm, but you should see her face nowadays set to storm at the sight of the shyest and most retiring of snails. As I told her, it was this way that NERO began.

She has tried hard to tempt me from the paths of virtue with a heavy watering-can. Luckily I remembered



"THIS IS MY SON. HE'S JUST LEFT SCHOOL, YOU KNOW, AND WANTS TO GET A COMMISSION; BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO JOIN.

"Well, IF YOU THINK IT WOULD BE ANY HELP, I DARESAY I COULD GET YOU AN INTRODUCTION TO LORD KITCHENER. YOU SEE, A NEPHEW OF MINE HAS JOINED HIS ARMY.'

in time that our tried family physician had warned my father once that undue horticultural indulgence might have fatal results in my case. I had been treating myself, I well remember, for measles with a small green apple. As I told Cecilia, it is ridiculous to slight the advice of a family doctor. Not an | see the last of her!" ordinary physician, I said, but a family

Perhaps I should have told her less emotionally, as she went and bought me a quilted red double chest-protector. I managed to get it off my chest on to a stall at a bazaar as a Kurdistan native lady's bridal head-dress. . It was the success of the sale.

The fall of Cecilia began with bulbs. She was anxious to out-bulb the Vicar's wife, an old hand, full of wise saws and other modern implements. She pored over that pedantic brochure, Hints to Amateurs. On Bulbs. By One. The result was the breaking of Fogarty's back.

As he said, "The back's broke on me, planting thim bulbs!" Cecilia did the digging, and, as far as I could see,

Bridgeen, our between-maid, did everything else. Fogarty was locum tenens for the professional gardener, who had gone fishing. He didn't say so when he returned. He put his handkerchief to his eyes and said, "She had been always very kind to me, and I had to

The three of them planted bulbs everywhere. No place was sacred. I kept indoors, as I have a bald spot.

Bridgeen stood between Cecilia and the bulbs to Bridgeen, who handed them to Cecilia, who planted them solemnly according to the ritual of Hints to Amateurs, which lay open beside her on the grass.

This to me now seems years and years ago, as the bulbs have all come up since. It was Bridgeen who conveyed the information to Cecilia.

We were at breakfast when the blow fell. I remember I was at peace with all mankind, looking meditatively across the beautiful country, when a fly came straight through the window into my Of its impudence we cannot pretend to

select my left eye to die in. I have known them come miles to do it.

Cecilia was in the middle of her third cast with the table napkin, and I was just remarking that I'd rather keep the eye with the fly, if she didn't mind, than the fly without the eye, when Bridgeen tore in and cried, "If you please, Ma'am, will you come out and look at your bulbs? They are all up. And every blessed one is a Spanish onion! And wasn't I saying to meself at the Fogarty, and he broke his back passing time that them bulbs had the smell of stew about them?'

When the Vicar's wife came in triumph to lorgnette our poor bulbs, I found Cecilia exhibiting them with pride. She explained with modest selfdepreciation that in war-time every patriot grows vegetables in place of flowers.

"Bryan's second statement, semfwy and amfwy andardlainanana published this morning, is a piece of stupefying impudence." Vancouver Daily Province.

left eye. I don't know why flies always judge, but it is certainly "stupefying.

# Mr Punch's Holiday Pages



THE GOLDSTEINS RENT FOR THE SUMMER MONTHS A CASTLE ON THE SEA COAST. A BRILLIANT GUEST (DEPICTED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FOREGROUND) SUGGESTS THAT THE ANCESTRAL ARMOUR WHICH GOES WITH THE PLACE MIGHT BE UTILISED FOR THE PROTECTION OF BATHERS AGAINST SUBMARINE ATTACKS. THE HOUSE-PARTY IS QUICK TO ADOPT THIS HAPPY SUGGESTION.



Volunteer Recruit. "I'M FED UP WITH THIS TRENCH. DIGGIN', SIR. WHEN DOES THE LOOTIN' BEGIN?"



"HANDS UP! YOU'RE MY PRISONER!"

<sup>&</sup>quot;Your prisoner? How can I be when I'm standin' on your commandant?"

Born 1820— Still going strong.



C.O.: "That's 'Johnnie Walker' turned to good account, eh?"

JOHNNIE WALKER: "Yes, the lorry reminds them of Home—and Home is always worth fighting for."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK.

## Support Your Friends at the Front

## **BRAND'S** MEAT LOZENGES

WORLD RENOWNED FOR THEIR SUSTAINING PROPERTIES. NO MORE ACCEPTABLE GIFT CAN BE MADE TO OFFICERS AND MEN.

In Tin Boxes, 1/, 1/6 and 2/9 of Chemists and Stores.

or direct from

BRAND & Co., Ltd., Mayfair Works, Vauxhall, LONDON, S.W.

## SUBLIME PORT"

## HRWILL JAMS & G.

6.LIME STREET, LONDON, E.C.,





By Special Appointment.

## Hamilton & Inches 88, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

Goldsmiths, :: Silversmiths, Watchmakers and Clockmakers.



The famous 'Queen Mary' heart pendant.

In cairngorm and amethyst. With jewelled Crown.

From 45/- upwards.

Reproductions of Scottish Jewellery and Ancient Drinking Vessels a speciality.

Telegrams: "Inches, Edinburgh."



7EAR a Triple-proofed Dexter to keep out the heaviest downpour and fiercest wind-to ensure health and comfort—to satisfy your desire for faultless tailoring.

The height of economy, too.

42/- to 63/-

Supplied by one or more of the best shops in every district.



Write for Brochure and Patterns to WALLACE, SCOTT & Co. Ltd., CATHCART, Glasgow





## "SPHINX **FABRIC** for curtains

-holds two secrets, beauty of colour and texture and perma-nence of colour. It is called "Sphinx" Casement Flax, and it is an especially suitable material for the country house and cottage.

"Sphinx" Casement Flax,
36in. wide, 1/4 per yard.
"Sphinx" Casement Cotton,
3lin. wide, 9\frac{1}{2}d. per yard.
"Sphinx" Casement Cotton,
52in. wide, 1/4\frac{1}{2} per yard.

for "Sphinx" booklet of patterns and suggestions.



LIGHT WEIGHT KIT FOR THE SUMMER CAMPAIGN.

LIGHT WEIGHT KIT FOR THE SUMMER CAMPAIGN.

EXPRESSLY for the Summer Campaign the House of Pope & Bradley has produced
a new khaki material which is porous and of the lightest possible weight and thinnest
texture. The great difficulty hitherto has been to produce a very thin cloth which will
stand the excessive strain of wear on Active Service. This problem has been overcome
and the new material, which is unobtainable elsewhere, is guaranteed to last equally as
long as the heaviest weight whipcord.

An oulfit of this material will be found invaluable for hot weather wear in Flanders,
the Dardanelles, Eastern Medi-erranean and on Home Service.

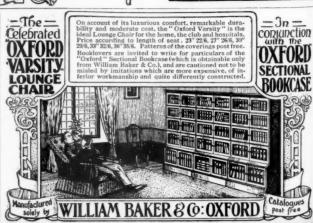
Service Jackets

Trom #3 3 0

Service Jackets . . . from £3 3 0 Bedford Cord Breeches (Buckskin Strapped) . £2 12 6 Slacks . . £1 5 0 Slacks ... £1 5 0
All Accessories in Camp and Service Equipment supplied at Store Prices
Full Kit List on application.

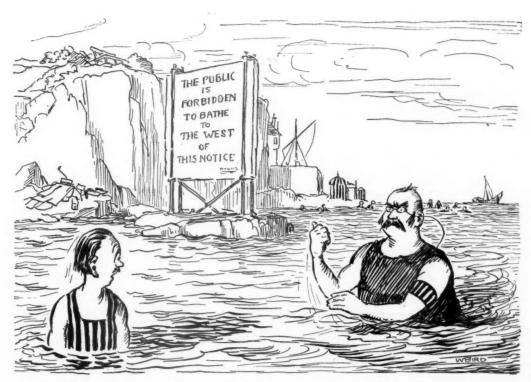
TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY

14 OLD BOND STREET, W. @ 11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW. W.C

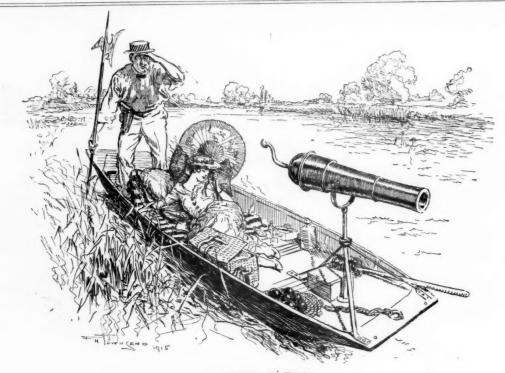




Boatman (narrating incident of air-raid on his town), "And they say as 'ow they put something in the bombs to start a terrible thirst. Leastways I've 'ad one ever since."



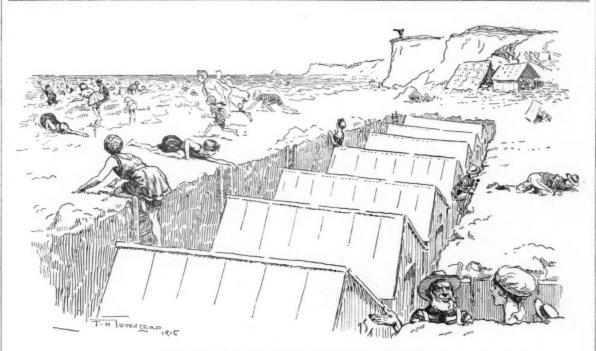
Special Constables should consider themselves "on duty" in all places where they observe any infringement of the law.



A PUNT PATROL.



A ZEPPELIN PICNIC.



ANOTHER "FORTIFIED" WATERING-PLACE.



A CHALLENGE.

Sentry. "Who goes there?"

Bashful Maiden (recognising cavalier of a previous evening on the pier). "Fr.—, I mean acquaintance."



THE NEW PERISCOPE FOR THE BACK-STROKE-TO OBVIATE COLLISIONS.



Golfer (as aircraft drops bomb on links). "There, Caddie, You have the character of the German in a nutshell—puts me cff my shot, and isn't sporisman enough to replace the divots!"



Energetic Platoon-Commander. "Don't PANT."

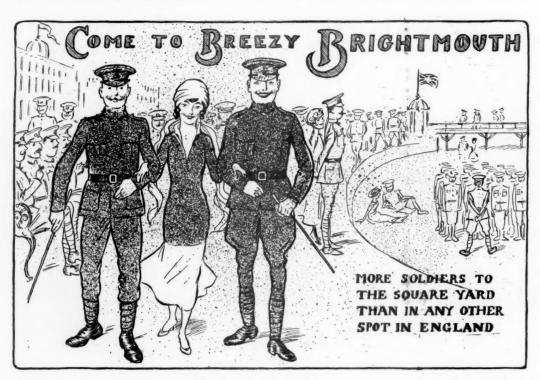


Sergeant (to plutocrat). "Now then, Number Three, look up! All the cigar ends 'ave been picked up long ago!"

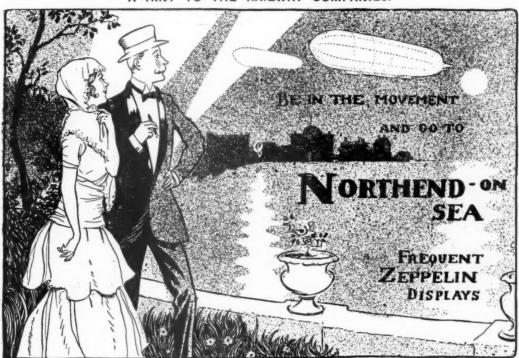
## A HINT TO THE RAILWAY COMPANIES.

LET THEM DECIDE THAT THINGS ARE NOT AS USUAL THIS YEAR AND ADVERTISE THINGS AS THEY ARE.





#### A HINT TO THE RAILWAY COMPANIES.







WHY TRAVEL BY BAIL? MAKE A ROUTE-MARCH OF IT.



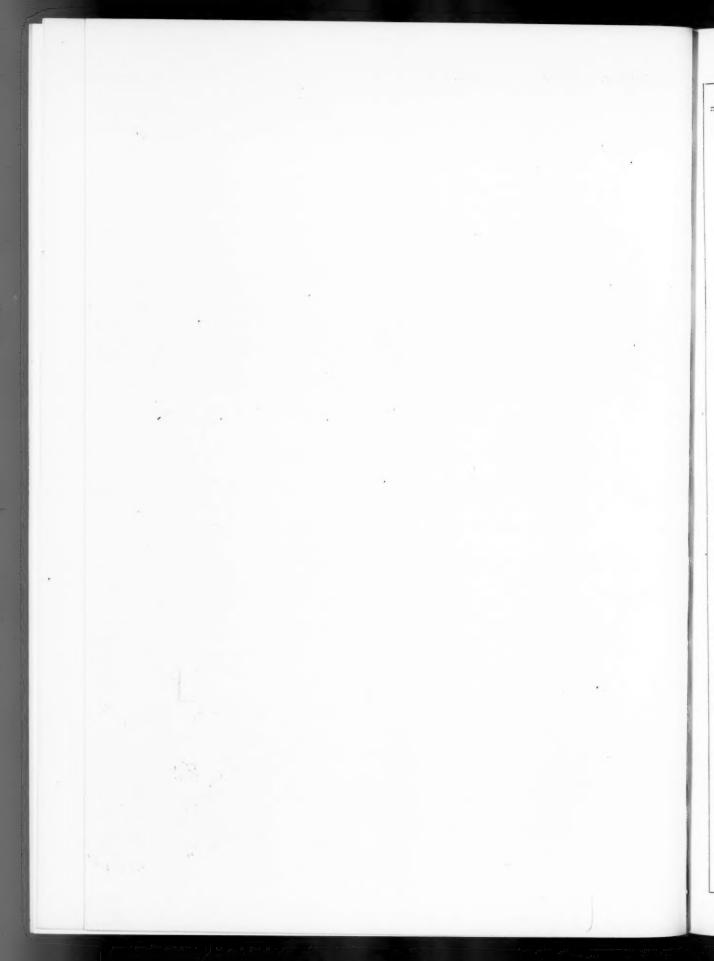
Away with bones and banjo. Let's have martial music.





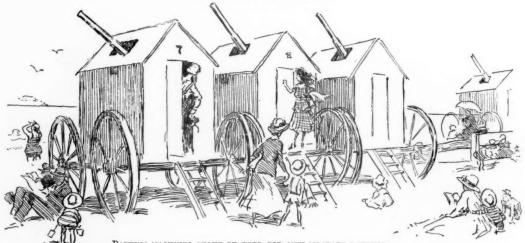
E WAR SPIRIT.







AND WHY NOT RUN A PLEASURE-SUBMARINE?



BATHING-MACHINES MIGHT BE USED FOR ANTI-AIRCRAFT DEFENCE



The armoured deck-chair (1d. extra).

15.



#### FRIGHTFULNESS.

[There is a possibility that a mild form of "Frightfulness" may enter into our everyday life as one of the consequences of the War.]



A CLIENT INDICATES TO A FORTRAIT-PAINTER THAT HE HAS NOT QUITE CAUGHT HIS WIFE'S EXPRESSION.



A CUSTOMER OBJECTS TO A FEW EXCESSIVE CHARGES IN HER GROCER'S BILL.



# HORLICK'S MALTED MILK TABLETS

It is our privilege and duty to see that our fighting men are provided with all they ask for and need, and letters home frequently tell how grateful officers and men are for having received a supply of these delicious Food Tablets, and they eagerly ask for more. A few dissolved in the mouth give and maintain strength and vigour, prevent fatigue and relieve thirst, and thus enable the soldier or sailor to be at his best when his best is called for.

We will send post free to ANY address a flask of these delicious and sustaining food tablets and a neat vest pocket case on receipt of 1/6. If on active service be particular to give regimental number, rank, name, squadron or company, battalion, battery, regiment (or other unit), staff appointment or department. State whether serving with British Expeditionary Force or Mediterranean Expeditionary Force; or, if not with either, give name of place at which unit is stationed. In the case of a sailor give the name of his ship.

Of all Chemists and Stores, in convenient pocket flasks, 1/- each. Larger bottles, 1/6, 2/6 and 11/-

Trial size sent post free for 3d. in stamps.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS.

15





DEAL MILK is the purest and

best milk that it is possible to get. Town Milk is never really fresh, because it takes so long to reach you, and all the time germs are multiplying in it. If you want the best and purest milk, buy "Ideal"-quite free from germs.

Try "Ideal"-just as it is, fresh from the can - with your stewed fruits, tarts and puddings. Diluted with water, it is better and more reliable than dairy milk both for table use and for baking purposes.

Large tins 6d. of all Grocers.

Write for a copy of the interesting booklet "Two Milkmaids and an Ideal" -sent post free on application to-

ANGLO-SWISS CONDENSED MILK CO., 6-8 Eastcheap, LONDON. Contractors to the British Army and Navy



Mabel :- "Whatever are you doing, Gerald?"

Gerald :- "Well, we're going down to the seaside, and I'm doing up my old boat with

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH 'cos it's durable and waterproof!"



When your shaving stick is nearly gone is the time when you will most appreciate the holder device in which the stick is fastened-but it is a

And more than this, you have the wonderful creamy, abundant lather that has made Williams' Shaving Soap so famous for three-quarters of a century—that thick, soothing lather which does not smart or dry on the face.

#### FOR THE FRONT.

Williams' Holder. Top Shaving Stick is most convenient for the man on service. Neat, compact, in nickel case which won't rust. Holder Top stands up anywhere and enables the last available fraction of soap to be used.

#### FIVE FORMS OF THE SAME GOOD QUALITY.

Williams' Shaving Stick, hinged cover, nickelled box. Williams' Holder-top Shaving Stick.

Williams' Shaving Powder, hinged cover, nickelled box. Williams' Shaving Cream (in tubes). Williams' Shaving Stick, leatherette box.

A single sample of either of the above articles (with the exception of the last-mentioned) sent for 2d. in stamps. Address:

#### THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, 71, Southampton Row, London, W.C.

Main Office and Factories: Glastonbury, Conn., U.S.A.

Williams' Shaving Preparations can be obtained from Chemists and Hairdressers in all parts of the world.

#### WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK

in the nickelled hinged-cover box. The same soap but without the holder-top device; the Shaving Stick that you have always known and that you can find everywhere. Put up in the convenient nickelled hinged-cover box.





#### FRIGHTFULNESS.



A BOARDER POINTS OUT TO HIS LANDLADY THAT HIS BREAKFAST EGG IS NOT ALTOGETHER TO HIS TASTE.



A VISITOR SIGNIFIES HIS DISAPPROVAL OF AN ITEM IN THE PIERROTS' PROGRAMME.

k ck is

when
the
the
is a
imes.
have
abun-

made p so rs of othing art or

OD box.

d box.

eption

Y,
C.

R OFF OIL AT ORATION LIAMS

#### NATIONAL SERVICE IN THE HOLIDAYS.



WE ASKED A NICE-LOOKING SENTRY IF HE HAD ANY SHELLS WE COULD FILL FOR HIM. BUT A HORRID SERGEANT RUSHED UP AND TOLD US WE MUSTN'T SPEAK TO A SENTRY. THE CREATURE! WE ONLY WANTED TO BE USEFUL.



On our way back we distinctly saw signalling going on behind a cottage.



WE HAD ALMOST DESPAIRED OF BEING REALLY USEFUL, WHEN WE HEARD SUSPICIOUS TINKLINGS, OBVIOUSLY A MESSAGE BY MORSE CODE.



WE SAW A WHOLE LOT OF CARRIER PIGEONS FLYING ABOUT. SO WE TOOK ALL THE TROUBLE TO CLIMB UP AND WARN THE COASTGUARD. HE SAID THEY WERE SEAGULLS, AND WASN'T AT ALL NICE ABOUT IT.



THERE COULD BE NO MISTAKE THIS TIME, SO WE CALLED A CONSTABLE AND WENT TO INVESTIGATE—!



So WITH INFINITE CARE WE CREPT OVER TO THE SOUND.

WE ARE GOING PADDLING TO-MORROW.



# HOMMAGE À LA FRANCE!

[July 7th is to be dedicated by Great Britain to her gallant French Allies. Contributions made in honour of "France's Day" will be devoted to the French Red Cross, and should be addressed to the Right Hon. the Loap Maxos, Mansion House, E.C., and marked "London Committee of the French Red Cross." It is hoped that a very large sum may be raised as an expression of our profound admiration and affection for our brave comrades.]



#### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.) House of Commons, Monday, June reply Lynch leaped to his feet. 28th.-Glow of warlike feeling, just now kindling the country and swelling the ranks of fresh armies, shone in House to-night with scathing heat. Even ARTHUR MARKHAM slightly scorched by it. More than once his constitutionally speech sharply ruffled. At Question time had tussle with PRIME MINISTER on subject of famous statement at Newcastle that neither our Allies nor ourselves have been hampered by insufficient supply of munitions. MARK-HAM wanted to know who told him so. PREMIER declined to be drawn.

MARKHAM again insistent on question of equipment of recruits. "Is it not a fact," he asked UNDER SECRETARY FOR WAR, "that recruits have been kept waiting for eight months for their equipment?"

"It altogether depends upon what the hon. Member means by equipment," TENNANT deftly answered.

Up a third time, now on behalf of the Government threatened with dis-

prattled on amid growing impatience on part of scanty audience till hand of clock pointed to five minutes to eleven. At best, did PRINGLE straightway sit down, this would leave five minutes for Minister in charge of Bill to wind up debate. If he occupied remaining five minutes the day would be lost.

It was here MARKHAM came to front again. Amid murmur of angry interruption his voice was heard with sharp command, "Give GEORGE a chance."

Pringle showed disposition to argue the matter. House filling up again would have no more of it; so he sat down. MINISTER of Munitions had his five minutes, and, SPEAKER promptly putting the Question on stroke of hour, Bill passed the stage.

ARTHUR LYNCH, sometime Colonel of Irish Brigade during Boer War, not the man to be left out when things like this going on. Had placed on Paper three questions addressed to production of aeroplanes. On UNDER SECRETARY FOR WAR rising to make

a live man to put live questions to." TENNANT not only live, but in his

Studies in the manner of IVAN MESTROVIC, the Croatian sculptor.

I .- LORD ROBERT CECIL, who opened the exhibition of Mestrovic's work at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

under debate for six hours. At eleven of a Welshman-LLOYD GEORGE to lamb in the matter of Ministerial dallyo'clock debate would automatically close wit—declined to put the question, and ing with Home Rule hotly denounced

MINISTER OF MUNITIONS dealing with unmannerly remarks from Member seated near him.

"If I cannot get protection I shall deal with the hon. Member myself. I "No," he shouted, "I wish to have am quite capable of doing it," he added, nodding confidentially to the culprit.

Thereafter silence reigned in that quarter of the House.

Business done.-Munitions of War Bill read a second time.

Tuesday .- As WALTER LONG said when moving vote for the Department, twenty-nine years have elapsed since his first connection with Local Government Board. That was in 1886, when he was appointed Parliamentary Secretary. After serving a term of five years as President of the Board of Agriculture he went back to the Local Government Board, this time as President.

His period of office at the former Board made memorable by reason of his stout, prolonged, finally successful fight with rabies. Dog-owners of all degrees were up in arms against his strict regulations. He with appropriate doggedness held on, and delivered, permanently as it happily appears, the nation from this plague.

When at opening of Session of 1905 location of business arrangements. replies often lively. Lynch, thirsting George Wyndham was offered up by Second Reading of Munitions Bill in Fe-Fo-Fum manner for the blood his old friend and chief as the sacrificial and Bill urgently needed must stand over. Pertinacious Pringle, joining hands with Implacable Snowden, and Bill urgently needed must stand over. Pertinacious Pringle, joining hands with Implacable Snowden, and believe the following the hands of the Party, the Ministerial complained that every time he rose to Marine ready to go anywhere and do

> Irish Secretary. By odd chance he came up against Sir Antony MACDONNELL, now Lord M. His attempts to employ Board of Agriculture tactics for purpose of muzzling the stubborn Under-Secretary were noted at the time in this faithful record.

Coming back to his old post and to a seat on the Treasury Bench he finds that quaintly renewed prosperity makes him acquainted with strange bed-fellows. Faithful to his creed and his colours, he has not been what is known as a strong Party man. Differing from political opponents, he has never descended to personalities, a habit that appreciably strengthened his position in debate. Still, when he swore he would hold no truck with LLOYD GEORGE and his political heresies, he never thought he would live to sit in Cabinet Council with him, and from Treasury Bench generously cheer remarks offered by former foe in his new administrative office.

However, there he is, and there



11.-A typical British Army Champion. MR. H. J. TENNANT.



Officer. "YOU FOOL! COME BACK AT ONCE!" Tommy. "Not ME, SIR! THERE'S A WASP IN THE TRENCH."

get along very well together working temperament illustrated afresh in quesfor the security of the nation in time tion put just now to Home Secretary. of peril. The loud and general cheer Appears there is a group of persons, welcoming the President of Local calling themselves a Peace Committee, GOVERNMENT BOARD when he made engaged in distributing pamphlets of a his first appearance testified to his genuine merit. As SARK says, there is no shrewder, more infallible judge of a good fellow-or, for the matter of that, a know was "Whether the Home Secre-

This afternoon, in speech limited to ten minutes, new President of Local GOVERNMENT BOARD brought in Bill providing for compilation of a National Register. Difficult task to expound in scanty time particulars of important measure. Not new to Walter Long. PRINCE ARTHUR, sitting lower down on Treasury Bench, loyal colleague of a Liberal Premier with whom in other days he had many a scrap across the Table, remembers how, sixteen years ago, Walter Long brought in a Tithes Bill under Ten-minutes' Rule, and how Asquith and his friends denounced what they described as the unprincipled straining of a provision expressly devised for sole purpose of hastening on their course measures absolutely non-controversial.

Business done.—National Register Bill passed First Reading, opposed only by Herr GINNELL, still at large.

Wednesday. - RONALD M'NEILL'S in playing the game.

they are. Being gentlemen all, they catholicity of view and chivalry of character harmful to national interests in relation to the War. What the Member for St. Augustine's wanted to bad 'un-than the House of Commons. TARY proposes to take any measures to provide against the danger of their being lynched?"

Never since the utterance of famous entreaty, "Don't nail his ears to the pump," was the fine feeling of philanthropy more pointedly expressed.

HOME SECRETARY gravely comforted Hon. Member with assurance that "such violence would call for severest repression, whilst a great responsi-bility would attach to anyone who might be supposed to suggest that it was excusable.

Business done.—CHANCELLOR OF Ex-CHEQUER introduced Bill enabling trustees to become subscribers to War Loan. Other Bills advanced.

"The Germans last night delivered an attack to the northward of Ypres and succeeded in gaining a football in the French trenches."

East London Daily Despatch (S. Africa).

Yet they have not noticeably improved

#### AS ADVISED.

WHEN Zeppelins are in the air Above my humble dwelling, For what they threat I shall not care, For I have means of quelling, Or at the least of dodging, what-Soever comes of shell or shot.

'Tis but a little exercise Pleasantly acrobatic; For safety in the cellar lies, And also in the attic: And what should danger-dodgers do

But circulate between the two? ith water I shall let my bath At least half full be standing;

And gravel from the garden path Will decorate the landing; For he at burning bombs may laugh Who treats them well with half and half.

I'll stay indoors—rush wildly out; Admit the air-exclude it; Keep silent—like a Stentor shout;

Pick up the bomb-elude it: Do nothing-act-show fear and pluck; Be quite prepared—and trust to luck.

"COLONIAL AND CONTINENTAL CHURCH SOCIETY.—Its Brave Chaplains are still in Brussels, Lille, Croix, and Dunkirk. Its Chaplains in Boulogne, Rouen, Paris, &c., devote themselves unremittingly to the British

soldiers, sick and wounded."

Advt. in "Church of Ireland Gazette." Why this invidious distinction?



HAVANA in the year 1915.

Dear Mr. Cigar Smoker,

May I introduce myself.

My name is Carolina Cheruto.

Carolina CHERUTOS

5 for 1/6 per 100.

Sold by all Tobacconists.



15.

are.

0

half.

ick;

Its &c., itish Should smokers find any difficulty in obtaining Carolina CHERUTOS, please write to:

M.P. Troy

London, E.C.

Selling Agent for
Henry Clay & Bock Co., Ltd.
La Corona.
J. S. Murias.
Cabanas-y-Carvajal.
Villar-y-Villar.
Henry Clay.
La Carolina.
Pedro Murias.
Flor de Cuba.
Manuel Garcia.
La Cubanola.

Bock-y-Ca.

They have been making cigars in Havana ever since. They have improved the quality of the leaf, and they have altered their shapes

I am an Havana Cigar and was first found by Columbus over 400 years ago when he

and sizes as fancy took them.

But they have never improved upon the original shape, and the consequence is I am re-discovered.

Frankly I am a by-product.
The great Carolina Factory has enough tobacco left over from the Manufacture of its Bouquets Finos, its Perfectos, its Celestiales and its Coronas, to make me in millions.

So I am just as good a smoke, just the same tobacco, as my more expensive brothers.

But 5 like me only cost 1/6 which is the price of one of my bigger brothers, so I save you money.

Your Tobacconist will tell you all about me, but not half as much as you will learn for yourself when you smoke me.

I am, yours to enjoy,

CAROLINA CHERUTO 5 for 1/6

P.S. I am as big as this



# The Perfect Food

ALLINSON BREAD is unique as the health maintaining diet for it retains those essentials of the wheat expressly designed by Nature as a natural and all-sufficient corrective, and provides the maximum of nutriment at a minimum cost.

Its flavour is the flavour of fresh gleaned wheat stone ground and cleaned by a patented process that renders it perfectly digestible under all conditions.

> Sample 2-lb. loaf and address of nearest Allinson Baker sent on receipt of 4d. stamps for postage.

NATURAL FOOD CO. LTD., 210 CAMBRIDGE ROAD, LONDON, E.C.



488

#### FRENCH RED CROSS SOCIETY

The London Committee of the CROIX ROUGE FRANÇAISE Patrons: H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA,
H. E. PAUL CAMBON, French Ambassador,
Présidente: La VICOMTESSE DE LA PANOUSE provides UPPLIES, and in many cases Staffs and Funds, for a large number of War Hospitals throughout France. They are in

#### URGENT NEED OF MONEY

and the following, among other, SUPPLIES: SHEETS, BLANKETS, TOWELS, SOCKS, VESTS, PANTS, HANDKERCHIEFS, MEDICAL STORES, SURGICAL DRESSINGS. There is also a great and urgent need of MOTOR AMBULANCES and X-Ray Automobiles. Gifts of money or kind may be sent to the Hon. Secretary, 9 Knightsbridge, Sw. Cheques should be made payable to the Hon. Treasurer, French Red Cross, and may also be sent to the French, Ambassador, Albert Gate, S.W., Crossed "Croix Rouse." Hon. Authors, Price, Waterhouse & Co.; Bankers, London County and Westminster Bank. PHILIP A. WILKINS, Hon. Sec.

## WALKING STICKS

VERY STRONG STICKS— LIGHT WEIGHT—FOR THE LAME, WITH INDIA-RUBBER SHOE FERULES. 24/- per Doz.

#### SWAINE & ADENEY

By Appointment to H.M. The King, 185, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

# YOU CAN'T GET WET IN The Guinea Mattawas

A Feather Weight Waterproof

"You can put it in your pocket when the sun shines."

#### Weighs only 21 ozs.

The Guinea "Mattamac" is made from a specially woven feather-weight matta fabric of intense strength, and is guaranteed absolutely waterproof. In appearance it is indistinguishable from the ordinary weather-proof, but it is carried as easily as a newspaper, or will go into an ordinary pocket.

Practically Untearable. Not Transparent.

In a "Mattamac" you can't get wet. Thoroughly well cut and made. Storm collar and adjustable wind cuffs. Smart, roomy, free—for every outdoor purpose. Lasts years, any climate. In fawn, olive, khaki, grey or tan. Also for Ladies.

Military Service Pattern: Infantry 21/-, Cavalry 27/6. SENT ON APPROVAL FOR

SEN1 ON APPROVAL FOR SEVEN DAYS.
Send chest measurement, also height, with 21s., and coat will be sent (post free in Great Britain) on seven days' approval, and your guinea refunded if not approved. Patterns free. Ask for Booklet G.

Stirling House, 45, Conduit Street, Bond Street, LONDON, W.,

& 29 Old Christchurch Rd., Bournemouth

The care with which you choose the material for a suit, and a tailor to make it, should be extended to keeping the suit in condition after it is made. Occasional cleaning and pressing in the "Achille Serre Way" keeps suits at their best. And it only costs 3/9 per suit!

# Achille Serre La

Head Office: Hackney Wick, London, ("East 3710" 4 lines)

Branches and Agencies Everywhere-

C110



TO H.M. THE KING OF ENGLAND,





TO H.M. THE KING OF

DRESS YOUR BOYS WITH

SWEARS. WELLS

READY-FOR-DELIVERY GARMENTS.

They are excellently Well Cut and Tailored, and will

COMPLETE OUTFITS FOR HOME OR SCHOOL WEAR. ALL AT MCDERATE PRIOES.
190-196, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

ZS. e from a ta fabric

teed ab-

e it is in-

veather-

a news

pocket.

oroughly djustable outdoor vn, olive,

adies.

R

treet,

mouth

the

it,

in

nal

lle

eir

it!

es)

H

#### OFFICIAL TERMINOLOGY.

THE C.O. wiped away from his forehead a few small pools of perspiration, in which adventurous blue-bottles were dabbling their tentacles. "Listen to this," he said. "The G.O.C. will not permit the continued use of slang terms in reports and correspondence, such as 'dug-out' for bomb-proof shelter, 'sniper' for sharpshooter, 'pip-squeak' for light high-velocity gun. What is the Army coming to?"

As none of the mess dared hazard a forecast, the C.O. continued: "Well, it's an order, and orders have to be obeyed, and this battalion is to be in the vanguard of obedience, and if I find any junior subaltern"—here he glared at the "O.C. signals"-" disobeying orders, then-

At this point the Machine Gun Officer walked in. "The Bosches," he said, "have been potting at my dug-out the whole blessed afternoon.

The C.O. straightened himself out. "You mean to say 'The Germans have been directing their artillery fire upon and towards the bomb-proof shelter which you are accustomed to occupy.

The M.G.O. collapsed and the M.O. prescribed diluted soda-water.

We are a loyal battalion, and since the order was read out we have all endeavoured to obey it, though it took days to teach Corporal Bloggs to alter his famous "Now then, do yer bit" to "You are requested to complete your portion.'

Other divisions who had not received the order were at first inclined to laugh, but have come to respect us and to listen with bated breath to our remarks when the trenches are being changedsuch as, "It is advisable for you to exercise due precaution and to adopt an attitude of semi-flexion when traversing this section of subterranean passage on account of errant projectiles from the weapon of a sharpshooter probably domiciled in the conspicuous turret adjacent to yonder village.

A few nights ago our Adjutant was almost rendered hors-de-combat by a report of a small attack by Germans on a slag-heap in our lines. He insists that the term "German" is slang and so refers to them as "militant bodies of composite Teutonic origin." As I was doing a little artificial respiration to restore him I glanced at his report and saw-"... from that period a continuous fusillade of projectiles from light high-velocity pieces of ordnance was observed to impinge upon the heterogeneous accumulation of debris and reduce the concentration of our forces this?



First Tramp. "You seem very 'APPY ABART IT. WOT'S UP?" Second Tramp (reading Mr. Asquith's Guildhall Speech). " ERE'S ME BIN GOIN' WIVOUT LUXURIES ALL THIS TIME, AN' I'VE ONLY JUS' FOUND OUT THAT I'VE BIN' 'ELPIN' THE COUNTRY TO WIN THIS WAR.

in the vicinity. I accordingly issued orders to open out." "Open out" was orders to open out." "Open out" was erased and the substituted phrase ran as follows:—"increase the intervening space between individual members of the section."

"But maneuving under and also above a Ceppelin must be conducted with extreme caution. In flying upwards at the speed of 3,000 feet per second, a terrifying vortex is produced beneath the airship, and, if the aeroplane should be engulfed, its own destruction is certain."—Land and Water. the section.'

horrors of war.

"The new building presents a pleasing appearance, standing on the southern slope of the cliff, and it is easily distinguishable from the railway by its bungalow roof and spacious verandah."

Hampstead and St. John's Wood Advertiser. rejecta in close proximity to our posi- Is it wise, in these Zeppelin days, to tion; it therefore became necessary to give away the architect's secret like

"But manœuvring under and also above a

There seems to be no limit to the But do Zeppelins fly upwards, or in any other direction, at this speed, which works out at something over 2,000 miles an hour?

#### More Commercial Modesty.

#### From a draper's circular :-

"We have recently secured the services of a Head Dressmaker, who until she came to us had been engaged in the highest class of work in the West End and Provinces."

#### THE HUMAN SIDE.

["Owing to his shortness in stature, many people think that Mr. Lloyd George is a small man and lacking in physical power. This, however, is quite a mistake. The truth is that Mr. Lloyd George, who weighs thirteen-and-a-half stone, is a very sturdy person."—"Cabinet Ministers: Their Human Side," "Strand Magazine."]

I LOVE to read about the good and great,
Limned in some enterprising magazine,
Not in the trappings and the pomp of State,
But as they figure in some homely scene—
As "standing by his kitchen-garden gate,"
Or "playing with his little daughter Jean"—
Exhibiting, in short, that "human side"
Whereby to plainer folk they are allied.

I like to know, for instance, that Lord Crewe Delights in playing on the pianola; Or that he has a favourite cockatoo Which answers to the gracious name of Lola; That Carson rarely touches Irish stew, And feeds his Persian cat on Gorgonzola, And, though his literary views are sane, Considers Tolstoi greater than Hall Caine.

It helps me, too, to learn that Walter Long Prefers jam sandwiches to bread-and-butter; That Dr. Macnamara plays ping-pong; That Simon likes an aluminium putter; That Mr. Balfour, when his game goes wrong, No sort of oath is ever heard to utter, But always keeps undauntedly serene Save when his caddie hiccups on the green.

I thrill to read how Conan Doyle in hats
Requires a size one larger than Marcon;
That Dr. Clifford sometimes wears black spats
And likes milk puddings made with macaron;
That Paderewski is afraid of bats;
That Mrs. Barclay drives a Shetland pony;

That Mrs. BARCLAY drives a Shetland pony; That HERBERT SAMUEL has shrimps for supper, But never reads the works of MARTIN TUPPER.

It comforts me to know that China tea,
And not Ceylon, Assam, or even Senna,
Is regularly quaffed by Beerbohm Tree
As well as Mr. Reginald McKenna;
That Mr. Birrell smokes a B.B.D.
Whene'er he rusticates at Rosapenna,
But when at Overstrand prefers cheroots,
And always wears on Sunday button boots.

Details like these, which writers in The Strand
Provide ad lib., I welcome with effusion;
But I resent, upon the other hand,
Assertions tending to our disillusion,
Or showing that the leaders of our land
May end in lame and impotent conclusion,
As when the startling statement goes the rounds
That George weighs thirteen stone plus seven
pounds.

Can we believe it—that our Cambrian sprite,
Quintessence of ethereal velocity,
Should have expanded in a single night
To such a miracle of adiposity?
Such allegations cast a horrid blight
On all romance and turn it to jocosity.
It cannot be; yet if it should prove true
The Censor never should have let it through.

And O ye curious scribes, who in your zeal
To feed the printing press with fact and fable,
Invade the statesman at his frugal meal
And catalogue the dishes at his table;
Whatever other secrets you reveal,
Henceforth let no one feel himself unable
To render faithful service to the State
Without your publishing his fighting weight.

#### THE VOLUNTEERING SPIRIT.

(Being scraps of conversation from a gathering of literary men, artists, etc.)

"There's nothing like a good long route-march for pulling you together. We marched fourteen miles last Sunday and the men didn't turn a hair."

"What's the right pronunciation of that word? I thought it was pronounced rowt-march, not root-march."

"There were forty of us. Imagine it, forty more or less middle-aged gentlemen and one sergeant-major. He gave us a most frightful doing. If one of us scratched his nose it was 'Leave your face alone—leave it alone, I tell you. You can't improve it'; or 'Ho, very nice, very nice. You call that giving the word of command, do you? I call it whispering to a canary in a cage'; or 'Look at your watch again, do. Hold it up to your ear and find out if it's ticking right."

"Terrible fellows, these sergeant-majors."

"Yes, but that's the sort of thing you want—makes you smart and attentive."

"It's always done at the trail in Rifle regiments."

"I didn't know yours was a Rifle regiment. What's the difference?"

"Well, you see, we do it at the trail, and the others do it at the slope."

" Ah."

"You've got to get into close column of platoons first."

"Are you sure?

"Yes, and then the word of command is, 'Line outwards. One platoon (or two platoons) to the right. Remainder, form fours; outwards. Quick march."

"Yes, but how do you get back to close column?"
"Easy enough. 'On No. 1 form close column of platoons.
Remainder form fours; inwards. Quick march.'"

"That would do it, but it's not in the drill-book."

"Have you managed to get your rifles yet?"

"Yes; Sniders, most of them, about a hundred yards long and weighing a ton. However, we've got bayonets."

"The instructor was splendidly cold-blooded about it.
Drive it into him sharp, he said, and draw it out quick.
Otherwise he might tumble over atop of you and break your bayonet. If he does tumble over stamp on his body.
That 'll help you to get it out.'"

"What were you practising at?"

"A sack stuffed with straw."

"I wish they'd make up their minds to use us in some definite way. All the men are as keen as mustard. We got about two hundred of them into camp at Whitsuntide, and they did jolly well."

"Have you seen the work of that new black-and-white

man they 're talking about?"

"No; too busy with drills."

"So am I."

#### OUR LAST LINE BUT ONE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,-When you think of our soldiers, you generally have in mind the men who are in the trenches in Flanders, or are going out to give the final push to the German Empire in the Summer. But there are others whom you never hear people talk about. Take ourselves, for example, Here we have been since August, guard ing the defended port of Mudhaven. I refrain from further details for fear of giving information to the enemy; and, anyhow, you can buy picture postcards of all the forts at any stationer's shop in the town for 1d. each (or 2d. coloured). But I may safely say that it is the last place the Germans would be likely to attack.

But you mustn't imagine that we have no excitement. Captain Driver's engagement with a tin can off Pier Head Fort thrilled us for weeks. He engaged it with his heavy guns and subsidiary armament, and when it drifted so close in that they couldn't train their guns on it they threw stones at it. The enthusiasm of the men was splendid. You couldn't stop them, and when the can was picked up next morning it was found to be riddled with holes, besides having a big dent in it. This last was beyond doubt due to a well-directed shot from Capt. Driver himself, who was cover-point in an Oxford XI. famous for its fielding, and serves to show the close connection between the playing fields of peace and success in war. The other forts were naturally jealous, and two nights later, just to show what it could do, Mud Fort opened fire on a school of porpoises, who were forced to retire with, it is believed, heavy losses. So we feel that the pirate submarine will have to disguise itself pretty well to get by us.

All the regulars have long since left for the Front. Our O.C. is a gallant etiquette. We have learned that you over, or perhaps they will stop sending ing far back into Victorian times. Indeed, among the men, who are mainly drawn from the rural districts of Mudof history is evidently ill understood, he is widely supposed to have been impression due partly to his appearto that battle when he addresses recruits. The other officers are mainly dug-outs who left the Service on account impaired digestions, defective visions, diseased livers, or merely a general disinclination to work.

The rest of us, lawyers, engineers,



LEST WE FORGET

THOSE PAILS OF SAND ON EVERY LANDING.

to flattery and subservience of every that never comes. present at the Battle of Waterloo, an kind, but even he, seasoned old warrior as he is, was electrified when Jameson, ance and partly to his habit of referring | who is a police-court solicitor, addressed him in the orderly-room as "Your worship.

Sometimes we hope that we may yet of age or some other infirmity, such as get a chance to play some more exalted part in this epoch-making time, but mostly we expect to stay where we are till the end of the War. Then-for news comes slowly to these parts-I to follow the intricacies of military remember to write and tell us it is all to move.

veteran with a string of medals stretch- must never argue with a senior officer, us our pay. Otherwise we shall be even if, as may happen, his opinion is in found at some future date tottering up apparent conflict with the Drill Book. to our crumbling emplacements, lean-But the habits of our civil occupations ling against our antiquated ordnance, shire, where the chronological aspect are difficult to break through. The searching the sea with spectacled eyes, Colonel is in the nature of things inured waiting, still waiting, for the attack

> Your obedient Servant, MUDSHIRE R.G.A. (T.)

#### Cause and Effect.

"DISORDER IN PRUSSIAN DIET. SHAMEFUL SPECULATION IN FOOD." Glasgow Herald.

"DWELLING HOUSES TO BE LET.
Nice Baby Carriage, in good condition."
Liverpool Echo.

schoolmasters and the like, are trying imagine someone at the War Office will Just the thing for a small family about

erary

915.

h for last ? I h."

r less gave nose you. You all it

atch it's you

the lo it

t." urds. der,

ons.

long t it. iick. reak

ody.

ome We ide,

rite

#### THE WATCHER AT THE WINDOW.

WHEN I took "The Laurels" on a three years' agreement the house agent, a man of hysteric temperament, assured me, with a sob in his voice, that I was entering paradise. For a time I was inclined to agree with him (it was certainly a most comfortable house); till one day my wife and I decided that in future we would breakfast in the front room which overlooks the road. Carelessly, light-heartedly we made the change, little knowing what misery it carriage, falling under the train and would entail.

To my mind there are few sadder

what Wilkins, the stout, elderly person who lived three houses up the opposite side of the road, used to do every morning. At nine o'clock, never a second sooner or later, he banged his garden gate and, passing my breakfast-room window en route, ran all the way to the station, a matter of about half-a-mile, to catch the 9.6. He ran very slowly, holding himself quite erect, with a curious skimming effect which gave him at a distance the appearance of going onwheels. There was no need for him to run at all, since another train left at 9.11; in fact, this was the train, report said, for which as often as not he had to wait four-anda-half minutes. Yet I never saw him approach the station in any other manner. Wil-

kins, they told me (I did not know him | fellow-passengers. Both pictures were | extraordinary!" I exclaimed. I jumped gotten his umbrella.

sharply round to the station. When is a later hour than I care for. Wilkins passed our front window we behind the corner we took them out. They were always done to a turn.

Soon, however, I ceased to be amused. As morning after morning I watched him fade strenuously into the ofling I began to feel anxious about him. I began to wonder whether he had caught the 9.6 or had missed it. I began to see him making a wild dash for his being picked up a mangled mass; or just managing to secure a seat and sights in life than that of a bulky man sinking down hot, damp and breath-

Working-man. "An' this 'ere poison gas business! I'd give 'em poison gas! I'd choke the blessed lot on 'em in about two twos."

Non-smoking fellow-passenger. "LESS THAN THAT, I'M SUBE."

personally, nor had I any desire to), distasteful, but it was the former which up and hurried again to the front win-was employed at the War Office, and gradually grew to possess a dreadful dow. Yes, Wilkins' house looked sometimes I wondered whether this fascination for me. I found it impos- much as usual. The blinds were all might not explain the mystery. The sible to make any real headway with up. At seven minutes past nine we War Office holds many secrets un- my breakfast till I had allowed suffiknown to the outside public. Perhaps cient time for him to be killed, collected the officials there were sworn never to and driven home in the station cab. piece. walk to their morning trains. How- From 9.12 to 9.30 my eyes became ever that might be, it was certain, glued to the corner in the road round at any rate, that Wilkins, though a which the vehicle would, I knew, one married man, did not make a practice day sooner or later appear with all that of running home from the station in was left of Wilkins. My wife sugthe evening... Only once did I observe gested that we should breakfast again him do so. On that occasion it was in the room which faced the garden at raining, and he had apparently for the back of the house, but I could not tear myself away from my view of the country. At first Wilkins amused me. He was road. I felt that when the day came also useful in a way, because we were I must know the worst as soon as able to boil our eggs by him. My wife possible. After a while the suspense had an ingenious contrivance with a became so trying that I began to wish spirit lamp for performing this opera- each time I sat down to the table that tion at the breakfast table, and from we could get the business over and where I sat I could see through a side-window a long way down the road, should never really enjoy my breakfast but a case of "intelligent anticipation."

right to the corner where it bent again unless I put it off till 9.30, which

At last, feeling that I could stand put the eggs in; when he disappeared the strain no longer, I decided that the only thing to do was to sublet "The Laurels" and rent a house in another quarter. It took me three months to do this, three months during which I lost flesh so rapidly under the strain of watching for the cab containing Wilkins that my wife grew seriously alarmed and called in the doctor, who advised a voyage to Madeira. But I would not give in. I refused to leave my post before the new tenant had been secured. At last we found him,

I was down early on the morning of running to catch a train. This was less in his 18-inch collar among his our departure, and spent some little

> while in wandering round the room, stopping occasionally to gaze through the front window at the house a little way up the road in which Wilkins was, perhaps for the last time, eating his breakfast. It would be a curious coincidence, I reflected, if he were killed this morning. Still, life: was full of coincidences; stranger things had happened. \* At two minutes to nine my wife entered the room.

"Have you got the eggs?" I asked in a low voice.

"Yes," she answered. "Get them ready," I said, seating myself at the table.

Nine o'clock struck, and I waited nervously for the bang of Wilkins' gate. It did not come. A minute passed, two, three, four minutes. Still no Wilkins. "This is

decided that he must be ill, and boiled the eggs by the clock on the mantel-

Breakfast over (my first satisfactory one for months), I went out to make inquiries about Wilkins. I learnt from the greengrocer that after forty-two years' service at the War Office he had retired the previous day on a pension, and was shortly leaving for a little place which he had taken in the

"The Kaiser has taken supreme command in Galicia, says the Copenhagen correspondent of the 'Daily Telegraph.' The German headquarters are in the principality of Pless, in Siberia."—Liverpeol Daily Post.

We hope this is not a mere misprint,



Choleric General (whose staff have been keeping a safe distance). "Now then, gentlemen, what are you following me about for like a dashed string of bausages?"

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT seems a pet formula with Mr. WILLIAM J. LOCKE to

the end that Mr. Locke has written no more genial and entertaining story than this.

In Rank and Riches (STANLEY PAUL), Mr. ARCHIBALD take a number of pleasant, conventionally well-bred persons, MARSHALL provides his readers (I hope they are as largely and dump into the midst of them a primitive and preferably numerous as his skill deserves) with another of his feminine savage. You may recall a previous instance of delightful and placid surveys of English country life. He his success with this. In Jaffery (LANE) he varies the has the authentic feeling for the countryside, its lanes and ingredients, but repeats the success. Jaffery was a big trees and gardens, its squires, its parsons, its houses—in man with a beard, a war-correspondent, upon whose hands a word, for its atmosphere, and he describes it and its a deceased colleague had left a young widow just plucked inhabitants with a loving and a careful hand. The story from the mountain fastnesses of her native Albania. So opens with the downfall of the Marquis of Meadshire and Jaffery, guided by Mr. Locke, brought Liosha-such was the sale of his great house and its contents to the new rich her terrific name—home to the happy Berkshire abode of man from the regions of high finance, Mr. Armitage Brown. Hilary, who tells the tale. Of course there was the dickens to pay. There were others also; especially when Liosha, between varying temperaments and traditions. The new in that natural irritation that we all feel at the non-arrival man does not fit very comfortably into his new life, though of letters, charged the country postman with purloining his son and his daughter do their best to make things more them, and wound up by flinging him into the ditch and his easy for him. Yet Mr. Brown is in more senses than one letters after him. That is the kind of widow Liosha was. a man of metal, and entirely refuses to succumb to the But Mr. Locke does not rely wholly upon her for his impertinences of the bibulous Marquis. In the interview intrigue. Hilary and Jaffery had a third friend, a pleasant between the two and in other scenes Mr. Marshall gives ineffective person named Adrian, who, to the astonishment of proof of his excellent turn for dialogue. He does not smash the world and his immediate circle, suddenly blossoms forth up the weaker character at one blow, but gives him plenty as the author of the Book of the Year. For my part, I suspected Adrian from the first. He had a trick of turning pale defeated. Thus the issue is left in doubt up to the last, and snapping his wine-glass when people congratulated him and when the right man wins the reader is all the more upon his masterpiece; conduct which I, who have met pleased. It is a great joy to meet once again some of the many novelists, felt to be unusual. Moreover, I started characters of the Clinton novels. They are older, but are with the advantage of having read The Giant's Robe. Any otherwise their own agreeable selves. There is a good deal how, I spotted Adrian's secret in once. What exactly he of pleasant love-making in this book, but the breaking out had done, and how Jaffery tried to mend matters, is for you of the War, besides making a considerable inroad on to find out. I am pretty sure you will agree with me at Mr. Brown's millions, causes various semi-engagements to

tand t the The other is to ch I train ning ously who

ut I

15. hich

eave had m. ng of little d the nally front little hich r the reakrious

i, if ning. incihad nutes l the 75 ? "

said, ole. and the t did ssed. utes. is is nped winoked

oiled nteletory nake from -two had sion, little

e all

e we

mand

mint,

ion."

the

be left in suspense. I can only say that if the Marquis of mental. The leading character is a village worthy, one Meadshire eventually applies for Katie Brown I shall forbid the banns, for Katie is charming, and the Marquis cannot safely be left within half-a-furlong of a bottle of Kidston is an excellent person. In the year before the whisky.

For quite a long time I hoped that Miss ISABEL C. CLARKE was enjoying, doubtless at my expense, a laugh which eventually in her mercy she would invite me to share. Then, particularly if I could have secured a vicarious revenge by working the jest off on you, I should have felt she was within her rights and all would have ended well. But unfortunately in Whose Name is Legion (Hutchinson) the laugh never turns up, for as the plot develops there becomes ever more relentlessly apparent a serious purpose of a quite unusually alarming character. Even if one cannot altogether acquit the authoress of applying her study in demonology to an end of sensation (though after all she had to do something to keep things moving) the fact

remains that she has set out to light a flaring beacon, a warning away from Spiritualism and a call towards Rome, there being, it would seem, no other path of which she has ever heard. Whatever the merits of her opinions, there they are beyond mistake; and that is no matter for legitimate grumbling. All the same I doubt whether, even if you accept her positions, you will read to the end without a considerable degree of irritation. One would have thought that in the long intervals of small-talk between the lurid patches there might be ample opportunity for neatly tidying-up the odd threads of narrative, but the truth is that the writer's treat-

story, it really does not hang together at all; and so the self-complacency of her assumptions goes unredeemed. Possession by evil spirits is, to put it mildly, a theme to be approached with discretion, and I cannot say that Miss CLARKE has shown much competence for so delicate a task. Her book is neither very readable nor very wholesome.

The Tollhouse (SMITH, ELDER) is a War story, inasmuch as it treats of English life since last August; but, being entirely simple and unambitious, it succeeds where others of more ambitious scope have failed. Miss EVELYN St. Leger has written of an English village society of the older and still feudal style, dominated by the squire, and with the others, from parson downwards, respectively in their proper stations. She shows how these placid folk, preparing for the mild gaieties of a rustic August-cricket matches, Primrose League gatherings and the like-were overtaken by the bewildering upheaval of their ordered existence; and she traces the course of their changed lives through the months that followed. I have said that the book is pleasantly simple. At its best there is a touch of cranford about the style of it. But in places I will not Even so, it seems that we must wait for a century or two deny that the captious may find it a little sugary and senti- before the War in the Air can start in earnest,

Mrs. Kidston, ex-nurse at the Hall, whose present abode, The Tollhouse, gives its name to the book. This Mrs. War it had been her proud privilege to visit London and see the state procession at the opening of Parliament. There she was further witness of the breakdown of the German Ambassador's state coach, an incident subsequently exalted by her to the dignity of an "omen." The worst of The Tollhouse, as of all War-tales published to-day, is that, as the main plot is concerned with the punishment of Germany, one has to break off with the villain still at large. There are, however, subsidiary happenings, whose nuptial termination pleasantly ends an attractive, if rather undistinguished, little book, which may be of some value as a record of our contemporary life, in the happier days when it shall have ceased to be contemporary.

I cannot believe that Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. would

give anything but an honest and unbiassed opinion of any book which appeared under their imprint; so, when they say of The Gillingham Rubies that it is "brightened by innumerable touches of Mr. EDGAR JEPSON'S incomparable humour, can only suppose that they share with the friends of Mr. Peter Magnus the delightful quality of being easily amused; for, speaking for myself, I found that Mr. Jerson's humour did very little by way of brightening a story which certainly needed all the brightening it could get. I am disappointed in Mr. Jepson. There was a time, after the appearance of that jovial tale of his where



MR. BROWN-ORPINGTON TAKES PRECAUTIONS IN VIEW OF A POSSIBLE ZEPPELIN RAID. AN EVENING SCENE IN THE POULTRY-RUN.

ment of her subject is so crude and slipshod that, as a the villains spent their spare moments performing human sacrifices in the back garden of a suburban house, when I fancied that he was about to give the world a new sort of sensation novel. But the promise of that story has never been maintained, and *The Gillingham Rubies* is rather poor stuff. I have an idea that Mr. Jerson is taking too little trouble over these part humorous, part sensational novels of his. It is true that they are not particularly exalted literature, but that is no reason why he should not pay a reasonable amount of attention to style and characterdrawing. It looks as if Mr. Jerson did not hold a high enough opinion of this book to read twice what he had written, and I am bound to say that, if that is the case, I can sympathise with him. I should not care to have to read The Gillingham Rubies twice myself. But it is nice to think of Messrs. HUTCHINSON AND Co. chuckling over it.

From an article on "The Way to End the War":-

"There would be no need to wait until we had reached an aerial strength of, say, ten or twenty thousand machines. With two or three thousand, which could be turned out in as many months, our new aerial army could get busy."—Daily Dispatch.

#### AS ALWAYS, A BARGAIN IS A BARGAIN

# AT MARSHALL & SNELGROVE'S SUMMER SALE July 5th-24th



ne le,

S.

he nd it.

ly of

t. of at: er 10

n d h

ıt

le r ıl

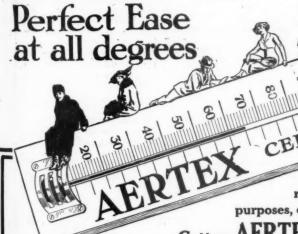
r. 1-

g

n t

WE have kept our workers busy for the past six months making distinctive apparel. In our desire to continue keeping them occupied, we are offering these articles at bargain prices during the sale. To clear our goods now is more important than the making of profits.

WRITE FOR "THE BOOK OF THE BARGAINS" TO MARSHALL & SNELGROVE, Ltd. VERE STREET & OXFORD STREET LONDON, W.



This label on all garments



Underwear, for 5/-

WOOL being largely required this year for MILITARY purposes, civilians are recommended to wear

Cotton AERTEX CELLULAR Clothing

AERTEX CELLULAR is cheaper, healthier and more comfortable than wool. It is durable, easily washed, and does not shrink. It is entirely of British manufacture. AERTEX CELLULAR consists of small cells containing air the best nonconductor of heat. The body thus clothed maintains its normal temperature, being surrounded by a gradual changing layer of air without direct contact with the outer atmosphere, hot or cold weather making no difference.

Illustrated price list of full range of AERTEX CELLULAR Goods for Men, Women and Children, with list of 1,500 depots where these goods may be obtained, sent post free on application to The CELLULAR CLOTHING Co., Ltd., FORE STREET, LONDON, E.C.



Aertex Cellular Day Shirt, from 3/6

A selection from list of depots where AERTEX CELLULAR goods may be obtained:

LONDON—ROBERT SCOTT, 8 Poultry, Cheapside, E.C.

ALDERSHOLF REROS., 437, Oxford Street, W.

ALDERSHOLF REROS., 437, Oxford Street, W.

ALDERSHOLF REROS., 437, Oxford Street, W.

BRIETOL—ARTHUR QUANT, Corn St. & Clare St.

AMBEDGE—W. PAD LILLEY & 0.0. Ltd.

AMBEDGE—W. PAD LILLEY & 0.0. Ltd.

AMBEDGE—W. PAD LILLEY & 0.0. Ltd.

CHELTERHAM—CAVENDISH HOUSE CO., Ltd.

COVENTRY—HAVAN BA SON, Ed.

COVENTRY—HAVAN BA SON, Ed.

BRIEDON—ROBERT SCOLLED. SO FORD Street.

BRIEDON—ROBERT SCOLLED. SO FORD SCOLLED. SO FORD STREET.

BRIEDON—ROBERT SCOLLED. SO FORD STREET.

BRIEDON—ROBER

# **Vigorous** Health

It is the duty of every man and woman in these times of stress to get and keep "fit," mental as well as physical alert-ness depend upon it. A few minutes' exercise daily will ensure the stimulation exercise daily will ensure the stimulation of metabolism — those vital processes upon which real health and vigour depend; and the harmonious working of all the bodily functions, together with thorough recuperation of muscle and nerve fissue. But the exercise must be adapted to your particular wants. It is not difficult to realise that no cut-and-dried system can meet the requirements of one and allahke. Before commencing any course of exercise you should read

#### Do You Desire Health?

By T. STANDWELL

(The leading British Physical Culture Consultant).

y years Chief Prescriber and Director ises at the World's Largest Physical Culture Curative Institute.

A postcard will bring it to you FREE.

#### T.W. STANDWELL,

30, Inverna Court, Kensington High Street, LONDON, W.



P.&J. HAGGART

Weolien Manufacturers to
T.M. The King and Queen,
ABERFELDY. SCOTLAND.
Real Handwoven Scotch
Tweeds, our own manufactime of the state of the state

# Norwells erth Brogues

Direct from Scotch Maker to Wearer.

Whatever the Sport or Pastime you indulge in when on holiday-if you are Norwellshod you will enjoy your holiday infinitely more.

Norwell's Perth Brogues give your feet and ankles that comfort and firmness that add to the enjoyment of your holidays.



morgo.

Norwell guarantees absolute satisfaction or Exercial parametees absolute satisfaction or Exercially returns every pennyol your money

D. NORWELL & SON. Specialists in Good Footwear,

Established over 100 years.)

# Royal Doulton



N nothing is one's individuality more clearly seen than in the intimate surroundings of the home. In the Chinaware for instance.

To the discriminating, a ROYAL DOULTON SERVICE means much. It carries the hallmark of quality and refinement. Choice table appointments are an unspoken compliment to the guest and always a personal pleasure to the owner.

If your China Dealer has not what you require, write to the Royal Doulton Potteries, Burslem, and they will send through him a special selection for YOU.



# Garden

Character and convenience are combined in this "Collingwood" Set. It is, perhaps, the most useful and decorative piece of Garden Furniture that

Britain's old Battleships make.

Capstan Inkstand in Teakwood ex H.M.S. Renown, 10/6.

The four Chairs, when not in use, fit snugly around the Table. A waterproof cover fits over the top and half-way down. This keeps the Table-top and Chair-seats clean and dry—ready for use always.

Highes, Bolchow Crassismen have put their best work into this Set. Every joint belts a story of proud thoroughness. And each cubic inch of its substance is everlasting Teakwood—selected Teakwood from Britain's old Battleships. It takes History as well as Utility and Beauty into your Garden.

WEST-END EXHIBITION of Garden Seats, and all other examples of Hughes, Bolckow Teakwood Furniture can be inspected at the Dover Street Showrooms. Your visit will be welcome.

ILLUSTD. ART BOOKLETS of Mementoes & Indoor & Outdoor

Furniture made from the Timbers of H.M.S. Collingwood, Barfleur, Southampton, Wellesley (late Boscawen) & Renown, posted on request

HUGHES, BOLCKOW & CO., LTD. -10 Dover Street, Piccadilly, W.

Shipbreaking Yard: Blyth, Northumberland



## Accuracy

Marvellous accuracy of time keeping has made Walthams the most famous watches in the world.

The key-note of Waltham construction is accuracy, not for one year or two, but for a lifetime.

There is no better or more useful gift for soldier or sailor than a Waltham Wristlet Watch. Look for the name.

Valtham Watches

Of all reliable Watchmakers and Jewellers.
WALTHAM WRISTLETS IN SILVER CASES.

For Ladies

FREE.—Watch Booklet and Wristlet Watch Pamphict post free from THE WALTHAM WATCH CO. (Dept. 41), 125 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

#### Loss of Appetite

is often due to internal conges-tion. Modern social conditions, tion. Modern social conditions, especially sedentary occupations, have a tendency to warp the natural functions of the human organism,

#### TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

taken at regular intervals will counteract this tendency, pro-moting a healthy appetite and a keener vitality. It is equally effi-cacious for Hæmorrhoids, Bile, Constipation, Gastric and In-testinal troubles & Headache.

Sold by all Chemists and Druggists, 2,6 per boz.

67 Southwark Bridge Rd. London, S.E.



#### ITURE for Cash

The Practical Book of Furniture"
(4th Edition) FREE.

Wm. SPRICCS & Co., Ltd., 238-241, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.

DELICIOUS COFFEE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.





The Hall Mark of Motor Insurance.

The Pall Mall Gazette, June 18th, 1915, says:

"This company has built up a large connection in motor insurance by specialising in the business, and has a list of over seven hundred repairers throughout the kingdom who are authorised to carry out repairs on the spot without formality or trouble to the assured."

S.E.

FEE

Full particulars from

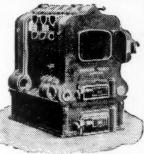
The White Cross Insurance Association, Ltd.,

5, Moorgate Street, London, E.C.

# **ROBIN HOO**I

**BOILER** and BEESTON RADIATORS

Will heat your house cheaper than any other method.



ROBIN HOOD BOILER.

CIRENCESTER.

#### NEXT WINTER'S FUEL will be VERY COSTLY.

(Read Copy of Letter received through a Keating Engineer.)

GENTLEMEN.

I am pleased to tell you that No. 5 "F" Robin Hood Boiler which is heating my house is entirely satisfactory. The Boiler heats 14 different apartments, including a small Greenhouse, at a total cost of less than 1/- per day for

I may add that the Boiler is most convenient for the servant to stoke up the last thing at night, and I am surprised that more people do not adopt this method of heating their houses, as the saving in expense and labour is so apparent.

Yours faithfully,

THE BEESTON FOUNDRY Co. Ltd. BEESTON, NOTTS.



THESE exclusive features of the Goodyear Tyre explain the enormous output of 10,000 Tyres a day.

#### 1. The All-Weather Tread.

Forces dust or mud through its diagonal grooves till the treads grip the hard road sub-stance, giving perfect immunity from skidding.

#### 2. Rivet-Fabric Breaker Strip

The rubber of the tread is riveted right through the Fabric Breaker Strip on to the body of the Tyre — which eliminates all risk of tread separation.

#### 3. On-Air Beg Cure.

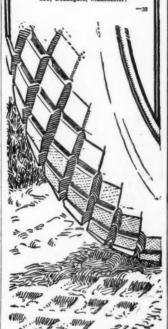
The Goodyear is final cured on The Goodyear is final cured on an inflated bag which gives the same shape and pressure it will receive in actual use—which saves 50°/<sub>r</sub> of blow-outs due to wrinkles in the inner fabric.

> Those are the reasons why the

# 100D YEAR

is the fortified Tyre.

The GOODYEAR TYRE & RUBBER CO. (Great Britain) Ltd.,
Central House, Kingsway, London, W.C.,
255, Deansgate, Manchester.





FAIR 4664 LONDON. CITY 3030

#### Salad Days!

When young green things get soused in oil and vinegar, with a touch of pepper, and, of course,

# Cerebos Salt

#### **OFFICERS' SERVICE KITS**

ALFRED WEBB MILES & COMPANY are executing a very large number of orders for the above from Officers in all branches of His Majesty's Army, and are constantly receiving letters expressing complete satisfaction.

N.B.—Camp Equipment supplied.

Write for full Price List and Patterns.

#### ALFRED WEBB MILES & CO.

12, 10, 8 & 6, BROOK ST., HANOVER SQ., LONDON, W.

Telegrams: "Webb Miles, London." Telephone: Mayfair 988.

(Established 1841.)

# SAVE COAL and serve the Country

This important advice has just been officially published by the authorities, and concerns every one of us, but it is equally important to know how to obtain the same amount of heat from the reduced coal consumption. COAL-SAVING is one of the greatest advantages of the famous HUE ADAPTABLE FIRE; we have emphasised it for many years, and thousands of our cus-

thousands of our customers have endorsed our claim. The HUE has been proved to give the same heat from a 33½% reduction in coal or other fuel, is clean,

absolutely safe, is used in thousands of private houses, and by the leading Railway Companies, Hotels and Institutions. The illustration shows its simplicity of construction; it is easily fixed, and there is no need to dismantle the existing grate or mantelpiece. The HUE FIRE is not a luxury—it is as much a necessity as the fireplace itself. But do not be misled by so-called "adaptable" fires, which are nothing more than makeshifts. The word "HUE" is cast on every genuine stove. Price 15/=, and obtainable from your local decorator, or we will send you name of tradesman in your locality who has had practical experience of its merits.

#### POST FREE

beautifully illustrated booklet giving photographs and details of the various designs and sizes.

YOUNG & MARTEN, LTD. (Dept. P), Stratford, LONDON, E.

CAPITAL: £2,250. 0. 0

INCOME: £259. 10. 9

III per cent. seems incompatible with safety, yet it is not. On the contrary, the income is guaranteed for life. A man of sixty-five, with every prospect of living to a ripe old age, can obtain an income of £11 10s. 8d. from every £100 he invests in the purchase of a "Sun Life of Canada" Annuity. If his health be under normal, better terms even than these will be offered. And there is the definite guarantee that the income will be forthcoming as long as life lasts.

That assurance is comforting. It relieves the mind from all anxiety as to financial comfort in old age. The larger income, II½ per cent. instead of, say, 4 per cent. or 5 per cent., provides greater comforts, meets the higher cost of living, meets the heavier taxes, and leaves perhaps a surplus for one to give practical expression to generous instincts.

The "Sun Life of Canada" Rates are better than those of any other first-class company. All kinds of Annuities are dealt in—Immediate, Joint, Deferred, and Annuities with guaranteed return of Capital. Assets £13,000,000, under strict Government supervision.

Write for particulars to J. F. Junkin (Manager), Sun Life of Canada, 44, Canada House, Norfolkstreet, London, W.C.



VICTORIA WORKS, WOLVERHAMPTW
London Offices and Showrooms:
139 & 141 CANNON ST., E&
Gatalogue Pree.



All Ingersoll Quality Watches are now supplied with Luminous Dials at 2/6 extra for Glow Points and Hands, and 8/- extra for glow figures and hands.

Illustrated Catalogue free on request.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 69 Audrey House, London, E.C. -Firestone

**TYRES** 

Solids and Pneumatics

The Firestone lettered tread makes possible a maximum thickness of rubber, without loss of flexibility. There is no side-wall trouble with Firestones.

The Non-Skid Tread grips any kind of road, never slipping or skidding, not by suction devices which waste power, but by its ever-sharp edges. Only super-excellent rubber could keep such edges without chipping.

Feel Safe !- Be Safe !- Always.

Your dealer can supply you with Firestone Tyres. Ask him. Join the army of satisfied Firestone users.

Firestone Tyres are made in the world's biggest exclusive Tyre and Rim Works. Write for Firestone's Book, "What's What in Tyres "—free from:—

FIRESTONE TYRE & RUBBER Co., Ltd., 14-15 D'Arbiay Street, LOHDON, W.

# KITS

y re-

CO. DON. W. ir 988.

RAILING ...

IELD GATE

RHAMPTO

ST., E.

nd

Write for

ANY rders es of

ction.

The "Lancet" says: "A sound CLARET may

Vive la France!

almost be placed in the temperance category by reason of its low alcoholic strength, on reason of the store that the in drawing and we are not disposed to think that in drawing attention to the good value in choice CLARETS now available to the public any possible injury to the cause of temperate living, which all reasonable persons have at heart, can arise."

Consult CLARET **Specialists** 

#### SAMPLE CASE

(6 varieties-18/- to 52/- per dozen) for 15/- carriage paid

JOHN HARVEY & SONS BRISTOL. Ltd.



Columbus' good liver did it.

But for his buoyant optimism (active liver) he would have stopped before he started.

To-day human nature and the human system are precisely what they were in his day. All the doubting, disapproving, gloomy, pessimistic people are those whose livers are weakened and overburdened; and whose blood there-fore is loaded with wastes and toxins, affecting their thoughts and impulses.

People who for years have persecuted and weakened their liver with drastic pills or draughts are reluctant to believe that kindness can do it any good.

Yet kindness is the whole secret of Cockle's Pills. By making its task easier they give the weakened and injured liver a chance to regain its normal strength and activity. Result: Emancipation from the gloom-poisons, from lassitude and half-health.

You cannot send anyone else to make this discovery for you. You must make it yourself. A New World of finer pleasure-inliving awaits your discovery when you have encompassed the tiny Globes called

Sold by Chemists throughout the World, 1/11 and 2/9.

JAMES COCKLE & Co., 4, Great Ormond Street, London, W.C.

#### Hot Weather Cool in

O have col feet in hot weather one must wear the right sort of shoe, such as this Lotus 769. It is cut from brown calf—a rich, dark shade of brown, quiet and cool-ooking—tanned by a special vegetable process which leaves the pores opener than does the usual chrome tanning, so keeps the shoes naturally ventilated. Then, too, the soles—indeed all Lotus soles—are treated in a special way so as to extract from them all the chemicals used in tanning, which, particularly in hot weather, make the shoes uncomfortably clammy and the feet tired and sore. So, though the sun glares down and the pavements blister, a man may walk cool and comfortable in Lotus—particularly in No. 769.

Lotus Ltd, Stafford

Manufacturers of Lotus and Delta Shoes Lotus 21/-

On sale everywhere, in sizes and half-sizes from 5 to 11.

Gladden his heart by the gift of the world's best Fountain Pen.

# Waterman's

The "SAFETY" Type is recommended for Soldiers, Sailors, Doctors, Red Cross Nurses, Ladies, Travellers, Sportsmen. It cannot leak, however carried. Nibs to suit all hands. (Exchanged gratis if not right.) Every pen guaranteed.

10/6 and upwards for Regular and Selffilling Types.

12/6 and upwards for Safety and Pumpfilling Types.

Of Stationers and Jewellers every-

AVOID SPECIOUS IMITATIONS!

Booklet free from

L.G.SLOAN, The Pen Corner, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.



#### Make your Wrist Watch break-proof!

Every wrist-watch wearer—soldier or sportsman—needs the Army Protector which converts any wrist watch into a miniature hunter guarding the glass and case from breakage, protecting the wearer from the danger of splinters, and preventing dangerous reflections from the glass.

FRANY WRIST Gives absolute protection to

Rany Wrist Watch.

Send one to your friend at the front. Nickel and Khaki Finish ... 16 Leather Covered ... ... Solid Silver from 6 6. Also in Solid Gold. Sold by Jewellers, Silversmiths, Cutlers, etc. In case of difficulty in obtaining write to SALES MANAGER, Waitham Bldgs. 29 Church St. Liverpool. @



II5 & II5a REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. Specialists in Regimental Highland Outfits.

Service Jacket (collar badges extra)

\$\mathbb{L}\$ s. d. 3 13 6

British Warm (lined camel hair Khaki Slacks . . . . . from Apron (all round) Regimental Hose Tops (Ist quality) do. do. do. (2nd quality) Khaki do. (1st quality) Garters Natural Camel Hair Sleeping Bag 2 Sporran, Claymore, Sgian Dhu, Bonnet Brooch, Safety Pin, etc.

SERVICE ORDERS EXECUTED ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE. ESTIMATES GIVEN FOR ANY REGIMENT.



UR July Sale presents an opportunity of units up household linen rean opportunity of filling quirements at prices that cannot last much longer owing to scarcity of flax. It will pay to write for our Sale Linen List, as many of the items quoted cannot be repeated afterwards.

#### COLLARS

Castle quality Collars in newest single and double shapes, all faced with fine Irish linen woven in our Belfast factories, reduced to 59 per dozen. Royal quality, 7/9 per dozen. Postage, 3d. extra.

#### SHIRTS

Coloured Tunic Shirts, soft fronts, rounded cuffs with two buttons in front, made of Oxford and Zephyr Cloths in neat blue, black, helio and green stripes on white back-ground, each 3/II. Also in fine Zephyr and best quality Oxford Cloths, each 5/6.

#### HANDKERCHIEFS

No. M 10.—Gentlemen's pure Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, about 18½ins., with jin. hem. Per dozen, 5/3. Sale List sent post free.

Robinson & Cleaver Ld. 46U DONEGALL PLACE, BELFAST.

# moto

are the only Standard 10/6 Fountain Pens All British Made by a British Company with British Capital and Labour.

THOMAS DE LA RUE & CO, LTD.

#### Heartburn and Acidity causing Sleepless Nights

Sufferers from Heartburn, Flatulence, Acidity, etc., which are so often the cause of sleepless nights, are invited to send for a Free Sample of Dr. Jenner's Absorben a Free Sample of Dr. Jenner's Absorben Lozenges, which Messrs. Savory & Moore make from 'Dr. Jenner's original formula and recommended as a valuable remely for these complaints. The lozenges are pleasant to take and quite harmles. The testimony of those who use them, of which the following letter is an ex-ample affords the most convincing proof ample, affords the most convincing proof of their value.

"Normanhurst," Burnaby Road,
Bournemouth.
"I am very glad I sent for a trial of Dr
Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges, for I foun
them so beneficial that I immediately secure them so beneficial that I immediately secure a large box, and now, after a somewhat et tended use of them, I can truthfully say the have done and are doing me more good that anything else I have tried for Heartburn and general Acidity. They have saved me from a good many sleepless nights. I feel so grateful that you are at liberty to use this testimonial if you choose.

E. FIFFARD."

Are

pur

and

sup mo

pur sca

con

Sai

Wit

& S

wi

tui SO

E

Boxes 1/13, 2/9 and 4/6, of all Chemists.

#### A FREE TRIAL BOX

will be forwarded to all who write, enclosing id. for postage, and mentioning Punch, to Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to TKing, 143a, New Bond St., London, W.

JOUR HEALTH IS AN ASSET

of which you may increase th value by reading Dr. H. Valentine Knaggs' book: "Indigestion: Its Causeand Cure." 1/-, postage 3d. C. W. DANIEL, LTD., 3P TUDOR ST., E.C. Send penny stamp for free copy of the one health magazine with a sense of humour-



The Military Size Onoto Pen fills itself, never leaks and exactly fits the uniform pocket.

NOTED EXPORT BRAND.

The "TOP NOTCH

KNOWN AND APPRECIATED ALL OVER THE WORLD.

THE DISTILLERS COMPANY LTD. Capital employed over £3,000,000. EDINBURGH.

and the contract of the contra

# DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

#### FOR NEARLY A CENTURY

the Medical Profession have approved this as the best and safest remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout and Indigestion. Dinneford's Magnesia is also an aperient of unequalled value for infants, children, those of delicate constitution, and for the distressing sickness of pending motherhood.

THE MOST EFFECTIVE APERIENT FOR REGULAR USE BY PEOPLE OF ALL AGES.

In consequence of numerous imitations, purchasers should INSIST on seeing the name "DINNEFORD'S" on every bottle. Only by so doing can they be sure of obtaining this most excellent remedy.

Dinneford's Magnesia mixed with Spring Water forms a pleasant, cooling and most beneficial drink in Hot Sessons and Climates, and also during Fever.



Nights

latulence,

o send for Absorben

& Moore

al formula

le remedy enges are

harmless. use them is an exing proof

Road.

rial of Dr r I found ly secured sewhat en-y say they good than thurn and

I me from
I feel so
o use this
PPARD."

enclosing Punch, to ts to The endon, W.

ASSET

Valen-estion:

age 3d.

T. E.C.

the one

X

#### **CUTICURA** COMPLEXIONS

Are Usually Fresh and Clear, Soft and Velvety.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. Thus these fragrant super - creamy emollients promote and maintain the natural purity and beauty of the skin. scalp, hair and hands under all conditions.

Sample Each Free by Post

With 32-p. book. Address F. Newbery & Sons, 27 Charterhouse Sq., London, E.C., Eng. Sold throughout the world.





There is no need now to banish bread from the diet of any invalid. The very highest standard of digestibility and nutritive value is found in the crisp dainty baton loaves of

Energen Gluten Bread

The most delicate system digests it, the most delicate palate approves it. It keeps fresh indefinitely. Certified by the Institute of Hygiene.

Sold by stores and chemists in sealed boxes of 12 loaves 3/6

Write for sample loaf.

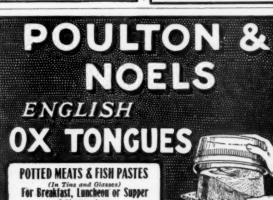
THE THERAPEUTIC FOODS CO. 4, Bedford Chambers, Covent Garden, W.C.

Amateur Photographers Send your Films to MARTIN.

Experts in developing. No waiting; work returned next day. Any size 1/- for 12 exposures, 6d. for ê. Prints 1d. each. Cameras bought for cash or exchanged. List Free.

MARTIN, Chemist, SOUTHAMPTON.





If any difficulty in obtaining, write POULTON & NOEL, Ld., London, M.

Instant Hot Water without Kitchen fires. Just turn taps, that's the Parkin-son way. No dirt or trouble. Economical and dependable. Send for Booklet A of latest automatic systems free from 129, High Holborn, London, E.C.

WATER HEATERS

# The Ideal Lounge for the Wounded Special Prices to Hospitals and Officers' Messes.

PRICES according to length of rest. 23/- 27/- 30/- 33/- 36/-

MINTY, 44 High St. Oxford



W. W. JACOBS

Style No. 4.

The Better Way of Marking Linen

# CASH'S

Write for complete list of the many styles in which these Names can be woven to—





Sold everywhere 64 1 26 & 46



EWARTS GEYSERS 346 EUSTON R4 LONDON

### OVER 12%

This is the return yielded by a Canada Life Annuity to a man of 67. Other ages in proportion.

Best value - greatest security.

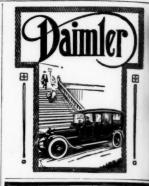
Prospectus post free from CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE CO., 7 King St., Cheapside, London, E.C.

P.C.B. 16

FREDK LIPSCOMBE & CO. Water Filtration Engineers



49 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C. Estab. 1794. 'Phone: City 2833.







555 Branches in Town and Country. 800 QUALIFIED DISPENSERS. NEARLY 10.000 EMPLOYEES. Issued by Boots Pure Drug Co., Ltd.





SMOOTH & DURABLE

BEWARE OF

MACNIVEN & CAMERON, LTD.

Why Suffer Baldness! Suspend the premature ravages of Time. Chills and Neuralgia prevented.





# C. BOND & SON

61, New Bond St., LONDON, W

CONNOISSEURS ALL THE WORLD OVER PREFER

PETER DAWSON, Ltd.,

B2-84, GREAT CLYDE ST. GLASGOW



## Nº. 1 Shaving Cream



#### MAKES SHAVING A PLEASURE.

LEAVES the Skin SOFT. SMOOTH and FREE from IRRITATION.

In bowls of Artistic DOULTON Ware which can be USED AS ASH TRAYS when empty.

#### A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE

Price 1/6 and 2/6 each. Post free for P.O. or Stamps from the Proprietors

**OSBORNE BAUER & CHEESEMAN,** 19, Golden Square, London, W.

#### FINE JEWELS SILVER ANTIQUES

Purchased for Cash or Valued

FOR EXORS. INSURANCE &c.)

SPINK& SON, LTD 17&18, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W. ESTP 1772.

THIN, SOFT, STRONG AND SILKY.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Made in England by English firm & English labour

We must have



# Builds Bonnie Babies

Because Glaxo is pure, uncontaminated milk, free from disease germs, with all its natural sweetness and purity permanently retained at the source of supply, and by the special Glaxo Process made easily digestible even to a young or very weak baby, baby should have Glaxo if mother's milk is unavailable.

Simply and instantly prepared by merely mixing with boiling water.

Ask your doctor!

Write for free copy of the Glaxo Baby Book. Trial tin 3d.

GLAXO, 46n King's Road, St. Pancras, N.W.

Proprietors:
JOSEPH NATHAN & Co. Ltd.
Wellington, New Zealand,
and London.

Glaxo is entirely British made & British owned.

Ask your Doctor!

SERS. YEES.

nessi of Time.

ON, W. THE



Oh for a cake of Tears now!

For the Boys at the Front

Just put a cake or two of

# Pears' Soap

in the next parcel of presents you are sending it greatly enhances the Joy of the Wash and the Shave.

Large cakes supplied in boxes of 3 Tablets convenient for enclosing in parcels; it takes up very little room.

#### CHARIVARIA.

Director of Wolff's News Bureau in for prolonging the War. Germany.

Office without a slur on his character.

Mr. Philip Snowden moved an Ganghofer." amendment to the National

Registration Bill, describing the measure as "an unwarrantable interference with the personal liberty of the people." We sincerely trust that this legislator has got a binding undertaking from the KAISER that, if his Huns come over, there will be no unwarrantable interference of the sort referred to.

The King of ITALY, according to the Gazzetta del Popolo, recently climbed into a church belfry to watch the positions of the combatants at the Front, and remarked, "The House of Savoy likes a good front seat in the Theatre of War." Tastes vary. The House of Hohenzollern prefers the gallery.

Writing in the Berliner Tageblatt Major Moraht says that great difficulty is being experienced by the Germans in getting an adequate water supply in Northern Champagne. A propos of this an indignant wine expert writes to us: - "Only barbarians would think of watering Champagne."

At times we are frankly puzzled to know what to make of the Germans. We used to think that they lacked humour, and yet read this - from the Neueste Nachrichten :- "Our foes ask themselves continuously, How can we best get at Germany's vital parts? What are her most vulnerable points? The answer is, her humanity—her trustful honesty.'

A curious result of the War, it is pointed out, is the fact that our actresses are now being photographed with their mouths shut. One would have thought that at such a time all

A contemporary, in drawing attention to the disappearance of the top-WE are requested to state that Lord hat in London, prophesies its reappears sportsmen is really a little unfair. For example, here's The Grimsby News, in Board of Inventions—in no way tallies we think it very wrong of an influential an article on Canon Quirk, winding up with that filled by the Managing journal thus to hold out an inducement

We are glad to see that Dr. F. C. Kaiser asked his favourite journalist CONYBEARE has withdrawn his nasty what he thought about Italy, and remarks about Sir Edward Grey. Sir Ganghofer answered, "Your Majesty, of Shoreditch Infirmary, stated last Edward will now return to the Foreign it is best for Austria and for us to week that measles is the most dangermake Italy a clean house." To this ous epidemic in this country. Surely the KAISER said, "You are right, the time has now arrived to give this

First Trawler Skipper, (to friend who is due to sail by next tide). "Are ye takin' any precautions against these SUBMARINES, JOCK?"

Second Skipper. "AY! ALTHOUGH I'VE AYE BEEN IN THE HABIT O' CARRYIN' MY BITS O' BAWBEES WI' ME, I WENT AN' BANKIT THEM THIS MORNIN', AN' I'M NO TAKIN' MA BEST OILSKINS OR MA NEW SEABOOTS."

First Skipper. "Oh, you're a' richt, then. Ye'll hae practically naethin' tae lose but yer life."

German Ambassadors were withdrawn | We presume that the Germans, by force from Italy.

Mr. John Collier's exhibition at one, which does him credit. The distinguished painter wishes the license."—Portsmouth Evening News. the Leicester Galleries does not contain devote its entire energies to the War, and not to fritter them away in an attempt to solve his conundrums.

As the result of a letter from Sir FREDERICK TREVES the anti-fly campaign is being prosecuted with renewed vigour, though some (including the flies) are still of the opinion that we British subjects ought to show their should be better advised to wage one Cavalry escorts will be provided for the war at a time.

The way in which some papers are always having their knife into our with the remark, "It is questionable whether he knows what it is to quarrel A little while ago, we are told, the nevertheless."

> Dr. FISHER, medical superintendent So the Austrian and disease a more impressive name.

> > The German officer, Gun-THER PLUSCHOW, who escaped from Donnington Hall last week, can be identified, we are told, by a Chinese dragon which is tattooed on his left arm. It is thought, therefore, that it is unlikely that he is going about disguised as a little girl in short sleeves.

> > The War's first birthday will take place shortly, but it is not proposed to have any public celebration-not even in Germany.

> > We are sorry to hear that our troops in Egypt are feeling the heat. A sharpshooter with a gift for vivid description writes home:-"At the present time Egypt has two principal sources of irrigation: (1) The River Nile; (2) Me.'

#### Death in the Cup.

"The German forces surrendered absolutely unconditionally yesterday. General Botha presented an ultimatum to the Commander, which expired at tea-time yesterday."-Reuter.

of habit, had poisoned its drink.

#### Altruism.

German port outside of Europe, except in the Baltic and North Sea.

Newcastle Evening Chronicle. It was always expected that the War would alter the map of Europe.

"Switzerland is prohibiting the export of soft and second quality hard cheese next autumn and winter, and first quality cheese (Gruyere, etc.) will only be allowed to leave the country under control."—Evening News. more active varieties.

# WANTED: A CENSOR OF THE HOUSE.

You little folk-just voices, nothing more-Who love to figure on the Chamber floor, Wallow in sentiments of Teuton tint And see your prattle reproduced in print; Here in these islands, on your native sward, We know you (not in person, thank the Lord), And on the advertising space you fill Can put its proper value, which is nil. But yonder, in your friend the enemy's land, Where nobody begins to understand-Where Truth's imbibed from very ancient founts And still they think a politician counts-Where those who judge us have no measuring-span Whereby to tell a midget from a man-Out there the Press reports your childish chatter As though it fell from mouths that really matter, And Berlin says: "They grope without a guide Now that the expert, A, has come our side;" Or "Britain's Empire crumbles at a touch-Her leading statesman, B, has said as much." And Huns who never heard your names till now Suck it all in and wear a radiant brow, Crying, "Turn on the gas! Our Gott begins His tardy punishment of England's sins!

Records of shining courage, such as spur Limp hearts to action, frequently incur The india-rubber of the Press Bureau Lest they afford a wrinkle to the foe; But you, who give us words in lieu of deeds, Content to blather while your country bleeds-Who with an envious malice ply your mission Of carping at a patriot Coalition, Of hounding with the old sectarian hate The men whose only party is the State-No Censor has the pluck, it seems, to tackle The copious spout of your putrescent cackle; At large it spreads for enemy eyes to view And, viewing, picture England torn in two. Had I my way for just a little spell, I would expunge your words and you as well, Who by your alien tricks have fairly earned The Anglo-Bosch's right to be interned. O. S.

#### RUNNING THE WAR.

[After the bland method of Mr. Arnold Bennett every week in "The Daily News."]

I APPEAR to have been sharply brought to book in sundry high places for an observation which I made in this column last Friday, namely, that I anticipated that the War would be over in about three weeks. Exception was taken in the same quarter to my contention that it wasn't so much a war as an international job. I can only say that, as my readers are surely well aware by this time. I know all about it, and more than that I mean to go on writing about it. A man can't always be writing novels—that is the truth about an author. If I must once again that is the truth about an author. If I must once again in the present crisis). Four times Higgs tried to pass produce my credentials I may add that I approach the the doctor, and every time he failed. So he is forced to problem with that expert and well-grounded knowledge stay at home. That wants altering, though candidly I of European warfare which is the fruit of a life-long study of the social conditions of the Five Towns. have had too much of the fatuous din of experts. This is

only ask them to look at the matter squarely, or rather to That wants altering.

allow me to put it before them in its true light. There are, as we now know-some of us-three important and imminent developments which are calculated to end the international job suddenly at any moment. The first is known to every one; the second is still the secret of the higher command (and myself); the third is known only to me. But there they are. A Tory lady of my acquaintance, -yes, a Tory lady-recently used these words to me: "If we don't win this War we shall lose it, and that means that we shall be defeated, and Germany will be victorious,' I assured her that I would rather be sneered at as an Optimist than hold such reactionary views as these.

The Government have more than once had from me (as my readers know) words of warm encouragement and approbation. I repeat that they are an incomparable body of Ministers who have consistently shown the greatest genius in handling this War-that is, this international job. At the same time they are continually perpetrating criminal blunders, and that is where I come in. It is imperative that I should keep setting them right. I have (as I have repeatedly remarked) a very large correspondence nowadays about social matters. And I am always at it. You wouldn't believe. Only last Tuesday I visited a girls' school in Sevenoaks, where a proposal had been mooted to teach the elder pupils to make respirators; and not long ago a special friend of mine, who is a leading Trade Unionist, personally conducted me over an engineering shop in Bolton. So I have the whole thing at my fingers' ends. And I emphatically warn the Government that some things need altering.

The country is united and will stand as one man behind the Cabinet in any step which they decide to take. And yet my own private opinion is that there are certain steps (of which I strongly disapprove) which, if taken, would split the country from top to bottom. I say advisedly that there are forces at work.

Instances can be given in my own neighbourhood. I find it better to give these personal instances which come under one's own eye simply because they are of such extraordinary general interest. Last week an elderly lady connected with the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society called and interviewed my cook, whose husband is in the A.S.C. (Let me say at once that the S. & S. H. Society is doing magnificent work of a far-reaching nature. I have ascertained that fact for myself. I made a special point of dropping in not long ago to have a talk with the local secretary. I impressed him very favourably). My cook was subjected to the closest cross-examination as to whether in the absence of her husband she was well fed and cared for in my house. Now that wants altering.

Take again the case of Bob Higgs. He is a great friend of mine. I know him well. He is an agricultural-labourer. He tells me he was twenty-three on the 18th of May last. I should say that he is unmarried and has red hair and always fills his pipe with his left hand; 5ft.  $8\frac{1}{2}$  ins., the eldest (living) of a family of five. He had a dispute with his employer about wages and made up his mind to enlist. (I need hardly say that the employer was quite in the wrong; employers always are, though I hasten to add that they have one and all shown magnificent patriotism don't quite see how it is to be altered, as Bob Higgs has We only one eye.

Meanwhile there is an international job to finish and we must get on with it. The German line in the West is Some of my many friends call me an Optimist, but I can still unbroken, and they are pushing forward in the East.



THE ENEMY, M.P.

MR. PUNCH. "THESE SELF-ADVERTISING PRO-GERMANS MAKE ME SICK. WHAT WE WANT IS A CENSORSHIP OF PARLIAMENTARY REPORTS."

15.

are, and the st is the ly to ance,

eans ous."

e (as and cable atest onal ating It is have ence

t it.
girls'
ed to
long
rade
ring
my
nent

And teps ould edly

ome ady lled S.C. oing ceri of

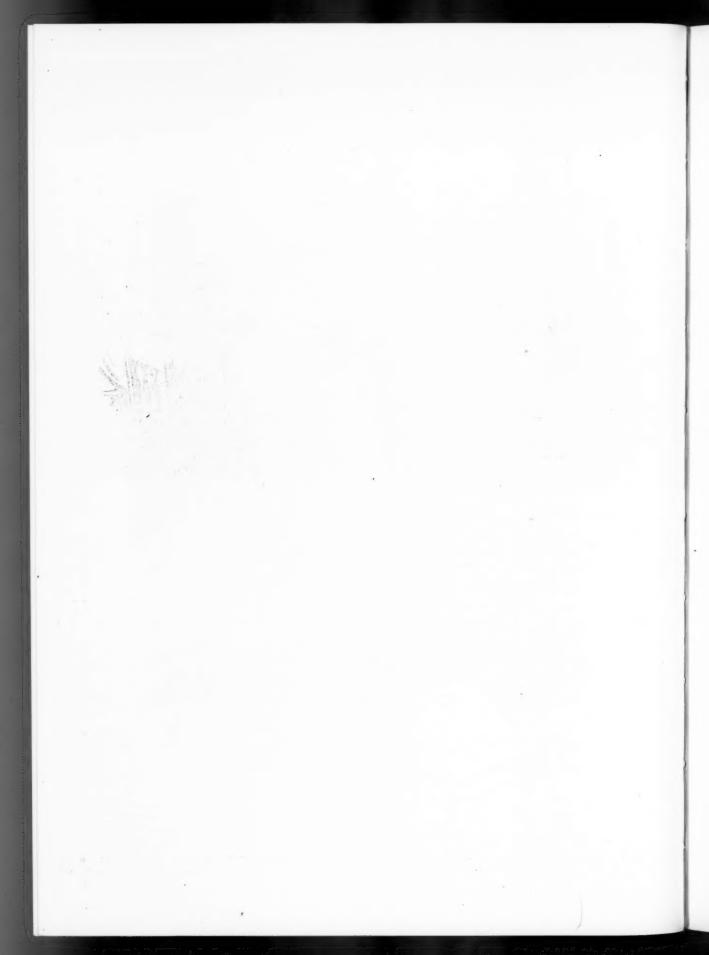
ook to fed

rer. ast. and the vith list. the

the add ism ass to y I

has we

is ast.





WAR-TIME ECONOMIES.

"Eat two ounces less meat a day."-Daily Press. Conscientious Youth. "Father, you've given me an eighth of an ounce too much."

#### BREAKDOWNS AND REPAIRS.

THE rain was being swept across the dyke-lined flats by a stiff easterly breeze. Everything was cold, wet and glutinous with mud. The loose planks at the bottom of the trench squished and sucked to the movement of impatient feet.

Peter Simmonds surveyed the scene gloomily. One of a new draft, he was unaccustomed to the local conditions and felt completely out of touch with left. his new profession; also he desired speech.

"Bit off, I call it." He turned to his companion, a lugubrious old timer who chewed tobacco steadily and vouchsafed "advance." no reply.

He tried again. "Cawn't stand this blinkin' rain. Wot the 'ell are we waitin' ere for?

The other man eyed him scornfully. "Royal Artilleree, o' course," he replied; "d'yer think we're waitin' for the champagne ter come erlong?"

As if to vindicate this statement, shrapnel began to explode over the German trenches some 400 yards in advance. At first occasionally, and ought ter be in 'orspital, that's where whistle, followed a second later by then, when the range was secured, in I ought ter be.'

growing volume until the sound was something beyond all knowledge—certainly beyond the knowledge of Peter Simmonds. His small body seemed to grow smaller and his eyes started out of his head like those of a captured rabbit. Presently, with a rush of air that almost threw him down, a large projectile passed just over him.

"Gawd! wot's that?" he shouted, state of military hinefficiency?"

clawing at the man stationed on his

"Common shell," was the reply. "Clearin' away wire hintanglements preparatory to the advance."

Peter wilted still further at the word

"When the hintanglements is cleared away, as requisite, the Captain blows is little whistle and the Company advances hat the double—at least, them as ain't 'it does.'

This man's loquacity was almost as

The shell fire slackened a little.

"Garn," said his left-hand neighbour, "you ought ter be in a pramberlater, you ought. Wot avocation might you ave been pursuing before you come out 'ere?

"Shuvver," replied Peter, scenting sympathy. "I 'drove a 'General' Barnes and Liverpool Street, that was

"Well, yer see," Peter hesitated and sought for the truth, "I 'ad a bit of a skid at 'Yde Park Corner and knocks over a privit kerridge, knocks an old gent aht of it too-Earl o' Something, e was. The old blighter said I was racing one of them Blue 'Ammersmiths, and that puts the kybosh on my job of motorin' . . . Wasn't 'arf a skid, I tell yer.'

Peter's reflections were interrupted by a renewal of the shell fire. A subaltern came down the trench and spoke bad as the phlegmatic attitude of the to the men. He spoke to Peter, but Peter didn't hear; his mind was already occupied.

another from the opposite point of the

and intelligent friend had scrambled to towards the 'bus. the top of the trench; the uncommunicative man-of-action on his right was even more alert. He was already on his feet and advancing out of Peter's vision. Vaguely Peter felt that something ought to be done. He clawed tore through the mud at their feet. at the slimy bank in front of him, clutched a clump of twitch grass on the brow of the trench, and pulled himof the A.S.C. men.

self up. Then his terrified brain slackened from its objective, his fingers loosened themselves, and his inert, half-conscious body slid back into the trench.

For some time he lay in the muddy water mentally dazed. Somewhere he could hear sounds; the crack of rifles, the incessant tap-tap-tap of machine guns, and the occasional smack of a bullet into the soft earth above his head.

At last he realised that the water that was soaking him was extremely cold. He sat up, and, staggering to his feet, began to move along the trench. Around him was an indescribable nerve-racking clamour, but he had the trench to himself, anyhow. One thing fixed itself in his mind; whatever happened he was not going to leave the trench. He was quite resolved on that point. Eventually he came to a cross section which abutted on to, and commanded, a road. This was the limit of his perambulation. Here he decided to wait. His patience was inexhaustible; besides, he was ill, very ill. He had barely settled down when the drone of a motor struck upon his ear. Gradually it became more distinct; evidently it was approaching him by the road. Peter peered out cautiously. Yes, Yes, there it was-a 'bus undoubtedly-a motor-'bus, moving with obvious reluctance through a sea of

Peter, fascinated, watched its progress; watched it struggle to within twenty yards of him and then break down.

The driver jumped off and tore people!" open the bonnet. Two A.S.C. men joined him, and together they juggled feverishly with the mechanism. Nothing happened.

Peter looked on with growing contempt. "Bloomin' gardeners," l muttered and became less cautious.

Five uneventful minutes passed. Peter could stand it no longer, with expert fingers. "Got a three- to mislead the enemy.

Before the second whistle Dropping his rifle he clambered on quarter nut there?" he enquired briefly. had ceased to sound, Peter's genteel to the road, and proceeded to wade The driver fetched it obediently.

"Wot's er matter?" he enquired.

"One of them through the cases and

CORNERED.

"Now, Mr. Tomlinson, your tailoring business is BOUND TO MOVE SOON. WHEN THE RUSH COMES YOU WANT TO BE PREPARED. NOW, SIR, WE CAN'T LEAVE THIS SFOT UNTIL WE ARE RELIEVED. SO, WHILE WE ARE WAITING, JUST HAVE A LOOK AT THIS LOT CF SUMMER SUITING SAMPLES. THIS IS A LINE IN WHICH OUR FIRM CAN'T BE TOUCHED, AND WE CAN DO YOU ANY OF THESE AT BEFORE-THE-WAR PRICES, TEN PER FOR CASH INSTANT DELIVERY. How's THAT FOR A DRESSY LOUNGE?

> Peter sidled round to get a better view.

> swore as he groped in the mud. "What yer making that noise abart? startlin'

"Gor' blimey!" exclaimed Peter with emphasis, "if it ain't 527—old 'Gruntin' Liz!' Lived on 'er eighteen months, I did. Got me the sack, she did. 'Ere, let me come," he shouldered directing on a point about a mile north of his way in masterfully, "I'm acquainted Gaba Tepe."—Daily Chronicle. with 'er, I am."

A bullet touched the corner of the up-flung bonnet and sang away into space. Peter didn't even look up.
"Nah then!" he cried, "

er up."

The engine coughed, backfired and finally rattled into life.

Peter, unchallenged, climbed into the

"Up yer git!" he cried, "all sereno! Where might ver want this blawsted ammernishon took? 'Ammersmith Broadway? Barnes? Mortlake? . . . Oh! 'advanced firing line.' Righto! 'Old tight."

They proceeded onwards at a speed which would have satisfied a Surrey policeman. Half a mile brought them into what Peter described as "an 'ell of a

Here they halted to unload. For the next half-hour a small pale man with gleaming eyes and a great deal of mud and grease on him might have been seen, knee-deep in mud, hauling recklessly at ammunition cases and cursing with tremendous

It was Private Peter Simmonds come unexpectedly to his own.

# For the Dog Days.

Extract from Company Orders:-

"Pangbourne. DRESS. - Men are reminded that correct walking-out dress is khaki puttees and canes. No other dress is to be worn except on parades.

A section leader of the Hert-fordshire Special Constabulary is even more solicitous for the comfort of his men, for in announcing a special Sunday inspection he says:-

"Dress .- Armlets only to be worn."

"Enormous masses of troops are getting into position and assembling at Gargantuan Suddenly he gave a shout. The the stores and ammunition needed for a driver dropped a spanner and then general engagement."—Natal Advertiser. This is the most interesting item of

news we have had since the capture of Point d'appui by the French.

"At 2.30 a.m. H.M. ships, together with the tows and the destroyers, proceeded to within some four miles of the coast, H.M.S. Queen (flying Real-Admiral Thursby's flag)

No doubt the Imitation - Admiral He began to overhaul the engine Thursby displayed his flag elsewhere

#### NEW LIGHT ON NATIONAL FINANCE.

Now that War week-ends have had to take the place of holidays I have come to expect Sinclair and the Reverend Henry on the first Friday of every month, but on this occasion Sinclair was a day late. It happened to be his police week. Henry greeted him warmly.

"I am particularly glad to see you, Sinclair," he said.

"We want to consult you," said I, "about finance. Henry and I have been waiting for you to put us right. We have had a touching faith in you, Sinclair. We have always assumed that you were sure to know.

"Well, what's the trouble?" de-

manded Sinclair.

"It has now become clear," Henry began to expound, "that the national need of the moment is individual economy. Of course we are keen to play up, but we are a little uncertain what steps to take."

"Why, use old golf balls," said Sin-

"I wonder," said the Reverend Henry, turning to me, "if he is really going to be much use to us?"

"I doubt it," said I. "But let me

"Go ahead," said Sinclair.

"The question is," I began, "after having got rid of the more glaring luxuries, how we can best conserve our national rescurces."

"Well, give up golf altogether."

Nevertheless I went on calmly. "By what means," I asked, "can we best stand by the Government in financing

"I should countermand the new mowing-machine and travel third-

class," said Sinclair.

"There are two ways in which we can help. By buying the War Loan and by reduction of imports."

That made Sinclair sit up at last. "Ah," he said. "Imports?"

"Yes," said I sternly. "It's like this. If you buy a penny box of English matches your penny goes to the chap who made the matches, It stays in the country and helps to fight Germany. But if you buy a piece of india-rubber with your penny it goes to some outsider in the tropics (who grew the rubber) and is lost."

"That, of course, is perfectly simple," the Reverend Henry broke in. "The real difficulty is with regard to the

War Loan."

"Ah, yes," said Sinclair. "I see now. You want to know whether you ought to preceed by way of voucher or



THE OLD FORMULA.

Wife. "LOOK, GEORGE-MY NEW RESPIRATOR." George (preoccupied). "OH! BY JOVE-YES! SUITS YOU DEVILISH WELL, MY DEAR."

Henry. "The point is, the loan ought to be bought out of cash savings."

"Well, I'm not in this," said Sinclair. "I haven't got any cash savings-far Sinclair.

from it.'

"That's just our difficulty," said I. "Henry, for instance, has no cash savings, but he has some investments. Alkalis. I don't think he knows what they are, but they are reputed to be worth some £600. He got them from his aunt. Henry proposes to sell his Alkalis and invest in War Loan."

"Excellent," said Sinclair. "I might even sell my Nitrates."

"But don't you see the flaw, Sinclair?" said I. "These Alkalis not being cash savings, if Henry sells them some one has got to buy them.'

"And the fellow who buys them," pounds for them (I shouldn't let them "I don't feel as if you were going have done-six hundred pounds' worth They will be calling him Maughrrrm.

to give us much light, Sinclair," said of War Loan. So we are no further on.

> "But he might not be the sort of chap that would want to," suggested

"We can't afford to build on that,"

There was a long thoughtful pause.

Then Sinclair came out strong at last. "There is only one way out of it," he said. "We shall have to sell our stuff, Henry, to that beggar in the tropics who grows the rubber."

"Those who have volunteered explanations [of the real pronunciation of their names] include Dean Inge, Lord Strachie, the Baroness Orczy, Sir L. Chiozza Money, and Mr. W. Somerset Maugham—who, by the way, says that his name is pronounced just like the word 'Waugham' in 'It is a Waugham day,'"

Daily Mail. Henry put in, "has to pay six hundred We regret to learn that the eminent dramatist pronounces his name to rhyme with Warm. This will throw go for less) and is thereby prevented rhyme with Warm. This will throw from buying—as he otherwise would the Scotch completely off the track.

# THE WATCH DOGS.

XXIII.

My DEAR CHARLES,-No sooner had I posted that letter to you about leave being cancelled than news was received that leave was restored. Half-an-hour later I was to be seen galloping for the nearest rail-head in the mess-cart, moving with all possible speed from the area in which minds are changed so suddenly; in a few hours I was on the boat, catching my first delighted glimpse of that trim white island of ours, and agreeing with a weatherhis bit of grousing also in his time, that "it was worth going to a little trouble and expense to keep that intact."

On our return to the War, we found that developments unfavourable to ourselves had taken place in our absence. they usually exempt cider, but our un-

begin at the beginning.

France at the end of February and having rushed from place to place, trying to poke our nose into this battle, we eventually took over our private stretch of trench at the end of March. One's conception of "the trenches" was then merely a dotted line; when we got to them we found this was just about correct. We knew we were in I am a Platoon-Commander myself. them, because we were so informed on the best authority, but there was little to show for it except here and there a large hole with an adequate water then a sandbag affording cover for the feet and ankles, and an occasional piece of fascine, protecting one from the gaze the spitefully inclined. It only remained for us, we were humorously told, to "improve." This we set about to do, applying such principles of building without materials as we could re-BARRIE'S Admirable Crichton; utilising the services of our men, who, given picks and shovels, could turn the Earth inspiration the missiles of our interfering friends the Germans. If you ever want to make bricks without straw (or labourers what you want and then set someone on to shoot at them from a soon have all the bricks you want.

Eventually there appeared a breastwork lane which, allowing for the absence of lifts and the shortage of electric light, I may at least describe its coffee; our fellows bethought them to tell you next time I write. as eligible.

and praised us. To the officers, who are brain-workers merely and gullible, this the trenches. The first cool draught was a pleasure and an incentive, but with the men, who shift the soil and are unused to praise, it aroused suspicion. Had they been allowed to have their way, they would have done no more and left it at that; but our enthusiasm, being superior in that respect to their energy, was infinite. Safety being assured, comfort was attempted; rows Safety being of model dwellings for the men, semidetached villas for the officers and bold designs in variegated sandbags to catch beaten Major, who had no doubt done the public eye, appeared on all sides. An enterprising Sergeant-Major's batman mobilized a large tub and took in washing, while I for my part got out the plans for a County Court, for the adjudication of disputes between outgoing and incoming tenants consequent upon the system of battalion reliefs. When men refer to the curse of drink, It became the habit of all kind old gentlemen in red hats in or about the doing was due to nothing else. Let us neighbourhood to come along our line, in its less disturbed moments, and You will recollect that, arriving in make extravagant remarks, whereat the men smiled cynically. I feel at times that if all officers were sent home and the whole affair was left to the men the War would be finished in twentyfour unbusinesslike but determined hours. At other times I incline to except the Platoon-Commanders. This is undoubtedly a Platoon-Commander's war.

It was when our servants, having already the energy of the men, added to this our enthusiasm, that our ruin befell. The early régime of the single ration at the bottom of it, now and one-course meal a day, consisting of the mere ration, soon gave way to an elaborate menu; our servants even went to the length of discovering a of the curious if not from the bullet of potato-bury in the support trenches and supplying us with pommes-de-terre nouvelles long before the p.t.n. season should properly begin. We took to sitting on real chairs, eating off real tables; our captain, on special occasions, member from Robinson Crusoe and drank from a real tumbler. Once that desperate but loyal villain, Green, narrowly missed running into the arms of a military policeman as he escaped inside out in a week, and having for from those of an infuriated lady of seventy, whose cottage garden he had despoiled of its fairest roses. Don't, however, underrate this cook of ours; with straw, for that matter), tell your he may have the looks and some of the gifts of a professional burglar, but he has also gentler arts. He has since distance of about ninety yards; you'll fed, by invitation, off the generosity of that brave lady, and so, I am told, have we.

We lacked only a cellar. The wine of the country is as disappointing as Some great man of the of cider, purchased a barrel, and, re-

engineering department inspected us gardless of the pain and shame involved, trundled "same" in a perambulator to was being drawn when the nicest and oldest nice old gentleman of all, in quite the reddest hat, blew in . .

No, there were no cross words or frowns even. In fact the tumbler was produced and Distinction drank our health. Later we were addressed, publicly, as follows:-"The improvements you have made are excellent." (There was no specific reference to the wine-list). "We are sorry to part with you, even for a period while you carry on your good work elsewhere. The return to hard, or deficient, conditions will merely give you new scope; the dangers will inspire you to even greater success. If you find your new place a hot one, you will, we are sure, leave it as comfortable. We look forward to seeing you, all of you" (this with a brave smile), "back again shortly." That, Charles, is what comes to you for discovering perambulators in the least likely spots and adapting them to Bacchic purposes. Old Adam himself had no harsher words for apples in general than we had when we arrived at our new area and found that it consisted of a bare field, for the moment occupied by a thunderstorm.

Have you ever coped with the problem of spending a night in a flooded meadow, endeavouring to find consolation in the fact that it is, at any rate, not so bad as it will be in a couple of hours' time? There is nothing to do about it; you must just lie down and go to sleep. If you stay outside your valise you will catch a death of cold; if you get inside your valise a lot of companionable rain will get in with you. There is no solution; you sit on your kit trying to make up your mind what to do; later you try to make up your mind as to what you are making up your mind about. The men, as usual, met the situation with irrelevant songs, and the next morning or the next one after that you wake up to find there are no such things as rain or colds. I like this view of the situation now, because the sun happens to be shining; at the time, however, I seem to remember that an air of disapproval prevailed. I have just been up to look at our new trench. My Company is in luck; of the two trenches it is to occupy tomorrow, one has ceased to exist to-day. This appears to be a habit, for when I suggest to the present occupier that it should be rebuilt, he begs to inform me that the trench has been rebuilt . . twice daily for the last month or so.

It looks as if I shall have something

HENRY. Yours ever,

d, to ht d te or as ur ed,

he th TV he ns re ter e a it to ive at, for ast to self in ved it

ent

em

ow,

las

ne?

you

ep.

will

side

rain

no

g to

ater

s to

nind

the

and

fter

e no

like

ause

the

nber

iled.

new

; of

day.

en I

at it

n me

hing

RY.

0.

raid.



Joan (to father, who has lost his head in dealing with refractory purchase). "DAD! DAD! SHALL I CUT IT, OR CALL MA?"

# OUR JUMBLE SALE.

(To M. H.)

As the prospect of providing our efficient village nurse With a reasonable salary had gone from bad to worse, 'Twas no wonder the Committee should incontinently hail Mrs. Jones's apt suggestion of a giant Jumble Sale.

In this world of mingled motives single-hearted folk are rare, As Mrs. Jones herself would be the foremost to declare, And, though she truly meant to lend her energetic aid, On the wardrobe of her husband she had planned a special

The date was fixed by Mrs. Jones, who wisely put it down For a day on which her husband had arranged a trip to town To attend the annual meeting of the Hatless Heretics, And couldn't possibly get home till nearly half-past six.

Mr. Jones was very happy with his daughters and his wife, And he led in his peculiar way a wholly blameless life; He had played of late a leading part in beating up recruits, But he had a perfect passion for accumulating boots.

He had boots described as "rational"; boots made of badger skin,

And boots called "anatomical," the toes of which curved in; He had boots to cure the various ills that torture human feet—

In fact, he'd every kind of boot that wasn't smart or neat.

Well, the Sale went off quite swimmingly; the people came in crowds

From every social stratum, the dandies and the dowds; And Mrs. Jones's happy thought, the free refreshment stall, Was patronised perhaps the most extensively of all.

There were hats and caps and collars; there were ancient evening suits;

There were old perambulators and accordeons and flutes; There were antiquated bicycles and stylographic pens And seltzogenes and curling-tongs, and cats and cocks and hens.

I saw an aged farmer's wife, a most forbidding crone, Carry off the works of Browning and a battered gramophone,

While the station-master's daughter for the sum of twoand-three

Bought a pair of motor goggles and a pound of China tea.

There was only one orbibit where the takings in the till

There was only one exhibit where the takings in the till Presented the deplorable totality of nil;

It was in the boot department, where, in serried ranks arrayed,

The historic Jones collection was impressively displayed. The prices weren't prohibitive: the highest figure there,

As well as I remember, stood at 3s. 6d. the pair; So it must have been the fearsome shapes the makers had designed

That had an adverse influence upon the rural mind.

Nearly everything of value by the afternoon was sold, And the takings made a goodly pile of silver, "bronze" and gold,

So the Rector then gave notice that the undisposed-of stock Would be sold by public auction at half-past six o'clock.

Not long before the auction Mrs. Jones had come away, So you'll easily imagine how she felt the following day On receiving by the carrier a monumental sack Containing all her husband's boots—for Jones had bought

them back.



AT A PROVINCIAL TERRITORIAL DINNER.

Waitress to Chairman (the Mayor of the town). "The Captain thanks you, Sir, for the honour, but he says he's too bad a SPEAKER TO RESPOND TO THE TOAST.

Chairman. "OH, TELL HIM WE'RE ALL BAD SPEAKERS."

Waitress. "I'VE TOLD HIM THAT, SIR."

#### OUR VOLUNTEER CORPS.

BY A VILLAGER.

OUR fine old warrior, Major Chrustie, of Tiffin Lodge, raised it, and is its commandant. He is patriotic in heart, soul and cellar, and to hear him denounce the Huns saves fuel in cold weather. He found an able secretary and recruiter in Green, our auctioneer, who, being an expert in pinching and under the eye of a real Colonel of Terriappraising cattle, is just the man for gauging human physique. He soon roped in the early spring and late autumn of Larkfield manhood, a big platoon strong. He even got me, though my game leg won't go far side-ways, and I can never hope to form fours properly (on which I understand victory in the field so much depends).

We have had a hard training, including a special sermon from our Vicar, and are already widely known as the Larkfield Dare-Devils.

Now our contemptible neighbour, Sloshley, has a Volunteer Corps too, but it is nothing to ours. We have tunics - they haven't; we march smartly—they flop about anyhow; we think is the most strategic position, have been promoted to aim at the and your troops too."

running perambulator drawn by a long rope—they are still in the haystack Sloshley only because we went out to fight them last Saturday afternoon. The Major of course led us, and a brave show we made when we "debauched" (I believe that is the correct military term) on to the road to Wild Heath, where the battle was to take place torials. His fife and bugle band kindly completed the four-mile journey to the Heath like so many Alpine Chasseurs, all of us having, by advice, soaped our socks and boraxed our toes for three days beforehand.

At the Heath we were met by the Colonel.

"This your infantry?" he inquired of our Major.

"Yes, Sir.'

"Where are your machine guns?" "On this piece of paper, Sir.

"Very good; post them in what you

So the Major fastened the guns to a strategic gatepost with a safety-pin. stage. I intrude this trivial subject of Then he spread us out along an adjacent hedge and ditch, and ordered us to lie down and try to look as if we weren't there.

> There we lay for what seemed a week, rifles firmly grasped, straining at the leash. No word was uttered, except when the nettles became intolerable, and then only one. All this time Sloshley never came near, the pol-troons! At the long last, however, the Colonel galloped back and shook our Major heartily by the hand.

"I congratulate you on your victory," he said.

"What victory Sir?" exclaimed the puzzled Major; "we have never stirred or seen a soul."

"Oh, that's all right," was the reply, "the battle was won by the superior disposition of your machine-guns. Your opponents had placed theirs where they could only fire on themselves!

So, exulting, we turned our faces and marched back towards Larkfield, home and beauty. Only one man fell out (into a passing cart), having used the wrong soap for his socks.

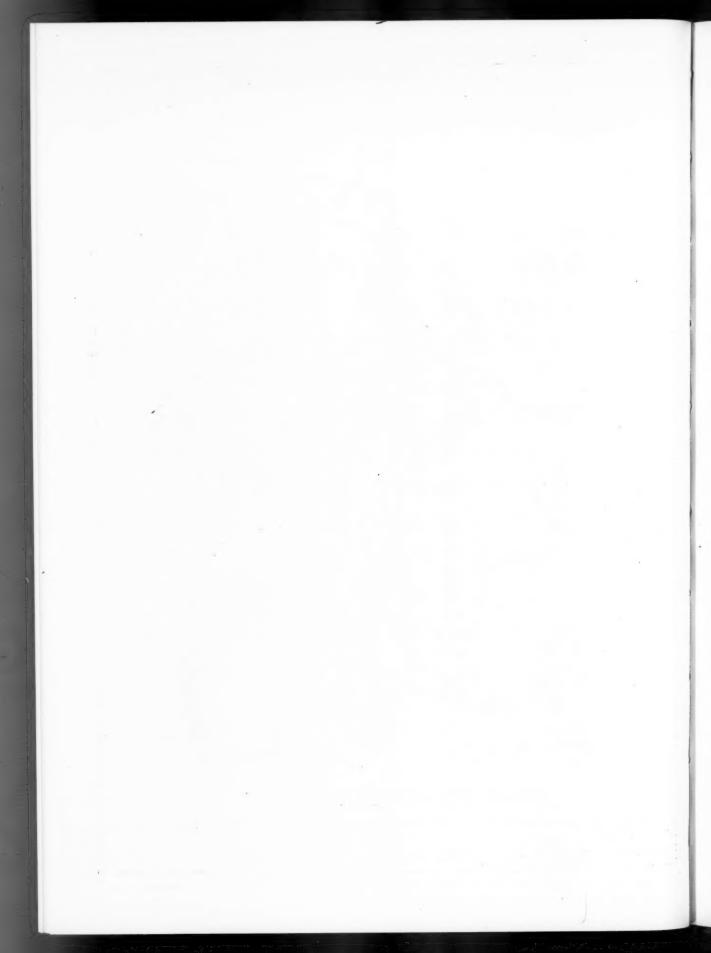


# PRIDE BEFORE THE "FALL."

 $W_{\rm ILLIAM}$  Senior, "There will be no winter campaign. The war will be over in october."

WILLIAM JUNIOR. "POOR OLD FATHER! HE SAYS THAT EVERY YEAR."

[In 1914 the Kaiser promised his troops that they should be "back in the dear old Fatherland before the fall of the leaves."]



# ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

House of Commons, Monday, July such action as introduction of forced labour or conscription was contemacted by 253 votes across Falstaff disguised as a woman and attempting to escape from the house of Second Reading, Walter Long entire different labour or conscription was contemplated by the Government. In moving attempting to escape from the house of Second Reading, Walter Long entire different labour or conscription was contemplated by the Government. In moving a Business done.—National Registration Bill passed Second Reading. one of the Merry Wives of Windsor his larged upon and emphasised this conquick eye penetrated the disguise.

"I like not when a 'oman has a great peard," he said. "I spy a great peard under her muffler.

The Welsh parson was not to be taken in by attempted fraud. Neither is Sir Thomas Whittaker. Under the muffler of National Registration Bill, described by WALTER LONG (in moving Second Reading) as simply designed to clear the reproach that we have no record of the human resources of the country, he spied the peard of Conscription. Accordingly moved amendment which, carried, would have effect of throwing out the Bill. In animated speech, cheered by PRINGLE, 'OG, OUTHWAITE, KING and other Statesmen, he described the measure as designed to "hold a candle to the devil."

The MEMBER FOR SARK, pragmatically practical, pointed out that such service would in normal cir-Understood to be light enough in

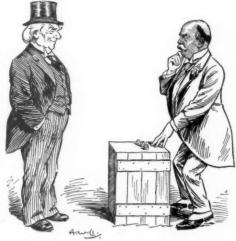
surely melt.

"intemperance mingled with irrele- fruit of the Coalition." vance." If instead of mingled he had said mixed it would have vaguely sug-

meter marking eighty-four in the shade.

HAYES FISHER, taking kindly to the Treasury Bench from which he has long been exiled, discovered in Whittaker's speech a violent and vituperative attack upon the PRIME MINISTER. Debate and division notable for leavening of minority with appreciable proportion of ex-Ministers. Новноизе and ROBERTSON both spoke against the Bill. TREVELYAN and LOUGH voted with the minority, which of course included SNOWDEN and Herr GINNELL.

since at Question time PRIME MIN-



NOTHING DOING WITH THE THIMBLES.

"IF HE WAS GOING TO START HIS APPRENTICE-HAND On other side of Table, but did not

Mr. Long on the Registration Bill.

the establishment of the Personage tradiction. Whittaker in course of what particular kind of machinery referred to. In any case a candle would preparing his mixture disclosed true will be set up for the purpose. But it inwardness of the revolt. In addition wouldn't be a Royal Commission. WHITTAKER not in the mood to listen to the superfluous service proffered to to reason. Continued speech which the devil as mentioned, he hotly de-Ivor Herbert happily described as clared that the Bill was "the first real confirmed Midleton's description of

Ay, there's the rub.

gested a new cooling cup, attractive on above eighty-four in the shade, lasted fields of commerce and industry,

Demonstration the more surprising Ministerial Whip addressed to both wings of Ministerial army brought up (EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.) ISTER emphatically declared that no unusual muster. Upon the division

House of Lords, Tuesday. - MIDLETON opened interesting debate when moving resolution enjoining the Government to take immediate steps to reduce civil expenditure of the country. Showed that total amount of debt incurred, on assumption that War expenditure is closed by 31st March, will be £1,292,000,000. On account of War pensions and interest on new debt there would be available a sum of £62,000,000 to meet a charge of £77,000,000. Only way to confront this grave position was, he urged, establishment of drastic economies in regard to finance. Twenty years ago the Civil Service Estimates amounted to £20,000,000. To-day they are thrice that sum.

In absence of LEADER OF HOUSE, LANSDOWNE replied for Government. Gently hinted at possible inaccuracies and exaggerations in statement of his long-time colleague cumstances be unnecessary, and at taking someone in, he would not begin with controvert main contention. Proif tendered must prove ineffectual. The Prime Minister."

Mr. Long on the Principalities Bill mised to institute careful scrutiny. mised to institute careful scrutiny. " Not able to state at this moment

ST. ALDWYN, speaking with authority of ex-Chancellor of Exchequer, generally state of affairs. Haldane took gloomy view of future. Predicted that after the Debate, occasionally heated even War the country will be poorer; many a sultry afternoon with the thermo-through long summer night. Strong hitherto an exclusive possession, will be broken in upon.

This sufficiently depressing. Gloom deepened when JEREMIAH LOREBURN followed. Silent for some time: but could not resist temptation to join in these Lamentations. Cassandra quite a cheerful companion compared with him. What he saw in the future was universal bankruptcy of all the great nations. Financial ruin would, he feared, be the prelude to revolution.

MIDLETON consented to substitute for "immediate" the more blessed word "effectual" as qualifying "steps to reduce



Mr. Snowden. "GO AWAY! GO AWAY! YOU MAY LOOK INNOCENT ENOUGH, BUT I'M SURE YOU'RE A WOLF BENEATH YOUR SKIN."

["Behind the speech of the Minister there was the idea of compulsion."-Mr. Snowden.]

expenditure." Resolution, thus ren-

departures.

asserting that a particular firm was the performance for a moment. On It's not good enough. The nation exempt from recruiting, CHIOZZA

suggested the rule should be made general.

"One might," said TENNANT, "spread oneself at large on that. I am sure," he continued persuasively, when inexplicable burst of laughter following on simple remark had subsided, "my hon. friend does not desire me to do that. I am sure I should do it with great reluctance."

Pretty to see Under-Secretary draw himself up to full height, as if, after all, he might, if it were of real public service, at least endeavour to "spread himself at large.

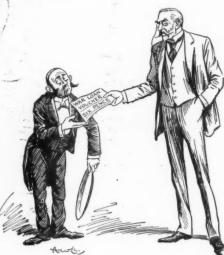
Business done.—National Register Bill read a Third time amid mutual compliments lavished by those who had taken part in heated debate.

# THE MAN IN EARNEST.

smoke-room for a peaceful half- decision with reference to vouchers of smaller amount hour. It is a cheerful time. If than five shillings for such purposes as "administering we talk about the War, it is only gratuities."] to circulate the most pleasant Saturday I was up at the golf links. a leader-writer."
rumours. Great moves by the X It seemed to be a case of pleasure as Army in the region of Y; huge usual. The club house was quite full, numbers of captured submarines in though I will say that many of them share stamping machines so that they may produce shell caps.

It is most unfortunate for the country that they are all now just over military age, otherwise the Germans would never would come, till at last the smoke-room stand a chance. Well, we are all quite went on strike. We arranged a plan cheerful till Bromley enters.

"Ah," he would say, looking round He came in grim as usual, seated himdered practically ineffective, agreed to. scornfully "I'm glad some people can Business done.—In the Commons joke in these times." (Never by any the Infant Samuel, "called" a second possibility had Bromley joked at any time to the office of Postmaster-General, time, though he always implied that made statement, generally cheered, in- before the War he was a kind of Lenodicating Post Office reforms and new cum-BIRRELL). "I fail to see the slightest sign that the nation is taking him. House of Commons, Thursday .- the War in earnest. On my way Suddenly out of string of dull questions pleasing prospect presented itmen who ought to be in uniform. self. Chiozza Money was catechising Skulkers! That's what they are. UNDER-SECRETARY FOR WAR on sub- Last night I looked in at the Colossus ject of firms engaged in making just to get the War off my mind and are golfing, motoring and doing the munitions being deprived of services saw hundreds of men who ought to halls as usual—all of course because of their workmen. UNDER-SECRETARY be at the Front. I could not enjoy



A TIP FROM MR. WASON.

[Mr. CATHCART WASON asked the CHANCELLOR OF AFTER lunch we gather in the THE EXCHEQUER whether he would reconsider his

the harbour of Z. (Even the Censor had the grace to go out when I talked cannot object to that). And then about the necessity for national earnestcheered by this friendly meeting we go ness. Then on Sunday the Portsmouth back to our labour of producing khaki Road was literally crammed with motoror war export articles, of pushing the cars. When I think of the grim War, Loan, or of converting our plough- determination of Germany I can see nothing but ruin before us. Our Government" — and then Bromley We should be quite happy were it would let himself go about the Governnot for Bromley. Bromley belongs to ment. Strange as it may seem we that peculiarly aggressive type of man don't like abuse of the Government, born early in 1874. The first six though a year since we were saying months of 1874 were prolific in warriors. things which must have made LLOYD GEORGE'S and CARSON'S ears burn.

Every day the earnest wet-banket and waited expectantly for Bromley.

self, scowled on the frivolous, said "Nothing in war-time, William," to the waiter (though he never took anything in peace-time) and was about to dwell on the extraordinary slackness of the British public when Dobbins tackled

"Look here, Bromley," he said, "we all think it would be better if you took the War a little more in earnest" (Bromley turned almost apoplectic). "According to your own account you you want to see if the nation is slacking.

> doesn't need your supervising eye. Come down with me and join the Specials. Or go with Harrop there and be a Red Cross orderly. You could scrub floors if they wouldn't trust you with anything more important. Or let Craven book you as taking ten thousand of the War Loan. He'd stand cigars round if you'd do that.

"It's this frivolous spirit that will ruin England," began Bromley. "Nobody is in earnest-

"What you've got to bother about," interrupted Craven, "is getting more earnestness into yourself, Bromley. You're only earnest about other people being in earnest. Be earnest enough to knock six months off your age and tell a good straightforward lie for your country. Why, under present circumstances GEORGE Washington would have lied and his father would have patted him on the head for it."

Bromley rose to his feet and strode out of the smoke-room.

Then Craven said a bitter thing: "I believe that man on the sly is

#### Another Impending Apology.

"London, Friday .- The Central News is authorised to announce the engagement of the Hon. Ivy Gordon Lennox and the Marquis of Titchfield, son and heir of the Duke of Port-

Lots of women give more thought to the selection of a gown than of a husband. Glasgow Evening Times.

Extract from a letter written by a Sergeant to The Southern Daily Echo:-

#### "LAST NIGHT'S METEOR.

SIR,-It would be interesting to know if any of your readers noticed any special or uncommon object passing through the heavens yesterday evening, in addition to myself.'

The gallant N.C.O. does not mention his corps; but we gather that he belongs to the Sky Terriers.

e

1). u 10

n A. in p ey ng en nd ad at ner is to ly

ng

gh

lie

ler

3 E

im

nd

g:

1S

is

the

s of

ort-

the

7 &

any

un-

ens

ion

be-



Dick. "Come on, Mollie-I'll be a French soldier, and you can be a German." Mollie. "No, THANK YOU. I'M GOING TO BE WHAT DADDY IS-A GLASGOW AND SOUTH-WESTERN HIGHLANDER."

#### ON THE SPY-TRAIL.

VIII.

Jimmy says the butcher's boy wants wants to have him stuffed. It was on the object. because Faithful had been studying spiders and how they did it.

been sleeping on the lawn, with all the bunged up the entrance with a web.

Jimmy says Faithful sat and looked tried to look like a bluebottle.

Jimmy says that when the spider saw its success it could hardly believe any of its eyes at first, and then it made a flying leap and landed with all its feet in the middle of Faithful's back. Jimmy says the spider ran along as hard as it could, and was just letting itself down hand over fist from the end of Faithful's had a worm in their heads. tail when Faithful caught sight of it.

Jimmy says Faithful tried to wag the spider off, but it only made it swing backwards and forwards, and it was all faithful could do to keep time with his he wagged his tail.

neck watching it, so he decided to every morning. He would say, "Good stalk it.

to buy his bloodhound, Faithful; he says, and it's because they keep one eye

until he was doing well over thirty; windows open because it was so hot, then he jambed on the brakes suddenly

The butcher's boy stopped to watch at the web, and then pushing his head | Faithful. Jimmy says everyone knows | basket fixed on to the front of a bicycle into the middle waggled it about and the butcher's boy because he has got the French flag, and then you have only because they wanted them. got to whistle the Marseillaise to get him to fight you.

When the butcher's boy saw Faithful sheep like that, and it was because they the butcher's boy kept bending down to

Faithful never caught the spider, and

head so as not to take his eye off it. Jimmy says the butcher's boy got Jimmy says everybody was surprised Jimmy says Faithful tried to twirl the very friendly with Faithful. He all except Faithful, and he just selected

spider, but it gave him a crick in the ways greeted Jimmy's bloodhound gracious, there it is again," or simply Bloodhounds are good stalkers, Jimmy "Help!!" One day Faithful was sitting on the wall looking into the road and wondering how he could make Jimmy says Faithful stalked the a web to catch German spies, when the spider round and round, slowly at first, butcher's boy stopped to admire him. You see Jimmy's bloodhound had gradually working up to top speed He told Jimmy he had often seen people look like Faithful; it was when they wanted to sneeze and couldn't. He and when he went back to his kennel and swung round on his own base so as then made a noise like a dog that has Jimmy says he found a spider had to meet the spider coming the other been bitten by a wasp, and Faithful fell off the wall into the road.

> Jimmy says the butcher's boy had a and he told Jimmy he was taking Mrs. red hair and wears a blue apron, and Jones's ribs, Mr. Brown's liver and when he washes his face he looks like chops, and Mr. Smith's kidneys to them

> Jimmy says when the butcher's boy started to ride off Faithful kept jumping up to kiss him good-bye. Faithful pursuing himself, he said he had seen wouldn't leave off, Jimmy says, although try to blow him away.

> It made the butcher's boy laugh, and it made him think more of spiders and then he tried to ride as fast as he could their ways than ever; he couldn't so as to leave Faithful behind. Jimmy manage to spin a web, no matter how says he might have done it if he hadn't run into a boy wheeling a barrow.



Fair Stranger, "OH, SIR! Do STOP MY DOG FIGHTING!" Nervous Patriot. "ER-W-WE ARE ALL FIGHTERS TO-DAY, MADAM. H-HE'S GOT THE RIGHT SPIRIT. I-I MUST NOT INTERFERE" (Makes off hurriedly).

two chops and went and sat down under a bush on the far side of the road. had been on the spy trail all the time; he had spun a web and was quietly waiting for his prey.

the wheelbarrow was Jumbo, because when the butcher's boy looked up from under the wheelbarrow he said, "Hello, Jumbo! I see you."

to stand on his head in the barrow and he was discontented with the butcher boy's red hair. He told him to go and put his hair out and threw Mrs. Jones's ribs at him. He then gave the basket made an awful mess of it. a good kick and began to whistle the Marseillaise.

to watch the fight, because it was disgraceful, they said. There were two old gentlemen who had come out of their gardens to say how disgraceful it was. on him to bring him round, and as they One of them showed the other a mark on his knuckle where a boy had once his eyes and said, "Was giebt es lost a tooth, and the other said he had once fought twenty rounds and his nose never would be quite straight again.

good fighter, he fought with his head, Dutch,"and the motor-man said, "Nein," and when he did it Jumbo used his and went off again. weight to sit down.

One of the old gentlemen showed Jumbo how to side-step very quickly, Then Jimmy understood. Old Faithful until the man standing behind told him

The man standing behind the old gentleman was telling him how you go Jimmy says the name of the boy with home and put ice on your head, when a motor-bicycle came round the corner and told everyone to move right away ever so far quickly.

Jimmy says the motor managed to Jimmy says Jumbo had been trying dodge the barrow and would have cleared the bicycle if it hadn't skidded on Mr. Brown's liver. Jimmy says you have to practise a lot before you can turn on people's livers, and the man

Jimmy says that the motor-bicycle buzzed about like anything, and old Jimmy says several people stopped Faithful came rushing out to have a look at his luck.

Jimmy says they had to carry the motor-man into a house to put water were carrying him he suddenly opened

One of the old gentlemen got very excited at this, Jimmy says; he shouted out, "He's sprekkening Dutch," and he Jimmy says the butcher's boy was a said to the motor-man, "Sprekke Sie

Jimmy says everyone was very pleased leisure.

with everyone else, but no one praised Faithful; in fact no one said a word to Faithful except the butcher's boy, and he only inquired how much it would cost to have him stuffed. Jimmy says it was enough to make a bloodhound give up the spy-trail.

#### Humour at the Guildhall.

"The LORD MAYOR introduces Lord KITCHENER."

"Champion Whippet-Bull Terrier, kill anything living, fond of children and water, 8s.; good guard; exchange chickens."

Feathered World. Like the Terriers of our Army, this dog seems to have very soldierly qualities.

"The Turkish sniper is no match for the Kangaroo hooter."—Evening News.

Zoologists are anxiously awaiting further details of this new and valuable species of Australian fauna.

"The cricket professionals at Lord's are making net horsebags for the use of the Army horses in their spare time.

Evening Standard.

We understand that our cavalry chargers have for a long time enjoyed considerable THE BLUEBOTTLE CAMPAIGN.



I. THE AMBUSH.



II. In Action.



III. VICTORY.

屋引き

915.

LE"

aised rd to and rould says ound

any-8s.;

dog es. the ting

are rmy

gers able

# THE WAR-LOAN FORM.

"I wish," said Francesca, "you would come out of your armchair and help me to fill up this form.'

"Forms," I said, "are the easiest things in the world.

You've only got to-

"Yes," she said, "I know all you're going to say about the wonderful simplicity of forms, but they don't strike me in that way. I've never yet seen a form that didn't paralyse me."

"Has this one paralysed you?"

"Absolutely."

"That's serious," I said. "What's it all about?"

"I'm not sure. I think I did know once, but it's all gone from me now. I think-mind you, I'm not certain -but I think it's about the new War Loan."

"Oh," I said, "you're going to be a capitalist, are you?"

"Well, I'm going to invest some savings. We're all going to invest some savings. Muriel and Nina and Alice and Frederick. They've all given notice to withdraw their money from the Post Office, and they're going to put it in the War Loan. Muriel and Nina want bonds, but Alice and Frederick have decided for vouchers. They don't know what vouchers are, but they're quite determined to have some or perish in the attempt. I'm doing mine through my bank."
"Bravo," I said; "that's the true spirit. How much

are you going in for?"

"Do you think a hundred would do?"

"Certainly," I said. "A hundred would do if you've got a hundred."

"Yes," she said, "it's there. I've saved it out of the

housekeeping money."

"That's thrift," I said. "You give me less to eat by so many joints of beef and dishes of buttered eggs and-

"We're all in the same box, anyhow."

"Yes, but we don't all get the savings. You get those."
"Of course I do. Who else should?"
"All right," I said, "I won't press the matter. Really,

I'm all for it."

"Come along, then," she said, "and tackle the form." "Read it to me," I said. "When things are read to me

they always sink in better.

"Put down your paper, then, and listen."

"Don't be too hard on me. Let me go on reading Mr. Belloc on the Russians. It's most comforting. Besides, I can always listen better when I'm reading a paper."

"It's no good," she said. "Put it down.

"Very well," I said. "I shall remember this. If a man isn't to be allowed to read his Belloc in peace and quiet I don't know what things are coming to.'

"They're coming to business-hard and solid business. Now listen: 'To the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, London'-that's a good beginning, isn't it?"

"Splendid," I said. "It simply couldn't be better. Here's a woman who has saved somebody else's money, and one of the results of her thrift is that she's to be allowed to write to the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, London,"

"Are they real people?" she said.

"Real people! The Governor and Company—real people! Francesca, what do you mean?"

"Oh, I don't know. I had an idea all that sort of thing

was done by machinery now."
"Don't be frivolous," I said. "If you were to meet the Governor of the Bank of England in Threadneedle Street and run a pin into him, he'd jolly soon show you whether he was machinery or not.'

"I should never dream of doing such a thing. I've been

much too well brought up. Still, it would be rather nice, too. A pin into the Governor of the Bank of Englandbut no, it's impossible.'

"Don't dwell on it, Francesca, or it'll get the better of

you. Go on reading from the form."

"Lend me your ears, then. 'Blank hereby request you to allot to blank a in brackets pound-mark blank comma say blank pounds of the above-mentioned Loan comma in terms of the Prospectus of the 21st June 1915 semi-colon and blank hereby engage—\_\_\_'"

"Stop, stop!" I cried, "for Heaven's sake, stop!"

"Why interrupt me?" she said. "I was just getting

into my stride.

"Your stride's too much for me," I said.

"Oh, haven't you understood? I'm so sorry. I'll read it out again: 'Blank hereby request you-

"Stop it, I say.

"Oh, very well, then," she said. "I thought men could always understand that sort of thing. That's what they're here for, isn't it?

"Hand me the form," I said firmly. "It's as simple as

A, B, C."

"Of course it is," she said, "when a financial genius gets hold of it. But I'm only a poor woman, and anything like a rule of three sum or a calculation of per cents always reduces me to pulp. Still, I should like to help just a little. I'll dip your pen in the ink-oh! what a naughty blot! Mop it up quick. The Governor and Company can't bear blots. 'Name of Applicant in full.' Down it goes: Francesca Carlyon. Doesn't it look grand? 'State Title if any.' You can say it was an oversight in the last Birthday List. Why should they want to know that? Probably the Governor hasn't got a title himself if the truth were known. Anyhow, it's a mere bit of swank. There, you've done it. Clever man. How shall I deal with it now?

"It only wants your signature."

"Well, let it want for an hour or two. I'm not going to humour it too much all at once."

"And then," I said, "you can take it to your Bankmanager with five pounds and the thing's done.'

" Actually done?

"Yes, for the moment."
"Oh," she said, "the moment's good enough for me." R. C. L.

#### V. M. B.

(" What did you do, Daddy, in the Great War?"-Recruiting Poster).

YEARS on, when Winter waxes murk and stormy, And nightly by the cheerful hearth we meet, My wife (whoever that may be) before me, My offspring romping round their father's feet, Thus, Sirs, shall I reply should they demand The tale of how I helped my Motherland:

"While fitter men for England, dears, were fighting, I bared my arms and slaved for her like-well, Like billy-oh; I stopped my stupid writing-Left, so to speak, the poet's lyre (or "shell")-And all my strength of muscle and of mind Devoted to the high-explosive kind.

"These hands shall witness how I did my duty; Though pink again is every battered nail, Though healed the blisters once that marred their

beauty, Not all the soaps that e'er were put on sale, Not all the waters of our Island seas Could rob my palms of their callosities."



HUMOURS OF A REMOUNT DEPÔT.

Sergeant (to recruit, lately a motor mechanic). "Now then, what for are you fumblin' at the back of yer saddle? Looking

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mr. B. PAUL NEUMAN is one of the exiguous group of persons who have reason for gratitude towards WILLIAM THE FRIGHTFUL. Because if it had not been for the War I fail to see how any suitable end could ever have been reached in Oliver (SMITH, ELDER), while, as things are, the end, if perhaps a little mechanical and arbitrary, is at least appropriate. Oliver might be called a study in paternity. Perhaps you recall how Mr. NEUMAN has already done well with the same theme; it is one that seems a deserved favourite of his. Oliver is the story of a weak man, first in his relations with his father, then with his own son. The thing is remarkably well done, a close and unsparing treatment of a subject by no means easy. The hard undemonstrative father, and the nervous boy who never quite understands him, have, of course, appeared before in fiction; where the present story breaks new ground is in showing the morbid weakling, himself a parent, haunted still by his old fears, and, to his bewildered and almost worshipping delight, finding in his own son the strong dependable personality that he himself could never attain. The scenes between grown-up Oliver and Roland seem to me both sincere and profoundly moving. It may possibly be 92,000 wounded, and 62,000 prisoners. It is not a sto objected by the severe that there is some excess of sentithat anybody in later ages will find easy to believe. ment, especially in the end. But life is always sentimental And that speech of the old King to his soldiers goes far to

suddenly transformed into a motor-transport officer, is another matter. You will at least appreciate a great piece of writing in the account of his dash through an enemy patrol on his way to what he thought would be his boy's deathbed; young Roland, also serving, having been reported dangerously wounded. And after all it was Oliver who died in his son's arms. True or nct, this makes a fine end to an original and successful story.

Mr. Sidney Low, a man of parts in matters of high politics, provides us in The Spirit of the Allied Nations (Black) with a convenient little tabloid of comment and instruction on the salient forces at work in France, in Russia, in Belgium, in Serbia, in Japan and in the British Empire. (This was before Italy came in). Each nation is allotted its own expert, and the thing seems to be quite well done up to the convenient standard of the extension lecturer. One can't attempt to summarise a summary of such vast issues, but I think that the normal reader will get most joy from the account of little Serbia, who so tactfully obliged the Austrians, when setting out on their punitive expedition, by themselves doing the punishing, smashing methodically first the Austrian's right, then the centre, and finally the left, with losses to the enemy of 38,000 dead, 92,000 wounded, and 62,000 prisoners. It is not a story to persons like Oliver. Whether you will believe in him, blot out a terrible memory. It is also good to learn of the splendid comradeship in their army, officers summoning their men to fight, not as men but as brothers. Yes, certainly, altogether a fine little ally to have.

If you do not take the precaution to read Mr. MARMADUKE PICKTHALL'S preface to Tales from Five Chimneys (MILLS AND Boon) the title may not unnaturally bewilder you. The simple explanation is that Mr. PICKTHALL, having written a number of stories entirely unconnected with each other, was at a loss for a generic name, and so called them after the house whence they were indited. Personally, I themselves are as good of their kind as I remember to have met in a great while. There is in all a vigorous and unconto one called "The Prude and the Wanton," an exquisitely me (the avarice of the sisters I could believe but not their

human study of a simple-minded old governess summoned to give evidence in the divorce case of a pupil whom she loved and trusted. It is possible that these stories have appeared before in magazine form, but I think it unlikely; they certainly bear no evidence of the manipulation that secures a happy ending and the subscriptions of a serial public. Of a book of this kind, where there is no one theme to describe, I can only tell you that I found the whole of unusual quality, and leave you to select your own favourites. But, in case you should not want to read the volume through, I might indicate (beside the story mentioned above, which should certainly not be missed) two others, "Love's Convert," a pleasant little comedy, and "Virgin and Martyr," a piece of irony quite horribly effective. They are characteristic examples from a collection that I have greatly enlife it reflects is already as extinct as the dodo. But for this very reason I shall the more look forward to her next.

I found The Record of Nicholas Freydon: an Autobiography (Constable) a very pleasant literary puzzle. The editor's prefatory note, modestly assuring me that any defects were his own, any virtues his friend's, of course made me assume a fake in the consecrated manner of these things; and that impression was not removed by "Freydon's" own introduction. But when he charmingly set down the think he might have done better, especially as the tales memories of his childhood, of his father and of their voyage out from England to Australia, I said to myself, "But this reads true." And yet again I couldn't quite see in their ventional air of honesty about people and events that is life in the derelict barque Livorno on a deserted shore anyexcellently refreshing. For an instance I might refer you thing but a fancy; the convent orphanage did not convince

cruelty and indifference); and most of all that Pickwickian person Perkins, the "Omnigerentual and Omniferacious agent" of Dursley, seemed so obviously a creation, and a very creditable one at that. Also "Freydon" here begins to reconstruct alleged happenings and conversations with altogether too much detail. Several times again before the end I found myself leaning towards the theory of authenticity. Authentic with obvious glosses is probably the truth; anyhow it will serve the timid critic for a compromise. The man who wrote this record had seen tragic things. One shining quality is a love of England, of the beauty and the glory of her, a love that holds her exiled sons with silken cords of loyalty and tenderness and draws them back to her as to home in the hour of their peace or of her trial. Certainly "Freydon's" editor (or creator) must be congratulated.



Auntie (having tried every other distraction). "LOOK, BABY! SEE THE PRETTY ZEPPELINS!"

it begins unconventionally. A hero who in an inefficient attempt to rescue a young woman from some roughs gets so battered by them that he has to be rescued himself by the fair one, and, on being assisted to her studio, promptly faints on the mat, certainly breaks new ground. Of course, though, for all this transposition of the ordinary gambit, I couldn't be greatly surprised when Nora and Tommy fell each into the other's arms. But Miss MADGE MEARS had several more unconventionalities up her sleeve. For one thing, the relations between Tommy and his shiftless but amiable father are new. So is the treatment by Tommy and Nora of their offspring, with whom they were so frankly bored that they very gladly accepted the offer of adoption made by a childless actress, who is not only the kindest but much the best drawn character in the book. Most startling novelty perhaps of all is that *Tommy*, though a dramatist, is left at the end without an income of five figures. He must, I think, be almost the sole example of this in fiction. Anyhow, Miss MEARS-whose name is new to me-seems a writer with a pleasant knack of leaving the trodden paths, and this may carry her far. Her book was quite obviously written before last July; the of the Tricycle Tripos at Cambridge.

When a novel is called by some such title as Plain Jill

One can at least say of The Jealous Goddess (Lane) that | (Chapman and Hall), it is the new War Loan to a gooseberry that the heroine, if not strictly beautiful, is to be mightily attractive. But Jill, bless her, in possessing remarkable and distinctly attractive eyes, a lovable smile, extremely fine teeth and a healthy complexion, got rather more compensations for her bluntish nose and nondescript chin than I expected. Indeed her "plainness" did not prevent her from perforating the hearts of an Earl and an American millionaire. Possibly Jill will be a little too successful and perfect for everyone's taste, but all the same she is a delightful creation, and if you can bear a simple love story, with only a faint dash of psychical interest thrown in, I recommend Mrs. Pendered's book to your notice. And I will add that, in contrast to the fictional duchesses I have lately been compelled to meet, the Duchess of Maccleugh is quite reasonably like a human being.

<sup>&</sup>quot;He took a First Class in Classical Moderations in 1853 and a First in Litaniores Humeræ in 1855."—Morning Post.

The invention of new Schools goes on apace. Only a few days ago The Pall Mall Gazette published an Honours List

# CHARIVARIA.

FROM The Daily Mail: -" The Daily Mail suggested on Saturday that General Botha might be called in to our aid in Europe. The Government have speedily taken up the suggestion and Lord Kitchener has telegraphed to General Botha: 'We shall warmly welcome you and the South Africans who can come over to join us.'" This is interesting as showing that the Government now realises that a suggestion from certain quarters must be treated as a command.

Dr. Sven Hedin, who was present at the fall of Lemberg, states that the Russians did not take so much as a pin before they left the city. The Germans | Yet our Allies are more accustomed have always declared the Russians to to give beans than to take them.

be ignorant of military principles, and this, they say, just proves it. \* \*

The Tägliche Rundschau, which is not much given to compliments, describes our Winston as "a skilful but characterless peacock." ex-First Lord is said to have been pleased at being likened to this beautiful bird, and has come to the conclusion that the writer must have seen him one day in his little Homburg hat.

A young aviator, writing home in a hurry, says: "From where I am it takes about forty minuets to get to the German lines." For ourselves

-not being in full War training-we always get a little tired after the thirtieth minuet.

We hear that one result of possible further raids by Zeppelins is a boom in the fancy pyjama trade in London.

\* \* Meanwhile, as we expected, antipoison masks of a less terrifying pattern are making their appearance, and we hear of one which has real fur eye-brows, and another with a bewitching smile cleverly painted on it.

The Editor of The Outfitter is responsible for the alarmist statement that shirts and neckties will shortly be advanced in price, and the only thing likely to remain at the old price is the linen collar. A well-known nut expresses the hope that Lord Fisher's Inventions Bureau will immediately work out a satisfactory contrivance for keeping the collar in position when there is no shirt to fix it to.

cannibals are advised by their medicine for cotton, Wolff's Agency will always men never to touch Germans, as it has be able to supply them with yarns. been ascertained that they nearly always contain a certain amount of Prussic acid!

The books of the New English Art Club show, says The Weekly Dispatch, that people are still buying pictures in the same quantities, but they are buying smaller ones. Indeed, an artist friend of ours, who painted a canvas 14ft. imes 22ft., declares that he had several offers for half-a-dozen square inches of it.

"THE TAKING OF THE HARICOT GREAT EXPLOIT OF THE FRENCH" Observer.

The Pessimist (morbidly). "I TELL YER WOT IT IS. THIS 'ERE WAR'S GOIN' TO LAST FIVE YEARS."

The Other. "WHY NOT MAKE IT FIFTY, AND THOROUGHLY ENJOY YERSELF?"

> The ignorance of some persons is not of necessity an indication of danger, concerning military matters is really astounding. A dear old lady who was asked the other day by her little boy what sand-bags were said she thought they were the trousers that the soldiers wore in the Dunes.

Mr. HARRY THAW, it is announced, is about to have his tenth trial. We caution Mr. Thaw, however, that if he thinks that at such a time we are going to take any interest in this feat he will be bitterly disillusioned.

It is only right that Cabinet Ministers should set an example in economy. On French Flag Day, The Express tells us, "Miss Megan Lloyd George, the younger daughter of the Minister of Munitions, was very successful in Downing Street, although she was unable to sell a flag to her father, who already had one."

A Silly Ass writes to point out that,

It may not be generally known that however hard up the Germans may be

Consistency.

A Press notice informs us that so marked has been the success of "The Man who Stayed at Home" that Mr. DENNIS EADIE has given up his usual holiday and will continue to appear in the title rôle throughout the summer.

"Sir Albert Spicer will to-day present to Lord Haldane the address signed by about 00 Liberal members of Parliament."

Eastern Daily Press.

On this occasion Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has not issued any contradiction.

"In America it is true that our general rules of evidence and principles of law are mainly followed, and there is very little dan-

ger of an innocent defendant being acquitted."—The Globe.

We suppose it is by way of compensation that so many guilty defendants are allowed to escape conviction.

"The Listowel R. D. Council and Guardians have passed a resolution stating that they considered the age limit a great hindrance to enlistment, as the fighting element was not properly matured in Irishmen until their 50th year."

Limerick Chronicle.

This phenomenon is not confined to Ireland. In this country also there are thousands of young men who are only waiting until their fighting spirit is properly matured.

"Lord Nunburnholme states that the blowing of the alarm 'buzzers'

leave their moses in order to seek security in the country."—Hull Daily Mail.

While he was about it his lordship might have told people what to do with Moses when the lights go out.

> "BRITISH ARMY

ATTACKS

OFFICIAL."

"Evening Standard" Poster.

Very likely the official deserved it, but nevertheless we doubt the statement, which is not in accordance with the traditions of the British Army.

High Expletives.

"Since June 29 the total amount of Turkish arms an dammunition collected is 516 rifles, 51 bayonets, 200 sets of equipment, 126,400 rounds of ammunition, 100 bombs."

Daily Chronicle.

"Twenty minutes later our field batteries opened up with shrapnel against the enemy's wire, which was cust most effectively.'

Daily Mail.

# MORE SORROWS OF THE SULTAN.

Sometimes, when most I realise the blunder That fixed the Faithful in their present plight, I put myself the question, why in thunder I joined this rotten fight.

Why for a William's beaux yeux did I sally Forth to a quest that wasn't Turkey's show? What am I doing in this noisome galley?-That's what I want to know.

I saw which side my bread was moist with butter; Noticed the obverse (which I chose) was dry; Why then did I take on this silly flutter? I can't imagine why.

I knew our priceless gift for double-dealing; I knew the wisdom which was once Stamboul's; Yet—and the sore place doesn't look like healing— I fell between two stools.

For, if we lose-I bid good-bye to Europe, Or win-to Liberty farewell I say; In any case I entertain a poor hope Of making this thing pay.

Meanwhile, when Christian Bosch meets Christian

Then is the tug of war for my poor Turks, Who fight the latter, but would love to sit on WILLIAM and all his works.

Slaves of that Lord, by alien drivers mastered-Forward or backward still one fate they find, For either by the foe in front they're plastered Or by the Hun behind!

This comes of following Enver (who's a heretic); But why I did it, when I knew quite well The moment for inaction-to the very tick-O. S. Allah alone can tell!

#### MY CONSOL.

HE came to me many years ago in my capacity as a residuary legatee, since when we have been very happy together, Clarence (my Consol) and I. I have watched over his early training and education, and have done my best to influence him for good and to guide his tastes in the right direction, as every conscientious guardian should. The days of his youth were passed in a cash-box, which reposed in my Jacobean roll-top desk, and every Saturday night I would take him out-out of his box, I mean-and talk to him like a-like a residuary legatee. But the time came when I judged it best to send him away. He was growing up, and there was his future to consider. For long I hesitated; but I finally made up my mind that he was best fitted to occupy a position in a bank, and in due course, after he had successfully passed the preliminary examination, I entered Clarence at Cox and Co.'s. Never shall I forget the day upon which I handed him over to their care. "Good-bye, Clarence," I said, with a lump in my throat; "good-bye! I've done the best I can for you. I hope you'll be industrious and grow up to be a great and good Consol, and a credit to our National Debt. I hope-Here I burst into tears, and they led me gently out.

Clarence settled down comfortably and happily. Cox's wrote to me from time to time to say that he was still there and giving no trouble, and even to this day I regularly hear from Clarence himself four times a year—on January One of the bull-dog breed.

5th (to wish me a prosperous New Year), on April 5th (opening of the Quarter Sessions), on July 5th (anniversary of the French occupation of Algiers, 1830), and October 5th (high water at London Bridge 10.42 A.M.).

But now I hear that there is an opportunity for him to be taken over by the Government, and I am torn between affection and duty. For, though he is no longer under my roof, he is still under my residuary legateeship, and my consent is necessary before this proposed change in his condition can be effected. Clarence himself has no particular views of his own on the matter. He leaves it entirely to me, and I confess that I scarcely feel equal to the responsibility of making this momentous decision for him. I should hate to lose Clarence. We have been in touch so long, have faced so many ups and downs together, that I feel that we should not be parted at this time of crisis in the nation's destiny.

I remember how at one period Clarence went through a dreadful time. So bad was he that The Times published daily bulletins about him. "Consols [and by Consols you must understand Clarence] developed a sudden weakness . . . Consols improved slightly . . . Consols dropped away throughout the day . . . Consols rallied and fell back again, closing very weak." One day Clarence even sagged. It was dreadful. I passed a sleepless afternoon. I pictured the Commissioners of the National Debt sitting round poor Clarence, watching with grave faces for him to sag his last. I thought of wiring to them, imploring them to administer oxygen at my expense. And then-joy! I read on an Evening News placard, "Sharp Recovery of Consols," and I knew then that Clarence was spared to me.

And now I am faced with the problem-shall Clarence remain the bright, happy, unsophisticated Consol he always was, or be taken over by the Government and turned into a War Loan? Personally, I feel that he will do best in the shape in which Nature designed him. As a Consol, he has an ancestry, and I, as his guardian, naturally take a fair measure of pride in the fact, for he forms part and parcel of our world-famous British Constitution. How often have I thought in the past of that glorious moment when I may some day meet the Chan-CELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER at a Guildhall banquet, and we can fall into an intimate discussion on Clarence and With what pride I shall deftly introduce his family! Clarence into the conversation! "Talking about National finance . . . May I trouble you to pass the chutney? . Thanks very much . . . Talking about National finance, Mr. McKenna, I am sure you will be glad to hear that I take an active personal interest in the welfare of a bright and promising young Consol. Tell me, as man to man, what are the prospects for next quarter's dividend? I suppose it will be declared as usual, or do you think of allocating it to the reserve?" On the other hand Cox's say that as a War Loan Clarence ought to make his mark in the world; that in ten years or, at the most, thirty, he will be able to retire at his par value paid in solid gold. But, be that as it may, I feel that I can never take the same proprietary interest in Clarence in this new guise. There will be no pleasure when I meet Mr. McKenna in telling him that I have at heart the welfare of a promising and democratic young—— Democratic! That's it! Why, everybody holds War Loan. The cook, the housemaid, the scullerymaid-all are investors. I've even bought a voucher for the cat. No, no, Clarence, my first and only residuary legacy, you shall ever remain a fine old Conservative Consol.

"BARKING V.C."-Evening Standard.

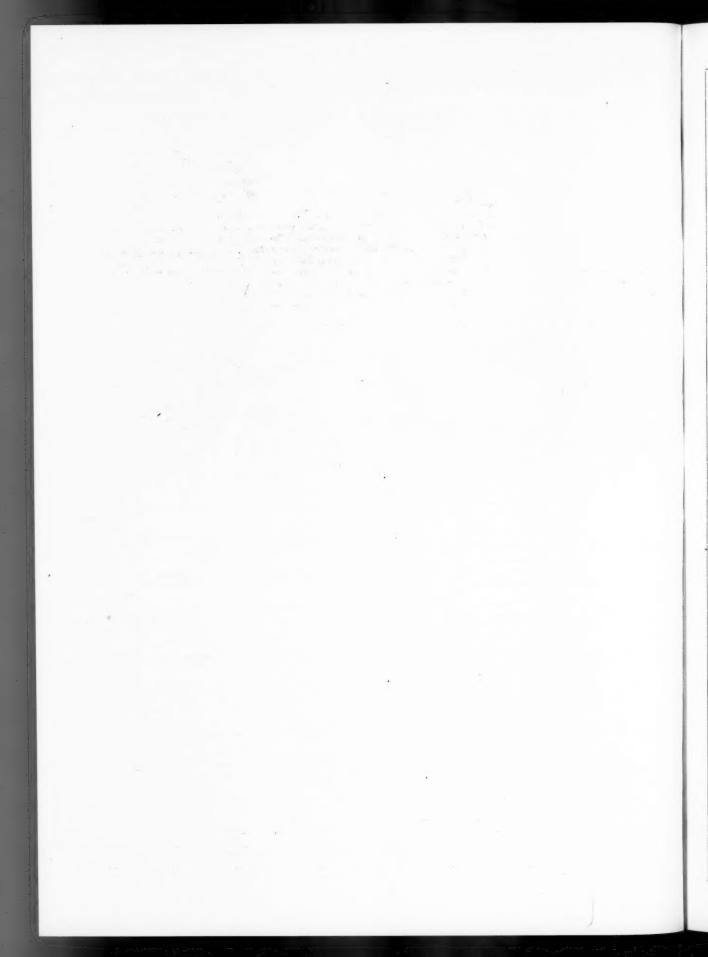
5th ary 5th to een my my his rtiit to for in er, of 1 a ned ou akped fell ren on. ing to em I of ne. nce he nd vill s a an, he stinat Nnd nd ice nal dr. nd nat ose g it ld;

to as ary no t I tic dy ry-the cy,



# THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA.

SINBAD THE KAISER. "THIS SUBMARINE BUSINESS IS GOING TO GET ME INTO TROUBLE WITH AMERICA; BUT WHAT CAN AN ALL-POWERFUL DO WITH A THING LIKE THIS ON HIS BACK?"





SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

Subaltern. "Donnez-moi, s'il vous plaît, du pain, de la beurbe et de la fromage, pour la messe." Madame. "Pour la messe! Mon Dieu, quelle religion!"

# HOW TO MAKE A BOOM IN VOUCHERS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,-As an inventor who has been shamefully neglected by this short-sighted Government (for in any time of crisis I am always full of fruitful suggestion; that is my temperament), I trust you will allow me space to offer a few notions. I have been turning my attention to the Post Office Department of the War Loan. It is just the sort of case where the Government requires shaking up by people of imagination.

One of my ideas is the institution of Penny-in-the-Slot Machines for the sale of vouchers at every street corner, where any passer-by (with sixty pennies in his pocket) would find them readily accessible. The idea might be developed by introducing Voucher - in - the - Slot Machines, from which, by the insertion of a sufficient number of vouchers, a Bond could be obtained.

Vouchers, for use on picture-postcards. of competition. These should be endorsed "A Present

surely be able to enlist the philatelist with flags and collecting boxes. So let and make him do his bit. It is only necessary to keep on producing a rapid succession of new voucher forms, differing in colour, texture and shape, or containing ingenious printers' errors, making at the same time all old issues obsolete, and it is certain that someone will begin to collect them. With intelligent encouragement from the Treasury-in the form of special albums -it might grow into a big thing in time. If only we could get them loved for their own sake it would be a great point.

And we want to stir up rivalry. If it once became the thing, for instance, to paper the drawing-room with vouchers (as a memento of the Great War), or even to use them for newspaper wrappers, we should have made a great advance. We need more of the fine spirit of the Australian millionaires of whom one used to read, who would Then we must have Adhesive burn fivers against each other by way

Then we must have a Day. Every from Pitlochry" (or whatever was the place of issue), and might even be set off by small photographic views. By going a short step further we should out our being pursued by fair women of soldiers into Germany.

us have a Voucher Day, when no selfrespecting citizen will be able to walk the streets in peace without a voucher in his button-hole and two in his hat.

It is simply a question of getting to work on the right lines.

I am, Yours faithfully, THE INVENTOR AT LARGE.

"The distance from Constantinople to Kabul as the crow flies is a little over 500 miles.

From other estimates of the distance we gather that the crow after he had done flying would have to walk about two thousand miles more.

From a translation of a decree issued by the German Government modifying the German list of contraband :-

"The following articles and materials suitable for warlike as well as for peaceful purposes, coming under the designation of conditional contraband, shall be considered as contraband

Harness and Soldiery."

London Chamber of Commerce Journal.

#### THE OPTIMIST.

"WHAT I stand on," said Mr. Bradshaw with a smile that was too radiant

the kitchen and closed the door.

In a minute or two her head emerged, and Mr. Bradshaw snatched at it (so to on? The club offered no advice on speak) as his only chance of getting his that subject.

Outro, with a sinile only stopped by her ears, stood Maria with the baby in her arms. Before he had time to speak remarks finished.

right way and it will be all right. slowly growing and maturing, which going to be an optimist too. It's the That is the idea. Any dead fish can could not be disregarded any longer. only way. Smile at trouble, and pass float with the current, but it takes a It was there before him at the office- the smile on, even if it is a crying live fish to swim up-stream."

Mrs. Bradshaw's eyes flashed contempt. "Thank you," she said curtly. "But I'll have you to understand that I'm not a dead fish." She was trembling with an emotion on the verge of tears. "I know the bacon was overdone-it doesn't take that smile of yours to teach me how to cook bacon. The child cried all night, and I have to be on my feet all day. It's not what you stand on, it's what I stand on."

"Ah!" said Mr. Bradshaw, with that broad inhuman smile. " It seems tiring, that's all. Stand as I do," he hesitated, "as I try to do, on Joshua and Caleb. Ten of them, you know, Maria, came back with hard-luck stories, but Joshua and Caleb brought grapes. That's you and I in a nutshell."

"Joshua and Caleb, nor you neither, George, hadn't been up all night with a teething babythat would teach you what you

stood on."

"I do beg of you, Maria, to be an optimist," said Mr. Bradshaw earnestly, ignoring the personal

"It wouldn't alter my views of a screaming baby," said Mrs. Bradshaw

obstinately.

"It is so simple," said her husband hurriedly, as he saw the kitchen door opening to swallow her up. "You only have to keep smiling in the face of trouble, and pass the smile along—and how can I pass it along when there's no one to get it?"

"No one wants it," said Mrs. Brad-shaw with temper. "Keep it to yourself, and much good may it do you. I never saw a smile that was worth the rocker on a cradle yet; and I haven't

The kitchen door closed finally and Mr. Bradshaw was left outside.

Automatically the smile faded and human, took its place. seemed as if the weight of that porten-

"You've only got to look at it the of stiff fair hair a thought had been

Recruiting Sergeant. "WELL, MY MAN, WOULD YOU LIKE TO SERVE THE KING?"

Milkboy, "That I would, Sir. How much do you think he'd want a day? I suppose as much as a GALLON?"

tired blue eyes; it stood between him

and his weekly wages.

ment? Mr. Bradshaw shuddered at so little to smile about there. the thought, but his sense of duty was keep on smiling at home, becausehim, led him to the recruiting-office saw any sense in it before." and out again. It was all over in five minutes-no smiling now, no hesitation -only a very swift and sweet rememtime to argue. Go and be an optimist brance of Maria's tireless feet as she how it was that money went quickly."

walked up and down, patiently soothing tired trembling arms.

Maria was a trump, and, as she said, something older, but infinitely more what was there to smile at? No more It almost false gaiety, no more pretence. With a lighter heart and an unsmiling face to be convincing, "is the power——" tous smile was unbearable. To smile he ran up the steps of his house and But Mrs. Bradshaw had walked into and pass it on had seemed such an easy flung the door wide open, and just tous smile was unbearable. To smile he ran up the steps of his house and way of eluding trouble; but what inside, her hair a mass of twists and happened when you couldn't pass it curls, with a smile only stopped by her And under Mr. Bradshaw's thatch her words flew out at him.

"You were quite right, George. I'm

baby. Let it cry!"

And the baby responded eagerly, whilst George stood in the middle of the passage in a horror-struck

"Any dead fish," the words rang brightly above the uproar, "can float with the current, but it takes a live one to-

But George spoke breathlessly. "I can't bear it, Maria; do anything you like, cry or be cross, but for God's sake don't smile."

R

ci

CO

to or

re

as

in

rie fai

qu

po

ma

pa ca

ab

mı

on

me

at

are

too

ros

ing

cot

mo my toy

"There's no pleasing you," she said faintly. Then with a fading smile and anxicus blue eyes, she came near and put her arms close round his neck.
"I know," she said. "You

needn't tell me, George; I see it in your face. You've enlisted."
He did not try to swim up-

stream, he only held her a little tighter, and said over and over again, "You see, Maria, it's my duty. It's got me, and I had to. All those pictures upset me, and the chaps out there, and me here. It's a bit of a wrench, Maria, but I'm an Englishman and I'd got to do it."

And Maria, still with her arms round his neck, and his cheek

question. "It would alter your views stool; it looked at him out of Maria's uncomfortably wet with her tears, said in a broken voice, "Well, there's some use in smiling now. It seemed so silly He had meant to speak to Maria when there were just the usual things to about it, but the right moment did not worry over, and just the usual things to seem to come. If she could not smile do, but now there's some sense in it, in the face of a sleepless night, how isn't there? You keep on smiling in the would she take the news of his enlist- trenches, because -well, because there's very strong, and his wish to serve was well, because there's so little to smile an honest wish, and somehow it seemed about here. I suppose that's what as if his feet, almost without consulting you call being an optimist. I never

> "The war was costing £25 for every second. It was costing nearly £500 every minute of every hour, and so they could readily guess

the fretting baby, and holding it with Our contemporary seems to have been doing some guess-work already.

#### BEAUTY TRIUMPHANT.

Rosie bought a respirator At the local chemist's shop That her safety might be greater If a gas-bomb chanced to drop. Homeward, light of heart, she hurried While her eyes with triumph shone; In her bedroom, quick, she scurried, Locked the door, and tried it on.

Though it fitted to perfection, How her spirit quailed, alas! At the horrible reflection Glaring at her from the glass, Like some shocking nightmare creature-

When in dreams we turn and toss Goggle-eyed, devoid of feature; "This," said Rosie, "is imposs.!"

Rosie bought some spangled chiffon, Trimmed her mask with pink and

Saucy rosebuds-not too stiff-on Either side she stuck with glue. So, when Zeps come, now or later, When the gas is drifting thick, Rosie in her respirator Will retain her well-known chic.

#### ECONOMY.

I нар just received a polite but distrustful letter from my bank, and a circular printed in red from the rate collector, and I was in a mood therefore to read in my paper a few bright hints on "How to Economise."

The references to lentils and potatoes did not interest me so much as the really practical advice that told me to ask, "Do I really need it?" before buying anything. It seemed to me only right that I should give this precept a fair trial, and I began at once.

In Long Acre alone this simple question deterred me from buying thousands of pounds worth of highly polished motor cars. In the Haycal notion entered my head; but in the must not in these times lightly indulge one's passing fancies.

In Regent Street, whom should I meet but my young cousin looking in at a florist's window? "Oh, Leonard, aren't those lovely roses? And so cheap too!" she exclaimed. Did I need any roses? "How's Aunt Alice this morn-

ing?" I asked, looking across the street.
With some difficulty I got my young cousin on to a Bayswater bus, and then moved along towards Oxford Circus, from the peril. my hand in my pocket and my fingers toying with my last half-sovereign. an inner voice, "is a salmon mayon-The question of lunch was one which naise;" so I went and had one.



Officer (to Sentry, who has been asleep). "WHY HAVE YOU GOT YOUR BOOTS OFF?" Sentry. "So AS NOT TO WAKE THE 'ORSES, SIR."

it would be neither right nor proper to avoid, and the time to face it was not far away. I could not altogether shake off market there was a picture—but could the conviction that circumstances de I honestly say that I needed it? As I passed His Majesty's Theatre a whimsiling an inexpensive tea-shop. It was but the work of a moment to find a absence of real need, I said sternly, one shop of this character, and I stood to scan the menu in the window. Did I really need tea, per pot 3d., or per cup, 2d.? No, I did not; and when I came to rissoles, stewed prunes, hot milk and biscuits (various) there was no doubt whatever in my mind that the negative was the honest reply. I went through the whole unappetising list, and at the end I found myself on the brink of starvation.

Not a moment too soon I was saved

"What you do need, my boy," said

#### "Strictly Neutral."

"'A real American Newspaper,' which is to be 'strictly neutral' and to stand for justice to all, 'just as Mr. Bryan stands for justice,' is to be issued here by the Printers and Publishers' Association, Inc., of 150 Nassau Street, just as soon as its promoters sell \$500,000 worth of stock. The promoters are Dr. Hugo Schweitzer, President; Emil Kipper, Vice-President; Henry Weiss, Secretary, and Max W. Stochr, Treasurer."—New York Times.

All "real Americans," please observe, with not a hyphen among them.

# An Adaptable Weapon.

"Italy's great artillery works have also provided her with a 16in. howitzer which is said to have all the qualities of the Krupp 17in. and to be much lighter and heavier."

Overseas Daily Mail.

# To Slackers.

"Joining Army .- Two Lounge Suits; good condition; navy and grey; 5 ft. 91 ins.; chest, 38 ins."-Bath Chronicle.

Other lounge suits, please copy.

# PERMANGANATE OF POTASH.

AFTER my cousin Charles had reoranges, six bath towels, a deck chair, basket before he left our shores. She insisted on his taking a box of permanganate of potash; she alleged that it was a disinfectant and that you can safely drink quite impure water mixed with permanganate of potash. Charles but he knew from experience that the latter is useful for staining floors. He would have made him invisible like a didn't suppose that anyone worried fort. much about staining the floors of the box as a kind of mascot.

Charles was led into the trenches at night. He found one trench before he expected it, but he got out all right. The man he fell on was quite polite when he found out that Charles was an officer; he said that his rifle was scarcely damaged at all. Although the to hit your protection-plate it always accommodation wasn't what Charles was accustomed to, he didn't complain, as he could see that they had done their best to make him comfortable. It isn't a nice idea having your meals in your bedroom, but even an officer cannot expect a suite of dug-outs.

When Charles had been introduced to the officers in residence, he went to look for his servant who was bringing up his blankets and kit. While he Germans had nightmare and let off their rifles. The bullets went very close to Charles, and he suddenly remembered that he had important business with a brother officer in an adjacent dugout. He just had time to instruct a sergeant to carry on the search. The sergeant reported that there was a party looking for a rifle in the moat at the rear of the trenches. He thought that the rifle might belong to Charles's servant as he had noticed some things that looked like part of an officer's kit floating about in the moat. He promised to fish for the kit and the servant after they had found the rifle. Everything was recovered, including the servant, who was quite sober but very wet, like Charles's kit.

The next morning, after Charles had

sunburnt. This surprised him, as he so interested in Charles's piebald aphadn't seen any sun. On investigation he discovered that nearly all his things, covered from Spy rash he acquired a including his hair, hair-brushes and commission in the army. When the shaving brush, were sunburnt. His less than recommend him for a fortauthorities thought that he was ripe hair and face weren't sunburnt all over they sent him into the trenches in but in patches, and he began to suspect France. Charles's wife says that he the permanganate of potash. He had got into the trenches on his merits, and noticed that his brushes were damp, that she did not use her influence to and if the light had been better when get him there. He didn't take into he got up he might have saved his hair the trenches all the things which his and face. He thought of painting in wife gave him. He mislaid a crate of the places which the permanganate had missed, but he didn't care about the a portable Turkish bath and a picnic colour sufficiently; there is no scope for artistic effect in one box of permanganate of potash. He was afraid that if he was taken prisoner the Germans might mistake him for an Oriental and expect him to talk Hindustani. Charles says that if he had known that he was didn't fancy drinking impure water or going to become piebald he would have permanganate of potash in any form, taken some more pigments with him,

The most interesting pastime in the trenches, but he promised to take the trenches is sniping. You have a steel plate to protect your head and a sergeant to mark for you. Charles was a very keen sniper until a bullet hit his protection-plate close to his ear. He got bored with sniping after that, and let the sergeant do it with a corporal as marker. When alien bullets begin means that you have done enough sniping for that day at least.

The only other recognised amusement is digging up bullets which nearly hit you. Charles got a nice collection; he thinks that the Germans liked him and wanted him to take home more bullets than anyone else. His wife says that if he hadn't had the permanganate he would have been certain to be hit. Charles isn't sure about this, was looking for his servant some though he admits that it helped him to get home.

He wasn't altogether sorry when his Company was relieved; although he place was so noisy that he got a headache. When he got out of the trenches he went to see the battalion Medical Officer to talk about his headache. The Medical Officer was busy with some urgent cases, and recommended him to the field hospital. The field train. Whilst he was looking for a doctor on the train someone started Besides, it occurs to me the thing, and it reached Boulogne might like to know what state your before he found one disengaged. The house is in, for of course we recognise journey did Charles's head good, and that it is still yours, and doubtless you he forgot what he had wanted to talk expect to return to it some day (may it shaved, he noticed that he was very to the doctor about. The doctor was be soon!). There will not be much

pearance that he took him on to Folkestone, and having taken him out of his way from idle curiosity he couldn't do night's sick leave. That is how I came to hear about the permanganate of potash without the Censor poking his nose into the matter.

# THE NEW INFERNO.

[A contemporary reminds us that Dante is "closely linked with several places now prominent in the War news," including the Trentino, etc., from which he drew many of his descriptions in the *Inferno*.]

BARD whose fame outruns the ages, Who with fine prophetic power Sang of sin's appropriate wages Till it made the tyrant cower-Dante, thou in very surety "shouldst be living at this hour.

Here the wild Trentino's magic Might once more commove your

To depict for us the tragic Destinies of damnéd men; But you'd cram your hell with Teutons if you toiled on earth again.

One by one you'd place their chosen Leaders 'mid your circles nine Whether gaseous, hot or frozen Would be your affair, not mine), And the host of common sinners to their fitting doom assign.

For each Hun, save him I'll mention, Your old Underworld would do; But you'd once more need invention When you tackled WILHELM Two; You'd be forced to delve far deeper for fresh gulfs and circles new.

le

re E

o n n ti

fr

W

01

n

er G

h

01

W

ye he

of

pl

tr

he

ar

# FROM A BELGIAN GARDEN.

DEAR MONSIEUR X,-On behalf-of the battery I am requested to write to you concerning this abode-once yours, now ours. Yet not entirely ours, for another battery at present occupies liked the trenches fairly well he didn't part of your garden and a portion of want to stay there indefinitely. The your cellar. Still, we came here first, and are regarded as temporary lawful owners by such stray khaki units as wander hitherwards, looking for positions or retiring with bandaged limbs We discussed to dressing stations. the matter just now over some bully and bread and jam, and the latest hospital had a good deal on hand joined subaltern, having rather a strain and passed him on to a hospital of sentiment, said he thought we ought

Besides, it occurs to me that you

aplkehis do ortme of his

NTE now the y of ges,

ldst

our

ons

sen

),

ion,

tion

vo:

per

N.

f-of

e to

urs,

for

pies

n of

irst. wful

osi-

mbs

ssed

ully

test

rain

ight

you

your

nise

you

ry it

uch



"I SAY, LADY RAKEHAM, THAT CHAUFFEUR FELLER OF YOURS—HE OUGHT TO JOIN THE ARMY, YOU KNOW." "OH, D'YE THINK SO? WELL, I DON'T KNOW. YOU SEE, IT CUTS BOTH WAYS. IF HE JOINED THE ARMY I SHOULDN'T BE ABLE TO COME AND HELP HERE."

probably go down with a name in think of. history. By the way, what is its name? region between the road and the railway Hell Fire Corner; but you could not of ours found a board with "Sifflez" till he discovered it had been blown from the railway line by a shell, and revolver. engine-drivers. But it does not matter much just now.

business-like occupation of it. Then about it. one morning the men of subsection B went bathing in the water hole—ah,

left of it for you to resume, but you evening — shrapnel, high - explosive, may be pleased to know that it will 8-inch stink-shell-everything you can

Your house miraculously escaped The British Army hereabouts calls the being hit this first evening, but your garden was ripped up mercilessly. You remember the fine row of chestnut and have conceived of it as that. A sergeant elm trees on the western side, between the house and the field? Several shells neatly painted on it, and he thought it hurtled into them and mutilated them might have come off your front gate horribly. One of your pigs was killed -the cook finished him off with a The little hedge on the was merely a Government direction to Germany side of your house—just sprouting into a fine young green toowas rent with gaps, and a noble beech For the first few nights we were here on the north-eastern corner was clean everything was quiet and peaceful. The | felled. The rose-walk, we are all glad Germans had evidently overlooked your to say, was quite untouched. I must house on the map and our exceedingly tell you of that, and why we are so glad

Our guns are there! still there, and still whole! More than for the hospiyou won't know; it is a 17-inch shell tality of your roof, or what was once a hole filled by rain in the field just west roof, we are grateful to you for that of the house—when a German aero- rose-walk. The man who planned it plane suddenly appeared and signalled was an artist of the first order. It its discovery of them by dropping a runs, you remember, under the other truly beautiful white star over their line of elms on the southern side of the heads. Nothing happened till evening, house. We have the guns hidden in that and subsection B were beginning to glorious green arch; and at the foot of think the reprimand they had received those trees when you return you will find

shells which have scorched and scarred all else in your demesne have never yet seriously hit this special spot. Perhaps some accident in the contours between this and the German guns, 4,000 and 5,000 yards away, serves to protect it. Perhaps the little china figure, Notre Dame de Bon Secours, stuck up on a ledge in the stoutest of these elms, endures to shield us poor servants of the Holy Cause hiding in her blessed vicinity. Whatever it be, your gardener builded better than he knew when he laid out this southern aspect. When he is put to repose (long hence, we hope) in his last garden, may masses be sung for ever for his soul!

When you return and restore this charming spot to civilised order, we would wish you to keep N. D. de Bon Secours still in her little niche in the big elm-tree. Do not disturb her. Most other treasures you will find in ruins, but she, we know, will be still serenely unmoved. She and your gardener are our battery saints, Mon-

Yours, under the rose-walk, FORWARD OBSERVING OFFICER.

## Asking for Trouble.

think the reprimand they had received those trees when you return you will find ur To Let, Comfortable Bedroom, Base was undeserved. But we got it that our handsome dug-outs. The screaming gent. preferred."—Dunfermline Press.



EXAMINE ARMS.

Officer (severely). "Is this rifle supposed to have been cleaned?" Private. "Well, Sir—yes. But you know what these servant gals are!"

# THE MOUTH ORGAN.

- OH, there ain't no band to cheer us up, there ain't no 'Ighland pipers
- To keep our warlike ardure warm round New Chapelle an Wipers;
- So—since there's nothin' like a tune to glad the 'eart o'
- Why, Billy with 'is mouth-organ 'e does the best 'e can.
- There ain't no birds in Plug Street Wood, the guns 'ave sent 'em flyin',
- An' there ain't no song to 'ear except the squealin' shells a-cryin';
- a-cryin'; The thrushes all 'ave 'ooked it, an' the blackbird's 'ad to
- flit . . . So Billy with 'is mouth-organ 'e ups an' does 'is bit.
- 'Is notes is somewhat limited, they are not 'igh an' soary;
- 'E 'asn't got that many things in 'is bloomin' repertory; But when 'e's played the lot, why, then 'is course is straight
- 'E starts at the beginnin' an' 'e plays 'em all again!
- 'E's played 'em oft upon the march, an' likewise in the trenches;
- 'E 's played 'em to the Gurkhas, an' 'e 's played 'em to the Frenchies;

- 'E may be ankle-deep in dust or middle-deep in slime, But Billy with 'is mouth-organ 'e 's at it all the time.
- Wet, 'ungry, thirsty, 'ot or cold, whatever may betide 'im, 'E 'll play upon the 'ob of 'ell while the breath is left inside 'im;
- And when we march up Potsdam street an' goosestep through Berlin,
- Why, Billy with 'is mouth-organ 'e'll play the Army in!
- "The base for the enemy's forces operating in this direction was the Port of Bukeba on the western shore of Lake Victoria Nyanza, a point of considerable importance. Warlike stories of all kinds had been accumulated there."—Dublin Evening Mail.
- So now we know where the German Wireless used to get its war-news.
- "Mr. Asquith announced that he hoped this part of the session would close before the end of the war."—Evening Standard.
- We would sooner have heard that he expected the War to close (in the right way, of course) before this part of the Session.
- "Scotch terrier, past all troubles, cheap."—Edinburgh Evening News.
- The advertiser should try Germany. There is no demand here for dead dogs.



ep

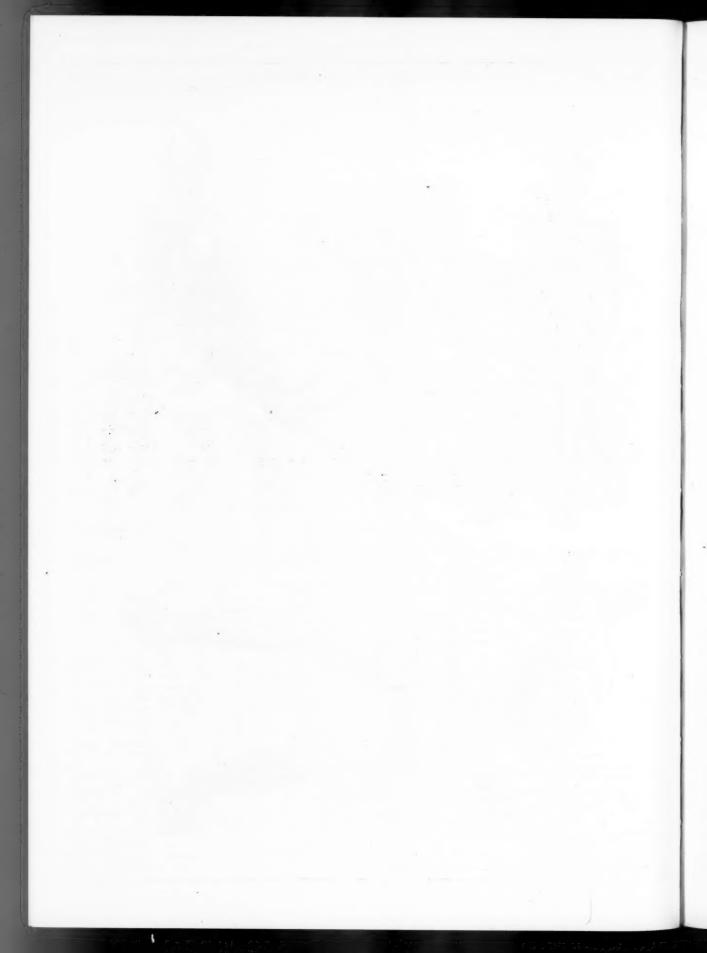
to

to he

ng

# CLEAN SWEEP.

[With Mr. Punch's enthusiastic compliments to General BOTHA.]



#### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



Mr. Will Crooks is reported to be going to the Front for the purpose of "amusing the Tommies." It is hoped that HIS EXAMPLE MAY SUGGEST POSSIBILITIES OF USEFUL SERVICE FOR SOME OF OUR MORE COMIC STATESMEN. [MR. OUTHWAITE, MR. GINNELL AND MR. HOBHOUSE.]

House of Commons, Monday, July served for a while the historic part of the plume of Henry of Navarre. mentary Questioners. Assertions, dethe kind. He is to understand what I nials, qualifications, innuendoes would have said." Found awaiting him, carefully trained form many titbits for the German Press. on Treasury Bench, a machine-gun proved incompetent; suggestion to properly give." appoint a Commissioner to examine into causes which made it necessary to of questioners gasping for breath. appoint Minister of Munitions more Parliamentary utterances plays and reviewing whole conduct of the War. Finally, attempt made to induce part of the head of King Charles I.

Premier to declare himself on one side in Mr. Dick's Memorial, "that all itself out," as Under-Secretary for people who fail in the public service War would say, beyond the space of are to be retained in office?"

Here was material for occupying the

Forthwith sat down, leaving the band the Chair.

Answer greeted with burst of general the SPEAKER in warning voice. than ten months after the beginning of cheering. ARTHUR MARKHAM, iron-clad, the War. These varied by demand for indomitable, tried a fall with PREMIER. a day to discuss question of scarcity "Are we to understand," he asked, with Opposition, presented itself at the Table of munitions. Another, more comprehensive, asked for early opportunity of reviewing whole conduct of the War.

Parliamentary utterances plays the the week.

Raising his voice in unusual flash of 12th.—Prime Minister home from the full limit of Question hour. Field of anger Premier replied: "The hon. trenches, where his snow-white locks enquiry particularly alluring to Supple- gentleman is to understand nothing of

DALZIEL dismissed with equal curt-They had, however, reckoned without ness when he attempted to obtain loaded with Questions. A group of their Asquith. As soon as the first of a definite reply to question about fourteen touched variety of delicate the Questions was called on, Premier Haldane and Lloyd George. Extopics. Alleged shortcomings of War rose, enumerated the lot, and quietly demand for dismissal from said, "With respect to them there is no vail), attempting with trained military public service of all persons who have public information I can at the moment instinct to bring up reserves, was promptly cut off by flank attack from

"This is becoming a debate," said

Whereupon the bland presence of Mr. Chaplin, Leader of His Majesty's



Young Wife (at sound of explosion). "Thomas! Thomas! The Zeppelins are here! Did tou lock the front door?"

Questions, that while speech may be pressed by PRIME MINISTER and SECsilvern its extreme curtailment is golden.

Business done.—House in Committee of Supply; passed cluster of Votes after added the voice of Ireland to chorus of brief consideration. Including debate admiration - "because Ireland, like introduced by Dalziel on export of cotton for Germany, all was over by 7.15.

Tuesday.—This is St. Botha's day. As its first business House set about presentation of "grateful appreciation of the distinguished skill and ability" with which our enemy of fifteen years baffled the Kaiser's carefully planned in Parliamentary procedure only upon scheme and saved South Africa for the historic occasions. Empire. Premier moved Resolution have been seconded by LEADER OF OPPOSITION on other side of Table. Today the former Leader of a non-existent to that of his new chief.

That all very well as far as it went. CHAPLIN, almost sole custodian of ancient Parliamentary traditions, not the man to sit quietly by whilst one was rudely broken. Idle to say there is no Leader of Opposition whilst he sits watchful ingly, "on behalf of right hon. gentle-

apophthegm, as applied to answering he heartily endorsed approbation ex-RETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES.

T. P. in a few well-chosen words South Africa, has in generous wisdom passed an oblivion over misunderstandings and quarrels with this Empire."

On Speaker putting Resolution from Chair, loud shout of "Aye!" acclaimed it.
"On the contrary?" There was no one on the contrary, not even Herr GINNELL.

"Carried nemine contradicente," said ago conducted military operations that the SPEAKER, adopting a phrase used

Another hearty cheer closed episode, which in ordinary circumstances would and the House, having thus done honour to a man of alien race who has splendidly helped the Empire in hour of peril, turned to consider case of Opposition was seated by PREMIER'S South Wales miners, who, unless they side. Thence he rose to add his tribute get the uttermost farthing demanded in the way of increased wages, threaten to throw down axe and shovel, so depriving our Navy on guard in the North Sea of fuel for its engines.

Business done.—President Board OF TRADE, amid cheers from all quarters, announces proclamation of application in the place from time to time occupied of Munitions Act to threatened strike by DISRAELI and GLADSTONE. Accord- in South Wales coalfields. Budget Bill passed through Committee.

man sitting by me on this bench and on behalf of many friends behind me," with GORDON HARVEY. Interposing in a third time.

debate on motion for Third Reading of Budget Bill he remarked, with suspicion of a tear in his voice, "Mr. Speaker, I am greatly disappointed with this measure. I cannot understand why it contains no new taxes."

Present Government and long line of predecessors been subjected on various grounds to severe criticism, occasionally resulting in their being turned out of office. Never before was objection raised on this particular score.

CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER profoundly touched. Pleaded in extenuation that within the current year fresh taxation to amount of sixty-eight million sterling had been imposed. Modestly thought that a pretty good beginning. Hastened to assure the mourning Member that it was not the full measure of intention. Let him wait and see. Another Budget already on the stocks. When its proposals were explained, it would appear that the honourable gentleman's apprehensions were groundless.

GORDON HARVEY visibly cheered up. Walked home with swinging step and pleased consciousness that before many months have sped he will personally benefit by what McKenna described as "reasonable but bold measures in direction of increased taxation."

Business done-War Pensions Bill



LADY X. IS INTERVIEWED AS TO HER OPINIONS ON THRIFT IN WAR-TIME.

# THE TRAITOR.

It was when I was just recovering from my spring attack of influenza that my wife broke the news to me.

."I think you are strong enough now," she said, "to be told something very serious. Mr. Appleby is a pro-German."

y

"Rubbish," I said. "I've known Appleby all my life."

My wife shrugged her shoulders. "Even before you were ill I heard distressing rumours, and now there is no doubt about it. He goes about

saying dreadful things." Tell him to come and see me," I

commanded. "You can't really mean that."

a break in my voice, and she flew to the telephone.

Punctual to the moment Appleby When I saw him last he looked as though he were sickening for jaundice. The new Appleby was a rosyfaced philanthropist, bubbling over with good spirits to a degree I found positively exhausting. tannia!" rose falteringly to our ears. shuddered even at the recollection. My eldest daughter, instigated, as I

formance the tune was quite recognisable. I glanced nervously at Appleby. To my surprise he was beating time rapture shining in his eyes.

"It's a grand song that," he ex-claimed enthusiastically. "Talk of Die Wacht am Rhein!"

" But—," I stammered.

Appleby laughed. "I know what you are thinking of," he said happily. "Listen, and I'll tell you a story. A short time ago I became a nervous wreck. Life held no joys for me, and I could neither sleep nor look forward to my meals-

"I tried every specialist in London," "I am not yet strong enough to I put in wearily, completing the stand being contradicted," I said with formula, but he disregarded the interruption and continued in the same measured tone.

have kept a Pekinese in comfort. But it was no use. There were never wanting well-informed persons to point out to me that what I took for successes were really grave errors in strategy. He greeted me And they kept telling me awful stories warmly, and had just settled himself in of bombs smuggled in biscuit tins on the doctor's chair for a heart-to-heart board our Dreadnoughts, and of German talk, when the strains of "Rule, Bri- agents among our army cooks." He over by the Government, was also passed."

"But the time came when I could be satisfied.

shrewdly surmised, by her mother, was stand it no longer. I thought out a the culprit, and poor as was the per- plan. I read CARLYLE on the glorious destiny of the Hohenzollerns, and hunted up back numbers of the dailies in which we were urged to go to Germany and gently, his head tilted on one side and learn how to run Old Age Pensions and National Insurance. And I quoted these everywhere. The effect was immediate and gratifying. At first my friends fell away, but I could stand that; it was rest I needed. But now, now they seek me out to tell me that an enemy submarine has been sunk off the Scillies or that the CROWN PRINCE is in the Tower. They cross the street, and risk losing their trains to give me pleasurable scraps of information. My day is one triumphal progress; I hear nothing but good news now; and look

"It does them good, too," he went on after a pause. "The mere sight of me promotes cheerfulness; and the "What I spent on newspapers would memory of the sorrow they have caused my traitorous heart brightens the rest of the day for them." He beamed upon me and held out his hand.

"The hand of a traitor," he said.
"Will you shake?"

I shook.

"The Grouse Bill, which had been taken So now, let us hope, the grousers will

# TO ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

(On re-reading his Barsetshire Novels.)

Good chronicler of Barset, weaver of genial yarns, Homely and unaffected as the verse of the Dorset Barnes, When the outlook is depressing, when journals bleat and

I turn to your kindly pages and find oblivion there.

You lead us back from the turmoil of these unhappy days To the land in which our fathers went their untroubled ways;

When gigs were still in fashion and no one was able to

The countryside in motors at seventy miles an hour.

Down Time's gulf backward roaming, with you as our friendly guide,

To the age of flounces and whiskers and crinolines we glide, When life flowed on like a brooklet with many a bicker and brawl

And many a swirl and ripple, but never a roaring fall.

You weren't concerned with problems that harass and wound and vex,

Or with the elemental eternal duel of sex:

The Feminist virago had not swum into your ken,

And you had no fads or hobbies to further with your pen.

But a wholesome love of England shone bright through all your tales-

Love of her mellow landscape and green sequestered vales, Love of her ancient homesteads and gray ancestral towers, Lawns and meadows and gardens bright with old-fashioned

And, though with the fires of passion your stories seldom glowed,

That virtue need not be insipid they very clearly showed; For life in those placid regions was not all cakes and ale, And love brought sore disquiet to your charming Lily Dale.

Yet, while discreetly checkered with sorrow and even crime, Your stories mostly ended to the tune of the marriage chime, For you held with good CHARLES DARWIN that a novelist worth his salt

Eschewed an unhappy ending as a quite incurable fault.

As a satirist of the clergy you served a laudable end, For we recognise that faithful are the wounds that are dealt by a friend;

You scarified the pompous and vet delighted to paint In the meek unselfish Warden a thoroughbred modern saint.

With you the religion of weekdays, and not the Sunday best, Alike for cleric and layman was much the truest test; You had no special 'doxy, but many a lance you broke On behalf of plain God-fearing unfashionable folk.

And your dramatis personæ had brains of every size, For you loved the simple and stupid as well as the witty and wise;

And some of your rarest figures were moulded of common clay,

And some of your high-born ladies had the meanest parts in the play.

Then, O ye precious penmen, who furiously rage Against the "moral serdom" of the mid-Victorian age, Lauding your modern idols who make their genius plain In an infinite capacity for giving their readers pain-

Go wallow at will in your garbage, mean, sinister or smart, And prate till your jaws are weary of Art for the sake of Art,

You cannot abate my freedom to wander far and wide In the pleasant land of Barset by Father Anthony's side.

# IN KENSINGTON SQUARE.

I DON'T wish to sail under false colours, so I may as well say at once that this is going to be an appeal-an appeal both for sympathy and for money. Before, however, I proceed to make it I will enter into an agreement with the millions who read Mr. Punch. If I succeed at all in my attempt to convince them that I have a good object at heart, why then they must send along their money. If, on the other hand, I fail, they can keep their cheques in the drawer and their War Loan vouchers in the safe with a clear conscience. I am sure I shall win, not because I am confident in my skill, but because my object is so undeniably excellent. Is it a bargain? Very well, then,

It was on a bright afternoon a short time ago that I found myself in an old house of the Queen Anne period in Kensington Square. Somebody or something must, I suppose, have urged me to go. At any rate there I was, looking into a narrow little room, in which was sitting the queerest little old lady, dressed in a beautiful dress of stiff brocade, with very high heels to her buckled shoes, and wearing her hair thickly powdered. At my sudden appearance she rose, regarding me with no very amiable air.

"How now, Sir?" she said. "What means this conduct? Is a lady not to be safe from intrusion in her own room, the only one now left to her of the many she once inhabited? 'Tis but a powder-closet, I know, but even in so narrow a cell I still have liberty to choose my visitors."

It was plain she was angry, but in her anger, as in her whole aspect, there was something at once courtly and unsubstantial. It seemed as though a rough breath might blow her away. I stammered out such excuses as came into my head on the spur of the moment, and was about to

withdraw when she stopped me.
"Hold, Sir," she said. "You erred in ignorance, and I pardon you, as you on your side will, I doubt not, pardon the rough words of an old woman made testy by time. The truth is that this house is by my leave consecrated to a great and beneficent work. Not a room in it but is filled with its party of busy women daily giving their time and the labour of their hands to the achievement of their tasks. Even here-she pointed to the floor of the powder-closet, which was heavily littered with heaps of tow-"even here there is an overflow from their work, but 'tis not for me to reproach them with it. Rather I rejoice."
"But what," I said, "is the use of tow?"

"Tis to help the poor soldiers broke in the War. 'Tis not enough to make a splint for a broken limb; the splint must be padded with tow, and there are willing hands here both to make the splints and to pad them when made. Would there had been such help in the days I remember, when his Grace of MARLBOROUGH, that great captain, led the forces of the QUEEN. At Malplaquet we won a great victory, but we lost twenty thousand men, and I fear but little was done to help the wounded. We must make reparation for the past, and here we do it as best we may."

"But you," I said, "can you still help in this?"
"I lend the house. I confer my approval on the workers.
Not much, you will say, but 'tis all I can do. A lady who danced at the Court of QUEEN ANNE could not well do less or more. But we stand prating here too long. Go, Sir, and see for yourself what is a-doing here. Commended by me, you may pass everywhere and see everything, so that art. of

e.

vell eal . I the my at on the h a e I SO t I riod t, I vas. the tiff and earct? om, nce in rs." her

and

ght nto

to

d I

don

me.

1 to

lled

and

sks.

set,

nere

e to

'Tis

lint

nere

ade.

ber,

led

reat but ake ay.

cers.

who less

Sir,

l by

that



Lady. "THE CAPTAIN SEEMS OFF HIS GAME." Caddic. "Yes, lidy. He was a very good 24, but he's spoilt hisself digging trenches. This War's a terrible thing."

to those who might aid us. Nay, I cannot go with you, for my chair waits me below and my time is come to take the air." And, as she said this, she seemed to shrivel before

However, I took her advice and saw everything for myself; and I now beg leave to report the result of my tour through the Queen Anne house in Kensington Square.

First, let me say that I found myself to be present at the headquarters of the Kensington War Hospital Supply Depôt, a hive of industry the like of which, both in respect of its output of work and its admirable organisation, I have More than one thousand ladies of Kensington have enrolled themselves as voluntary workers, and here in their turns they come together, each in her own department, to produce munitions for the various British and Allied Hosbandages with exquisite precision; in another they are makmade of so tempting a pattern and so comfortable a design the Court of QUEEN ANNE.

afterwards you may report our cause and its needs aright that one might almost wish for a wound in order to have the privilege of wearing at least one pair of them. Room after room I visited, and in every one of them I was struck by the air of fresh and cheerful determination which shines my eyes, and in a moment she had vanished from the from the faces of those who, without ostentation and for no material reward, have pledged themselves to hard toil for the sake of their suffering fellow-mortals.

From Kensington Square the gifts of this Association are sent out like blessings. Daily they speed on their merciful errand to Malta, to Serbia, to East Africa, to Flanders, to France, to Alexandria, to the Dardanelles. And not only is the work entirely voluntary, but the workers themselves help to swell the funds. In one week they contributed no less a sum than forty pounds. The only trouble is this: the appreciation of their work has grown so fast and the appeals from hospitals have become so numerous and so urgent that, if all the demands are to pitals at home and at the Front. In one room a party rolls be satisfied, the great and generous public must be asked to help. Those who subscribe may rely on it that every ing all sizes of swabs. In a third, as I have already said, they penny of their money will go straight to the purchase of concentrate on the padding of splints, which are served up materials. Nobody in this Association is paid, except the to them hot and hot, as it were, by a vigorous company of male amateur carpenters installed in the basement. There are about one hundred of these gentlemen in all, and, if I orders not tarry. They may be sent to the joint Honorary may judge by those I saw, they are a most enthusiastic and Secretaries, Mr. Sidney H. Motion and Mr. Edward F. skilful lot. In addition to splints of all sorts they make in- Slade, Kensington War Hospital Supply Depôt, 11 and 12, valid tables, crutches which one of them upholsters—in fact every kind of carpentry that a hospital can require. Then to see what is being done you are cordially invited to call there is a needlework room for the making of dressing at the address I have given, or at the Branch Depôt at gowns, bed-jackets, flannel shirts, and so forth; while in 20, Kensington Court close by. You may even be lucky yet another room scores and scores of pairs of slippers are enough to find in her powder-closet my little old lady from R. C. L.

#### MUSKETRY INSTRUCTION.

I TOOK a dislike to Smithers from the moment he entered our Volunteer Training Corps, and when I was promoted to the command of his section I began to dislike him still more. There is that about Smithers which thing. Give me the rifle, Smithers.' seems to make it impossible to give a correct order when he is present. In addition to which he is one of those men who seek to establish a reputation for diligence by asking difficult one thing worse than too fine a sight, questions.

Smithers, who I felt certain was re-should be held. sponsible, "do you mean to

say you've forgotten how to form fours? How many more times am I to tell you-One pace to the rear with the left foot, and one to the right with-

"You've got the section inside out," interrupted Smithers. "And I should like to know what a man is supposed to do when-

"That will do," I snapped.
"Not so much talking in the ranks. What do you think this is, Smithers a Literary and Debating Society?" I was working up into my best sarcastic vein when the platooncommander came along and requested me to take my men down to the range and give them musketry instruction.

I flatter myself that there is precious little I do not

know about a rifle. I felt that even | 'letting off.' Most raw recruits- | yard range, consequently every one of I explained the difference between you want." the foresight and the trigger-guard. Smithers seemed particularly attentive. I was determined, however, to take this opportunity of impressing him with a full sense of his inferiority.

"Before I show you how to shoot," I said, "I will give you an example of how not to do it." Smithers, be so kind as to take up a firing position on the marker coldly.

would jump out of a grip like that. -Fire!" Take aim, Smithers !-

"One ring out at two o'clock!" called the marker.

"Not so bad," I said, "though, judging by the way you held the rifle, I should say it was more luck than any-

"What I've tried to impress upon you all," I went on, "is the importance of sighting. You cannot pay too much attention to your sights. There is only and that is too full a sight. Smithers One day, when my section had got took too full a sight. Also refrain itself hopelessly mixed for the third time in succession, I began to be annoyed.

Said Smithers in his slow, way: "I should say that it me in succession, I began to be annoyed."

Said Smithers in his slow, way: "I should say that it me in succession, I began to be annoyed." itself hopelessly mixed for the third and in succession, I began to be annoyed.
"Good heavens!" I said, glaring at serve my position. This is how a rifle suggested Hatherway.

Should be held. Then there is the suggested Hatherway.

"Or cam

INTERVAL FOR REFRESHMENTS.

Doctor, "THEY TELL ME YOUR BOY IS OFF TO THE FRONT TO-DAY." Villager. "AY, POOR LAD! OI BIN A-BLUBBIN' ARF THE MORNIN'-An' OI BE JUST A-GOIN' TO 'AVE A DROP OF ZIDER, AN' THEN OI BE A-GOIN' 'OME TO BLUB AGAIN!"

Smithers would have no power to un-Smithers, for example-pull the trigger your shots, presuming that you were nerve me once I got fairly started on as though they were trying to pull a siming correctly, must have cleared my pet theme. The section listened cart-horse back upon its haunches, respectfully, almost reverently, while whereas a gentle even pressure is what inches. I fired.

"You're not on the target," said the I said, looking at Smithersmarker. "Unless," he added hastily, "it's in the black."

"We'll presume it's a bull," I said stiffly. "There is no reason why it should not be a bull. If these sights are correct-

"You tested them yourself," put in

the mat." Smithers obeyed.

"You will observe," I continued, the section. "Now I'll show you how "- it must be a bull." I addressed "that his position is altogether wrong. to get a good grouping. An occasional His legs are too wide apart; his head bull is all very well, but it's the good to get a good grouping. An occasional is forced too far forward; his eye is group that counts. Now if you take a too near the backsight; the butt of correct sight, as I did, and hold your the rifle is too high on his shoulder; rifle properly, and not as Smithers held his grip is hopeless; a child's pop-gun it, there is nothing to prevent your

getting a good score-like this." I fired a few more shots.

"Can't see any hits," said the marker with his eye to the glass.

"Then they must all be in the black," I replied, "Better than I expected. You see, men, what can be done by paying attention to your sights and holding your rifle properly. Smithers, perhaps you will fetch me the target.'

He brought it to me while the section gathered round in awed silence. There was not a single perforation.

"What does this mean?" I exclaimed. Said Smithers in his slow, fatuous way: "I should say that it means you

"Unless the bullets bounced off,"

"Or came back and filled up the holes," said Jacobs.

"That will do," I said sharply. "Not so much talk-There is something wrong with the sights."

"You tested and set them yourself, Sir," said the marker, rather more coldly. "Besides which the other gent hit the target all right."

The section chuckled joyously. I felt myself coming unstuck.

"I think I can explain," said Smithers, who was examining the rifle.

"Of course you can," I said sarcastically. "You always can. Smithers. Gentlemen, Mr. Smithers can explain. Ha! Silence, pray, for our new musketry in-structor, Mr. Smithers!"

"The rifle is sighted for 500 yards," drawled Smithers. "This is a 25-

the top of the target by about two

When the fools had finished laughing

"Smithers, these sights were correct when the rifle was in your hands."

Smithers' face wore the guileless oh-to-be-an-angel expression of the cathedral choir-boy. I was proceeding when the platoon-sergeant entered with orders for us to reassemble for dismissal.

"It just shows," I heard Smithers say as the section fell in, "that a fellow can't pay too much attention to his

sights. I can see myself having trouble with Smithers.

> A "FIGHTING STOCK." THE NEW WAR LOAN.

er

d. oy od s,

d. us

ed s. id kid kng he
he
t."
byng

as

le-

ex-

ıy,

in-

ed

led

25-

of

ere

red

WO

ng

ect

ess

the

ing

ith

sal.

ers

OW

his

ith



"IF THE GOVERNMENT WANTS MORE MONEY, WHY DON'T THEY PUT THE MINT ON OVERTIME?"

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mr. H. G. Wells never perhaps fools quite lightly; he can't help weighting his most extravagant jests with just a little sociology and social criticism, and Bealby (METHUEN), which he calls "a holiday," in the sense of "a lark," has little touches of this, and also lies under the handicap of the gifted author's rather ponderous phrase-making, or phrase-making that seems ponderous in this kind of jollity. I am not sure, either, that he quite escapes being occasionally facetious . . . But of course it's absurd to be solemn about Bealby—a mere extempore diversion thrown off in an artless way: a kind of harlequinade, or perhaps like nothing so much as a scenario for one of those breathless kinema comedies of the people's palaces. But not fatuous, as they-rather, indeed, at times quite Pickwickian in its resourcefulness and gay movement. When I tell you that Bealby, the new steward's-room boy, escaping from the persecutions of Thomas, the second footman, butted an Hegelian Lord Chancellor of ample habit of body (no, not that one, as Mr. Wells carefully explains in the preface), and that thereafter the Chancellor bit the butler and on yet another occasion blacked his eye and yet again shook him violently at his host's sideboard at Shonts during that fatal week-end, you won't wonder that Sir Peter Laxton thought his guest needed to be restricted in the matter of alcohol. And you may wonder reasonably what it was all about and what it all led to. Well, get Bealby and find being. out. You'll not be bored, and you'll laugh often. And what better things in a small way can well befall you?

What a crowd of readers will rejoice to hear that the happy coalition known as E. CE. SOMERVILLE and MARTIN Ross have published another of their delicious pronouncements on the Irish problem. In Mr. Knox's Country (LONGMANS) brings back again all those jolly people whom one has several times enjoyed meeting before-Flurry Knox; the fearful but fascinating old grandmother, Philippa, and the rest of them. No collaboration has ever been a greater puzzle to me than this of these two clever women. The matter of their stories is so slight (nothing at all, when you look back upon them, ever seems to have happened) and the laughter they raise in you is so inevitable a thing, born spontaneously from the clash of characters, that I am driven to the belief that each of the authors must manage their pet persons in the cast independently of the other, and take it in turns to set down the result. In this case I think my most grateful homage is at the feet of whoever is responsible for old Mrs. Knox. That aged but unquenchable lady is a joy for ever. Whether you see her heroically stifling her rheumatics, bending a rebellious family to her iron will, minding her own and everyone else's business, or relaxing in the gentler pleasures of the chase, she remains a quite unforgettable figure. As in the previous books, these stories are illustrated with drawings by Miss Somerville, but, spirited as they are, I could have wished that the artist had left Mrs. Knox to my unfettered imagination. No hand, even that of her creator, could improve on my mental image of this wonderful and superhuman

Two Who Declined (SMITH, ELDER) is what I should call

and so much concerned with things that used to matter a good deal, but at present are altogether outside, that I ended by mislaying my patience. I should say it was very probably a first effort in fiction; and, for all its obvious defects, there are here and there snatches of cleverness about the writing that mitigated my exasperation. So perhaps Herbert Tremaine (whom I suspect, despite this name, of being a woman) will do better next time. For one thing, the present book suffers from having been written with an object. One might indeed say with half-adozen objects. And the inevitable result is that as a work of art it suffers. We began with a promising thrill: a young doctor has just shot himself, leaving behind a semi-idiot child (who, we gather, used to be all right before the doctor began experimenting) and a frightened partner. Moreover, the partner, who rejoiced, or might under happier circumstances have rejoiced, in the name of Ludovic Spim, was a Prussian. So, of course, I saw at once that he had been up to some of his native devilments; and started with a pleasant anticipation of a mystery, strasse; I also am a spy, only a rather more important one

ending with the just humiliation of the Herr Doctor Spim. But here, unfortunately, the Purposes began muddling things. Spim was guilty all right; but we never got much further than that. Instead, attention was taken up with a crew of Anti-Vivisectionists and Vegetarians and Woman's Righters, who were all so boring that I feel sure they must be faithfully drawn. Indeed it is partly on the treatment of them that I base my hope that Mr. or Mrs. or Miss TREMAINE may yet produce an interesting story, given more agreeable matter. But honestly, unless your ad-

miration for the Purposes is robust enough to overcome your | Secret Service as regards results. To take but one instance, wish for entertainment, I fear I must advise you to follow it enabled Alec Deane, in Mr. Arthur W. Marchmont's the example of the Two Who Declined and give the present volume a miss.

Mr. R. W. Chambers contrives a plausible atmosphere of War in Who Goes There? (APPLETON). His gallant young American hero, Kervyn Guild, in reality a scion of the old Belgian nobility and reserve officer in the crack regiment of King Albert's army, The Guides, is first introduced as a unit in a party ranged against a wall facing a row of helmeted men in field-grey of a well-known shade; and from that awkward moment till he takes his German-Danish bride to safety through the enemy lines, has a very tough time of it and acquits himself as one has learnt to expect a Belgian officer to do. Karen, his heroine, is an eminently good sportsman, and makes and takes love very prettily indeed. Mr. Chambers weaves his double strand of Love and Death with a skilled hand. And, being a neutral with an immense bias on the right side, he yet sees (or at least saw at the time of correcting his proofsheets, which was before the Gulflight, the Falaba, the Lusitania and other gentle hunnishments) the great quarrel of Isaac the Patriarch, who laid his first-born on the altar. with enough of detachment to allow himself to draw a portrait of a chivalrous Prussian officer, the rival claimant This hitherto unrecorded incident shows that Isaac was a to Karen's hand. Even in our anger it is no bad thing to remarkable example of heredity.

a most worrying book. It is so involved and haphazard, remember that the portrait is a possible one, for it takes just a little of the bitterness out of an ineffably bad business. Perhaps Mr. Chambers, like many writers in this field, is a little too obsessed with those fateful documents which are stolen, pursued, captured, left on the washing-stand and forgotten, though the fugitive's life and a country's fate hang on them. Of course it was flattering of Mr. Chambers to make his hero knit his brow so determinedly and so long over that cipher drawing, the general sense of which dawned upon clever me when I first clapped eyes upon it, as it will dawn on you, gentle reader . . . Taking it all in all, this is a sound book and not blighted with too many

> As far as I can gather from contemporary fiction, the chief flaw in the German system of espionage is that there seems to be no means by which one German spy can recognise another. This makes it hard for the poor fellows. They are going along very nicely, when up comes a perfect stranger, who says, "Hist! I also am from the Wilhelm-

than you. From now on, act entirely under my orders. Perhaps you had better begin by telling me all your professional secrets, and after that I'll be thinking up something else for you to do." Upon which, without a moment's doubt or hesitation, the guileless fellows, saluting humbly and murmuring, "Gott strafe England!" proceed to jump through hoops, sham dead, and do anything else he requires of them. There is something very charming about this childlike faith in one's species, and I am glad to find it flourishing in Berlin, but it must hamper the German



New Farm Assistant (sweetly). "Would you be so kind as to turn that animal for me? I want him to go in here."

latest story, The Lady Passenger (Hodder and Stoughton), to do more deceiving and frustrating than I remember to have come across between the pages of any other six-shilling novel. The scene of The Lady Passenger is laid in Constantinople, shortly before the entry of Turkey into the War, and deals with the efforts of sundry German spies to hand over an English girl to the Turkish Haska Pasha as the price of his assistance in bringing his country into the conflict. Deane poses as a superior spy, orders the lesser spies about, snubs them, bullies the Pasha, and saves the girl. It is an entertaining story, but I am bound to say that the opinion I once held, that the two most dangerous things in the world were German spies and mince pies, has been sadly shaken.

"Isaac Newton, when at school, was a notorious dunce, and nearly always found himself at the bottom of the class."—Answers. And that's how he discovered the theory of Gravitation.

<sup>&</sup>quot;We hear of men who send their only sons to the front in the spirit

Morning Post.

5.

akes

less.

is a

are

and

fate BERS long

hich

n it.

ll in

any

the

here

can

OWS.

efect

elm-

one

on.

lers.

etter

all

rets,

inkfor nich,

oubt

eless

nbly

rott ceed

ops,

hing

iem.

verv

nild-

cies,

d it

ut it man

nce,

NT'S

ON),

r to

lling

Con-

the

s to

a as

the

esser

the

sav

rous

, has

and

spirit

as a

ost.

rs.

n.

#### CHARIVARIA.

"The Daily Mail yesterday said that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE ought to go to Cardiff at once. At 6.10 last night Mr. Lloyd George . . . left for Cardiff."—Daily Mail. Esteemed orders promptly executed.

ofe of: "COAL STRIKE. BLACK OUTLOOK." Daily Chronicle.

rate joke even when it first

came out. 20 20

The Giornale Sicilia states that, during the taking of Monte Nero, a Sicilian soldier captured an Austrian general by lassoing him. We caution our Allies against doing this to any German generals. German generals are very dignified and touchy, and would probably consider it an unfriendly act.

Speaking of Lord Haldane the Kreuzzeitung says:-" His success in deceiving us is due to the admirable and truly English mask of hypocrisy under which he hid his rep-tilian features." One would have thought, however, that the lithe and snake-like sinuosity of the EX-CHANCELLOR'S figure would have put them on their guard.

"RIGA IN DANGER."

The above headline, published last week, caused a feeling of intense depression among limerick-lovers, and the hope was freely expressed that every nerve will be strained to prevent the name of this important town being changed.

We regret to hear that Mr. Justice Avory's remarks, in the course of a spending £500 on a Pekinese puppy, have given grave offence in China.

EDVIN MORROW

The engagement of Mr. EDWIN MON-TAGU and the Hon. VENETIA STANLEY is a bit of a flirt. has been described as "a sort of War Loan affair"-Mr. Montagu taking his fiancée with the right to convert.

least one German paper, which publishes a fact.

a portrait of REMBRANDT in a series of pictures entitled "Great Germans."

known, local scientists will concentrate scent an Irishman here. on the problem of abolishing old age.

announces that he still has some copies for not being a pro-German, and the

A letter from a British soldier in the Persian Gulf, quoted in The Times, says, "We are called the 'goggle-eyed According to the yearly report of the army' owing to our wearing goggles Medical Officer of Health the principal to protect our eyes from the fierce rays cause of death in Cambridge is old age.

It is thought that, now that this is tectors for the same reason." We

The German newspapers are furious The publisher of the magazine, Blast, with the famous Italian singer, Caruso, It's been done before. A very mode- of number one. We can well believe this. Kaiser wants his scarf-pins back,

Œufs à la Coq.

"Egg-laying in poultry descends from sire to daughter." The Scottish Farmer.

A Real Clerk of the Weather.

"Mr. Rufus Williams called attention to the vane on the Town Clerk, which now always pointed to the south-west—a most unfortunate quarter."—Cambrian News.

"Advertiser fed up with dull life wants to correspond with intelligent men. Subjects — Physic, Occult, Religion, & Ghost lore, Humour not objected to. Nom-de-plume on both sides. Address Mr. R. Crusce, Charles Debruguifella," c/o Post Master, Dhurrumtollah." Statesman.

We are sorry that Mr. R. Crusoe, like his namesake, should suffer from ennui, and can only hope that he will find correspondents who can "joke wi'oot deeficulty" on the subjects he mentions.

"The fact that head wounds "The fact that head wounds represent, according to a paper read at the Paris Academy of Medicine, 13:93 per cent. of all wounds is of great importance to a proper understanding of the problem of the use of helmets (culottes metalliques)."—The Times.

It would also help to simplify the problem if our contemporary would kindly explain how the wearing of metal breeches is expected to prevent head-wounds.



ECONOMY IN WAR-TIME. SINGING THEIR OWN WEDDING MARCH.

From The Observer: —"SIR,—'Observator' is wrong in saying that the recent action, on the wickedness of bi-centenary of Queen Anne's death passed unnoticed. I laid a bunch of flowers at the base of her statue in Queen Anne's Gate.—RANDALL DAVIES, F.S.A." We are afraid that RANDALL

"While the cunning silence of the English," says the Kreuzzeitung, " has been taken for pure gold, the gold of Herr Houston Chamberlain declares straightforwardness and justice that is at there is a dearth of great men hidden beneath German talkativeness ing for their liver against a world of pigmies."

Daily Telegraph (Launceston, Tasmania). that there is a dearth of great men hidden beneath German talkativeness among his dear Germans. This fact has not been discovered." The latter

"Mr. ——, of Kipling Avenue, Bath, has received a commission in the 169th Battalion D.C.L.I."—Bath and Wilts Chronicle.

The reports that recruiting in the Delectable Duchy has been slack are evidently unfounded. If you persist in them, these 169,000 "Cornishmen will know the reason why."

From a speech by the German Chancellor:-

"Germany and Austria-Hungary were fight-

We hope it may be inferred from this would seem to be appreciated by at portion of this statement is, anyhow, that the Central Powers have given up all hope of saving their bacon.

## WEARY WILLIE, JUNIOR.

I HEAR that we are going strong
Out there upon the Polish front,
But somehow something's always wrong
About my own peculiar stunt;
Each single time I take a blob;
For just a solid year I've scored 'em;
And now this tedious Argonne job
Has turned me stiff with boredom.

Once more I'm told to hack my way
To Verdun by the nearest route,
This time allowing no delay
For women, wine or other loot;
Well, I have hacked and hacked and hacked
Day after day in dull succession,
And only made in point of fact
A very small impression.

I fear that Father takes it ill;
He taught me as a bud to sprout;
From him I learned the way to spill
My cannon-fodder's blood about;
He nursed my Hohenzollern brains
And showed my scabbard how to rattle,
And yet, for all his pious pains,
I cannot win a battle.

So now he cuts me. All this while

He's polishing up his orb and crown,
Rehearsing how to make in style

His entry into Warsaw town;
And there (with Mother, too, in tow)

He'll leave me outside in the chilly,
And never pause to care a blow

About his Little Willie.

O. S.

#### HOW TO END THE WAR IN NO TIME.

(By Our Aerial Expert, Mr. Bindles Dibs.)

I RETURN this week (as I did last week and the week before and expect to do next week) to the need for an Aerial Offensive on a grand scale. It is a most extraordinary thing that the Government can't be made to see it after all the trouble I have had in working out the details. I have consistently advocated, in this publication and elsewhere, on the platform and in the Press, the recognition of our air forces in the capacity not of an arm but of a service; also the vital difference between an Attack and an Assault, the hopeless ineffectiveness of Raids as compared with Thrusts, and the important distinction between an Offensive Act and a mere Impertinence. To-day we come back to our old ground and proceed to discuss (1) How our aerial fleet is to be obtained, and (2) How it is to be employed.

We must have an adequate force, and this force must not have any earthly connection with the forces we have already. It must not be confounded with them at all; it must be a new, special and unique departure, set aside, ear-marked, allocated, fore-ordained. You see it is meant to be a fresh element of surprise, and it is clear that the more I go on talking about it the more profoundly unprepared the enemy will be for its appearance. But one point about it up."

How is this force to be obtained? We must not for a moment interfere with the work that is going on in the production of aeroplanes to operate as an arm with our forces in the field. (I have nothing to do with that: I believe them to be doing well). The thing must be done on a

territorial basis and spread over every part of the British Isles. I have taken a good deal of trouble to work this out and have arrived, by a process of elimination, at the only possible method. I do not ask for an unreasonable number of aeroplanes, but we must have ten thousand to start with, and the number must increase by leaps and bounds. As I calculate, it can be done, with our existing resources, in a matter of about five weeks. But the work must be minutely sub-divided.

Let every parish form a committee and undertake the local production of one machine and the training of one aviator. Local conditions must of course be considered. In some cases the man most suited to be trained for this purpose would be one of the churchwardens; in others not. But the right man could easily be found. Where a parish committee could not be formed without friction the thing might be put in the hands of the local Cricket Club, or the Horticultural Society, where such exists. Plans would be provided by a central office in London. I cannot see any difficulty that can arise. By the way, will all inventors, constructors, mechanics, local tradesmen willing to try to make parts of aeroplanes and other aerial accessories immediately communicate with me by registered post?

Let us suppose, allowing for all delays, that our new fleet is ready for mobilization by the second week in October. How then is it to be employed so as to wind up the War before the third week in November, and so obviate another winter campaign? It must operate at selected points in a continuous stream, night and day. The flight must be made at a certain altitude and in a certain formation, and, more than that, in a certain given direction. The best formation, to allow for windage, is a diamond lozenge shape with an oblique spear head. This ensures that if every man drops bombs for all he is worth some of them will reach their billet. For let me again impress upon my readers the fact, not yet sufficiently grasped, that an aeroplane is not simply a weapon with a range of some hundreds of miles, it is also a club which can strike at a distance; it may also almost be said to be a fist, enhanced by a trajectory.

There are many useful objectives. There are—did I ever mention it before?—the bridges over the Rhine. If they were destroyed they could not be freely used till they were repaired. Again, the German army in the West would be rendered helpless by the unceasing bombardment of the General Staff. Again—this is my newest idea: I always like to put in something new to encourage my readers—the crops in the Hungarian Plain (such of them as are still ungarnered in October) could be made unfit for human use by being subjected to a curtain of bombs on an extensive scale.

I have only to add that if it is decided to go forward with the scheme, exactly as here described, I shall be happy to give my services in any useful capacity.

H. G. Wells writes:—"My dear

Correspondence: Mr. H. G. Wells writes:—"My dear Dibs,—It's no good. If people of rich imagination and brilliant prophetic powers—like you and me—who foresaw every incident and development of the present War about the end of last century, cannot get a hearing and a following now, there may be, after all, some truth in the torrent of bosh about national inefficiency that issues from the Press every day. So I think you may as well give it up."

"EDINBURGH AND DISTRICT. KRUPP'S MEN THREATEN TO STRIKE."

Edinburgh Evening News.

in the field. (I have nothing to do with that: I believe them to be doing well). The thing must be done on a not reported the enemy's invasion of the Scottish capital.



# PUTTING HIM IN HIS PLACE.

AUSTRIAN EMPEROR. "HOW WELL OUR ARMS ARE DOING!"

GERMAN EMPEROR (coldly). "QUITE SO. BY THE WAY, I HEAR YOU'VE GOT A WAR ON WITH ITALY. ANY NEWS FROM THAT FRONT?"

15.

ritish is out only imber with, As I

with, As I s, in a nutely

te the f one dered. It this is not, parish thing or the all be e any

rtors, cry to s imr fleet tober. War other s in a st be

, and, best shape every n will n my at an some at a

did I
e. If
they
West
ment
idea:
e my
them

them it for os on ward ll be

dear and resaw about nd a n the

from give

ews. s has tal.

\$ 9474 F ...



Patriotic Villager (discussing ages). "If this WAR 'AD ONLY STARTED THIRTY YEARS AGO, SIR, I COULD JUST 'A SQUEEZED INTO

## FROM A BELGIAN GARDEN.

DEAR MONSIEUR X,-Since I last boldly eat our meals in the less turbufive minutes one evening; the gas smell, which makes you cry from eyes, nose, blown in and your priceless kitchen-range wrecked. The beams of the is a heap of bricks.

But the cellar is still good, and some of the men sleep there. For others we have dug two fine strong-bolstered pits, under the western bay-window. We had to take these liberties and we ask your pardon.

from time to time come to your garden tion-every evening, and his teams

stayed two days and one night. They clean through it. Doors and windows smashed at its base, and four eightlent days. But our sometime bedroom for a dreadful period not measurable by and it looks as if it had once been ordinary time. Another eight-inch shell remember. yours-had two stink-shells in it within landed within a dozen feet of our telephone dug-out, right in the face of the little china Notre Dame in the tree, and and throat all at once, lingered about it failed to explode! The place shook the debris for a week. The kitchen is horribly, but two of us crawled out and put the shell in a deep damp hole. Not one of our battery was hit. But the upstairs rooms wave about and groan other people! What was left of them the shattered north-east beech is in all in the wind. The little carriage house pulled their guns out as soon as dusk came in the evening of that second day. In all, three batteries have come to that north-eastern side of your house and tried to stay there. We are alone one outside your front door and one here now with your house and garden We in ruins.

miracles can happen! Ask the Q.M.S. We are convinced it was the fault of about miracles. He rides up with the other batteries, Monsieur, who have transport party—rations and ammuni-

and requested leave to take up a posi- have to travel for over a mile in the tion in the hedge on the Germany side shell zone before they leave the twist-of it. The first of these neighbours ing road to trot across the final threequarters of a mile of fields up to the wrote to you, we in your garden have had not the art of hiding from the house here. I have just told you what been through some tough times. Your aeroplane. Your hedge there was torn those fields look like. The Germans house has had at least a dozen shells up, the noble north-east beech was try and time their Evening Hate to coincide with the Q.M.S.'s arrival, no longer exist and several walls are inch shells roared down into the farm but he has always got his transport swept away as by a wizard's wand, stables near by and set them on fire. The through without disaster. Probably In one room which remains whole we high-explosives whistled and hummed he could not explain how. The ride within inches of our cowering heads across your western fields under shell fire, Monsieur, is something to

> The German shells have not entirely killed the Spring which we have spent here. The chestnuts in your windbreaks have flamed out; the gorgeous lilacs have burst forth strong and sweet and luxuriant, challenging all furies whatsoever; the great rhododendron by its old riot of colour. Not a single shell has hit any of these splendid things. Perhaps Mademoiselle your daughter who has taken you by the arm, surely, to look at this passion of Nature in former springtimes—perhaps Mademoiselle may be glad to hear this And yet some people will deny that news of them. Be so good as to say, iracles can happen! Ask the Q.M.S. with my salutations, how heartily I

Yours in gratitude, FORWARD OBSERVING OFFICER.

#### THE COUNTRY COTTERS.

DEAR PETER,-Thank you for your magnanimous offer to lend me one-and-

What we are accustomed to is an "excellent cuisine under the immediate supervision of a professional, choice wines from our own wood, separate knives and forks for each course, separate serviettes," the type of accommodation with which the Railway Guides have doubtless made you familiar.

But I see no prospect of our being able to afford these extravagances unless we make some more money. This we could possibly do by Joan's accepting a little plain charing and by my taking pupils for fretwork and the mandoline-courses which, I need scarcely say, we are very loath to adopt, as the families of both of us date back to QUEEN VICTORIA, a fact of which we are naturally proud, though jealous young Edwardians might possibly call it swank.

Things being so, you may imagine how anxious I am to solve the problem of our annual holiday satisfactorily. A few days ago I thought I had done so. I came across an advertisement in one of the papers which suggested to me a method whereby we could secure, with a little adroitness and savoir faire, a holiday of the kind to which we have been brought up, at only half the usual price. The advertisement concluded-"Terms from 7s. 6d. a day . . . Days of arrival and departure

my idea? If we started off in the side- have absolutely squandered eight-ninths is no more than usual, and our family car one morning at about 5.30 we could of a Lumpton-super-Mare full meat doctor would not have any objection to reach Lumpton super-Mare in time for breakfast, eight-ninths of a Lumpton testifying that I always discard from the "full meat breakfast" at 8.30, and lunch (with choice of hot and cold weakness. Or, let me see, isn't it you need not leave until we had had "coffee dishes), eight-ninths of a Lumpton after- who ought to give me references? I in the Lounge" after dinner on the noon tea (including cake or biscuits), will ask Perkins (not, if I can avoid following day. would undoubtedly be cheap at 15s. for table d'hôte dinner, eight-ninths of a course of general conversation), and if the two of us. We should then leave Lumpton coffee in the lounge, to say he says Yes, I shall require references the Hotel at 11.55 and return at a few nothing of eight-ninths of bed, free from the Archbishop of Canterbury, minutes after midnight, and ask for boots, lights and attendance. rooms again. And so on, day after day, until we had spent all our money, or were forcibly escorted beyond the frontier by a posse of Boy Scouts.

I laid the idea before Joan, but she immediately after reading your generous ment somewhere, or else why hasn't the idea been worked before? My sevenpence till next screw-day, but you haven't got my brains. Nevertheless, from which to write letters to The have entirely misinterpreted my letter. Joan refuses to attempt the scheme Daily Mail, possibly with the notion You forgot to read between the lines. unless I first consult Perkins about it. that the opinions of Peter Travers, of What I intended to convey to you was But that, I consider, would be sheer Windleton, in the County of Sussex, that Joan and I are much too hard up waste of money, because I shall have Gentleman, will have greater weight this year to afford a holiday on our to pay Perkins 6s. 8d. for his opinion with the Editor than those of Peter usual scale of princely munificence in any case, and then, if his opinion Travers, of Thornton Heath, in the

[According to a publican who gave evidence the other day, the earlier closing of public-houses owing to War regulations has led to a larger jug trade.]

Workman (grappling with the difficulty). "STRAFE THE KAISER! THERE GOES ANOTHER HALF-PINT!"

reckoned as one day." Now can you see | should coincide with my own, I shall pleased to certify that my overdraft This accommodation eight-ninths of a Lumpton 18-hole it, in a professional way, but in the

With some reluctance, therefore, I Ambassador. finally abandoned the idea at 2.47 A.M. next morning, but I rejoice to say that sounds more like a biscuit), a brand-new brain-wave arrived to-day

says there must be a flaw in my argu- letter. Now, Peter, you own a country cottage, "The Yews" (or is it "The Ewes"?), at Windleton, Sussex, which answer to that was that other people you never use except as an address

> County of—is it in a county?—average adjuster. What do you say to letting it to me for three weeks come next Tuesday? I should be willing to pay you any sum in reason, say threepence a week, for the use of it. I would take great care of it, and always bring it in at night . . . No, no, my dear Peter, we simply couldn't. We may be poor, but (as I have already told you) we are proud. I insist on putting the matter on a regular business footing. Many thanks all the same, in which my wife joins me. . . .

We should, of course, expect nothing in return for airing the beds, ventilating the premises or feeding the ewes (or is it But I should like " yews"?). to know-

(a) What rent will you allow me to pay?

(b) Is the cottage on the electrophone?

(c) Is there a bath-room? Failing that, a duckingstool at the village pond?

A skating-rink? A presbytery?

Do we have to take our own linen, glass, cutlery and chaplain?

Let me have a reply at once, there's a good Peter, for which I enclose-at least, I think I enclose; yes, I do enclose-a penny stamp.

What about references? My bankers will, I am sure, be

Mr. GORDON SELFRIDGE and the Spanish

Your loving little friend (though it

OSWALD.

us ry he ch ess he on of ex. ht er he 011 'ee I ny 3 8 ıld VS lo, ly ut ve he ot-10, ect he es it

ke

W

he

1?

ø.

1?

ur

ry

at

or

n-

Iy

be

ift

ly

to

m

ou

I

id

he

if

es

RY.

sh

it



Prisoner (on being asked, "What say you, "Guilty" or "Not guilty"?"). "ME LUD, I LEAVE IT TO THE LEARNED COUNSELS TO FIGHT OUT BETWEEN." EM. I'LL BE NEUTRAL."

## THE IMPORTUNATES.

A FRAGMENT.

Past-master of th' inquisitorial art, Behold Sir Arthur Markham, blameless Bart..

Who in his hate of prophesyings smooth Out-Herods Некор and out-Handels Воотн.

Not his the methods of his namesake mild,

Instructress of the mid-Victorian child, But a relentless longing, fierce and fell, To drag poor Truth at all hours from her well,

Linked with a childish jealousy of those Who vie with him in comforting our foes. For though, as Master of the Scapegoat Hunt,

Sir Arthur long has kept his place in front,

In sheer grotesque irrelevance Ginnell Must be pronounced to bear away the bell.

Two of a trade; the ancient saw proves

Of the two leaders of the curious crew. In the long run the pupil always wins, And then the ancient comedy begins—Satan rebukes his own peculiar sins.

Nor must veracity refrain or flinch From doing justice to the wondrous Lynch, Who in his quest of needless knowledge seeks

To prove himself the very Prince of Freaks.

Yet, if his talk be tall, for this abuse He can admittedly plead good excuse: Nature, his countrymen are wont to tell, Gave him an inch, and so he took an L.

And there are others who foment distrust

By stirring up recriminative dust—
Most worthy men, no doubt, but how I
wish

They'd fry some other and less stinking fish—

Mason from Coventry to London sent, Although the converse was by Nature meant,

And Dalziel, who assiduously tries To scare the timid by his tales of spies.

In fine, though not habitually prone
To harbour homicidal thoughts, I own
To feeling them within my bosom rise
Against these Parliamentary Paul Prys.
Thank Heav'n, for some few blessèd
weeks to come

The rising of the House will keep them dumb,

And, in enforced abstention from debates,

Less free to tempt the Nemesis that waits

On those who labour with unholy zeal Lest England's wounds should be allowed to heal.

#### THE HONEYMOON.

Dear Chloe,—When, a year ago,
We planned our honeymoon together,
We asked but little here below—
A week or two of decent weather,
Hotels attuned to English ways

(The Continent we both laid stress on), The guiding hand of Cook or GAZE To teach the amateur his lesson.

My word, there's been a change since then,

A change exceeding swift and thorough!

And now I guard, from six till ten,
The gas-works of my native borough;
While you, by tender zeal possessed,
Each week foregather with your
neighbours,

And do your dear unskilful best To share in Sister Susie's labours.

But, when the Hun has met his fate, And we, evading rice and slippers, Depart the parish church in state,

The latest thing in bridal-trippers; When War and "frightfulness" are not, And Krupp is impotent to scare us,

To some remote and restful spot A surplus Zeppelin shall bear us.

## THE WATCH DOGS.

XXIV.

My DEAR CHARLES, — The week's battalion communique runs: —"Thursday evening. Our Henry was vigor-ously attacked at 6.30 by a hostile line, in comfortable ease and security, after a somewhat violent engagement he won. While the casualties on our side were limited to damages to a cap and waterproof coat, the enemy shell was completely annihilated." My first thought was "Poor old Charles! He will have to listen to a lot of talk about this." Even then it occurred to me that you might think I was attaching too much importance to what is, after all, one among many millions of "crumps; at the same time I felt that sufficient importance never could be attached to that blinding, deafening monstrosity which landed at my front door at 6.30 pipp emma (as the signallers would say), and then and there had the one great expansive moment of its career. To think that, even if it had been a yard to the left and so eliminated me, the official communiqué would still have run: "Thursday. Nothing of importance occurred on the Western front!"

A dozen shells had already burst in our area, and we had not complained. It is the little attention which the enemy is used to paying us of an evening, and upon which we have come to look as our special perquisite, claimthat trench No. -- has the most adequate shell-service in the neighbourhood. As usual, I had withdrawn into my dug-out and was, for the tenth time, rearranging its interior, making a place for everything, putting everything in its place. When your floor, walls and ceiling are naked earth, there need be no limit to the tidiness of your home; if, for instance, there is no place to put your stud, you take your jack-knife and carve a little niche in the wall; there you have your recess for officer's stud complete.

At the passage of the twelfth shell I had housed everything, and I should have gone out, assuming the danger to be past, had it not occurred to me that I had omitted to provide accommodation for myself. I was moulding the floor to fit that peculiar thing, the human body, when black darkness, accompanied by a lot of red light, smoke, earth, stones, hot metal and pieces of waterproof, arrived; the noisiest arrival I ever recollect. In the débris only one thing was visible, a sheet of a leaded legend, What is High Explosive?

I was extremely annoyed and anxious | we must be Frightful." immediately to inform the responsible person how surprised I was at the Fritz would say.

attitude he had seen fit to adopt. In calmer contemplation, I convinced myself that what had happened was probably something after this

A long way behind the German firing shell of a highly explosive nature; but there would be three people, Major von Thingummy, O.C. the howitzer battery; Lieut. Fritz, and Sub-Officer No. 9999, one of the strong silent sort with an undue sense of his own importance. The Major, fat and spectacled, would be sitting at his dug-out door, reading his evening paper and cursing himself for ever having invested his money in the Hamburg-Amerika line; the Sub-Officer would be polishing his buttons preparatory to firing his salvoes; Fritz would be fussing round the guns generally, preventing the men from doing their work. At 5.55 P.M. precisely, Fritz and the Sub-Officer would fall in, dress by the left, march some few paces to the Major's dug-out, salute, dress by the right, and stand to attention, waiting orders. The Major, having finished the last page of his paper, would turn over the leaves and start again at the beginning, a way which soldiers at the Front have with their newspapers.

After an interval, "How many rounds shall we fire to-night, Sir?" Fritz would ask deferentially. The Major would go on reading; Fritz would clear his throat; the Sub-Officer would stand to more attention than ever. "How many rounds shall we fire to-night, Sir?" Fritz would repeat in a slightly louder voice.

"No, thanks . . . yes, please," the Major would say inconsequently, not taking his eyes off his paper. There would be a tense pause; eventually the Major would put his paper across his knees and, closing his eyes, would settle himself down to his preprandial nap. Fritz and the Sub-Officer would stand it as long as they could, but when the Major began to snore their patience would give out, and, saluting very ironically, they would depart to do their firing on their own. Looking very solemn and fierce about it, they would loose off their dozen rounds, doing no more harm, if they did but know it, than to inflict a nasty gash on a not very important sand-bag.

The noise would wake the Major, who would summon Fritz and the Sub-Officer to him. "By the way," he would say, "isn't it about time for our evening splash? You'd better loose current journal showing the heavy- off the guns . . . not that I believe we ever hit anything, but war is war and

"The guns have been fired, Sir,"

"Then fire them again, my lad."

"But we have fired twelve rounds, Sir, and scored several direct hits."

"Then make it a baker's dozen and give 'em another for luck," the Major would say, smiling outwardly, but being inwardly a little tired of Fritz and the Sub-Officer and their direct hits.

"What at, Sir?" Fritz would ask.
"Any old thing," the Major would say, starting once more on the evening news, and because (and only because) orders are orders, the pair of them would go away, stuff a shell hastily into one of the guns, let it off without taking any aim at all to speak of . . . And that would be the shell about which I am making all this fuss! .

I should have said that my cap and waterproof coat were hanging just outside my dug-out. The cap was pierced in several places, the coat torn to ribbons. The cap I now loan (at a price) to officers going home on leave who desire to create a sensation. "My dear boy," their relatives ask, "whatever made those holes in that cap? The officer assumes an air of indifference. "A shell," says he truly, and adds hastily, "but let us talk of something else." The coat I have returned to the makers, Messrs. Burding, with the following note: - "Sirs, -This ccat having come, as you see, to a sudden end, but myself being happily still with you, I ask the sordid question, who is going to bear the expense of replacing it? Four names suggest themselves-

(1) Henry—a non-starter. (2) The British Government might, but would take a twelvemonth making up their minds, during which time it might start raining again.

(3) The German Government ought to, but probably haven't the money. Anyhow I can't ask, because we are not on speaking terms.

(4) Messrs. Burding oughtn't to, but if they liked to try I'm sure neither (3), (2) nor (1) would stand in their

With my men, whom by the way I met coming to look for me with an entrenching tool, you will be glad to hear that all is well. They have, how-ever, relapsed into their old vice of digging, night and day, in out-of-battle hours. Sometimes it is ten men with ten spades, sometimes a hundred men with fifty picks and fifty shovels, sometimes even more. This has inspired my platoon poet to a further effort:-

"If all the troops with all the tools Should dig for half-a-year,
Do you suppose," our Captain asked,
"That then we should be clear?" "I doubt it," said the Adjutant,

Knowing his Brigadier.

HENRY. Yours ever.

ls, nd or ng he

ld ng (e) m ly ut ut nd ited to a ve Iy itifnd eed th at en th 18

ng

nt,

ng

it

y.

ot

ut

er

eir

1

an

to

W-

of

tle th

en

ie-

ed



"Now, IN THE EVENT OF A FIRE BREAKING OUT, WHAT ARE YOU TO DO?"

"RIGHT. AND, IF I'M NOT TO BE FOUND, WHAT THEN?"

"RUN AND FIND YOU, SIR."

"PUT OUT THE FIRE, SIR."

## ON THE SPY-TRAIL,

IX.

Jimmy says the War has come quite close to his house; it's the Volunteer Training Corps, and they drill in a field at the bottom of Jimmy's garden. The would give the order. milkman is mixed up in it, Jimmy says, and it was through watching the way he did it that Jimmy's bloodhound, Faithful, caught another German spy.

The milkman told Jimmy that some of them found it very complicated, but to him it was a mere fleabite in the ccean, as you might say. Lots of things are like that to Faithful, Jimmy says, things which would make other bloodhounds worry themselves a lot.

Jimmy says the milkman has twentyseven inches of his own to move in, and an extra six or seven they give him on either side, because of his activity.

The milkman takes off his jacket and waistcoat to do it because it is so hot and it helps his pores. Jimmy says that the first time the sergeant told the milkman to dress he went to put his clothes on again, and what the sergeant said made the milkman mark time like anything.

Jimmy says the milkman is very him quite freely as if he had known wanted him to do a clog dance he

Jimmy says the milkman likes "asyou-were" best; he is a good as-youwerer, because when the sergeant gives the command he hasn't got to do anyothers as they return to him-you see the milkman was all the time, that's The milkman is very quick like that, Jimmy says.

You have to anticipate the word of command by listening to the caution, Jimmy says, and after the command the milkman always laughs and shakes his head and says, "I'm wrong, sargint," just like that; "I'm wrong, sargint," he says. He is a happy little soul, the sergeant says.

Jimmy says the sergeant hasn't known the milkman long, but he took to him the very first night after they had numbered off. The milkman had office," and now the serjeant talks to right and told him to take an object to

good at marking time, and it's because him all his life. He uses the milkof his high action. The sergeant man to demonstrate with; he asked doesn't admire it much, though, and him to show the others which was his he told the milkman that when he right hand and which his left. You see he didn't know the milkman was lefthanded; the milkman told the sergeant he was born like that, and it all depended on which arm you were nursed on-he had a cousin like it, he said. Jimmy says it is very nice to sit thing except smile a welcome at the on a fence and listen to the sergeant giving the words of command; the sergeant shouts out, "Hip! Hop!!" and ever so many of them form fours, but the milkman marks time, because he is so very good at that, and he believes in sticking to what you know.

Jimmy says the sergeant swears by the milkman; you can hear him doing it. KITCHENER said that recruits want six months at least, and Jimmy heard the sergeant tell the milkman that he deserved more and would get it if he had his way.

Jimmy says that Faithful likes to see the milkman on active service, and he helped him to stalk a sheep. You see, said he was "No. 114, next to the post they had mislaid the milkman on the



Fond Mother. "Isn't the War dreadful? And so awkward when poor dear Sylvia is just coming out."

march on. Jimmy says the milkman wards put out his hand to talk to the fixed his eye on a sheep which was sergeant, and when he told the sergeant, standing there biting grass at him, and "I've burst me braces, sargint," the Faithful helped him to track it down. sergeant let him go.

sergeant gives the command, "Hip! are going to loose the milkman at the Hop! by your right!" and off they go. Germans yet, as he is not quite ready. Then he says, "No 3, rear rank, is out You see they haven't given him a rifle of step," and the milkman kicks the and bayonet yet, and the man next to man in front of him hard on the back the milkman says when they do he is of the calf and gets into step in no going home. time, and then the sergeant says, "No talking in the ranks." The milkman ful giving the words of command to says war is a terrible thing.

one evening. It was when they had the first thing he did was to double formed fours and were doubling round a lawn and all over a kitchen Jimmy says the milkman was in the garden, taking his time from a cat, middle of the column; you could tell which kept just a few feet ahead of him. head bob up and down. They were going hard at it, Jimmy says, when the milkman suddenly bent down to to the station in a hurry to catch a tie up his bootlace. The milkman is train; he had a bag in his hand and very quick like that, Jimmy says; he didn't know there was a bloodhound doesn't like to lose any time. Everythe sergeant Hip! Hop!

Jimmy says he could see that Faithit again; but the milkman soon after- scratch himself.

Jimmy says that sometimes the Jimmy says he doesn't think they

Jimmy says you could hear old Faithful giving the words of command to himself all that night, and when he else said, "Looks like a bomb. Give Jimmy says they had a lovely time took him out on the spy trail, nearly him by his high action, which made his It doesn't take Faithful long to select

body who could fell over the milkman, and that he was just engaged in active copied some of his manœuvres. He Jimmy says, and you should have heard retreat before a heavy shower of flowerpots.

Jimmy says Faithful came skidding ful liked this part of the manœuvres, out and stopped right in front of the and he waited for the milkman to do man, not to tie up his bootlace, but to

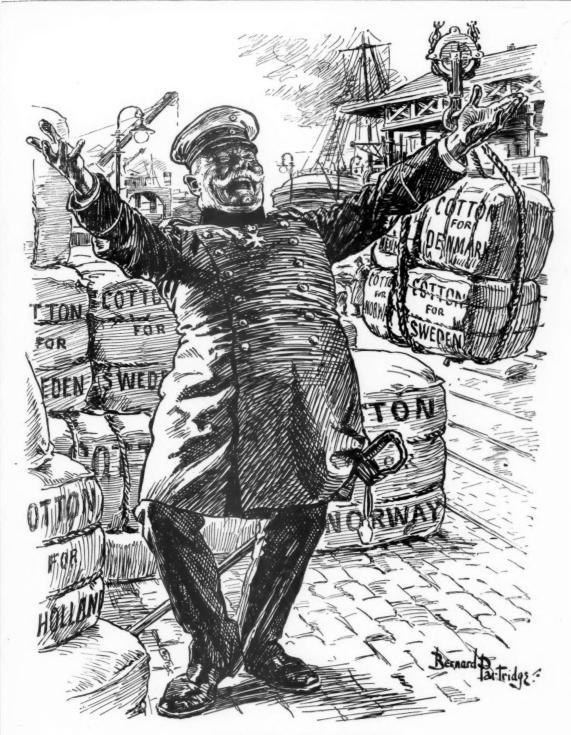
Jimmy says the man went an awful whack, and banged the bag hard on the ground as if he meant it. Jimmy says Faithful immediately manœuvred over a wall, and then everything began to happen. The bag burst into flames and the man danced about. The man tried to explain to the people that it was a box of fusees. They were very strong fusees, Jimmy says, because they had a flame two feet long.

her a kick, Bill, and see if she'll go off."

Jimmy says the man seemed in a hurry to catch his train, because he upset a little girl who was pushing to get to the front to see the bomb go off.

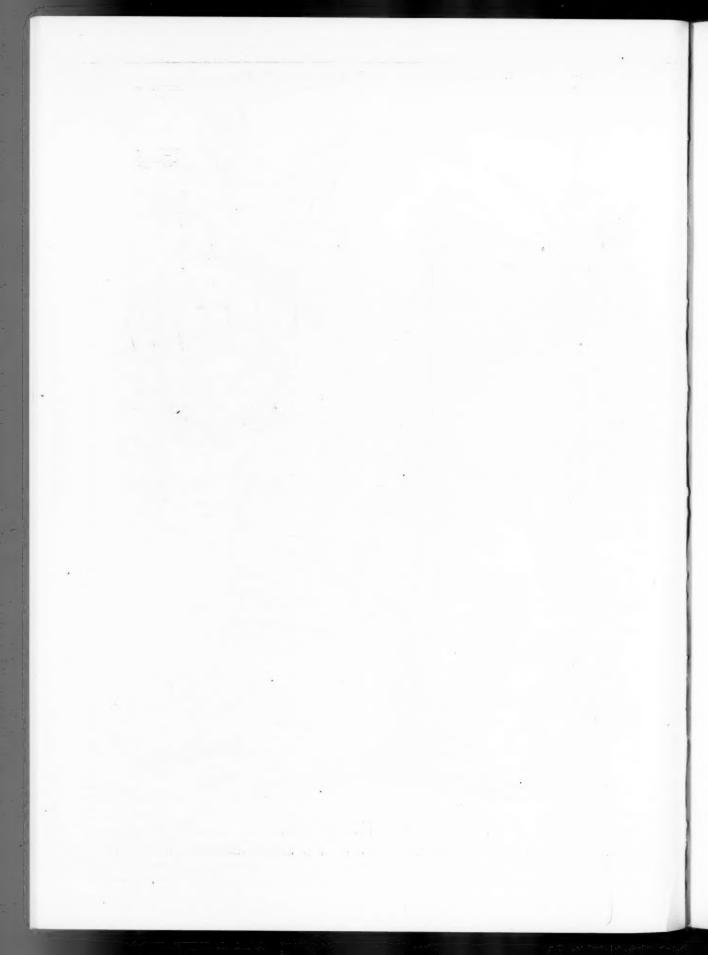
Jimmy says it was one of these things you put in a factory or a warehouse, and then you see nice photographs in the papers showing you a policeman guarding the ruins.

The milkman was very pleased when Jimmy told him how Faithful had said he found that it came to him quite natural like. All you had to remember was to keep your feet at forty-five degrees, and you could always tell by the feel of them even without a thermometer to go by.



## A FRIEND IN NEED.

GERMANY. "WHO SAID 'GOD PUNISH ENGLAND!'? GOD BLESS ENGLAND, WHO LETS US HAVE THE SINEWS OF WAR."



#### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



Another Leek in his Cap. (Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.)

19th.—In days when whist was played defended coast towns. German Press as he hurried off to catch his train. there was in currency a decree "When in doubt lead trumps." Adapted to-day by succession of Governments, Liberal and Coalition. "When in difficulty play LLOYD GEORGE" is the variant. It came into use early in his career, which commenced at Board of Trade. Since then it has governed Ministerial action with increasing regularity

Difficulty of the hour is the strike in South Wales, affecting 200,000 men and dangerously limiting supply of fuel vital to the Fleet. RUNCIMAN, in official position at Board of Trade, has wrestled manfully with the difficulty. His mediation baulked by a a few men who, cleverly evading submission of case to the ballot, commanded the situation.

This watched from Germany with grateful glee. Worth the loss of a colony here and there. In some measure compensates for clearance from the seas

makes no attempt to hide exultation at discovery of this unexpected ally in inner fortress of the enemy.

Deadlock reached this morning. Prolonged, painstaking negotiations between Board of Trade and South move will be sharp tussle between the law and law-breakers. Cabinet Council met at noon, with result communicated by Runciman in an aside interpolated in speech on moving Second Reading of Bill limiting price of coal.

LLOYD GEORGE is going down to Cardiff to talk to the men, not tomorrow but this very evening.

General cheer welcomed news. PRE-SIDENT OF BOARD OF TRADE, having made his speech, excused himself from sitting through discussion of the Bill. Off to Cardiff by 6.10 P.M. train in company with MINISTER OF MUNITIONS. House agreed that on the whole this of its cruisers, irresistible in attack more useful than listening to speeches. which German prisoners were interned.

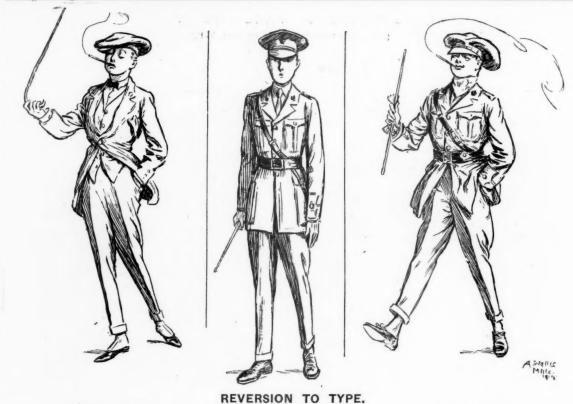
House of Commons, Monday, July upon unarmed merchantmen and un- Gave him parting cheer for good luck

Business done.—Coal Prices Bill read second time. Lords' Bill advancing by a week opportunity of killing grouse in Scotland shelved.

Tuesday. - In half-empty House PRIME MINISTER moved Vote of Credit Wales miners come to an end. Next for 150 millions, third in current financial year. Instinctively adapting himself to circumstance he spoke in conversational manner. His voice so low it seemed that here and there he dropped an odd million or two. But what were they among so many?

Ominous feature in matter-of-fact story is the regularity with which expenditure outstrips Votes of Credit. Estimated that 250 millions, voted on 1st of March, would carry on the War until second week in July. By end of June every penny was gone.

Some of them wasted on the loaves of bread Dalziel saw bobbing about on the water when, one of a Committee of Inspection, he visited big ship upon



BEFORE THE WAR.

FIRST WEEKS OF WAR.

BACK TO THE OLD FORM.

Odd in view of almost passionate sheaves with him in form of settlegeneral public by Ministerial authorities. Explanation offered simple if not fully satisfactory. The thing, Member for Kirkcaldy was told, happens every day with regularity of rising or ebbing War Office insists upon sending more bread than can possibly be used. So it is chucked overboard.

That by the way.

When, moving one of the earlier Votes of Credit, PREMIER named a daily expenditure of three millions the House gasped. Wonderful how, in imitation of the eel in disciplinary circumstance, we grow accustomed to the inevitable. This estimate, like all others (including the cost of bread), has been exceeded. PREMIER now admitted that daily expenditure "may be substantially more than three millions." A Vote of 100 to carry us on till end of September.

heartily agreed to.

achievement adding fresh renown to tion by Colonial Minister. brilliant career. MINISTER OF MUNI-RUNCIMAN during last three weeks. greeted MINISTER OF MUNITIONS.

TENNANT declined on public grounds to answer one put by Higham. Higham persisting, Speaker supported Minister, a few fathoms' length in the far-flung

millions might reasonably be expected assumed part of Little Wilhelmine. In-tinuous slaughter of French, Germans, vited PRIME MINISTER to state "what Russians, Austrians and Italians. As a matter of precaution 150 millions asked for.

Business done.—Fresh Vote of Credit

This is all stress to state what Russians, Austrians and Italians. They killed each other for?" Old Kaspar—I beg his pardon; I mean the Premier—referred inquiring mind the throne the Kaiser's highest ambito a speech delivered by himself at tion has been to excel Napoleon's Wednesday.—The lead of trumps won Guildhall on Lord Mayor's Day, and record. When he has undertaken the game. LLOYD GEORGE back from to other pronouncements made since personal direction of events in the field cardiff this evening, bringing his opening of the War.

Business done.—Colonial Office Vote injunction to economy addressed to ment of South Wales strike. A great passed after interesting review of situa-

> Thursday. - In reply to Question TIONS is the last man to overlook, or PRIME MINISTER gives particulars of minimise, value of spade work done by casualties in the Dardanelles. Of men and officers killed, wounded and Telegrams from Cardiff received at missing the roll totals 42,434. This House make it clear that Welsh miners to end of June, and here we are twonot disposed in that direction. At thirds of the way through July, fighting meeting of delegates where settlement going on by day and by night. Figures was signed and sealed, President of appalling. Exceed the total of casual-BOARD OF TRADE met with ovation ties suffered throughout long course second only in enthusiasm to that which of the Boer War, which amounted to 38,156. And the campaign at the gate Rather lively time with Questions. of Constantinople, illuminated on sea and was rebuked by ARTHUR MARKHAM. battle line. And the full tale of British Byles of Bradford, waking up to loss in the East and in the West forms knowledge that the country is at war, an item comparatively small in the con-



Captain. "Hullo, there, Murphy! Why are you getting on so slowly with that dug-out?" Private. "Faith, Captain, the roof in there is that low I've got to come outside and swing me pick, and then walk IN AND HIT UT!"

great exemplar. But in the matter of wholesale slaughter and the infliction of untold misery on mankind he has the satisfaction of knowing he far exceeds the record of the earlier Scourge of Europe.

la-

on

Of

nd

nis

0-

ng

es

al-

'Se

to

te

ea

of

ut

ng

sh

ns

n-

ıs,

re

ed

i-

'S

en

ld

is

Business done.-In Committee on Price of Coal Bill.

"The Sotsman, in an indignant criticism of the ignorant opposition to the Grouse Bill . . ."-Evening News.

The Evening News, we believe, also opposed the Grouse Bill, but that does not justify it in insulting its Scottish contemporary in this way.

"There are, nevertheless, the Bulgarians, the Roumanians and the Greeks to be considered, and Balkan monarchs cannot, like William, say 'Sie valo sie jube.' ''

The Newcastle Daily Chronicle.

WILLIAM of course is capable de tout, but we are not surprised that such language sticks in the throat of respectable monarchs.

"Time is on our side. Men, money, and unitions are ultimately on our side. Who munitions are ultimately on our side. Whis there to deny that we cannot win?"

Dublin Daily Express.

Well, Mr. Punch does, for one.

#### A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

(German bakers are now producing cakes with "Gott strafe England" on them.)

Young Heinrich at the age of ten, An offspring of the Huns,

Joined manly hate of Englishmen With childish love of buns; And so it filled him with delight

When bakeries divulged A plan whereby these passions might Be both at once indulged.

In fervent love of Fatherland Young Heinrich swiftly brake The patriotic dough nut and

The loyal currant cake; To guard his hate from growing less

Through joy at this repast He saved - precocious thoroughness!-

The "strafe" bits till last.

Alack! his well-intentioned cram Cost little Heinrich dear; Disorder in the diaphragm Concluded his career;

To find out why he passed away They bade the doctor come.

And "strafe England," so they say, Was printed on his tum.

"On May 9th, during a heavy bombard-ment, we exploded all the furnaces simul-taneously, with the result that almost all the barbed wire entanglements at Chevauz Defries were destroyed."—Ceylon Times.

This place does not appear in our warmap, but is probably in the neighbourhood of Point d'Appui, whose capture was recently announced.

From a sale advertisement:-

"RECKLESS REDUCTIONS. Broad Stripe Pyjama Suits, Soft Material. Sale price, 5s. 6d. per suit; 2 suits for 20s."

Glasgow Evening Times.

The advertiser must have thought the prospective buyers rather soft material

"A peacemaker here created a violent dis-turbance in the front of the hall. He was in evening dress, but a Socialist in khaki made a run at him, seized him by the waist, and begun to hustle him, kicking and struggling, towards the doors."—Globe.

The peacemaker in the evening dress appears to have mistaken his vocation.

"Red Setter Dog, 20 months, trained, barks perfectly."—Irish Times.

Just the animal to put up the young birds.

#### THRIFT.

"IT's a pretty word, isn't it?" said Francesca, as she emerged from her morning paper.
"What's a pretty word?" I said.

"Oh, can't you guess?" she said. "Everybody's talking about it. It's in one syllable, you know, and it goes

with a regular snap."

"Yes," I said, "some words are like that. You just pronounce them fiercely and you get an idea that you've actually done them-I mean that you've done the thing the word means; you understand me, don't you?-and later on you wake up and remember that you've only pronounced it, and perhaps, after all, you haven't even pronounced it right, and—you take my meaning, don't you?"

"I'm struggling," she said. "Many women would have given it up, but I'm not one of that sort. I'm a born wrestler. No, don't tell me. I'm getting it. The light's beginning to dawn. What a thing it is to have a husband who can't explain himself. It keeps one's mind from rusting."

"Oh, stop it," I said. "What's this pretty word of yours, anyhow?"

"Guess," she said. "It'll be good for you."
"Munitions," I said quickly; "Economy; Вотна;
Explosives; Asquitt, Subscriptions." I paused for breath.

"All wrong. I told you it was in one syllable."
"So you did. Shells; Coals; Trench; French; Vosges; Rheims; guns; bombs. What, no nearer? I give it up."
"You're not much of a trier," she said, "and your vocabulary is painfully limited."

"Let me know the worst; I insist on it."

"Well, then," she said, "it's 'thrift."
"'Thrift'?" I said. "Is that your wonderful word?"
"I never said it was wonderful."

"No, but you led me to suppose it was wonderful."

"That's because you're one of those strong brave men who must be led and can't be driven. Do you think I've lived with you for seventeen years without finding that

"Francesca," I said, "is it really seventeen years? It

has gone like a flash.

"Yes," she said, "it has been rather flashy. But there's Muriel, you know. She'll be sixteen before you can turn round.

"I don't want to turn round. I want to stay as I am. It's these turnings round that do all the mischief."
"Hear, hear!" she said. "But you can't prevent Muriel

from being sixteen."

"No," I said, "worse luck. And after that she'll be seventeen, and then eighteen, and she'll have her hair up and she'll want to have new frocks; and then Nina will come along, and after her there'll be Alice, and after Alice there'll be Frederick, and they'll all be getting older all the time and wanting to spend more money, and not knowing anything about the income-tax and the rates, and the price of butcher's meat and all the other delightful things that I 've got to think of from morning to night."
"Don't be a pessimist," she said. "They'll turn out all

right. Who knows but they may help you to save money.

Sometimes children are like that.

"Yes," I said, "in books, and ours are not bookish children."

"At any rate," she said, "we can teach them the mean-

ing of thrift."

"I don't think I like thrifty children," I said. "They seem to be against nature. And, as for Frederick, he has already confided to me that when he grows up he means to spend all his income on silkworms. At present he has only two, and their names are Herbert and Robert.

Herbert has already spun himself in, but Robert shows a strange apathy, and no amount of mulberry leaves and scoldings will tempt him to the great adventure. Frederick is becoming very gloomy about it."
"Bless him!" said Francesca.

"All my sympathies," I said, "are with Robert. If I were a sleek silkworm, with free rations and the range of a cardboard box, nothing would induce me to turn into a helpless chrysalis."

"But you'd want to be a moth, wouldn't you?"

"I'm not so sure about that," I said.

"You'd have to be, you know, you wouldn't be asked."
"There you go again," I said. "You always shatter my brightest visions. Why can't you let me dream I'm a perpetual silkworm?"

"Adorable dreamer," she said, "let us talk about thrift."

"Oh, bother thrift," I said.

"Well, it's a nice patriotic word, anyhow."

"Patriotic?" I said. "How do you make that out?" "No German could pronounce it, not if he tried ever so

"No, by Jove," I said, "nor he could."

"He would call it 'drift,' " she said."

"Or 'trift."

"Or 'srift,"

"And that shows," I said, "that the German is not so dreadful after all. A man who wants to say 'thrift' and can't get any nearer to it than 'drift'-

"Or 'srift."

"Or 'trift'-well, he's only ridiculous, after all. We shall polish him off all right, Francesca."

"Yes," she said. "But the Germans' ridiculous pronunciation won't help us We've got to be thrifty."
"Or 'drifty," I said.

"And everybody else has got to be thrifty, too."
"Then that's all right," I said. "We shall all be in the same boat."

"Good," she said; "we'll talk it over now."
"No," I said, "we won't. Let's do it naturally and gracefully, without talking about it at all. I want a cigarette, and I'm not going to have one."

"And I," she said, "want a hat and I'll refrain from it." "I'll wager," I said, "you don't want your hat half as much as I want my cigarette; and, now that I think of it, they're paid for and I may just as well smoke them. They're old cigarettes, and yours would be a new hat.'

"If you smoke that cigarette, I'll buy that hat."

"That's most unjust," I said.

"No," she said, "it's most thrifty." R. C. L.

#### SUMMER AND SORROW.

Brier rose and woodbine flaunting by the wayside, Field afoam with ox-eyes, crowfoot's flaming gold, Poppies in the corn-rig, broom on every braeside, Once again 'tis summer as in years of old-Only in my bosom lags the winter's cold.

All among the woodland hyacinths are gleaming; O the blue of heaven glinting through the trees! Lapped in noonday languor Nature lies a-dreaming, Lulled to rest by droning clover-haunting bees. (Deeper dreams my dear love, slain beyond the seas.)

Lost against the sunlight happy larks are singing, Lowly list their loved ones nestled in the plain; Bright about my pathway butterflies are winging, Fair and fleet as moments mourned for now in vain-In my eyes the shadow, at my heart the pain.

s a and rick

f I of

my n a ft."

SO

SO

We ro-

in

nd

a

as

of

m.



Near-sighted Old Lady (a keen Recruiter). "Now look at that young fellow. A couple of months in the Army would make a new man of him!"

#### THE FOUNT OF INSPIRATION.

You ask me, Araminta, why my pen,
Whose airy efforts helped me once to win you,
Has, since you made me happiest of men,
Apparently resolved to discontinue
Its periodic flights
And steadily avoids the Muses' heights.

I too have wondered. Are connubial cares
Antipathetic to divine afflatus?
Yet many a bard has piped his liveliest airs
After surrendering his single status;

Or can it be the War That's been and dried me up in every pore?

Darkling I groped for light, but found no ray; Chill with despair, I almost ceased to seek a Way through the fog, when suddenly to-day Like Archimedes I exclaimed, "Eureka!"

I found indeed the path This morning as I lay inside my bath.

For yesterday to rural scenes you fled And left me, duty's slave, to desolation; To-day I sought my tub with measured tread And spent an hour immersed in contemplation,

Just as I used to do

Ere yet in beauty side by side we grew.

No urgent call to breakfast broke my rest;
Serene and snug I heard the quarters chiming,
And, as the brimming waters lapped my breast,
Almost unconsciously I started rhyming;
Then through my mind it shot.

Then through my mind it shot That thus were all my master-works begot. Straight from the slopes of Helicon the stream
Poured through the tap its music-making shower;
Each floating bubble held a precious gleam
Which grew to glory as a lyric flower;
Idly I laved my curls,

And from the sponge there dropped a rain of pearls.

Therefore, when back you hasten to my side,
Place this, my love, among your resolutions—
Though eggs grow chill and bacon petrified,
Never to hustle me in my ablutions;
And, to redeem your fault,
Order me several tins of Attic Salt.

#### For our Wounded.

Will those of Mr. Punch's readers who have a gramophone to spare (or even not to spare) please send it to our wounded in hospital? Soldiers love a gramophone. Gifts of instruments, or the money to buy them, should be addressed to Mr. L. H. M. Dick, 15, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.

"Gabrielle (Norfolk).—We believe it is possible to graft eyelashes on lids which are devoid of those ornaments. The operation, however, must be very painful, as the eyelid is sensitive. Many a patient has gone to the oculist under the impression that his eyes were paining him, when all the time it was the eyelid. We should advise you to make up your mind to go through life without eyelids rather than undergo excruciating pain. After all the majority of people will never notice the defect."—Tit Bits.

Don't you believe it, "Gabrielle," but take Mr. Punch's advice and hold on by your eyelids.

An old song adapted to Women-Workers:—
"La donna è mobilizzata."

## AT THE PLAY.

"ALL SCOTCH."

I HAVE long held the heterodox view that no people on this earth have so strong a sense of humour as the Scotch. For the humourist must be judged not only by his rapidity in seeing a joke, but by the intensity of his receptive powers when (if ever) he does see it. And it is in this latter gift that the Scotch excel. Unhappily Mr. GRATTAN, at the Apollo, would have us believe in their possession of the former faculty, of which their worst enemies would never accuse them. In a rather diverting scene between an Edinburgh man and a Glasgow man, where each in turn must have let off as many as six of that day, my first in the firing-line, able man would hesitate to own that crushing repartees per minute. This it's all the little, incidental, unmeaning he probably would be in like circum-

frank defiance of statistical records made all the other improbabilities of the play seem relatively credible.

In a private despatch (intended for publication) Mr. GRATTAN had forewarned me that his work would contain no "high - explosive topical allusions," and I will gratefully admit, to his credit, that it bore no resemblance to a revue. It just consisted of a few detached episodes illustrative of Scottish habits as they are, or as they might be if popular traditions corresponded with the facts.

These episodes were not uniformly flattering to Cale-

Englishman. Yet if you ask me, "Stands Scotland where it did?" I will at once reply that I have allowed nothing in this play to shift her by one inch from the place she holds in my profound esteem. Nay, I will confess that from time to time I felt how my heart would have swelled with pride if I had had the right to wear one of those seductive clan-tartans; or tread the purple heather of the admirable scenery with native foot; or claim, by kinship of race, the privilege of communion with the honeyed brogue of Miss JEAN AYLWIN or of a glance from the glad eye of Miss MARIE BLANCHE (how her very name rings of the Highlands!).

In the despatch to which I have alluded I was further forewarned that All Scotch was "designed to cheer but not inebriate." And in truth it was not a very heady blend, yet to one who has never yet faced "a nicht-wi' Burns" an evening of All Scotch is no light been made more palatable by mixture with a little "allaying Thames.

#### LITERARY FORECASTS.

[It is commonly predicted that the War will effect a permanent change in our litera-ture, but the following specimen, whose pub-lication we are permitted to anticipate, shows that we still have a literary genius who does not propose to alter his methods for this or any other war.

I.—THE WORLD WAR.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. H. G. WELLS.)

It was all very curious and disgustpoints out the more contemptible fea- ing, you know. Incredibly, even now, tures of the other's city, the author when I try to set down my impressions particular instance, though no reason-



TACTLESS QUESTIONS.

Court Dentist (to Kaiser). "WILL THE MOST OMNIPOTENT TAKE GAS?

> up with the jolly things that matter reality, a sort of glamour . . . One enormously, in a queer, tangled sort of realised that behind the muddling way, it's true, but quite disconcertingly and shuffling of the people who hide and preposterously vivid for all that. I want to give you the idea of those and call it diplomacy, in spite of the main, basic things, but if I tried to stupidity and grooviness of the author-unravel it all I don't think I should get ities, and the quite intolerable waste of it right; so I shall just jot everything down inconsequently in the confused order in which it comes, and trust that it wifl clear itself up in the process,

> Outstandingly, in the first place, there was mud-mud and smells and empty tins, and a queer, pungent, wholly unsuitable and astonishingly natural atmosphere of rough jestingtopping, honest, garlicky stuff that people like archdeacons affect to consider coarse; but very, very good for us. Incidentally there was the noisesporadic, aimless little splutters of rifle at Perkins. Perkins was having the fire from the opposite trenches, the time of his life; he won the V.C. And melancholy whine of bullets and shrap- we gained 123 yards . . . .

matter. And, speaking always as an nel overhead, and an occasional shell Englishman, I think it might have bursting near the ramparts and splattering round muck-at intervals someone quite close to you crumpled up pathetically-and, drowning it all, the perpetual booming of our artillery preparing for the attack . . . And then there was Perkins—Perkins with his red, oily face and little waxed hairdressery moustache, ostentatiously concealing a greasy letter, and muttering to himself in pure Cockney when he thought anybody was listening, ludicrously sentimental and quite genuinely affected by his own sentimentality. One of his puttees had slipped down. I caught that her name was Bertha.

> I suppose I was horribly frightened. One doesn't like admitting it in any

stances, so long as they remained hypothetical; just as the class of people we call respectable revel in going to church and assuring the Almighty, with or without musical accompaniment, according to sect, that they are the most despicable of reptiles defacing the earth, but are apt to get stuffy if on the way home you accuse them of snoring during the sermon. But I was too busy watching myself in a queerly detached way for it to matter much-watching to see how frightened I was going to be, and wondering whether I was any worse than the others. And over it all,

don:a; indeed there were moments details that stick in my mind, jumbled you know, there was a curious unwhen I was well satisfied to be an up with the jolly things that matter reality, a sort of glamour . . . One their incompetence under officialdom the whole business, there was something extraordinarily fine in it all . . .

And then, quite suddenly, the intervening space was dotted with funny that the image I want to produce will little khaki splotches, running wildly emerge more distinctly out of the and falling and jumping up and shooting and jabbing—I mechanically with the rest; at least I suppose I was. I certainly no longer had time to be frightened. I think I just lost my head; at home I should have broken crockery; there I did my best to break heads. Ridiculously, I chiefly remember trying not to squash some bluebells -there was a little glade shimmering with them in our path-and wondering

el at. neup he reen nis irnng he diely y.

ed. ny nat neas ill to 1šing st ng et )11 00

it

to lS

g

n

11,

e

le

of



Artist (to model he has just picked up in the street). "A man I had up here the other day stole two pounds when my back WAS TURNED. WOULD YOU DO A THING LIKE THAT?" Model. "OH NO, SIR; YOU SEE, I 'AVEN'T THE SPEED."

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE,

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

My private impression is that when Miss S. Macnaughtan had finished her latest book she found herself at something of a loss for a title. And at last she may have fixed upon Some Elderly People and Their Young Friends (SMITH, ELDER) as the only one that described a story in which character is everything and incidents never occur. Indeed I foresee difficulties in the future, when, for example, one neighbour at dinner asks, "Have you read Some Elderly People, etc.?" And the other, being uncertain, replies, "Is that the book where they . . .?" and can't go on, because, as a fact, they do nothing whatever, any one of them, except sit about and be charming. There are two groups of characters: Miss Crawley, who was forty and could remember crinolines in Scotland (this statement drew a passionate protest from me till I was overcome by evidence); her married sister, Mrs. Darling, and their two admirers, Tom Beamish and Professor Macpherson. These are the elders. The young friends are Mrs. Darling's daughters, Mr. Beamish's niece, and their respective swains. There is also a younger generation still, represented by to read unmoved. Master Tony Darling, who is seven and passes a pre-occupied existence in the sampling of patent foods and systems of diet. And, as I say, there they all sit, prosper-

politely bored till a really alarming indisposition of poor Tony stirs the placid lovers to an emotional crisis in which they engage themselves each to each. As was to be done. A pleasant book, but, I am bound to add, somewhat soporific in its placidity.

No doubt you remember Maria, that so successful creation of Mrs. John Lane. If so, you will be glad to learn that in Maria Again (LANE) she bobs up as serene, self-satisfied and suburbanly sophisticated as ever. Age cannot wither her, though, to be quite honest, I did fancy that custom had somewhat staled the effect of some of her charm. Only some; for the most part she is all and more than all her old self. As before, it needs copious quotation to do justice to her conversation, her comments and her general attitude towards life. "I know it's Wagner if the orchestra makes an awful noise and the lights are put out, though sometimes I wish they weren't, for there are bits in Wagner when it's a real rest to read the advertisements in the programme." This comes in what I personally thought the best chapter, a wholly delightful account of a performance at Covent Garden, which I defy anyone Of course in real life one would detest Maria for the very qualities that here make her such entertaining company. Perhaps this is why Mrs. LANE thought fit to pen a graceful little apology for her ous, happy, and very agreeable society—if you like South revival under present conditions, in which she quotes a Kensington. The greatest event in the book is supplied by true saying about the "duty of cheerfulness." Maria, as Miss Crawley's renting of a desirable country house (with recorded here—and especially as depicted in a delicious beams and a jolly garden and glazed chintz furnishings), drawing by Mr. Lewis Baumer-certainly makes that whither the entire coterie remove themselves and are duty considerably easier. And one can always console Marias left now: and the sanguine hope that, if there are any such, there may always be a satirist as shrewd and witty as Mrs. LANE to deal faithfully with them.

"Punch is the main thing in life, without which I will not even try to exist. If I were very poor, I would go short of three pennyworth of food weekly rather than miss Punch." Thus, and more, Miss BEATRICE CHASE, in her new book, Through a Dartmoor Window (Longmans), and after it what can Mr. Punch, that most gallant of gentlemen, do but bow, hand on heart, and return the compliment? As a matter of fact, no one of those who were delighted with this writer's former book, The Heart of the Moor, will need any introduction to another moorland volume from to the contrary), and it is the same with Miss Chase when of scheme, escaping on the one hand any too rigid severity she writes about Dart-

She has an inmoor. timate and sympathetic knowledge of her subject which enables her to transfer its charm to paper with unusual success, though her attitude of mind may demand some slight allowances on the reader's part. Miss CHASE'S Dartmoor geese are swans to the last bird; and when, for example, she depicts herself and her mother (whom I somehow wish she would not call The Rainbow Maker) as weeping at the departure of the workmen who had been rebuilding their house, I could not but feel that her experience had been not so much unusual as unique. But one must

take these lovers as one finds them; the good qualities of the book more than counterbalance a little amiable exaggeration. It is so full of the clean, heather scented air of the moor, of wind and sunshine and wide spaces, that to lose oneself in it is a holiday for the heart. Personally, reading it over tea, I wondered discontentedly at the absence of Devonshire cream. That shows you what atmosphere can do.

Miss Evelyn Sharp, whose work I have admired ever since the days of the old Yellow Book, has collected sundry of her later sketches into a volume, and called it The War of All the Ages (Sidgwick and Jackson). There is, I fancy, something more in that title than meets the eye. I should be astonished to hear that it refers chiefly to the battlefields of Europe, though there are soldiers in plenty throughout the book. As for the sketches themselves, you perhaps know already the skill and the caustic, almost brutal, frankness that may be expected in the telling of them. Perhaps, though, as a friendly warning, I might call your attention to the acknowledgment of leave to reprint, from which you will learn that the contents of the volume have previously appeared in such diverse publications as The Manchester Guardian, Pall Mall Gazette, Herald, Votes for Women and

oneself with the half-hearted belief that there are no Miss Sharp here as ever uses her art frankly as a weapon. and it is quite possible that if (for example) you delight in her Pall Mall mood, the atmosphere of the Herald may find you indignant, not to say outraged, and the other way about. Personally, I own that I enjoyed the author best when she is least controversial. "The Wounded Tommy," which is simply a record of soldier character as seen in a French hospital, haunts one by its direct and unmanipulated truth. It is, I may add, among the few studies in which the Vote and the Female Problem are successfully

Perhaps you know Mr. Horace Hutchinson's pleasant formula. A very slender plot, a sense of fresh air and comradeship with bird and beast, characterisation not too the same pen. Miss Chase writes with the fervour of a laboured or precise, the frankest tangents and parentheses true devotee. Every real lover is worth hearing about the (an argument here, a lecture there), a faint, judicious beloved (though I am aware that there exists a prejudice flavour of the classics-rather a naïve and easy-going sort

on the other avoiding fatuity. And, as I say, quite pleasant. In The Faun and the Philosopher (HUTCHINSON) the Faun is a camper-out of colonial extraction, and with deformed ears so pronounced that they are likely, he thinks, to present a difficulty in courtship, a difficulty, by the way, which is shirked by the author. I think myself that had I been the beautiful and sensible Mary I shouldn't have minded his pointed ears, covered as they were with serviceable wavy curls, half so much as his deplorable habit of handing you out a copy of verses on all possible and some impossible occa-



The Sand Sculptor (to enquiring Visitor). "I'M MOSTLY SELF-TAUGHT, SIR. BUT I MUST ADMIT I GO TO LONDON NOW AND AGAIN AND SPEND A DAY IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE FOR INSPIRATION. I OWE A GREAT DEAL TO SIR EDWIN LANDSEER."

sions. It is a habit that would not have tended to endear itself by constant repetition.

If your appetite for War-matter is unsated by facts and you feel inclined to take it in the supplementary form of fiction, I can vouch that Mr. Douglas Sladen in His German Wife (Hutchinson) has catered for you up to, and possibly beyond, your powers of absorption. Granted the mood to enjoy a novel based upon the War, this ought to be your book; but if you are in no such mood-as I am not-I advise you to pass it by on the other side. Mr. Sladen has indeed worked the War for all it is worth, but however violently some people, with or without reason, have suffered from the spy mania, I protest that the treatment here accorded to Captain Isherwood's German bride is too paltry for belief. In a note "To the Reader" Mr. SLADEN states that, "though its action is chiefly after the outbreak of the war, and though it has its tragedies, His German Wife is in the main a love story, enlivened with ironies. My trouble was that the ironies entered into my soul, and left me far from lively.

#### "Here we are Again."

Morning Leader. This warning is the more needed since Byre-lane, Gateshead-on-Tyne."—North Wales Weekly News.

#### CHARIVARIA.

"Subsequent to the publication of the Note to Germany," says a con-temporary, "it became known that President Wilson had asked for reports on the subject of national defence to be made to him personally by the deads of the War and Navy Departments." This type of official seems somehow familiar to us.

The Yaqui Indians in the Mexican province of Sonora, a cable informs us, have declared war on Mexico, the United States, and Germany. Austria Germany that she can rely on their help should it be required.

ington for an aerial torpedo boat which is designed to swoop down on war-ships in land-locked harbours and fire a torpedo at a distance of five miles. We understand that the first of these boats which is constructed is to be called "The Gee-Whizz."

Lord FISHER'S new department is evidently making good progress. From an Admiralty announcement we learn that the Board of Inventions and Research has felt justified in removing to Victory House, Cock-spur Street, S.W.

report that, when the PRINCE OF WALES, the other day, attended a concert given by the non-commissioned officers of the Guards' Brigade at the Front and joined in singing the Marseillaise and the National Anthem, the rest of the audience, out of respect for HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, followed on a bar behind him. Snob-Press, please copy.

The latest theory-and a very credible one-about the Angels who are said to have been seen at Mons is that they were Hospital Nurses.

The Austrian Government, the Vienna Fremdenblatt tells us, has refused to accept the German proposal of a Customs Union. Frankly, we are not surprised at this. Some of the German customs are so beastly that we do not mind how old a joke we make about them.

"Germany must be true to herself," says the Deutsche Tageszeitung.

suppose this is better than being true to no one.

According to a message from Amsterdam, some Allied airmen recently dropped a bomb on the house in the neighbourhood of Brussels where German astronomers work out the meteorlogical conditions for the Zeppelins. Not only were a number of costly instruments entirely destroyed, but some of the dear old astronomers had their spectacles broken.

"One of the most arresting details in connection with the season's wrap and Turkey, it is said, have informed coats," we read, "is the prevalence of pockets." It is characteristic of the unpractical nature of the mystics who This excellent advice must have emaare responsible for women's fashions nated from the Treasury Whip. \*\* are responsible for women's fashions
Patents have been granted in Wash- that this reform should be introduced

THE TERROR OF THE DEEP.

Worthy British Matron. "Young Man, How is IT You Haven'T German recruits is not very good, and many mild punishWe are in a position to deny the at a time when people have nothing to ments are inflicted. It is reported that some

put into their pockets.

A telegram from Philadelphia states that Mr. J. WANAMAKER has proposed that the United States should raise £200,000,000 wherewith to purchase the freedom of Belgium. The German CROWN PRINCE is said to favour the proposal, suggesting that he and PAPA should share the sum, PAPA taking only one-third, as he has made so much already out of KRUPP's.

Extract from Southern Command Orders :-

"All mules on joining units will in future be malleined."

The last word relates, we believe, to inoculation against glanders, but the correspondent who sends us the extract is evidently better acquainted with raules than with veterinary terminology, for he writes, "Personally I do not believe that it is possible to malign a mule.'

#### Our Greatest War Lord.

From The Westminster Gazette:-

" VON MACKENSEN HELD UP. ENEMY CHECKED IN ATTEMPT TO ADVANCE FROM THE NAREW.

THANKS TO LORD HALDANE."

GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS (to his Chief of Staff). Is our little father HALDANE present?

Chief of Staff. Yes, Excellency. GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS. Then let the battle begin.

From an article on Thrift:-

"What we want most as a people is to get a fresh grip of the old homely adage: 'Take care of the fence, and the hounds will take care of themselves.'"—Daily Sketch.

"An advertisement in a German newspaper for a governess who speaks fluent German is the basis of a violent attack by the Cologne Gazette on the lack of patriotism among German women. 'Whoever has lived long enough and looked round enough,' says the semi-official newspaper, 'will never wonder at anything German women do.'''—Sunday Paper.

Most of the Germans we have met looked round enough, but we never heard even the least corpulent express surprise at a woman speaking her own language with fluency.

twenty soldiers have been executed at St. Peter's Barracks."-Bristol Times and Mirror. Really severe steps will be taken, we understand, if the insubordination con-

"A poultry expert who has been giving his thoughts to the problem of how to reduce expenditure has conceived the idea of a hun-run in every back yard in our far-flung city.' Scottish Evening Paper.

A Hun-run in every yard of the farflung battle-line would be even better.

"Sir Robert Roe, senior M.P. for Derby, was knocked down by a horse in Wardour Street, London, on Tuesday. He was recovered from a somewhat alarming position, and though somewhat dazed and bruised he was little the worse for the mishap. Sir Thomas is now almost in his usual health again." Irish Independent.

Congratulations to Sir ROBERT (or Sir THOMAS) on having escaped with a merely nominal injury.

"YARNS for Soldiers' Comforts will be greatly wanted in the Autumn."

Morning Paper.

Perhaps Mr. KIPLING will oblige.

#### THE WAYSIDE CALVARY,

AUGUST 4TH, 1915.

Now with the full year Memory holds her tryst, Heavy with such a tale of bitter loss As never Earth has suffered since the Christ Hung for us on the Cross.

If God, O KAISER, makes the vision plain; Gives you on some lone Calvary to see The Man of Sorrows Who endured the pain And died to set us free-

How will you face beneath its crown of thorn That figure stark against the smoking skies, The arms outstretched, the sacred head forlorn, And those reproachful eyes?

How dare confront the false quest with the true? Or think what gulfs between the ideals lie Of Him Who died that men might live-and you Who live that men may die?

Ah, turn your eyes away; He reads your heart; Pass on and, having done your work abhorred, Join hands with Judas in his place apart, You who betrayed your Lord.

## UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER. No. XXV.

(From KING PETER OF SERBIA).

SIR,—Between you and me there cannot, I suppose, be any comparison. You have great possessions; I am but a poor man. You are vigorous and age has not yet set its mark upon you; I am broken by sickness and am bowed down by years. You command the allegiance and the resources of a great and mighty Empire; I am the chief of a race of peasant folk living a life of toil and hardship in a corner of Europe. In every point of wealth, power and comfort you seem to have the advantage so manifestly on your side that your superiority over me cannot be brought into controversy or doubt. Yet, when I reflect, I feel bound to tell you that, old and poor and broken as I am, I the adulation of the parasites who surround you and in addition to their present occupations? acclaim your Olympian magnificence, change years and stations with you and be even as you are now.

You will not understand this. Whether you sit at home in state or parade abroad amid the pomp and glitter of arms, wherever, in fact, you are and in whatever character you choose to appear, you seem to yourself so gloriously and so indisputably the centre of the universe that you cannot imagine how those who behold you or hear of your deeds can refrain from praise and envy. "Here," you say to yourself, "is a being selected by the Almighty for the happiness of mankind. Let mankind realise his splendour supply of additional verses to the "National Anthem." and his virtues and submit themselves humbly to him, lest they be shattered against the iron wall of his might. Unquestioning obedience is the highest merit when there is a man fitted to receive it. Can any man be fitter than he who reigns under Divine authority as German Emperor? Thus you address and persuade yourself, now posing as the stern father of your country, now as the ruthless and immitigable autocrat prepared to trample down his own and other people and to hack his way through justice and civilisation to the enforcement of his will on those who

to mark the stages of her progress, we were steeled to resist her by the knowledge that we were also fighting against you; and when, by a marvellous achievement of Serbian discipline and valour, we had hurled her forces back and scoured Serbia clean of them, we rejoiced all the more because our efforts had struck a deadly blow at your arrogance as well. Had it not been for you Austria would have paused on the brink of war and might have recoiled from it altogether, but your policy would thus, you thought, have suffered a rebuff, and therefore you cast your vote for bloodshed and plunged the nations into the horrors in which they are still struggling. Some day history will record her verdict -not certainly by the pens of German professors—and you among the rest will receive the allotment of responsibility that belongs to you. Nothing you now do can affect this, for when the verdict is uttered your unquiet spirit will long have ceased to trouble the world, and those who gave you the incense of their flattery will also have submitted to silence. How will your memory stand then? Is it not possible, nay, is it not certain that in that great day of revelation and judgment you will be recognised as the one man who might have saved the world from blood and tears, and refused so to save it because his vanity had suffered a

So far Serbia has been able to defend herself with success. She is determined to do her utmost in the future, because, poor as she is and small as are her resources, she has a burning love for freedom and a bitter hatred of oppression. Germany and Austria may do their worst. They will find our people ready both to fight and to endure. material forces are against us, but we shall oppose them in proud reliance on the justice of our cause and on those great spiritual forces which have more than once turned weakness to strength and have beaten tyranny down into Receive, Sir, this my salutation, the dust.

PETER OF SERBIA.

#### OUR WILLING WORKERS.

THANKS to the intelligent anticipation of a clairvoyant member of his staff, Mr. Punch is enabled to forestall the answers which, under the new system of National Registration, certain prominent public men are about to return would not for all your riches and all your power and all to the question: What work they are prepared to undertake

Mr. Winston Churchill.-Would willingly undertake the work of any State Department, Admiralty preferred. In that case would prefer to go to the Peers with the title of Lord Dardanelson.

LORD X.—Ready to attack all Ministers in the Coalition Government in rotation.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.—Would undertake to serve

LORD DUNRAVEN.-Would act as literary agent for the

SIR HENRY DALZIEL.—Prepared to stay on and talk in the House during the vacation if he can get the charwoman to listen to him.

#### No Use for Mounted Infantry.

"Woman Caretaker. Mother and daughter preferred. No young children on animals."—The Bath Herald.

#### Another Impending Arology.

Underneath a photograph in Sunday Pictorial:-

have rashly presumed to withstand him.

When Austria sent her legions against us and overran our country, leaving a track of fire and devastation behind her

an nd

ed ve dey et ou ty is,

to ot of ne rs, a

n.

nd

at

in

se

ed

to

nt

ke ke d. ne

in

ng



BY WAY OF A CHANGE.

UNCLE SAM. "GUESS I'M ABOUT THROUGH WITH LETTER-WRITING."

#### LITERARY FORECASTS.

[It is commonly predicted that the War will effect a permanent change in our litera-ture, but the following specimen, whose pub-lication we are permitted to anticipate, shows that we still have a literary genius who does not propose to alter his methods for this or any other war.]

THE MOAN OF THE HILLS.

(A Play in One Act, composed for the Irish Players.)

DRAMATIS PERSONE (IN THE ORDER IN WHICH THEY APPEAR) :-

Bridget O'Farrell (Herself); Seumas O'Farrell (Himself)

Michael O'Farrell (Himself's Father); A Stranger. A Goat. A Policeman.

Scene—The O'Farrells' cottage near Ballysmuttan, Co. Wicklow. They are at tea.

Herself (rising and leaning out of there's rain on the hills, and there does be rain in my heart this night, Seumas O'Farrell.

Himself (absent-mindedly). Do ye mind that? Is it four spoons of sugar or five ye're afther putting in my tea?

Michael O'Farrell. It's a hard thing

surely to be poor.

does be rain in my heart this night, things I'm afther seeing

Seumas O'Farrell.

same at all? (Herself makes no answer but gazes again out on the moor.) Mebbe (he bites) ye'd betther (he drinks) dhraw. close in to the fire if that's the way ye wasn't there Patsy Mulligan up the glen, him with the two eyes crooked on him, the way the wan would be looking at your head, and the other wan would be looking at your feet, and It's the fine talk ye have! you not knowing which the divil ye'd be minding-wasn't there Patsy Mulligan, I tell ye, who died and the docthor from Blessington said he had wather on the-(scratches his head.) I misrimimber now rightly where the wather was, but it might aisy have been the heart. I nearly did be saying on the brain, but sure Patsy niver had wan, and even a docthor'd know that, wanst he clapped the eyes on him. He died anyway, I'm telling ye, and him letting the queer talk out of him and screeching something dreadful, with the sthrange curses that 'd shear a flock of sheep; and, be the same token, if it wasn't himself stole the ewe on me come Michaelmas twelvemonth it's no bad scran to him I'm wishing.

Herself (dreamily). I mind Patsy. Himself (growling). Ye may say that! the ewe on me.

Herself. Will ye hold your whisht? Michael O'Farrell. It's a hard thing surely to be poor.

Herself comes in and kneels by the fire, leaving the top half of the door open. The Stranger appears outside.

Stranger. The holy Saints be with ye, lady and master of the house!

Herself and Himself (together, now Welcome kindly, in their element). He enters. Sthranger.

Himself. Will ye sit ye down by the fire, Sthranger, and Herself will give you a cup o' tea.

Michael O'Farrell. It's a hard thing

surely to be poor.

Stranger. That's a thrue word ye're saying. Thank ye kindly, master of the house. (He sits, takes the tea and the door). There's rain in the sky and looks at it thoughtfully). It's a far way I do be afther coming, and it's a hard road, so it is.

Herself. Would ye not be taking a

dhrop of the stuff, Mr. Honey?

puts away the tea with alacrity and gulps the whisky she gives him.) May Herself (petulantly). I said, there the holy Saints preserve ye from the

eumas O'Farrell.

Herself. It's the terrible wild day it is surely. Is it from Lacken ye are?

Stranger (hurt). Wasn't I telling ye it was a far way I did be coming,

lady of the house?

Herself (awed). Was it iver from the are. (She does not stir.) Is it no sinse Churches ye came, and the wind and ye have in ye at all, woman? Sure the rain moaning through the heather, and the hills crying out like hurt things, the way they minded me of our sheep that got the staggers last Midsummer?

Himself (spitting contemptuously).

Michael O'Farrell. It's a hard thing surely to be poor.

(complacently). It's a Stranger farther way than that same, lady of the house.

Himself. Where is it ye're from? Stranger (impressively). It's from the War I am.

Herself. Which way's that at all?

Stranger. In Flanders. Himself. There's no place that name in County Wicklow. Is it Rathdrum ye're thinking of? Tom Shaughnessy was telling me at the Fair at Lacken there was throuble there with the agent when the boys had the dhrink taken on them. It 's the wide-thravelled man Tom Shaughnessy is!

Stranger. It is not, then. It's the big War I'm talking of, over the seas, where there do be more men than at

might have been stealing more than with the big shells, ploughing up hills that ye wouldn't hardly cross in a day's march, and rivers of blood where all the great ships in Dublin harbour might be sailing abreast.

Herself. It's the beautiful talk ye have entirely, Sthranger. I suppose now (looking at him with reverence)

ye'd have killed a man?

Stranger (with relish). Ye may say that! Sure, wasn't I shooting them be the thousand and making mighty tosses with them on me wetted baynit, like ye'd toss hay on a fork, and the German Kaisen amongst them? And the King he came up to me, and I was nearly tossing him up too, I was that in the way of it, and he says, "Put it there, Tim my boy," says he. "It's the fine lad intirely ye are," says he, "and it's the Victoria Cross I'd be giving ye," says he, "if it were good enough.

[Stage darkens. Enter Goat in limelight, jumping over the lower half of the door; it advances to centre.

Herself. Will ye shoo out of that, ye Stranger. It's yourself has the ould divil, and not be intherrupting the good heart, lady of the house. (He beautiful talk. (Exit Goat.) It's the puts away the tea with alacrity and terrible dhrought ye must have on ye afther all that, Mr. Honey.

Stranger. Thank ye kindly, lady of the house. (Drinks.) (Rising) It's on the way I'll be going, and a far way it is, and a lonely wan.

Herself. It'll not be a lonely wan, Sthranger, for it's meself 'll be going with you.

Stranger (visibly alarmed). What way would ye be doing that at all, lady of the house? It's the fine man ye have, and the hard time I'd be giving ye, what with cursing and beating and-

Michael O'Farrell. It's a hard thing surely to be poor.

Herself. It's coming with you anyway I am, Sthranger, and seeing you do the fine things and hearing you say the beautiful words.

A knock, and a Policeman enters without waiting for an answer. The Stranger huddles up by the fire with his back to him.

Policeman. Good day to ye, Seumas O'Farrell. Was there e'er a man, wan Tim Murphy be name, passed this way? (Seeing the Stranger, goes over and turns him round.) Himself, by the Holy! Tim Murphy, I arrest you in the King's name, and it's me duty to—

Herself. What are ye saying at all? Isn't it himself's the great friend of the King's, and him making mighty tosses with his wetted baynit of the

Germans?

Policeman. Is it Germans? It's too well ye minded him at all, and all the fairs in County Wicklow, and it's two days only he's out of Kilmainif it wasn't for that blessed wather he they all fighting and firing their guns ham jail, and it's the day he robbed



and her with the cold that bad on her she couldn't shout for sneezing; and done so, is he worthy of your love?" it's back to the station with me he's

Herself. It's with him I'll be going all the same for the beautiful talk out of him.

> Exeunt all but Himself and Michael O'Farrell.

Michael O'Farrell. It's a hard thing surely to be poor.

## GOVERTISEMENT.

(Being the art of Government by Advertisement).

IT seems, from the hoardings and the sides of public buildings, not to a plague of posters imploring us to lend 5s. to the Government. In order that the epidemic may run a rapid course we suggest that the limit be proceeded to at once after the following fashion, as already exploited for another end :-

THE APPEAL IMPERATIVE.— Oleographic portrait of Mr. McKenna, looking stern. Index finger prominent. "It's YOUR Money I Want!"

THE APPEAL ROMANTIC .- " To the Young Women of England: Don't you her wages?'

Martha Cassidy's till in Blessington, think that your best boy ought to put five bob in the War Loan? If he hasn't

> THE APPEAL TO SHAME .- "Forty Years Hence, what will your grandchildren say to you as they clamber on your knee? 'Grandpapa,' they will say, 'how much did you give to the Great Loan?' Will you hang your head in shame, or will you be able to answer with head erect, 'I gave fifteen shillings'?'

"You're proud of your pals in the War Loan, of course; but what do your pals think of you?"

"Be a real sport and shell out a crown!"

THE APPEAL TO CONSCIENCE.—" Is mention P.O. vans, that there is to be Your Conscience Clear? When you take up the weekly pay envelope, when you enter the saloon bar, when you stand in a queue at the picture palace waiting for a fourpenny seat, does not Conscience tell you where the money ought to go?"

> THE APPEAL TO DUTY .- " To Housewives: Has your maid put 5s. in the War Loan? Is it not your duty to urge her to do so? And if she will not be urged ought you not to dock 5s. off

Gentlemen: " To Country butlers and gamekeepers are in the habit of receiving tips. It is your duty to intervene and invest those tips in Your country will the War Loan. thank you, and your servants will thank you."

"To Business Men : Have you considered your duty towards your officeboy? Should you not stimulate thrift by paying him in War Loan vouchers? Make this a condition of employment."

THE APPEAL TO MATERNAL PRIDE. White-haired mother and twenty-yearold son. "My lad, the way of duty is hard. But I would not have it said that my son hung back with five shillings while the sons of other mothers gave their tens and twenties.'

THE APPEAL FACETIOUS .- " Plank your five bob on the favourite for the Grand International Final!'

"Have a five-shilling shy at KAISER BILL!"

"Line up for the scrap, boys! Every bob a bullet! Every quid a bomb!

But possibly the Government may feel that they have already illustrated the method sufficiently before the eyes of an astonished world.

### THE ZEPPELIN BAG.

AT the coming of the Zeppelins, mother announced that it was our duty to "take steps," and her cautionary zeal burns with ever-increasing flame. Every time that she takes her walks comes home to recount fresh "steps" which it is our duty to imitate.

to the cellar.

Mrs. B. has placed buckets of water all along the hall.

Mrs. C. goes to bed in her-"Rings!" concluded Emily hastily,

twirling the diamond cluster on her jotting n third finger. "So do I, and I've sewn envelope. new pink ribbons on my dressing-gown No one can say I am unprepared!"

The Zeppelin bag is the patent institution of Mrs. D. It is a bag or portmanteau, packed and strapped, and placed in such a position that it can be seized without delay, in the course of a frenzied rush to the front door. There is no difficulty about the bag; the trouble comes in when you begin to consider what to put inside. The Mater's first motherly idea was a comb, a tooth-brush and a set of warm underclothing for each member of the family, but the suggestion fell flat. It was felt that the Zeppelin bag ought to be reserved

it were, the inmost sanctity of family | will still be a good deal of room!

old port?" said Father.

moments of life, one's sense of values is altered," said Frederick, with a sententiousness bred of the Oxford just rescue my trouser-press.' Union and not yet dissipated by a life in camp. "When I ask myself which such a fine big fellow; I've just succeeded in knocking the grit out of him and licking him into shape. . . sponge.'

"And the Japanese plant," added Florence with a gush. "The poor of cigars, and on particularly Zeppeliny lamb has only lived a hundred years. nights Emily stole along the hall in

my best blouse," said Emily seriously, regiment should be transferred to Zeppelin bag is to live. If it is to be Zeppelin passed within two counties of place for him.

dearest, we must shield it from danger by day as well as by night.'

"I had fixed on the corner between the oak chest and the Normandy cupboard," Mother said. "Papa's crocodile bag will just fit in, and it is in the abroad she meets different friends, and direct route for the front door. No one could fail to see it.'

Mrs. A. has taken down a tea-basket a week?" objected Father, who is

attached to his crocodile bag.
"Suppose," said Frederick darkly, "the bomb fell at the front door?"

But Mother had taken up the captive pencil and was busily engaged in jotting notes on the back of an old

"Two bottles of port—Frederick's hedge. and bought the duckiest cap to match. bath sponge—the Japanese plant—my the pergola and scanned the heavens cookery book-Papa's smoking coat- for the flying monster, and the tramp

Seaside Landlady (to visitors who have just taken her apartments). "AND IF THERE SHOULD BE AN AIR RAID I 'VE A BEAUTIFUL CELLAR. BUT OF COURSE IT WOULD BE AN EXTRA."

for personal treasures, representing, as | Query—Emily's best blouse? . . . There

At this moment the postman delivered "What about a few bottles of the a missive from Septimus enclosing a half-yearly report of a depressing na-"When one comes to the elemental ture, and concluding with a scribbled coments of life, one's sense of values postscript. "By the by," he wrote, "if a Zep comes along, you might

The Zeppelin bag was placed in the of my belongings I should most grieve hall, with the trouser-press strapped to leave behind, my thoughts instinct on its back, and enjoyed a peaceful front door. tively fly to my bath sponge! He's backwater sort of existence for several weeks. Mother fed it regularly at nights with knuckles of cold ham and sandwiches of Gentleman's Relish (left hold retribution overtook her. Please book a place for my bath over from tea), which were destined to restore our energies on the first halt of our flight. Father contributed a box to his reward. Give him a chance to see the new her dressing-gown and found a niche map." her best blouse. It seemed an "Before I enter into the subject of ominous coincidence that Frederick's

the receptacle for our nearest and our front lawn, and Mother's agitation found vent in a dark and stealthy plot. With the connivance of the garden boy she planned a false alarm, which should test the agility of the household, in preparation for the worst.

It was all meant for the best, but when a rain of brick-bats comes clattering in through a bedroom window at "Suppose I wanted to go away for 1 A.M. the startled sleeper is not answerable for the consequences. Emily fled, white-robed, into the night, accompanied by such a tornado of shrieks as brought the whole family hurrying in her wake, to say nothing of our neighbours at Highmead and Mon Répos, and a tramp who had happened to be sleeping under the We propped Emily against

leapt on his clue with the sharpness of genius.

"You can't see 'im," he said; "'e's too high. The nise of his ingines woke me up. Didn't 'arf buzz! . . . I was running to warn you . . .'

Father waved him away, and we turned to crossquestion Emily.

"Was the bomb round like an apple? If it was round, we ought to go down to the cellar and shut all the windows and doors. If it was like a pear, we ought to fly for our lives. At any moment the house may blow up."

"Did you feel a strange, irritating smell?

Emily sobbed and sniffed sweet briar, and said she didn't know. She was greatly upset.

Mrs. Legh suggested that we should adjourn to Mon Répos and partake of a service of coffee and cake. "A little Zeppelin party!" she called it, with an attempt at lightness; but Mother said firmly, "Not this evening; some other evening," and shooed us towards the

What precisely were her own feelings in respect to the necessity of confession we shall never know, for on the thres-

As compensation for problematical services the tramp had helped himself

The Zeppelin bag had disappeared!

"To Bakers .- Wanted Deliverer. Wages 28s. per week; used to diving.—Apply Box M34, Bath Office of this paper Bath and Wilts Chronicle.

"let me clearly understand where the Aldershot on the very day that a The Bath office certainly seems the

ion ot. ov uld

out ernot es. ht. of ily ng nd ad he ast ens np he he he me rn ay,

nd as go ut rs. we

es.

ise

ng

ar,

as

ıld

tle

an

id

ner

he

gs

on

cal

elf

1

he



Eminent Woman Surgeon, who is also an ardant Suffragist (to wounded Guardsman). "Do you know, your face is singularly FAMILIAR TO ME. I'VE BEEN TRYING TO REMEMBER WHERE WE'VE MET BEFORE. Guardsman. "Well, Mum, bygones be bygones. I was a police constable."

#### OUR NEIGHBOUR'S DUTY.

["We have thought out such a splendid way of national economy; we are going to give our maids less meat."]

Some further opinions gathered by our Special Correspondent confirm the impression that national economy is now uppermost in people's minds:-

Samuel Stoges, Esq. (M.P. for West Soapshire).—"You may state that I have the matter of national economy deeply at heart, and shall urge with all the eloquence at my command that wasteful expenditure by local councils be summarily forbidden. Unfortunately it is impracticable that the emoluments of Members of Parliament should be curtailed.'

A Member of the L.C.C.—"There are reasons, which in the public interest it is undesirable to divulge, why we should continue to employ what you term 'a battalion of able-bodied men' on the building of our new Council Hall; but we are strenuously discouraging building enterprises on the part of private individuals.

An Official of the L.C.C. Tramways Department.—"We set a public ex- pensive light British lager." ample of national economy early in the War by withdrawing free passes from soldiers, nurses, special constables, and the like.'

A Park Superintendent .- "It is impossible to keep our flower-beds looking nice under £10,000 a year; but people's window-boxes, that's a different matter. Why don't they grow vegetables?"

Monsieur Dindenneau, chef-en-chef at the Blitzley .- "You will be so good as to mention the little brochure I prepare for the English people. She is called, 'One Hundred Ways to Use Potato Parings."

An Official of the Jockey Club .-"Stop those lap-dog shows!

An Official of the Kennel Club.-"It is, in my view, a disgrace to waste money over mere cat shows at a time of national crisis."

A Brower .- "The movement is an excellent one, and has my thorough excellent one, and has my thorough collar, trimmed Swiss Embroidery and Inser-approval. In these critical days, heavy tion. Usually 8/6. Sale Price 57/11."

spirits should be replaced by an inex-

A Member of the Bachelors' Club.-"The home should be the sphere of economy. Let every husband reduce the housekeeping allowance by (say) 25 per cent."

At the W.S.P.U .- "What about the spendthrifts who smoke cigars?"

In Mayfair .- " I did think of parting with my darling Pom, 'Tootsey,' but the dear pet saves waste of superfluous entrées. He simply loves sweetbreads. This should be an example to the popular restaurants, where, I am told, there is a shocking waste of salt and mustard.

#### Another Impending Apology.

Headlines from a morning paper:-"GOD SAVE OUR MEN FROM THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN"

#### How the War affects Prices.

"Remarkable Value in good Longeth, smart



Badly-wounded Tommy. "I never remember such a quiet Bank Holiday, Mum. Somehow nothing's brought the War home to me more."

#### THE GENTLE SLACKER.

With idle rod
And head a-nod,
I sit beside the river;

Flows like a dream

The placid stream, With surface all a-quiver.

Though war's alarms May call to arms

The summons finds me wary, For I refrain

From causing pain (a nibble) Except when necessary.

Of despot kings

And Huns and things Some men you hear conversing;

I give such talk A miss in baulk,

No unkind thoughts rehearsing. The tented field

Delights may yield To natures sanguinary;

But I refrain

From causing pain (a bite) Except when necessary.

The throb of drum

May have for some

A charm there's no resisting;

It only serves

To rack my nerves
And keep me from enlisting.

Let others go And smite the foe

With tunes of Tipperary,

But I'll refrain

From causing pain (extracts hook)
Except when necessary.

#### SAVING GRACES.

In Peace time, when to tea-shops forth I fared

And haughty maidens served my Lenten platter,

How coldly on the needy bard they stared,

But now their kindlier glances soothe and flatter,

And say, "Poor boy, in England's hour of need

He won't allow himself a decent feed!"

My Mard, again, how flatly she refused, Excepting after dark, to walk beside me!

No more abusing, as she then abused, My tramp-like garb, nor wishing night to hide me; "That's it," she says, in tender tones that thrill,

"Buy War Loan, dear, and dock your tailor's bill!"

No more, as once they did, do passers-by Describe my dwelling as "The Blasted Ruin;"

But "Lo, here lives a patriot," they

"While Britain needs her every mite to do in

The Kaiser's war-hordes and the guns of Krupp,

He simply will not have his house done up!"

#### Cedant arma togae.

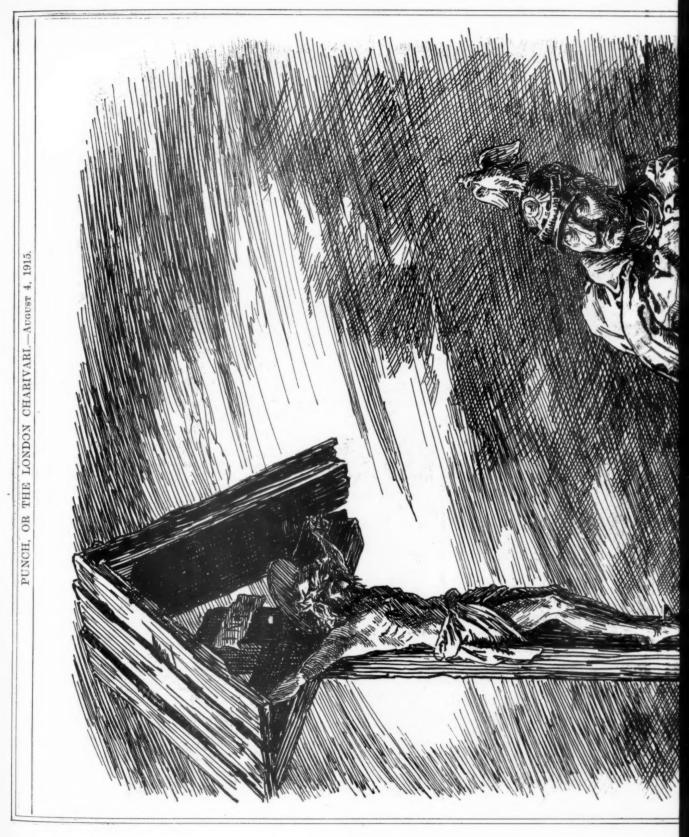
"The Mayor bore testimony to the unfailing courtesy of the military authorities, who are most anxious not to incommode the public more than is absolutely possible."

Hampshire Advertiser.

"Far away out, 30 miles from Rouen, at the Horse Hospital he met a Beckenham postman who spotted him the minute he put his head on the platform."

Beckenham Journal.

Personally we never get out of a train that way.



y te

ng ire

at m ut

in





to the second se remarks the first seep of the seep of the

and the second s

#### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



The Mother of Parliaments. "And do you really think, Doctor, I ought to take as much as six weeks' holiday?" Dr. Punch, "EVERY BIT OF IT, MADAM; EVERY BIT OF IT."

House of Commons, Monday, July clamour inside and outside House, it through the coming winter, benefit the 26th.—Rag, Tag and Bobtall, M.P.'s would save time to hand straight over small consumer." Runciman blushed. below Gangway), deeply hurt. PREMIER public affairs. proposes that, after term of attendance at Westminster extending with brief intervals over two years, House, having put itself in order, shall adjourn till the House to reassemble," he said, mid-September.

That will never do. What is to become of RAG, TAG and BOBTAIL, deprived of cheap effective means of emerging from native obscurity and looming large in Parliamentary Reports?

With artful aid from epoch-making newspapers, storm got up in Parlia mentary teacup. R., T. and B. have no concern for themselves. What they view with alarm is prospect of a Coalition Government free from restraint of mentors below Gangway leading country into irremediable disaster. Fact that in case of emergency Parliament may be summoned within a week-to be precise in three days-immaterial.

At Question Time they went straight for PREMIER. On what date did he propose to ask House to reassemble?

Answer awaited with intense interest.

would save time to hand straight over to Rag, Tag and Bobtal direction of Business done.—Price of Coal Bill all (widely advertised place of business to RAG, TAG and BOBTAIL direction of

> Premier's answer did not stray beyond two brief sentences.

"The date on which I propose to ask "is the one I indicated last week."

When burst of general cheering subsided, he added, "I see no reason whatsoever for altering it." Whereat House cheered again.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill read a third time. Lords postpone consideration of War Pensions Bill.

Tuesday. - Busy and brief sitting winding up business before setting forth on well-earned holiday. The ably-led, well-disciplined, ever-present Independent Party of One who bears the name of ARTHUR MARKHAM exceptionally active. Varied ordinary militant attitude by bestowing with pontifical authority its blessing upon PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.

Talking about Price of Coal Bill it remarked, "I called it a sham and a

read a third time. Other measures

advanced a stage.

Thursday. — Parliament adjourned for exceptionally brief Autumn Recess.

#### TO A WEEPING WILLOW.

DEAR Willow that I love with all my heart,

Oh, it is sad to see you weeping so! To watch the oil of mourning earthward flow

In glistening drops that from your fibres start!

I feel the cruel pang, the painful smart Of separation. For a year ago Together we opposed a common fee;

To-day the tide of War keeps us apart.

Weep not for me, sad Willow; I can bear The altered circumstance the Fates ordain.

There 'll come a season when my pulse shall throb

Exultant, as with tender loving care fraud when it was introduced. Now Idraw you from your oil-bath once again, If PRIME MINISTER yielded to organized it has been amended I believe it will, And face with you the yorker and the lob.



"I SAY, IF YOU THINK YOU OUGHT TO ENLIST, OR MAKE SHELLS OR SOMETHING, MY SISTER AND I ARE QUITE READY TO TAKE OVER YOUR NET FOR THE NEXT SIX WEEKS. OF COURSE WE WOULD GIVE YOU THE SHRIMPS, YOU KNOW.

#### OUT OF THE PAST.

Вотн as a churchman and as a human being the Vicar is very popular with us all. Out of his cassock he is a sportsman; in it he preaches the most restful sermons of any cleric I know. of a portion of his flock, but to my mind, though a little high, it is not unpleasantly so; indeed, I have always chancel windows. Besides, we have two very steadying churchwardens.

From Monday to Saturday, however, body contributing not only to the fund Tuesdays on their part and third Fridays I said, seizing a cigarette. He handed

interested, but also to each of the other addition to furthering the general cause, out of my trouser pockets and locked has the advantage of minimising rivalry them away in my desk by the fireplace. between the various bodies and so of preserving alive among us the spirit His attitude on questions of ritual and of brotherly and sisterly love that will clutch at any straw. A moment the like may perhaps be in advance should characterise every Christian or two later the Vicar entered the community.

When, sitting by my open window the other morning at about 11 o'clock, considered it to be in perfect keeping I saw the Vicar open the gate and come with our fourteenth-century Gothic up the drive, I confess I winced. He walked slowly, and his face wore the thoughtful, half-guinea expression that I knew so well. I wondered which of there is one period of the day during the Committees he was representing which, since the War started, I have to-day. Probably Mrs. Jones's, which never voluntarily encountered the Vicar, had been recently formed to provide much as I like him; and that is between our Indian troops with embroidered 9.30 A.M. and 1 o'clock. This is what pocket-handkerchiefs. Neither my wife may be called his Collecting period. nor I had ever had any sympathy with We have in the parish seven separate the Joneses. Yielding to the Vicar's funds connected with the War, admin- entreaties, we had called upon them on hastily. istered by seven separate committees. their arrival in the neighbourhood, but I myself am president of one committee, our subsequent intercourse with them on his palm and lit it. "I was on the my wife of another. The Vicar has a had been purely formal and conducted hand in them all, and insists on every on the strictest fortnightly terms, first

in which he (or she) is particularly on ours; and even so we often gave them a miss. With a sigh I got up, six. This simple plan, he claims, in took a sovereign and three half-crowns It was, I realised, a futile precaution to take, but there are times when a man room.

> "I'm so glad to have caught you," he said warmly.

> "Don't mention it," I murmured. "I hope the waterproof sheets are going well." The Waterproof Sheets

"Oh, yes, there is no trouble about their going; our chief difficulty seems to lie in the other direction.'

Fund is mine.

"Dear me!" he said thoughtfully. Now I was talking to Mrs. Jones about half-an-hour ago, and curiously enough she-

"Have a cigarette," I exclaimed

He took one from the box, tapped it point of saying-

"After you with the match, Vicar,"

it to me with a slight frown. The Vicar is a man who likes to get to the end of a sentence.

"Do you care for these?" I asked. "They are excellent," he replied. "I never really enjoy a cigarette except in the morning. But to return to our subject. Mrs. Jones, when I met her But to return to our half-an-hour ago, was saying——"
"One moment," I interrupted.

"Don't you think we should be more comfortable under the trees on the lawn? It's frightfully hot indoors this weather."

"I'm afraid I must be going directly," he answered. "I have five other people to see this morning, and I promised faithfully to be home again by one o'clock."

I rose from my chair. "So sorry you can't stay longer. But of course we all know that your time is never your own.

He looked at me a little sadly, yet with an eye that seemed to read my very soul. "Before I go," he said, "I must tell you why I have come."

I sat down again. "Do," I said weakly.

"It is to ask you for a contribution," he continued.

"I knew it," I muttered.

VER

ave up,

wns

ked

ace.

n to

nan

ent

the

u,"

are

eets

out

emis

lly.

nes isly

ned

d it

the

ır.

ded

"To the Organ Fund," he concluded. "The what?" I exclaimed, hardly able to believe my ears.

"The Organ Fund. It has been necessarily pushed into the background of late, but I feel that we must not let it go. The organ is badly in need of repair."

I sat in silence for nearly a minute, while memories of the old days before the War flooded across my brain, days when the world was at peace and household coal at twenty-seven shillings a ton, days when the issues of life seemed simpler and the Organ Fund a subject for really serious consideration. Then I walked to my desk, unlocked it and presented to the Vicar-no, not the three half-crowns, not the sovereign, but a five-pound note.

He left almost directly afterwards, and I walked down the drive with him. As we shook hands at the gate I fancy the eyes of both of us were a little dim.

## The Human Concertina.

"Wanted, Lady Instrumentalist, who can double up with piano."—The Stage.

From a Sunday paper:-

"But I suppose the most superb example of le mot jus which the Courts ever afforded came from the lips of Mr. Justice Hawkins."

We refrain from repeating the story, but can assure our readers that it was not nearly so saucy as they would suppose from the description.



Mistress, "Mrs. Jenkins, would you like some of your salary advanced, so THAT YOU CAN INVEST IN THE WAR LOAN?"

Housekeeper. "Thank you, my lady. But-er-do you think it is quite safe? WE NEVER SPECULATE IN MY FAMILY."

From the National Registration questionnaire, as published by a London paper:-

"Are you skilled in any work upon which you are employed, and, if so, what?"

A very nasty question.

Answer to Correspondent:-

"To tempt a hedgehog to eat an Altrincham inquirer might try the experiment of placing a broken egg in a saucer."

egg more tempting than an Altrincham? book-shelves better.

"A wireless warning Captain Claret to take every precaution against an ovation was re-received by the operator on the Minnehaha at 12 noon on the day of the explosion. . . . Immediately upon receipt of the message Captain Claret prepared for the worst."

Montreal Evening News.

He evidently knew the penalties of popularity.

"Green's Short History of the English People. Complete French ed. 2 vols. 16 ft. (Plon-Nourrit & Cie)."—Publishers' Circular.

But suppose the hedgehog found the A yard or two shorter would suit our

## THE COUNTRY COTTERS.

DEAR PETER, -- Taking it all round we like your country cottage immensely. The Crystal Palace is, perhaps, a trifle roomier, airier and better lighted, but then of course we could not have got the Crystal Palace for a pound-or did you say a shilling ?-a week; and, besides, the Crystal Palace has no wild roses climbing up the porch and no pump in the scullery. True, your ceilings are a bit low; but then one always stoops when one is shaving, and one usually sits down at meal-times, and one has to lie down in bed, and one never wants to dawdle about on a staircase, anyhow. At the same time I wonder if you would have any objection to my sawing a small piece out of the Jacobean rafter in the sitting-roomjust sufficient to admit of my rising from the breakfast-table without incurring daily concussion of the brain? I got up from the table this morning quite forgetting about the Jacobean rafter, with the result that the knob which I now wear on the top of my head makes the sitting-room fit me worse than ever.

Then there's the pump in the scullery. Now don't misunderstand me and imagine that I am wilfully finding fault. Pumps, spinning-wheels, sundials, Jacobean rafters, inaccessibility of doctor and post-office, bats, oldest inhabitant (if any), children biting the hems of their pinafores-all these, my dear Peter, combine to bring the scent of the hay over the footlights, as it were. I love them all. But I do expect a pump to have a sense of duty and convey water. What actually our tongues lolling out for a cup of tea, was this. After Joan and I had in turn worked the pump-handle some succeeded in pumping out a spider, followed a quarter of an hour later by about an egg-cupful of a dark and sinister-looking fluid strongly impregnated with rust. This would have been bly curdled by now. acceptable if we had brought the canary Joan went away to find a quiet corner in which to die. I wasn't surprised. ridiculous.

However, your handy man, Wrighton, of whom you told me, opportunely looked in to see if he were wanted.

there are pump experts? He said the leather of the plunger had perished, and he would fit another piece. Meanwhile he would fetch us some water from his private well.

Now, Peter, why don't you get a well? It would be quite in keeping with the rest of life in a country cottage, and oughtn't to cost very much. After all, a well is only a hole, and goodness knows holes are cheap enough. Get an estimate from a well-sinker, anyway.

water I went to look for Joan. I found her lying down on the sofa in the sitting-room in a state of utter collapse. The poor girl had had to break into the the animal, but to do as he originally emergency-ration of chocolate-cream intended and send it to the next village which she had fortunately brought with her, and was endeavouring to restore her shattered faculties by reading a just now, and we have lately had a copy of Country Life for December, perfect orgy of frivolities in the shape 1911. (Your library is sadly out of date). I said, "The leather of the plunger has perished." To which Joan merely remarked: "But the silk stockings of the liftman's little neighbour (feminine) have been saved. To-morrow we will conjugate savoir and connaître." This will show you the state to which your Flower and Vegetable Show was held, pump has reduced us. But we are to which we should certainly have sent getting slowly better. The oxygen cylinder has gone back to town and we no longer need to take nourishment during the night.

we followed your advice and took a cold chicken down with us in the sidecar. It was thoughtful of you to mention that Tuesday was early closing day in Windleton, and that we should have difficulty in getting in provisions. As a matter of fact we did. The cold happened the first day we arrived, with chicken left us without giving notice somewhere between Horley and Horsham. If you should happen to know anyone who lives between these two five thousand times each, we merely places you might ask him to keep an eye open (or, if he's not very busy, both eyes open) for a coldnever mind. It's no good counting on spilt chickens. Besides, it's proba-

When I can spare the time I'm with us. It has recently moulted going to devote a little attention to rather severely, and has used up our taming your wild roses. One scratched going to devote a little attention to entire stock of rusty nails. But as a me this morning as I was going into basis for tea it was impossible, and the garden; not spitefully, mind you, but (I believe) playfully. Or perhaps you wilfully keep them in this fierce A day at your pump, Peter, would condition to scare away tramps, just as make even the health of emperors other people keep a watch-dog? If so, watch-roses are indeed a novelty, and I feel it incumbent upon me to stick up a notice-" Beware of the wild roses.

He was. I explained our trouble to start a goat. Wrighton, it appears, has pessimists things must indeed be in a him, and he at once examined the pump a spare one which he can't use. It is bad way.

with the eye of an expert-I suppose too young to go as a regimental mascot, and he has offered it to her for the sake of getting it a comfortable home. Joan has already commenced to babble about growing our own gorgonzola for the mouse-trap, but a goat in the Sussex jungle and a goat in a suburban garden are two totally different propositions, Peter. Supposing it went mad and tossed the postman? Besides, I happen to know it's a buck, and no good for anything except to draw a goat-chaise or to be converted into pemmican, for While Wrighton had gone for the neither of which we have any pressing need. I therefore propose, before the plot thickens any farther, to offer Wrighton half-a-crown not to give us rummage sale to be raffled.

Windleton is very charitably disposed of sales and fêtes on behalf of the various War funds. Last Saturday there was An Evening with Keats in the village schoolroom, given by Miss Mullens, one of the teachers. A numerous and costly audience, I understand, stayed at home. Then on Tuesday a Fruit, a very fine growth which we discovered in your paddock if we had been conscientiously able to enter it as a mushroom. But unfortunately our joint You will be flattered to learn that botany broke down at the test, and there was no class for mushstools. To-morrow there is a Lawn Tennis Tournament in the Vicarage garden, for which Joan and I have entered, as we find that your effects here do not include either electro-plated asparagusservers or cut-glass scent-bottles.

By-the-by, the Vicar has called twice we were out on each occasion), and we are filled with trepidation, as we are not au courant with the customs of country clergymen. Will he ask us what we are? (Please wire reply). he does, I shall say we are Bi-metallists, but that we hold very conservative views with regard to contributing to funds for restoring the old Norman weather-cock or for adding a vox populi stop to the organ.

Your affectionate tenant, Oswald.

An extract from a recent article by Colonel MAUDE:

" This is speaking of Germans and Russians only, not of the Russians and Austrians, between whom there is, in fact, no comparison possible in this war, because the latter have beaten the former uniformly ever since the first shots were fired."

Talking of wild things, Joan wants to If the gallant Colonel has joined the

# The state of the s HOLIDAY TRENCHES.



Brown. "Now then, Jones, you and I will work this bit together."



Jones. "How's THAT?"

scot, the ome. abble a for issex rden

15.

ions, and ppen for naise , for sing

the offer e us nally llage osed

ad a nape rious was lage lens, and

ayed ruit, reld, sent ered conush-

oint and ools. nnis den, l, as not

guswice and are s of us

If ists, tive g to man puli

D, by sians

have the

the in a

## THE SUPER-SALESWOMAN.

When Irene understood that I had put my services at the disposal of the nearest Belgian refugee organisation between the hours of eight and eleven by buying a picture-postcard." each evening she was not wholly pleased. In fact she "murmured."

"And what do you suppose that I am to do with myself every night from eight to eleven?" she demanded.

I explained that there were many little things to which the deft fingers of a really clever woman could turn. Or, especially in these troublous times, the inestimable boon of a period set apart daily for quiet undisturbed thinking. .

"Oh, all right," interrupted Irene. to take duty each evening for an insignificant and quite unofficial rival effort calling itself Ons Huis.

You will at once understand the inconvenience of this plan. If I get through at the Maison Belge (our establishment) in an hour or two, I return to a depressingly deserted flat. There is, I discover, no more unadaptable hour than that which lies between 9.30 and too late to begin doing anything else. Things creak suddenly, too .

The other afternoon I got back from the office a little later than usual and found Irene on the point of setting out.

"In another five minutes we should have missed, 'she remarked, with the cheerful" take it or leave it" air of the confirmed follower of duty. "What kept you?"

I explained that I had looked in at an emporium for a collar stud.

"Oh, come," expostulated Irene, "that ought not to have taken half-an-hour."

"It did not. It only took half a minute. The remainder was spent in finding someone to receive the money."

"But you need not have stayed," she suggested.

"I need not," I conceded, "but I did. If I had not, the whole fabric of commercial enterprise, as conducted on the most modern principles, would have fallen to the ground.

Irene for once in a way was really listening.

"Peter," she exclaimed gratefully, "I shouldn't wonder-

Irene is an adept at what may be called the suppressed climax.

"Wonder what?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing; just an idea. I must bolt now. I am taking charge of our sale of Belgian work to-night.

"Good girl," I said; "we must all put our shoulder to the plough these times.' I had heard something of their little parlour effort. "Going strong?"

"I'm afraid not," she confessed. "The secretary marked the things at bazaar prices. Gladys Limpstone had charge last night, and, although she can be most persuasive, everyone got off

Life flowed placidly at the Maison Belge that evening. By 9.30 I was on my way back when a beautiful idea occurred to me. Why should I not go down to Ons Huis, slip in, and from a quiet corner view the proceedings un-perceived? Then at the psychological moment I would appear before her as a customer. A modest trifle would be well spent in providing that encouragement. I pictured her gratitude quite touchingly.

Shortly after this she volunteered Huis. I pushed open a few doors, murmured "Het spijt mij!" when I found a family at home, and finally discovered the right room. I had not expected it to be exactly crowded, but the sight of one aldermanly person and one embarrassed youth almost put me to flight. Fortunately Irene was absorbed in a copy of L'Echo. I reached a strategic screen without being observed.

In a very few minutes I had grasped 10.30. It is too early to go to bed and the fact that Irene was not enterprising. Both the customers tried occasional glances and throat noises in her direction in the vain hope of provoking an advance on her part that would enable them to cover a dignified retirement under the purchase of a postcard group. Finally the portly one approached her.

"I've just been looking round," he remarked.

Irene inclined her head in gracious acknowledgment of the honour.

"Interesting stuff, but everything is pretty dear, you know," he continued. "Very dear, if you don't mind my saying so.'

"I don't," agreed Irene. "Everything is ridiculously dear."

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated, "you don't say so?"

The strange young woman shrugged indifference.

"If I don't I express myself rather badly," she added.

"But" - he continued to stand there in a fascinated helpless way-"but this is most unbusinesslike."

"That is because attendants cannot always afford to be strictly truthful. You see, I don't do this as a business.'

"So I judge." There was nothing subtle about the man. "Well, my wife had a look round yesterday, and the young lady who was then in your place tried to make out that there her and ask her if she could not be a never were such bargains."

help seeing the pathos of it.

"Miss Limpstone?" she remarked. "Oh, well, I suppose she has always had to do with very wealthy people

"That isn't a bad little box over there, you know," observed the vic—I mean the visitor, suddenly.

"I suppose it isn't," agreed Irene dutifully. "It has been greatly admired, but I think that is because the Duchess of Doubleyou praised it so much when she opened the sale the other day.'

"She-her Grace didn't purchase it, though?" There was positively an anxious tremor in his voice.

"No, she said that she could not afford it-that the Duke would be There is nothing formal about Ons annoyed at the bill. It is so very dear.

"How much?" gasped the large

"Twenty-seven shillings and sixpence," whispered Irene hopelessly.

He mopped his face with a silk handkerchief of many colours and began to cross the room.

"I'll have a look at it," he muttered. "Do," replied Irene. "But it is nothing but wood-just wood sawn and polished and fastened together."

"It's very good wood, though," he retorted quite sharply, "and the work-manship is excellent. Yes, I'll-"

"Twenty-seven shillings and six-pence," breathed Irene. "It seems terrible-to me."

"Pooh!" said the devil-may-care fellow boldly. "Er—her Grace of Doubleyou, you said?"

I pass over the air of extreme reluctance with which Irene appeared to take the misguided man's money. I was on the point of effecting my retreat (for it no longer appeared to me that Irene stood in need of encouragement) when the young man approached the desk. In his hand he carried a picturepostcard of the refugees, which it was his obvious intention to purchase.

It would serve no good purpose, and might possibly lead to harm, if I detailed the exact process by which Irene sought to dissuade this innocent young creature from buying an elaborate piece of Brussels lace (three guineas). While she was booking the order I fled. To tell the truth, I was afraid to be left alone with Irene and her stock.

I have since learned that Irene took £27 15s. 9d. that night. But perhaps the saddest part of the whole business was the treatment of Gladys Limpstone, for the Committee deputed the most tactful of their number to wait upon little more pushing and seductive in Irene smiled bravely, but you couldn't her methods the next time she took charge.

ked. avs ople over --I ene adthe 80 the e it, an not be very urge SIXsilk and red.

t is awn

he

ork-

six-

ems

care

of

re-

d to

reat

that

ent)

the

urewas

and

if I

hich

cent

rate eas).

fled.

o be

took

haps

ness

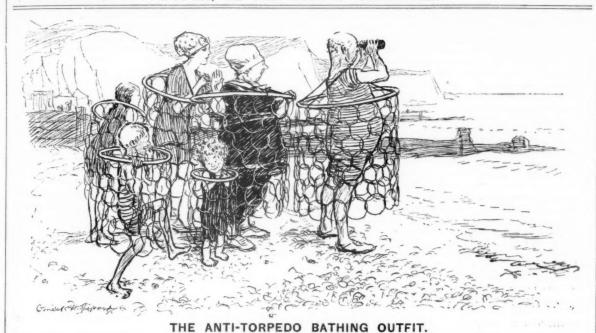
one,

most apon

be a

re in

took



OUR BOOKING-OFFICE. (By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

SINCE a title like Subjects of the Day (ALLEN AND UNWIN) points one inevitably to a certain unrestful theme, it was with a shock almost of happiness that I was reminded that such matters as Home Rule and Woman Suffrage, for instance, are still extant. True, gratitude on no better foundation might not have kept me good-tempered long; but fortunately throughout the speeches and occasional memorial notices of Lord Curzon, here collected, there is in the lofty sincerity which is their note an abundant ground for more permanent thanksgiving. From the first speech of the series, the one in which, as ex-Viceroy, he is proposing the toast of the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, a single persuasion seems to dominate his thought. From a purely literary point of view the volume may suffer a little-I dare say it does suffer-from the lack of continuity unavoidable in a reproduction of spoken addresses; but beyond question the book is welded into a whole by the patriotic spirit that inspires it. To be sure, in many of these utterances of the last ten stormy yearsthe period here covered—the partisan attitude obtrudes itself. But the broad truth about these speeches, no less apparent in Lord Cromer's introduction, is that they are an expression of that unfearing and responsible imperialism, justified beyond all words to-day, which even the most determined Little Englander—if such a creature still exist-at the bottom of his heart loves and understands. It is the negation of jingoism, the antithesis of Prussian militarism. And in the reading of this book the staunchest advocate of Radicalism may well consent to forgive Lord Curzon's occasional distrust of Democracy, and be glad that in this time of crisis he has been called to a place in the councils of the nation.

praised for qualities of sincere and acute observation; yet it is precisely in these that his latest book seems to miss the mark. Perhaps you read One of the Multitude, that exceedingly human document, in which the early struggle of a slum-child towards self-respecting manhood was described with simple and therefore very moving sincerity by a writer who had himself experienced the conditions about which he wrote. In The Driving Force you get again the same sense—unmistakable and not to be counterfeited—of the life of the mean streets seen from within; but, though I am pretty sure that the characters themselves are true, it seems to me that Mr. Aconn has yielded to the temptation to manipulate them into "situations." The result is a disappointing impression of artificiality. The chief theme of the story, the counteracting effects of heredity and environment, is lost sight of in a maze of rather irrelevant happenings; while the long-lost-child motive is handled in a way that imposes an unfair strain upon the reader's credulity. It is in little pictures and incidents by the way that the best of the book is found. The first chapter, for example, with its account of the slum children starting for their country fortnight, is excellently done, with truth in every touch of it. This makes me confident that, if Mr. Acorn will avoid elaborate plots and confine himself to the simple record of things seen and remembered, he has an equipment that will yet place him in the front rank of our realists.

My enthusiasm for those fine soldiers of the resilient Russian line, that bends and breaks not, gives me no clue to the higher qualities of the strange tales in The Old House (SECKER), by FEODOR SOLOGUB. I just don't know quite what to make of them, and I hope such ineffectual candour amounts to a criticism not a prejudice. They seem—sometimes at least—to go beyond the point of extravagant fantasy towards incoherence and morbidity. I am a little baffled as to what to say about The Cournos, the translator, urges me in a sympathetic preface Driving Force (Long). There are good ideas in it, and always to look for the underlying "intense symbol of Mr. George Acorn is a writer who has been deservedly reality," and instances particularly the powerful story, "The Invoker of the Beast," a nightmare of treachery and which he very capably turned to good advantage. Whether terror. I can only say that what Mr. Cournos finds is hidden from me, but that he is the more likely to have the right kind of eye and seems an honest soul. I did indeed find a kind of epitome of national strategy in the long story of "The Old House" (which deals with the tragedy of a son hanged for conspiracy), a marching forward towards the attack and a skilful retirement renewed again and again, and certainly also a brooding atmosphere cleverly created of poignant tragedy, and some exquisitely outlined portraits. Am I wrong in thinking that the magic of the long-drawnout preparation and comment resided in the felicitous and delicate choice of the precise word, and that a little of it has evaporated in the intolerably difficult exercise of translation?

A Far Country (MACMILLAN) is one of those stories of modern American life which Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL (U.S.A.) can handle better perhaps than any other living author. It is not altogether a happy story. In a sense it might be called, up to the last pages, a tragedy—the more poignant for being only suggested. Unfulfilment fair case, not ignoring facts of contrary implication, in is the keynote of it. Mr.

CHURCHILL has done a very hard thing remarkably well. In the central character, Hugh Paret, his task was to analyse deterioration from within, and with apparent un-consciousness. Hugh is the symbolic figure of American young manhood, starting life full of generous impulses and ideals, and gradually mastered by the all-pervading worship of prosperity and financial success. From a dreaming and romantic student he becomes, by inevitable degrees of men-

tal hardening, a pushing and conspicuous part of the system of graft that runs a city, a state or a country for the sole benefit of the inside wirepullers. Incidentally (though I know Mr. CHURCHILL did not intend that effect) the description of how a very rich and unscrupulous Trust lawyer can spend money is by no means unpleasant reading. Throughout *Hugh's* career there are two men representing the diverse forces at work within him-Watling, the man of affairs, and Krebs, the idealist. It is when the system that supports Watling and his associates totters before the attacks of Krebs; when Hugh's wife has practically left him, and he finds that the other woman whom he loved better can never belong to him, that he awakes to the truth of his position. That is the end of a story that is, I think, the most powerful, though not the most pleasant, that Mr. Churchill has yet written; certainly one of the outstanding novels of the year, which you must not fail to read for yourself.

Merry Andrew (John Lane) is Mr. Keble Howard's nickname for his latest hero, a cheerful and promising young man who nobly resolved to find a footing in Fleet Street, make a fortune, and marry the charming girl of his undergraduate choice. All this he finally achieved, but found his Oxford training a sad handicap, and was forced to eke out a livelihood as an usher in third-rate private schools until Fortune kindly handed him the opportunity

or not the story contains autobiographical passages I willnot pretend to guess, but the author has certainly been beguiled into inserting various events and conversations of little intrinsic interest and with no particular bearing on the plot; also into dwelling at disproportionate length on the failure of the examination system and the worthless soul of the Oxford don. But there is real life in Andrew Dick, and the comedy of his experiences (especially as a schoolmaster) is well worth reading. As for the letters Sylvia wrote to him, they made me positively envious. I could have welcomed quite a lot more of the correspondence between Andrew and his fiancee. The end of the book leaves him assistant-editor of The Studio, and without a doubt he deserved it.

It needs a stout heart to face the heroic jig-saw puzzle of Balkan problems past and present and tackle the sorting and the fitting of the pieces. Of such an organ, fortified by a well-filled head, is Dr. Seton-Watson possessed. In

ate blunders of British diplomacy, for our considering this hazardously placed State as allied with us of the Great League of Freedom in sentiment and aspiration; and a slenderer but still substantial case for our hopes of her intervention on the right side. But how on earth the worthy doctor imagines that any other than an expert of the fourth degree can read his pages without map or chart and preserve his sanity I don't quite know. Nor can I pretend that the



THRILLS FOR HOLIDAY-MAKERS. THE PERISCOPE ATTACHMENT. VERY POPULAR.

marshalling of his knowledge is as orderly as it might be. But there stands clear one fact, whereof in our preoccupation with German power-fever and brutality we tend to underestimate the significance, which fact is that the Magyar domination in Hungary is of a reactionary character to a point hardly conceivable in a modern state, checking at no device of chicanery or violence. To say "mediæval" is to insult a much abused era. Not for nothing does the blood of the Turk flow in Magyar veins . . . My advice is get a wet towel and a good map and read this memorandum.

## SONNET OF STRANGE SOUNDS.

DREAD is the fierce gorilla's warlike roar, And dread the Banshee's long-drawn boding cry, Dread, too, the note a table-leg lets fly When moved abruptly on a lino'd floor; Feline roof-serenaders grieve me sore, And amateur performers on the flute; And most uncanny is the siren's hoot When fog-bound liners feel their way to shore.

These sounds and others in a lifetime long Have jarred my nerves and chilled me to the bone, But nought on earth that better suits the throng Of Pandemonium have I ever known Than just a simple, modern comic song

Played swiftly backwards on the gramophone.

15.

ether

will

been

ns of

g on h on

hless

drew

as a

tters

ious.

spon-

f the

hout

uzzle

rting

ed by

In

out a

n, in

ostin-

ritish

con-

ously

with

rue of

t and

derer

case

er in-

right

earth

im-

than

ourth

pages

chart

nity I

Nor the

ht be.

ation

inder-

domi-

point

levice

insult

ood of

get a

cry,

bone,

ng

10.

n.

#### OUR SCHOOL.

BY POPPETT MINIMUS.

Our school is top-hole this year. It has always been the best school, but this year everybody admits that it is absolutely top-hole. So now you know which school it is. Verbo sapo sat; this is Latin, and I've put it in for

We've just had our Speech Day, which wasn't like any ordinary rubbishy Speech Day. Nearly everybody was in khaki, even some of the Governors, and some fellows' sisters and relations were in nurses' uniforms. My people weren't half bad this year and I introduced them to Dawes. He German master. was cock of the school last half, and he has now got a commission as private, but he didn't mind their being introduced because my father

A real top-hole bishop gave away the prizes this year. Not an ordinary bishop, like we had last year, but a suffragette bishop. Parker, who is going in for the Church, says they are so called because they wear a larger apron than other bishops. But this bishop was top-hole anyway, and some of the things he said about patriotism were simply spiffing. I am glad my people came.

is in the same regiment.

Last year we had a lot of beastly books which no decent person would read. I got Darwin's Dutch Republic in three volumes, and swapped it with Venables for two white rabbits. I'm sorry I did so now, as the rabbits died, and Venables' grandmother was so pleased that she made her will in his favour because he was a progeny, the first they had ever had

in the family, or some such rot. This year the Head said the prizes would all be the same: the school roll of honour framed. You should have just heard the fellows cheer.

Our roll of honour is a pretty hefty one. It has got Poppett major's name and the names of all the fellows who are doing anything for their country. And a jolly sight better prize than Motley's Earth Worms. As if a chap would spend his holidays reading up worms! Only one fellow ever got a book worth reading, and that was Boswell's Life of Jack Johnson. There seemed to be no pictures in it, though. Still for a fellow who wanted to learn boxing it ought to be pretty hefty.

Last year we ragged Mossoo; this year you should have heard the cheer when he came in. He's not a bad sort,

honour to learn all the French we luck; I went and caught German could. There was terrific competition measles. for the French prizes. Mossoo made a every sentence. I understood honneur, cœur, entente, patrie, and cheered like mad when they came in. I didn't understand the rest, as his accent is different and he speaks very quick.

amid great cheers. Only two fellows went in for it, and they were hooted most professional air, and said anyhow by some of the Fifth. This encouraged they were part of the unscrupulous us, and also when they interned the decrees of Providence. I must have

of France I learnt a lot of irregular major is in training, minor is scouting. verbs to show my sympathy. The And I hate the Germans more than Upper Fifth said it was a point of any of them. It's just my beastly

Parker, who is going in for the fine speech in French, and we cheered Church, came to see me yesterday and said perhaps I am serving my country as well as anybody else. He says that he is sure the German master, before he left, scattered germs everywhere, and that I got the lot of them (I was simply Nobody got the prize for German covered) and saved the whole school. I expect he is right. He put on his Pocock says they had about ten thousand.

## In Memoriam.

WE have to record with great regret the death, after an operation, of Mr. Walter Emanuel, at the age of forty-six—a loss both to ourselves and our readers, for, a valued contributor, it was he who for many years, with very rare interruptions, provided "The London Charivari" with the "Charivaria" that usually filled this page. His alert and caustic wit, his sense of nonsense and his peculiar gift of whimsical inversion perhaps found in the paragraph their best expression, but Mr. Emanuel was known also to the book-reading public by several humorous works, of which "A Dog Day," that diverting and convincing humanization of an animal always prominent in Mr. Emanuel's sympathies, was the most popular.

ought to have done it earlier, as anybody could see he was a spy by the way he wrote his own language. He could not get out of the trick of hiding the principal word in a corner of the

Pocock says he wishes Italy had not joined in till the holidays, because the Head at once added Italian to the curriculum to encourage those, he said, who were giving up German less from patriotism than for slackness. He had Pocock there. He said in his public speech that "henceforward in this school the language of Danty and of Honour will take the place of the language of Dishonour, even though it had been the tongue of Gertie Shiller." Pocock says that Gertie was a German lady the Head met when he was young.

All the fellows are doing something

#### THINGS THAT MATTER.

(In the letterpress beneath the portrait of one of our generals an evening paper urges us to "note the creases in his trousers.")

When it happens that we read (And we can do so daily) The details of some gallant deed, Of peril fronted gaily,

The story brings its wonted thrill, But yet we can't help feeling That matters more exciting still The writer is concealing.

He tells us how the pluck was high,

The strategy was tricky, But what about the hero's tie? And did he wear a dicky?

When mufti cloaks the burly form That scattered (like the chaff) foes

Would critics call his waistcoat " warm "? And what about his half-hose?

These are the things for which we

On these our thoughts are centred, And when at last the tide shall turn And Germany be entered,

Our heartfelt joy at coming peace Will know dull Care's invasion, In doubt if French's trouser crease Was worthy the occasion.

## "STRICT GERMAN CENSORSHIP.

Paris, Monday.—According to Berne despatches, no German cruisers have arrived at Berne or other Swiss towns for the past three days."—Irish Paper.

From the heading we gather that their non-arrival was due to a collision with the Censorship.

Extract from a soldier's letter:-

after all. As soon as I heard what those beasts were doing in the North me, and it's a beastly shame. Poppett opposite."

All the fellows are doing something to their country this vacation except the except for the mud, and the people who live those beasts were doing in the North me, and it's a beastly shame.

## THE MAKING OF A SOUL.

THE Witches were making a soul.

Once in every hundred years it is permitted to them, for services they have rendered, to make a soul and to choose responsible for the things that have happened. a human being whose body that soul shall inhabit.

Of course there were three Witches; it is well known that they always work in threes, finding this number convenient for their business.

Now it is a mistake to suppose that Witches are always ill-disposed and wicked. They are often as good as other people; but they have their moods, and sometimes they are

both capricious and mischievous.

Thus they acquire a bad reputation among staid folk and have often been punished for faults which they have not committed and for vices which, at the moment, they do not possess. At other times, however, they have committed faults which have escaped without notice, and have been full of wickedness which has been attributed to others. On the whole, therefore, no great injustice has been done, although the rules of evidence have been strained against them in Old England and New England and elsewhere.

Now on this particular occasion they were, as I have said, busy with the making of a soul; and I am sorry to say that two of them were in their most mischievous and disgraceful mood. They had been chasing wild cats up and down craggy precipices and had had only poor sport.

The third was in a better humour, but she had been riding a thousand miles on a new but well-broken broom, and she was now tired and was hardly capable of opposing her two disreputably-minded sisters.

All this, I ought to mention, took place more than fifty

years ago.

The third Witch, the benevolent one, was the first to

speak after they had come together.

"Do not," she said, "let us spend a long time over this soul-making. I have by me quite a nice soul which I made in my summer holidays last year. Why shouldn't we use that and get the business over?"

- "Nonsense," said the first Witch.
  "Quite a nice soul, indeed!" said the second. "Do you
- mean that you put good things into it?"
  "Well," said the third Witch rather shamefacedly, "per-
- haps I did. I put in loyalty—
  "Pooh!" said the first Witch. "And generosity," said the third.
  "Pish!" said the second.

"And modesty," added the third.
"Good gracious!" said the other two together, "our sister is wandering in her mind."

- "Oh, have it your own way then," said the third; and she threw away the soul she had made and went to sleep on a rock.
- "Here's a handful of cruelty," said the first Witch. "And here's a peck of faithlessness," said the second.
  "Let's put them in before she wakes up."

So they put them in.

"Here's a whole heap of vanity," said the first Witch.

"In it goes," said the second; "and here's a wagon-load of braggadocio.

"Splendid!" said the first Witch; "but we mustn't

forget envy and malice-"Excellent! And all uncharitableness," said the second. "That'll about do," said the first. "Now who's to

second. "There will be a new princeling there in two General JOFFRE and General CADORNA should report direct shakes of a cat's whisker.'

"Right," said the first; and together they blew the soul away on its voyage through the air.

"We shall have some fun some day," they said. But the third Witch continued to sleep. She isn't really

#### THE BUSY B'S.

BUCHAN and BELLOC are wonderful men, Equally nimble with brain and with pen, Swiftly eclipsing their college compeers, Destined for fame from their earliest years.

Buchan at Oxford—I quote from Who's Who— Mopped up the STANHOPE and NEWDIGATE too; Published three books, shone at Union debates, Romped through his schools, with a First Class in Greats.

Owing allegiance awhile to the law, Wider horizons in action he saw, Joining Lord MILNER away at the Cape, Helping South Africa out of her scrape.

Hardly less wondrous achievements were those Wrought by brave Belloc in life, verse, and prose, Writer of anti-Semitic lampoons, Pilgrim-apostle of all picaroons.

Member of Parliament, champion of beer; Viewed by his party with feelings of fear; Gunner of old in the army of France, Publicist, orator, mystic, free-lance.

So, when the War-cloud exploded in flame, Even more bellocose Belloc became; While to his feat in appeasing the Dutch BUCHAN has added the new "Nelson" touch.

Each wrote war chronicles, vast and unique-One came out monthly, and one once a week-Each took to lecturing night after night, Filling their hearers with awe and delight.

Belloc excelled in the diagram dodge; Buchan in breezy avoidance of stodge; Multitudes hung on the lips of HILAIRE; BUCHAN led off with E. GREY in the chair!

Buchan, whose brain works abnormally fast, Gives us an output stupendously vast, Vying in manner with NAPIER and Poe, STEVENSON, ARCHIBALD FORBES and DEFOE.

Belloc finds time to complete or rewrite LINGARD by day and MACAULAY by night. Serious staff-officers sit at his feet; Wireless distributes his screeds to the Fleet.

Here then's a health to you, marvellous pair, Prester John Buchan, volcanic HILAIRE, Drinking the cup of life down to the lees, Bang in the front of our busiest B's!

"We have repeatedly urged the imperative necessity of closer co-ordination between the operations in both main theatres, as well as on the Italian front; but, so far as we are aware, our appeals and our warnings have not yet taken effect."—The Times.

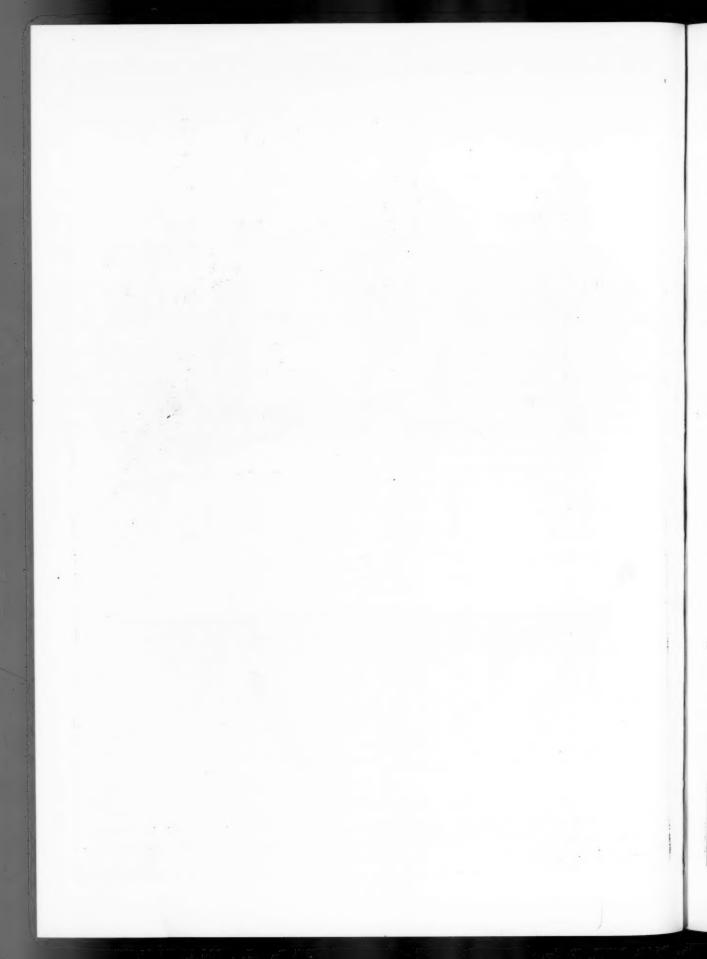
"We can't do better than send it to Berlin," said the An arrangement by which the Grand Duke Nicholas, to Printing House Square would seem to be desirable.



A SEA CHANGE.

KAISER (to Von Tirpitz). "BRITISH SUBMARINES IN THE BALTIC! WHAT AN INFAMOUS DEVELOPMENT OF NAVAL STRATEGY! HERE'S MY CHANCE FOR ANOTHER NOTE TO WILSON."

AS,





Friend. "WELL, HOW'S THE WAR AFFECTING YOU?" Post-Cubist-Impressionist Sculptor. "Not a bit, old chap. I never sold anything before it started-and I haven't since!"

#### THE USES OF THE FUND.

· "A very awkward thing has happened," said my wife, coming into the breakfast-room in some agitation. "Lieutenant Marshall has left a cheque behind him, marked 'Billeting Account,' for £1 7s. 9d."

"Where did you find it?" I asked. "It was rather cleverly hidden inside the drawing-room clock. I think he knew I wouldn't wind it up till Saturday; but it seems so sordid, considering the charming note he wrote to thank us for our hospitality. I wonder what in the world we ought to do about it."

"Stick to it," said Sinclair briefly;

"after all, you did feed him."
"No, I can't do that. It's too horribly mercenary. Besides, I asked him to come back again if they pass this way."

how in the world we ever got on without that fund. I hope they will make War. It solves all sorts of problems." "What sorts of problems?

"Well, problems like this billeting cheque. And then there's the question have several drawers full of them at of postal orders—postal orders for 4s. 6d. home." We are all being continually stuck "Then there's treasure," Henry with postal orders for 4s. 6d. They went on. "Suppose you find a fiver in come back as discount or in payment the street or happen to dig up a purse of a year's rent for the telegraph pole of sovereigns in the garden. It puts in the garden or as a dividend on a you (if you have a conscience) in a rubber share. Sinclair gets lots of confoundedly awkward position. At 'em in return for little second-rate least it used to do. But now we know lawyer's jobs. You get 'em, Harvey, in where to send them." the form of a year's royalty on your we longed to chuck them in the fire, under my tooth glass. but we are none of us rich enough to begin doing that sort of thing. "It is an excellent case for the National Fund," said the Reverend Henry. "It is really difficult to see part I keep a permanent envelope, addressed to the National Fund, and stick them in there and send it off at it a permanent institution after the the end of the month. Did you notice mark?"

"I'll try that," said Sinclair. "I

"Then there's treasure," Henry

"I shall have to go by the early train latest book. Of course we all save them to-morrow, Mrs. Harvey," said the up—or rather we used to save them up Reverend Henry abruptly, "and I have on the off-chance that we should have never yet confessed that I have broken to pay a bill of the same amount. But that Sevres vase in my room. I am it wasn't any good. The bills we had to really very sorry, but it will be all right. pay were always for 3s. 2d. or for 5s. 9d. You will find my cheque (made payable And at last we got so sick of them that to the National Fund) in an envelope

> "By 5.90 o'clock p.m. Mrs. -'s spacious drawing room was already filled by the guests. There was the usual tea-drinking with its accompaniment of pleasant talks and laughter. which were only interrupted by the songs of musical ladies and gentlemen.

Nigerian Pioneer.

that it had passed the five million Africa has furnished nothing new on this occasion.

## WINDING UP OUR WATCH.

(A Little Lecture on the War after the last moment. style of "The Spectator.")

table drawer, unless his watch is "keyless," and with an absent-minded air will-well, wind it up. Even in quite unfamiliar surroundings - in the state-room of a steamer or the sleeping-car of a Continental express-an Englishman seldom forgets to wind his watch. The thing is so well established that it is held in certain cases to be a test of sobriety; it is only when a man has lost control over himself that the rite is omitted.

It is quite a distinctive national habit. A Frenchman or a Swede will often usefully employ his spare moments with his watch-key. Who has not seen passengers waiting, for instance, at the Gare de Lyons for their train, taking out their watches and winding them up? If, and when, the foreigner finds himself in a theatre queue or is kept waiting on a door-step or has to fill in an interval between courses at table d'hôte, he winds his watch. But John Bull waits till the last moment of the day. It is one of our most striking manifestations of insularity, like catching a train at a run, like spare bedrooms, like the hat-rack

in the hall. soon to do one of our Little Lectures way. There is no need to repine. We Our metaphor-for the first time, as on the Hat-rack in the Hall.)

a man will not act with any fresh extraneous impulse or display an unrather record the fact with humble fatal if the nation got into bed and wonted trend of behaviour. His actions satisfaction that the watch is being went to sleep. are rather on the lines of intensified wound at last. habit (as we observed three years ago in dealing with the coal strike. Our now an open secret that we are at this readers are certain to remember the moment escaping by the skin of our phrase and we cannot do better than teeth from a series of hideous calamihope to show the stolid fatalism of the and vague. But all the world knows Some of the other experts consider that Japanese or the sunny insouciance of that if we had not bestirred ourselves the gallant Colonel took an unfair adthe Spaniard. We can only reproduce exactly as we have bestirred ourselves vantage of them in starting his military our peace-time qualities on a grander in the very nick of time our prospects education before he was born.

nation, is to wind up our watch at the we can estimate (and you may rely as

It is our national habit to wind up moment, the very latest, ultimate, final, lines had begun as early as 10 A.M. on our watches before we go to bed. So deeply is this custom rooted in the But all the same we may rest assured should have been in desperate straits. British character that it is safe to that we are winding it up. We might It is not yet ready to begin. After a assert that on any given evening, in the - and of course we should - have very careful survey of the progress of majority of the better-class bedrooms in the Metropolis, this rite is being We might assuredly have begun to appreciation of the German offensive performed at the close of the day. A wind it up after the bombardment of there, we are able to state with some man will take his watch from his Dunkirk. We might at least have got confidence that this Western offensive pocket and the key from the dressing- out the key after the sinking of the will not be launched sooner than the

> G & STAMPA. QIE. "PORTER, SIR?"

(We hope some day Lusitania. But that is not John Bull's issue. But one last word of warning.

scale. What we are doing now, as a now would be black indeed. As far as usual upon our estimates), if a certain It is painfully true that it is the last threatened new offensive against our

afternoon or evening of Monday, August 16th, and if all goes on as we expect we shall be in a safe position to meet it by midday (Greenwich time) on the 13th. It is very fortunate. We do not, of course, deserve to do any good, but British luck and British reliance upon domestic habit in the individual is just going to pull us through yet again. We hate to prophesy—although we are always at it but we are inclined to hazard the forecast that any dispassionate and well-informed observer who surveys the exact position on, let us say, the last Tuesday in August, or better still perhaps the following day, will recognise that we have rightly diagnosed a rather obscure development and that (with very little to spare) the nation has rounded the corner.

We shall have wound up our watch; and when it is wound up (unless it is allowed to fall on the floor or is thrown out of the window or meets with any other incidental calamity) we may be certain that the watch will go, and will not cease to go till we have reached a victorious

must get things done as best we can, far as we can remember-is not In the supreme moments of his fate however much better it would have quite perfect. For when the watch

From a War-lecture programme:-

"Colonel Frederic Natusch Maude, C.B., the eminent military critic, was born in 1874, and educated at Wellington College and the phrase and we cannot do better than teeth from a series of hideous calamirepeat it). It is the same with a nation. ties. We cannot specify them here. In our present predicament we cannot. Above all it is our duty to be nebulous. He entered the Royal Engineers in 1873."

#### CHATTO AND THE PESSIMIST.

[Pessimist: "One who has something wrong with his feet."-Unknown School Genius.]

His mouth was like twenty-five past seven on a long-faced clock. He was at his usual game spreading dumps over the widest area he could reach. The rain was falling pitilessly; the hotel verandah was full; spirits were low; the Pessimist alone seemed cheerful. He had the company held by his glittering eye.

"Just the weather for the Germans," he croaked; "it helps them with their

poison gas.

d

e

e e

11

11 it

e)

e. ut

A-

in to

n.

ıl-

rd

b-

ct st

er

ng

wθ

2 ent

to

led

up 19

red wn

ets

tal

ain and

we

ous

ng. 28

not

tch

be

and

! B.

874

the

the

He

that ad-

tary

This bright thought appeared to cheer him, but the little yellow optimist in the cage above his head stopped abruptly his tune of hope and brighter skies to come. His wooden brother in the Swiss clock seemed to be making frantic efforts to burst forth and say something, but subsided with a rusty brrrr of disgust. The stream of poison gas went flowing on-

Warsaw having now fallen, the turn of Petrograd would come. General von Schtuffenheim, the grandest strategist in the world, was planning a swift raid upon Odessa. The British working - man was in German pay, as were Bulgaria and Roumania. All three would soon throw off their mask, and so would President Wilson. The Germans were fitting up every ship in their Navy with a gun which could drop shells from Antwerp into the harbour of Gibraltar, and where should we be then?

We gave it up, and one old lady began to cry quietly into her handker-chief. We should then have been entertained with the incompetence of everything British and the never-to-besufficiently-admired foresight of everything German, had not Chatto burst in upon the gloom like a respirator.

"Hallo, Gargoyle," cried he, "at it again; cheering up the young and making merry the hearts of the aged! How's the gout?"

The Pessimist replied with a sigh that it had partly left his toe, but that he was feeling twinges in the knee.

"A very bad sign," said Chatto in his most sepulchral voice. "It is striking upward to the brain. That's the way my poor Uncle George went, or at least would have gone, had he not taken it in time and stayed in bed. That's where you ought to be this blessed minute, instead of rattling away, the life and soul of a merry company, on a damp draughty verandah. You are looking frightfully bad, old fellow. Isn't he?" he appealed to us all.

We all hastened to assure Mr. Gargoyle that he was looking ghastly.



Grocer's Wife. "You'll excuse me servin' you to-day, Miss. Me 'usband's joined the National Preserves."

The Pessimist was frightened. have never seen such a fellow as you, Chatto," he grumbled. "In you come and scare the lot of us out of our lives with your confounded pessimism. I shan't go to bed."

But Chatto knew his man and stuck to him. He was soon able to lead a cowed Pessimist gently inside, encouraging him with murmurs of, "A week in bed will pass like a dream. Plenty of hot mustard!"

Before parting, Chatto winked upon the assembled company and said, "You mustn't mind anything he's been saying to you. He's a dear old chap-I've known him for years. He's all on the old pun, as was said of Mrs. Gumright, but"—and here he tapped his midge."—Mansfield Reporter. forehead significantly-"he thinks he's the editor of The Daily Mail."

Here the sun came from behind a cloud; the old lady put down her handkerchief and smiled again; the canary resumed grand opera, and the cuekoo burst forth from his châlet and crowed defiantly thirteen times.

From Company Orders:-

"Any man wishing to make any alteration in their next-of-kin must send in a notification to Orderly Room by 5 p.m."

Suggestion for a recruiting-poster: "If you don't get on with your relations join the Army and change them.'

"Sir Arthur Markham, M.P., still harping

Mrs. Ramsbotham protests at this infringement of her ancient prerogative.

## THE COUNTRY COTTERS.

You Silly IDIOT,-Why on earth didn't you tell me you kept wasps down here? I had no idea you went in for such a hobby. But why is your vespiary at the bole of the apple-tree, immediately outside the sitting-room window? Have you any specific objection to my drugging it and removing it to a nice empty hole at the back of the wood-shed? I will then revive it with sal-volatile, and inform the neighbours that the change of premises does not mean any suspension of the regular business, and that they may be stung from 9 A.M. to 7 P.M. as heretofore.

I am emboldened to suggest this alteration because yesterday morning at breakfast, the window being open to admit a balmy Sussex draught, one of your wasps wanted the honey at the same moment that I did. Joan, who is no vespiphile, flicked her tablenapkin and said, "Shoo!" The wasp must have misunderstood her, for it immediately settled on the back of my hand and sat down on its pointed end. The result was that I said "Help!" though Joan makes out that I muted the final letter.

Unfortunately we had brought no ammonia with us. The nearest approach to that useful alkali that we possessed was a bottle of ammoniated quinine, some of which I applied faute de mieux. I can't tell whether it did any good or not, because I don't know what would have happened if I had not applied it. Joan thinks the wound would have "gathered," but I imagine she is confusing a needlework term.

Now you know why I want to move your wasps, Peter. The alternative is to eat our honey elsewhere. But bread and honey is so essentially a parlour dish (has it not as such long since received the cachet of royal example?) that to eat it in the scullery, say, or in one of the bedrooms, seems to me

seriously malapropos.

You may be interested to know that our honey was a local industry. None of your New Zealand frozen honey for us, my boy! We bought it in the village, at a most unpretentious little shop. Its one window contained a cucumber, the butt-end of which was immersed in a jam-pot of water, and four round glass jars containing respectively bulls'eyes, Pontefract cakes (which badly needed repolishing), nothing, and "Windleton Mixture." There was also a card displayed bearing the legend-

#### HONEY FROM OUR OWN BEES RUN OR COMB.

"I should like some of that honey,"

I remarked to Joan one day as we were passing the shop. "But what does 'run or comb' mean? Is there a distinction in honey, as there is in butter -fresh or smoked?" Joan explained. "Anyhow, we'll have it in the comb," she said; "then if we find we don't like it in that form we can run it. Whereas if we buy run honey, and we find that, after all, we want it in the comb-

Now, Peter, an idea has occurred to me. Do wasps make anything? can't recall any mention of it in Lord AVEBURY, but I have a sort of notion that they make frumenty. (Joan says that frumenty is a disinfectant.) At any rate there is the idea in my mind, and what possible object should I have in imagining that wasps make frumenty if they don't? What I wish to do, then, is to have a card printed to hang in the sitting-room window:-

#### FRUMENTY FROM OUR OWN WASPS THICK OR CLEAR.

Meanwhile, let me know if I can send you some, at the same time not forgetting to cut hole in card in order to indicate size of mouth.

I much regret to say we were unsuccessful in our attempt to procure you the asparagus-servers and the scent-bottles offered in the Lawn Tennis Tournament. Joan attributes our failure to the fact that whenever it was my service I played the Ruy Lopez gambit (six balls in the net and two in the Vicar's orchard); while I put it down chiefly to Joan's persistently playing the "nullo" game. Even so, this is hardly sufficient to account for our being defeated six-love in two consecutive sets by a brace of sheer rabbits. The truth is that our opponents' strong point was their appalling feebleness, and I tell you without shame, Peter, that to be served soft under-hand lobs without a soupçon of googly' about them by a left-handed auctioneer clad in a pink shirt, grey flannel trousers, plimsolls, and a straw hat with a hat-guard, absolutely demoralised us, who have spoken to Gore and Ritchie ("Oh, good return, Sir!" from the covered stand). The auctioneer's partner was of that neophytic type that "also serve," but chiefly "stand and wait"; but I am told that she does a great amount of good amongst the poor in the village.

And now I regret (yet also rejoice) to say something else: I am obliged to bring my tenancy of "The Yews" to a premature close to-morrow, Friday. I quite forgot to tell you, when I entered into treaty with you for the occupation of these premises, that I had previously offered to give LLOYD GEORGE a hand The Hymn of Hate, we presume.

with the munitions, and attend the Arsenal over the week-ends-just to keep an eye on the other fellows, and see that they only went out to lunch a reasonable number of times. Well, while I have been writing this letter to you an urgent message has come inviting me to present myself at the Arsenal on Saturday afternoon next. Joan is certain that if I fail to appear I shall be shot at daybreak, and my funeral, she says, would just now cause a great deal of unnecessary inconvenience; and I am inclined to agree with her. Under these circumstances, Peter, I am sure you will not insist on my completing my sentence, and I have therefore calculated that I owe you for ten days' accommodation (reckoning day of arrival and day of departure as one day), which, at the rate of a pound a week, works out at £1 8s. 6%d. I accordingly enclose my cheque for £1 8s. 6d. together with a bun (we bought seven for sixpence this morning), which is the only way I can think of to settle this vulgar and objectionable fraction.

Trusting that my cheque will be honoured with all that old world courtesy for which the Bank of England is

I am, Ever your grateful ex-tenant, OSWALD.

#### A SHELL-TURNER TO A SHELL.

LISTEN, you that's done for me! Here's one whose heart's with FRENCH'S

Khaki lads, and mad to see The fireworks in the trenches, Stuck at home along o' you—You'll have to go and fight for two.

I was for the Front at first: But, since the Bosches voted You was what they needed worst,

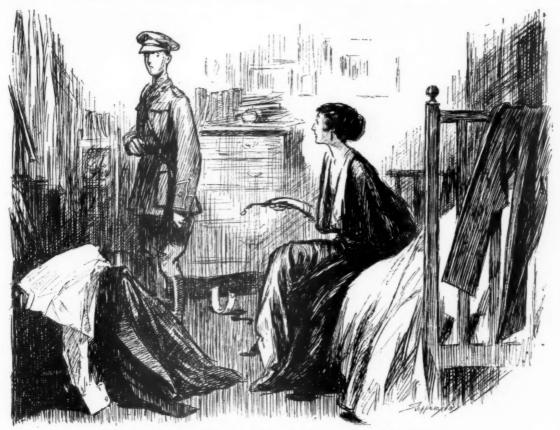
To please 'em I 'm promoted Where I drill and turn recruits-The sort an eighteen-pounder shoots.

Well, good-bye. I'll bid you luck And wish 'twas me was started; Tell the boys the way I'm stuck And not to be down-hearted; When you're in the firing line Remember that your share is mine.

In the breech and tucked up tight-Then bang! and off you're humming;

Guess I've done my bit all right And now there's your turn coming; Burst for England, good and hot, And show the dirty beggars what!

"GERMAN SUBMARINE SAID TO SING IN NORTH SEA." Nelson Daily News.



Scene. Youthful 2nd Lieutenant trying on his new uniform, which has just arrived. Mother. "I DON'T LIKE ALL THAT DECORATION ON THE SLEEVE, DEAR. COULDN'T YOU HAVE IT TAKEN OFF?"

#### GABRIELLE.

THEY are over now, those evenings when I sat by my open window and Gabrielle sang to me in the gloaming. But sometimes still, when the sun has sunk below the western edge and the daylight slips into dusk, I lie back in my chair and close my eyes and conjure up the memory of her

It was always the same song that Gabrielle sang—a song without words, sweeter, subtler far than anything that Mendelssohn ever wrote. Hers was a voice to hear once and dream of for ever, a voice of little volume, at its strongest just a fragile ecstasy of melody, yet ringing clear and pure, like the echo of a rim of fairy glass smitten with a thread of silver. But it was in its softer notes that it was most wonderful. Even now I can hear their sustained sweetness as they fell faintly frail gossamer stair between sound and trust, where all the good gnats go.

m

ng;

So sang Gabrielle, invisible silence. always. Yes, I never saw her, though must be, slender and petite in form, her eyes and face aglow with the rapture of the music that was her life.

And then very simply, very sadly, the end came. There seemed no sound in all the world that night, that rosefragrant night in June, save the voice of Gabrielle singing to me in the shadows. For awhile I sat and listened motionless, fearing to break the spell; but at last in a moment of forgetfulness I raised my hand to the cushion behind my head. Heaven knows I never meant it as a gesture of invitation, yet as such must my singer have interpreted it. She came. Swift as a wave to the shore, straight as a swallow to its nest, Gabrielle came to me. It was a brief meeting. Stung with a stab of pain, I dashed my hand wildly down, and all that was left of her was a small and more faintly still on the ear, till at brown smudge upon the window-sill. length they soared and died on the last | She had gone, my Gabrielle-gone, I

## THE GERMAN HIGH SEA FLEET.

I could well picture her as I knew she They call me "Fleet," you understand, For being rather slow;

Sea" for manœuvring overland, And "High" for lying low.

hope to keep ten keels for one

Some Day—no matter when; Meanwhile there's nothing to be done But keep one Kiel for ten.

graceful in black over white, with a collier of wide white tulle fastened with a diamond clasp round her long slim neck,' The Lady.

No wonder he did not want to go back to work.

#### An extract from Battalion Orders:

"6. EQUIPMENT.—Mr. —, Accoutrement Maker, from Woolwich Arsenal, has arrived here to instruct the Battalion in the Repairing & Fitting of the 1914 Pattern Equipment, which will last about 2½ days."

It seems about time to issue the more durable 1915 pattern.



HOW TO END THE WAR.

Gertrude. "What a pity the Germans can't see Auntie! They 'd be tickled to death."

#### "THEY ALSO SERVE."

TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE GRAND FLEET.

["Week by week they are waiting for a chance which never comes. Some of them, to the envy of their comrades, have had their day—in the Dogger Bank, the Heligoland Bight, the Falklund Islands, the Dardanelles. But for most of them "the day is still to come. It is impossible to describe the strain of waiting for it."

The Archbishop of York in "The Times."]

THE saucy Arethusa met the warships of the foe,

And the *Lion* and *Undaunted* helped to send them down below,

But remember, oh, remember, while we make their praises ring,

That the men who do the waiting also serve our Lord the King.

The Emden kept things lively from Seychelles to Singapore, Till the Sydney found her at the game and settled up the score:

But don't forget the others, when you cheer the victors pluck,

For the men who do the waiting haven't had the Sydney's luck.

Von Spee was smiling broadly when he neared the Falkland Isles,

But he hadn't made allowance for our gallant Sturdee's wiles,

So he and his went under—and we cheered to hear the news,

Yet the men who do the waiting are as stout as STURDEE'S crews.

The British Tiger ramped and roared. Their cruisers wouldn't wait;

They scuttled hard for port and left the Bluecher to her fate.

Here's to our tars who braved the foe amid the bursting shell—

But the men who do the waiting, they deserve our thanks as well.

They are ready, yes, and longing for the signal to advance, But they haven't yet been given all the other fellows' chance. They fret to join the *mélée*, they are eager for the call; And the men who do the waiting have the hardest job of all.

But the "Day" is not far distant when the thunder-roll shall peal,

And the German fleet to meet their foe shall follow out of Kiel;

The guns shall lift their voices in irrevocable blast-

Then the men who do the waiting will have got their chance at last.

"Belgium is for the moment a nation without a fatherland; but the soul of the nation is living still, is living in her brave soldiers, is living in King Albert, who has shown to the modern world what can be done by a Nero-King."—Dundee Evening Telegraph.

Our contemporary is in error; it is another monarch who has shown the world that.

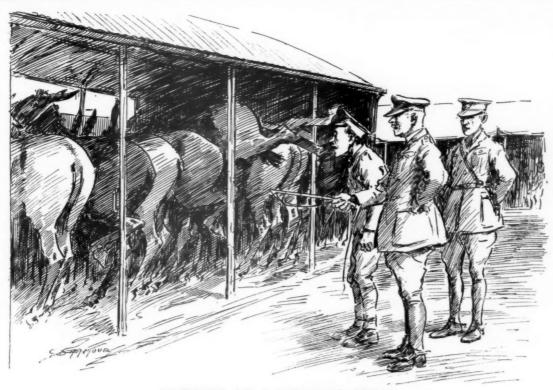
"At the inquest on the mate of the steamer Torquoise, which has been sunk, three men were hit by shells."—Greenock Telegraph.

The Coroner ought not to have allowed it.



AFTER ONE YEAR.





HUMOURS OF A REMOUNT DEPOT.

Officer (to lately joined Recruit). "JUST BRING OUT THAT MULE, WILL YOU? AND DON'T GET HURL."

#### THE WATCH DOGS. XXV.

My DEAR CHARLES, -We have moved ashamed of himself. along again and have struck a new joy in life. It was one of those quiet and ostentatiously peaceful afternoons in the trenches, upon which anything may

and body from underneath. The R.E. the other lot burrowing towards us, officer, a genial villain, told me all about it, but was not, as far as I could see,

It appears there is a class of Englishhappen anywhere, at any time, and it is content to fell hostile individuals, and expletive, says, "Blow that German!" just as well to stay in your dug-out the average artilleryman doesn't par- it is all up (literally) with the German lest it happen on or about you. I was ticularly care whether he kills or not in question. lying "at home," but, no callers arriving provided he removes landscape, these and the harmonious drone of a thousand men have conceived such a dislike for one of our galleries to join up accidentlocal blue-bottles producing its inevit- the enemy en masse that they must ally with one of theirs, although these able effect, I was just about to enjoy needs remove them en masse. Un-passages are but four feet by two. In an hour or two of the best when I was happily there is a class of Germans of this connection my R.E. man told aroused by a knocking on the floor. I the same morbid disposition, but the me of an experience of his, occurring am not used to being approached in two lots have not yet come to any upon one of his subterranean tours of this indirect manner, so rather than understanding of "live and let live" as inspection; but he did not tell me this, invite the knocker to come in, I myself amongst themselves or concluded any God bless him, until I had got back went out. Being unable to obtain business arrangement to that effect, from my own tour. What happened redress from our own people, I sought To pop a head over the parapet, have a was this: turning a corner, he met a out an R.E. officer, whom I knew to shot and, if there is any head remaining, German . . . That's all; is it not reside in our alley for no honest pur- to pop it down again is merely risky, enough? pose. Most of the worst machinations and therefore, as it is lacking in true of the Devil are worked, in warfare, frightfulness, these engineers will have my informant told me all this. He through the R.E., and I had no hesi- none of it. They prefer to burrow in spent most of his time sitting on a large tation in accusing him of having either an ominous silence and get at their tin case, smoking contentedly. Common instigated his own men or provoked antagonists from underneath with a politeness demanded that I should enthe enemy's into this rude and unscru-thousand tons or so of blasting powder; quire as to the contents of the tin; the palous disturbance of my peace of mind but their chief delight is to discover sound of the scientific name of the stuff

with intent; and, approaching them with a smaller charge, to have underground what they are pleased to call a "blow," as opposed to the above-board men to whom even the present methods method known as a "show." When of trench warfare are not satisfying. an R.E. officer, using what to you or Whereas the average infantry-man is me would seem a mild and inadequate

It is always possible, of course, for

I was having tea in his dug-out when

smoke in the presence of so vulnerable that the two little buttons at his side had only to be depressed to bring to a the mine to-night, Daddy!' climax arrangements which had been made to elevate the very trenches I should demand. With me it was the would do or deny myself anything to keep in his best books.

The knocking I had heard was apparently some way off and had already been noted. The R.E. were reserving the knocker's fate and leaving to him

they were waiting, from which they concluded that the work was complete and the charge laid. This they proved by some burrowing of their own, conducted, no doubt, very gingerly. Having discovered the actual charge and for all their professional knowledge of the touchiness and temper of the creature, they proceeded (in my absence) to remove it. Conceive the delightful sequel! Some evening every available man over the way would be assembled in the first line trenches, craning his neck to witness our departure at schedule time. At the ap-

whom one would carry the hand-somely-engraved switch-board, and the Private Trotter in their ranks. Imagine rest would quarrel for the honour of the feelings of that unhappy man, to the efficiency of his preparations and the completeness of the approach- inspected-closely inspected-and reing crisis, insisting finally on the need collected by an officer from whom he for hate and more hate and yet more hate. The local Army, Army Corps, Divisional and Brigade Commanders would have sent "Pass Memos" supporting the resolution and anticipating the most beneficial results from coming events. Finally, amidst the deadest and tensest silence possible, would take place the tremendously impressive and significant ceremony of the Pressing of the Button, the whole affair concluding in an overwhelming nil.

sound of the stuff itself (when ignited) of old words, and so, when the rumour would explain everything. I was about goes round that sounds have been heard to rebuke him sharply for daring to and we may ascend skywards at any moment, the company clusters round an explosive when he went on to tell me its Sergeant-Major and sings, with pathetic insistence, "Don't go up in

Having indented for every conceivable thing a soldier can possibly want occupy myself, when and if occasion or wear, all forms of uniform and equipment, arms and tools, we had the work of an instant to decide that I bright idea of indenting in an entirely new line. We indented for men, and in due course these arrived from our base companies, their faces reminding us of those good old days in England when our military operations were confined to dealing with an enemy who at least the pleasure of doing the bulk either did not retaliate at all or, at the were comparative strangers—so I sugof the burrowing. As events turned worst, did so with blank ammunition. out, the noises ceased altogether while Upon their arrival they were inspected

INVASION.

MR. WAGFORD (whose son has sent him home a sourenir from the field of battle) WILL HAVE HIS JOKE.

pointed hour the German Engineer- by our old friend Smithson, in the kill him." General, whose part in the business absence of senior officers. He expressed would be confined to this ceremony, himself (and obviously was) delighted would arrive with his minions, of with their appearance, but his pleasure for his mother, but wondered if she joining up the connection. He would already sufficiently depressed by his make a short speech, modestly referring first realisation of the dangers and discomforts of war, to find himself being had, five months ago, borrowed ten shillings and never repaid same. Of a hard world, Charles, Flanders is not the softest part.

Yours ever. HENRY.

#### UNFIT.

THE conversation turned inevitably to the subject of the War. We had not been introduced for many minutes he can do is to bang a drum, and that before I found myself telling her-I he does most thoroughly and con-

would convey nothing to you, but the To do this needs but a slight adaptation Front and that one of them had been mentioned in despatches.

"How proud you must be of them!" she said, with real feeling. I am, and

"You will always be able to think of what they did for their country all your life," she said, and then, after a pause, she continued almost to herself. "And what shall I have to think of my son!'

I had not known her to be mother of a son at all, but I felt sure she could never be the mother of a slacker. I looked up at her inquiringly.

"Oh, it isn't his fault that he's doing nothing but eat and drink and amuse himself during this great crisis. He'd be no good in the field," she said sadly.

I didn't like to be too curious-we gested munitions rather feebly.

"Oh, that would be no good. He knows nothing of engineering or things of that sort. He has never applied himself consistently to anything for any length of time

I began to feel sorry for

"But why can't he enlist?" I asked. "Is he medically unfit?"

"The fact is," she said, "he could never stand the marches. He'd never walk a yard in Army boots.'

"But has he tried, has he done his best?" I asked warmly.

"Oh, it would be no use his trying," she said.
"Besides, Army food would

I knew the type of young man now and despised him heartily. I felt sorry were not a little to blame; after all, his upbringing-still I could not suggest that to her. But I persisted.

"Have Army doctors disqualified him?" I asked.

"No," she said, "but our own medical man says his chest measurement is insufficient—and then he's below the regulation height too.

"The Bantams," I began.
"It's all no use," she said sadly and

as if to dismiss the subject. But it was one on which I, the father of three soldiers, felt strongly.

"I suppose he would do his bit if he could?" I asked.

"He would indeed," she said enthusiastically, "but he's so helpless. All The men deal with this new phenomenon, as with all others, by song. am afraid I have a habit of telling scientiously. You see," she en nomenon, as with all others, by song.

n

d of nr A. nd er 11 I ng Se 'd ly. we ıg-He errt. mny. of for enhe iid, the alk has ked

no

aid.

uld

NO

rry

she

his

gest

fied

own

ure-

ne's

and

it it

hree

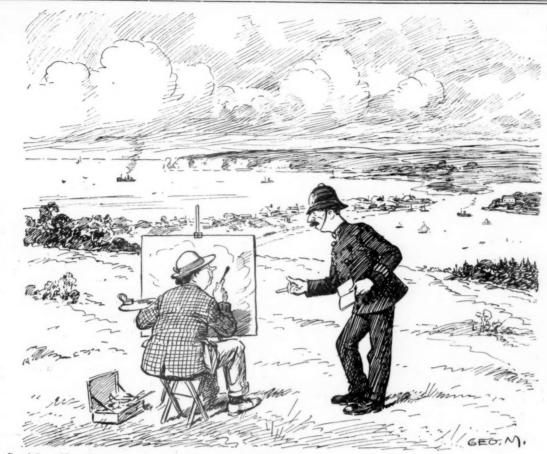
if he

iusi-All

that

con-

ided,



Rural Constable. "SKETCHING THE HARBOUR IS FORBIDDEN, SIR." Artist. "OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I'M MAKING A STUDY OF CLOUDS."

R. C. (impressively). "AH! BUT SUPPOSIN' YOUR PICTURE GOT INTO THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY'S AIRCRAFT DEPARTMENT, SEE THE USE THEY COULD MAKE OF IT!

#### DEFAULTERS.

For an extra drink Defaulters we,

We cuts the lawn in front of the Mess; We're shoved in clink, Ten days C.B.,

And rolls the lawn in front of the Mess.

We picks up weeds And 'umps the coal; We trims the lawn in front of the Mess; We're plantin' seeds,

The roads we roll, Likewise the lawn in front of the Mess.

> The Officers they Are sloshin' balls

On the lawn we've marked in front of There ain't much lawn in front of the ment will be expected by those who the Mess;

And every day

Our names they call

To rake the lawn in front of the And mends the lawn in front of the by those on whom the long hours of Mess.

And once a while They 'as a "do"

Mess.

Ain't 'arf some style, Band playin' too,

On our bloomin' lawn in front of the Mess.

They dances about And digs their 'eels

In our lawn in front of the Officers' Mess; There ain't no doubt As 'ow we feels

For the lawn in front of the Officers' Mess.

> The turf's gone west, And so you see

Mess

We does our best, Gets more C.B.,

Mess.

The C.O., who Sez 'e can see

On the lawn in front of the Officers' We loves the lawn in front of the Mess, 'E knows this too-Without C.B.

There 'd be no lawn in front of the Mess.

## For our Soldiers and Sailors.

At the personal request of the Post-MASTER-GENERAL, Mr. Punch reminds his readers that books and magazines may be presented at any Post Office for distribution among our Soldiers and Sailors. They should not have any address or wrapping, but simply be handed over the counter, and the Post Office will do the rest.

In the circumstances no acknowledgmake these offerings; but they may be sure that their gifts will be put to the best use, and will be appreciated waiting would else hang very heavily.

## THE SKIPPER.

(A Sketch from the Front.)

THERE never was such a one as our Skipper (the name by which we always call the Captain of our Company "B" Company, if you please). more unmilitary figure probably never was seen, and many have been the wagers that his circumferential exceeded his longitudinal measure, whilst he himself has been heard to deplore his contours. An old campaigner, he trod the veldty wastes of the Transvaal during the South African campaign, but, like a true soldier, he never dwells on the subject. His age might be anything from thirty-five to forty-two. He swears like a Colonial-on occasions-

his example on the part of his subalterns, maintaining that it is the prerogative of the O/C. Company. His own extenuation is forthcoming in the cryptic utterance that it is necessary for him to "Speak a language understanded of the people."

He came to us in the fall of 1914 from another regiment, after waiting - as he has repeatedly told us-a matter of fourteen weeks for a "call," although packed with qualifications, having letters before his name in the Army List and a bewildering maze of others to follow it. When he was posted to our Company we tried to size him up. Without any hesita. tion we voted him a horseman of parts (and weighty at that, as his certified avoirdupois is

we had certainly led his predecessor. But our wonder was short-lived and

we gave him an early best. Like all great men he has characterof the countryside where we were billeted. But we had to get to the of us could understand why, but he seemed to regard the ground between our trenches and those of the Germans knows German like a native, and in season and out of season, in wet weather or fine, with the falling of the shades

and often without, and we would lose sight and knowledge of him, till possibly startled by the sounds of exploding bombs and hurried firing of rifles; at which happening our senior Subaltern (whose love for the Skipper exceeds welcome him and breathe a heavy sigh of relief as the rotund and mudinto sight.

the adventures of the Skipper in Tom but represses any disposition to emulate What was, however, more to his taste here a second. His subsequent expla-



Imaginative Sister. "Bobby, do come and look. Here's BUCH A GOOD LIKENESS OF THE KAISER IN THE FIRE." Practical Brother. "WAIT A MINUTE, SIS, WHILE I GO AND FETCH MY SQUIRT!

14 st. 10 lb.), for his legs were unmis- was a visit to the enemy trench, where What must man attain to merit a takably parabolic, and we wondered he bombed a complete section and if we were going to lead him the dance brought back as trophies the contents of an enemy's pockets, the enemy's rifle, several hair-brush bombs, and, what was of greater import, valuable documents and correspondence. His very first istics peculiar to himself, but does not day in the trenches was signalized by devoutly thankful. His principal hall-that had just fallen and failed to be a General some day. Some think that had just fallen and failed to be one now—but then, he mark was a riding crop, from which he explode. Laughter tempered anxiety swears at times, and eschews to account the swears at times, and eschews to be a station of the swears at times. secured the shell, he found it almost impossible to mount the parapet to trenches, and in front of them, for the bring it in. Really, he looked very Skipper to come into his own. None funny. Perhaps the Bosches laughed, too, for their shots at him were wide of the mark—which is saying something. The Skipper was subsequently heard to as peculiarly and exclusively his. He remark that one enemy shell was certainly equal to one Turkish bath, but logue:we never could fathom this utterance.

There came on a day a severe ordeal. of night came the call of adventure to The trenches on our left were fairly

Skipper-who is a medico among his other accomplishments - and off he went to tend the wounded. Had you been there, you would have screamed with laughter to have seen him dashing across an open space in full view of the the love of women) would proceed to a enemy, and accompanied by another sap head to await tidings, and later officer. They had not got half-way when the other officer was "pinked" in the leg. Quick as thought, the died figure of the Captain loomed wound was dressed in full view of the enemy and under heavy and continuous It would require a book to detail all fire, the wounded was placed in a position of concealment, and the Skipper Tiddler's Ground—as we called it. His rolled on his way puffing like a grampus lonely scrap with a big German patrol and red as a lobster. The last part of he dismissed quite briefly. The bomb- the journey ended with a road which ing of enemy listening posts was too had to be negotiated and which was common a feat to deserve mention. swept by machine guns. He hesitated

> nation was that he thought of his wife and boy at the time, but we are collectively of the opinion that he was out of breath. Anyway, with a flying plunge and by a miracle he reached the further side of the road, pouring with perspiration and trembling like a leaf, and at once set to work to fight with death in another form. Ah! the tenderness of those hands when ministering to the lacerated wounds of the poor brave fellows who had "caught out."

For months past we have said to ourselves, "What of the Skipper?" And now, lo and behold, we have it in black and white. He has been awarded the Military Cross. What deeds, we are wondering, must be done that shall merit the D.S.O.?

Victoria Cross?

He is, of course, glad. He says it will give him a day or two home with his wife and boy, to whom he has never failed to write daily since old England's shores were left.

Some of us believe the Skipper will be none too comfortable to get on with, and, best argument of all, we don't want to lose him.

The Skipper's wife has just sent us ninety-nine pounds of acid drops. God bless the Skipper!

Testimonial quoted in a florist's cata-

"I am very pleased with the lot of seeds I got from you recently. Everyone nearly came up.

him, and off he would go, sometimes plastered with shell, and many brave We wonder what he would have said if with an escort for some of the distance, fellows laid out. A call came to the they had quite come up.

d

ar.

of

h

d

of

e.

of

10

1e

m

at

th

ds

ve

id

ld,

te.

liwe ne

.?

a

it

th

rer'

d's

ill

nk

he

co.

ıld

th,

n't

118

lod

ta-

ds I

ıme

d if

## THE TYRANNY OF EALING.

(By an Inner Circler.)

When, as Evensong is pealing, Campden Hill-wards bound,

I desire to reach my shieling By the Underground; As I humbly stand, appealing

To the indicator, "Ealing' Only can be found.

Endless trains stream past me, dealing Disappointment dire,

Bringing neither balm nor healing To assuage my ire;

For they're packed from floor to ceiling, And the eternal cry of "Ealing' Sets my brain on fire.

So I stand, my senses reeling, Anguish in my soul,

As the trains with jolt and squealing Ever onward roll,

Most conclusively revealing That the whole world finds in Ealing Its appointed goal.

To the isle of Cocos-Keeling Were I forced to fly, Or the hills of far Darjeeling

Tow'ring to the sky, Whether walking, standing, kneeling, They will haunt me, trains to Ealing, Haunt me till I die.

## THE MOTE AND THE BEAM.

"Excuse me," I said to the man standing by the big motor car, "but I must ask you to reduce the power of your head-lights. They're brighter than the regulations permit."

"Indeed," he said rather severely.

"Do you know who I am?"

" No," I His tone rather vexed me. said, "and I don't care. You may rent a box at Covent Garden or a stall in the Caledonian Market, but those lights have got to come down.

"Have they?" he said. "Who says 80 ? "

"I do," I said. "Do you know who I am?"

"No," he said, "and I---- Who are you, I mean?"

"One of the Special Constables for this Division," I said, drawing myself up to the full extent of my new braces. I'm a person to be reckoned with. help it, do we?" I could even run you in. But come, what about these lights?"

"Well, what do you want to do about them?"

"It isn't," I said, "what I want to do about them; it's what I've been instructed to do."

"But what are your instructions?" he said.

"Well," I said, "I'm not quite



## THE SPIRIT OF HIS ANCESTORS.

Visitor. "It's a terrible war, this, young man-a terrible war." Mike. "'TIS THAT, SOR-A TIRRIBLE WARR. BUT 'TIS BETTER THAN NO WARR AT ALL."

you do decline?

"Well," he said, "I admit I don't want to do it.

"I ought," I said, "to have some written instructions on how to act, but I haven't. I have a whistle, and might call assistance, it's true, but we don't want a crowd round if we can

"No," he said.

"I have it," I said. "If you wouldn't mind staying here while I go to the nearest police - station, the Inspector will tell me what I ought to do next."

"Oh, I shan't run away," he said. "And you won't drive away in the

car?" I asked.

"No," he said. clear what I have to do if you decline decent chap for a motorist, and I don't turned up."

to lower the lights yourself. I take it want to be severe. Couldn't you bring yourself to lower them just the weeniest? "No," he said, "not the teeny-weeniest." They 're only about twenty over-proof.'

"Then," I said, "there's no help for it. I'm off to the station. I have your word?

"Certainly," he said.

I turned to go. "I say!" he called. "Ah," I said, turning back with relief; "you relent?"

"No," he said, "it isn't that. I was only going to say that here's the owner of the car coming back, I think."

"The owner," I gasped. "Then who are you?"

"Nobody in particular," he said, smiling. "I've just been waiting here "Look here," I said, "you seem a all the evening for a friend who hasn't;

#### SOMMEVERE-EN-FRANCE.

ONLY Guillaumism, I felt, could have got me to reside for more than one night in the little town of Sommevere-en-France; but I am glad of the experience, for the Sommeverians are a pleasant placid folk with a pretty taste in open fruit tarts, and for the cool of the evening they can offer the stranger both a river and a canal. Not an ordinary canal, but a canal which runs right away into the Detestable Land and, a mile from Sommevere, is so adventurous as to leap across the river by a gleammany barges, whose main function as carriers being for the time suspended now lie moored to the trees by the bank, and shelter huge families of thousand-and-one strains.

Sommevere-en-France itself must be one of the neatest provincial towns in orderly mind though somewhat irregular habits (as one Diane de Poictiers trees, whose branches have been severely cut into cubes; and in the middle of that is a fountain. From this fountain radiate the four principal streets. The fountain itself, rather daringly in such close proximity to the real article, represents the great and beautiful and very green and now poignantly historic river on which Sommevere-en-France is situated as a bronze lady: a feat of imagery which, since the stream can be seen only a few yards away, has the effect of turning the youth of the town into either poets or, by way of protest, realists, and suggests that some limit of distance should perhaps be set upon symbolic sculpture.

There, however, she stands, this bronze lady, not much more motionless than-especially on Sundays and in the evening-stand the multitude of anglers on her river's actual banks. For Sommevere-en-France fishes with a unanimity and application such as I never saw before. Every one fishes: old women fish; young women; mothers with their children; girls; boys; elderly men; the barber with the strabismus who is man with one leg who manages his bicycle so cleverly: all fish. After five o'clock they are as sure to be by

these warriors, with such calm and intensity? It is not a sight to hearten the WAR LORD and send him to the telegraph-office with a new message of confidence to his sister of Greece and a new postscript of affection for Tino.

No one, so far as I know, ever catches anything; but what of that? It is notorious that fishing and catching fish can be totally opposed pursuits. ing white bridge. Upon the canal are Nothing ever discourages or depresses the Sommevere enthusiasts. They fish on; smoke on; exchange jests and hopes. The barber, with his white jacket and his ragged beard, who for refugees together with dogs of a the most part has one eye on his float and the other on the street whence would come running the boy who lathers the customers, may now and the world. Built by a monarch of then examine his hook with a gesture of surprise, but he is not really concerned to find no fish squirming there. could relate) it fulfils a rectangular Similarly, at intervals; every soldier plan. In the middle of it is a square; withdraws his line to replenish his bait within that is a smaller square of lime or move his float; but they too are not downhearted. I say float, for it is all that kind of fishing. No flies, no reels even; nothing but a rod, a piece of string, a float, two split shots, a hook, and some quite superfluous lure. A few more imaginative minds add a landing-net. I have sometimes wondered what would happen if a fish with a sense of fun did once permit itself to be drawn from the river. Would they run as from a sea serpent? I imagine them, en masse, soldiers and civilians, old and young, stampeding to their cellars in terror. 'A fish! A fish!'

Sommevere has two hotels and several cafés, one of which, by the canal towpath, where the weary horses plod, bravely calls itself the "Café de Navigation." As for the others, they are of the regular pattern—"de Commerce," "de Paris," and so forth. It also has many shops, for it is a centre of an agricultural district, and farmers and farmers' wives-chiefly farmers wives nowadays, for the farmers and their men are away fighting GUILLAUME -rely upon it for the necessities of life. And mention of the shops reminds me so anxious to learn English; the tall of one of my experiences in Sommevere which I shall ever cherish, for I too, finding myself one day also in want of a necessity of life, entered the chief the river as the bronze lady is sure to ironmonger's and laid my need before be in the centre of the square. But, the assistant: a corkscrew. He dismost of all, the soldiers fish. Sommevere-en-France is packed with soldiers,
and every one has a rod. When work
is done they hold their rods over the

serious corkscrew that I bought.

The advertiser must be a generous
fellow. Some people would have river with a pacific content that for the "Great sensible land of France," I said wanted it all for 10s. net.

moment reduces Guillaumism to a to myself as I bore away this precious dream, a myth. But for that dread purchase, "where the words 'serious' menace they would not be there in such and 'corkscrew' can be so naturally numbers, it is true, yet how can one allied, and soldiers can catch nothing fear the worst so long as they angle, hour after hour in perfect contentment!" For the rest of my life cork-screws will fall into the two divisions serious and the reverse.

#### THE ADVENTURER.

In Childhood's land of make-believe I wandered long ago, Content and keen to plan and weave A constant shadow-show.

We prowled about like angry bears Within the fire-guard den, And stole doll-children unawares And rescued them again.

We'd blaze each chair-leg forest-tree To balk an Indian plot, Or sail into an oil-cloth sea Upon the sofa-yacht;

We made our captives walk the plank Across the nursery tray, And wrecked the bath-ship on the bank Of bricks in Carpet Bay;

But now, where City fetters cramp My wayward feet, I slave; Electric is Aladdin's lamp, The office is the cave.

Yet here, as in dear nursery days, I roam adventuring, And travel-through uncharted ways On Fancy's restless wing.

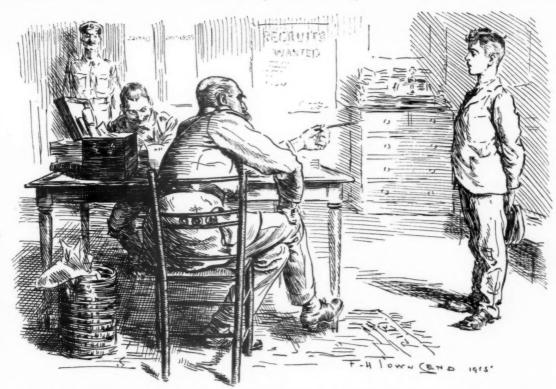
The marvels of the mystic East I view in countless bales, While cunning merchants hourly feast My ears on fairy tales.

The ledgers tell a wild romance Of galleons strangely lost, Of traders that have met mischance When coral-reefs were crossed.

The wisdom of a thousand climes, The witchcraft of a few, The glamour of the "good old times," The vigour of the new-

All these combine to weave for me, Out of the rush and din, Fair dreams of gallant days to be And wonderlands to win.

APARTMENTS .- Wanted, One Bedroom and APARTMENTS.—Wanted, One Bedroom and Kitchen Board, three meals, five days; four meals, Sabbath; breakfast and supper on Friday (hot supper with potatoes); hot dinner each day, and chop and steak for breakfast preferable; all home comforts essential. Terms 10s. 1d."—Shields Daily Gazette.



Officer (to boy of thirteen who, in his effort to get taken on as a bugler, has given his age as sixteen). "Do you know where boys go who tell lies?"

Applicant. "To THE FRONT, SIR."

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Of the many books that have been already written about the War and its causes, and of that greater number, at which the imagination boggles, that will be written in the future, I doubt whether any will have a greater significance for the student than J'Accuse (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). The peculiar value of it, rightly emphasised by the publishers, is that this doubly damnatory indictment of the central Empires is written by one of their own citizensone, in short, who, despite what must be increasing temptations to belong to other nations, remains a German. Further identification is not given, doubtless for reasons of common quarters where no price would be thought excessive to silence the too candid tongue of this critic. His accusation, based indisputably upon facts and documents beyond question, proves the blood-guiltiness of the German and Austrian criminals with a logic that no impartial mind can dispute. He shows, from their own actions as given even in their official reports, that it was the Governments of Berlin and Vienna which, after long secret preparation, deliberately unchained the present horror upon the world at what they regarded as their most propitious moment. In particular no one can fail to be impressed by the is not only an absorbingly interesting volume, but one of It's an Ill Wind ---- are alive, and there are very few writers

great permanent value; and its anonymous author deserves the gratitude of all right-thinking men for the high moral courage that has inspired his work.

One of the small grains of comfort which it is possible to extract from the War is the fact that it must have acted as a high explosive, blowing a great deal of nonsense out of the heads of a particularly irritating class of the community -the class which, before August, 1914, was wont to gather together in little coteries and talk Art and admire itself and behave generally as if it were the centre of an otherwise uninteresting world. As one of the characters in Mr. Douglas Goldring's It's an Ill Wind- (George Allen AND UNWIN) puts it: "There will be a European war in a prudence. One can well imagine that there are certain fortnight. The importance of the small emotions of neurotic young men and women will then be dwarfed." Corbet was one of this class till the realities awoke him and caused him to become a soldier instead of editing The Monocle, a monthly magazine devoted to Literature and the Arts, price 2s. 6d. net. War enabled him not only to find himself spiritually, but to escape from the clutches of Rose Harford, who was going to marry him, but, as soon as hostilities began and the price of food started to go up, elected to play for safety and become the mistress of a rich man instead of the wife of a poor one. This is, I think, Mr. Goldring's first novel, and it is so well written that I measures they took to avert what at several moments must hope he will stick to fiction as his medium of expression. have appeared to them the danger of a pacific solution to None with his gift for characterization should limit himself the difficulties they had so sedulously fostered. J'Accuse to verse and the essay. Even the smallest characters in

nk ank

96

ous IS lly ing ntrk-

feast

ies,"

ce

m and ; four per on dinners eakfast sential.

nerous have

who could have handled the development of Rose Harford careful sketches of the lives of such men as LE CARON, with greater skill. I hope that the book will not come Andre and Schulmeister, but the best chapter in this part under the head of the ninety-nine per cent. of fiction which of his book is "Mack and the Molly Maguires," which is as in the present troublous times "will automatically cease to exciting as any detective tale I have ever read. In discussmatter." for it deserves a better fate.

-to reconcile the apparently irreconcilable and to build a what must seem to be utterly incompatible natures in a one's powers of belief. completely happy ever-after, without ever losing heart or showing any doubt as to the issue, then OLIVE WADSLEY does the miracle stop at her own belief in the event, for if get much of a welcome, I am sorry to say; said grandthere will be very few persons inclined to find fault with beef-tea and Benger, or indeed to play any but a the romance of Alexa Castlemayne and her gutter-bred, merely nominal part in Mrs. Mary E. Mann's latest poetry-loving Bill, the boxing champion. Although a story, Grandpapa's Grand-daughter (MILLS AND BOON),

temporary disparities notwithstanding, one closes the book with no fears for the final welfare of these two nice people. Really Conquest (CASSELL) is a most compelling story, despite the fact that the War has inevitably dwarfed one's interest (supposing it ever existed) in such things as boxing contests and world championships. I could wish indeed that the authoress had got her effect of contrast by some device less harsh than the setting of her perfect lover in the prize-ring, yet,

seeing that her method has been successful, she may well impoverished that someone simply had to marry a wealthy uphold it; and beyond a doubt she has achieved something. neighbour—fat, jolly and fifty odd he was—to save the Her style of writing, too, apart from some occasional situation. Vivia naturally would not; Grandpapa naturally unevenness, is of the pleasantest, and possesses the further could not; so who was there left? Pauline, as you might and rare merit that it improves with the occasion. In expect, was much too conscientious not to make the short, this is a book my friends shall be told to read.

bored to the snoring point and find yourself thoroughly interested and wideawake, it is well, I think, to admit the fact. That was the effect that Mr. Hamil Grant's Spies reason was that he does not devote himself excessively to much water in the milk. affairs of the moment, but gives up a considerable portion of his book to what I may call the history of his subject. The psychology of the spy is a complex business, and I should imagine that many of us have wondered how men can be found to take part in what Mr. Grant says is "among the most disreputable of all trades." That recruits can easily be found for this hazardous service is due, he states, to a kind of megalomania which induces people at whatever cost "to be engaged, in no matter how lowly a of fish, averaging about 65lb. each, and only about 5 per cent. were capacity, with men who direct important affairs, to associate not edible. These were distributed among the hospitals." in more or less familiar fashion with celebrities." The spy is then—in simple terms—a snob. Somehow or other I On the theory that, as the patients are ill, they may as had never thought he was so bad as that. Mr. GRANT gives well be very ill.

ing the secret services of various nations Mr. Grant is still entertaining, but when he states that the German-Americans If it requires courage in a novelist-and I think it does of to-day are "Americans first and Germans last of all" he strains my credulity. On the whole, however, his matter, firm love-story on no visible foundation, coupling together though full of information, makes no great demands on

When pretty Pauline Coutt, newly an orphan, came to has proved her right to be serving in the trenches. Nor take up her abode at her grandpapa's house she did not I am an average reader (which I suspect to be the case) papa being too old to endure worries more serious than patrician of patricians, she allowed the boy to sweep her notwithstanding a place of honour in the title that surely off her feet and marry her regardless; and it is all so demanded a reasonable degree of exertion. Pauline's satisfactory that, some cousin Vivia too, the

only other surviving member of the family, was not exactly cordial. being at the moment of arrival too busy dancing with the footman. And the authoress does not stop even there, but proceeds with considerable animation to join Miss Vivia in a series of rat hunts, otter hunts and private interviews with the estate agent, so that Pauline, who poised her head proudly and meant to keep folk in order, looked like having a busy time. Things did not improve either when it came out that the estate was so

J



"GOSH, BILL! MY OLD WOMAN WOULDN'T 'ALF COP IT IF I CAUGHT 'ER COMIN' OUT LIKE THAT!"

ort, this is a book my friends shall be told to read.

attempt; and, strangely enough, it works out quite all right in the end. How it does it of course you must when you begin a book with the expectation of being read to discover, but your guesses will be getting very shrewd some little time before the finish, which indeed comes desirably soon. The book is not without its dramatic moments, but is too slight and unreal to count for much and Secret Service (Grant Richards) had upon me, and the in these days. Frankly, Mrs. Mann spills a good deal too

<sup>&</sup>quot;At Christchurch Cathedral this morning the clergy of the Diocese assembled to make a presentation to Bishop Julius, on the occasion of the completion of his twenty-fifth year as Bishop of Christchurch. The gift, a light pastoral stag, was brought in in state."-Auckland Star. Has the craze for "mascots" spread from the Services to the Church?

N, urt

as

38-

till

ns

he

er,

on

to

not

nd-

an

est

N).

ely

10'8 the

ing

ily,

ial,

t of

nc-

an.

oes

but

ler-

oin

ries

ints

ews

ent,

vho

idly

folk

like

me.

ove

out

80

lthy

the

ally

ight

the

all

nust

very

leed

atic

nuch

too

ocese

on of The

Star.

s to

skets

were

y as

us.

#### CHARIVARIA.

According to a Swiss telegram 150 sary Polish. swans belonging to the KAISER have just been killed at Potsdam because there was no longer any barley to give abundant stock of geese.

The Kölnische Zeitung, in recording portraits show, however, that his Lieut.-Col. Francke's admission that the Germans poisoned wells in South Africa, translates "arsenical sheep-dip by the word Viersalz—"rock-salt." good many of the statements of the Kölnische Zeitung require qualification with a grain of this material.

An American journal states that baby shows are being held in connection with agricultural fairs and that "blue ribbons are being awarded to babies as well as to cabbages and pigs." Only to those babies, we suppose, who have given up the bottle.

Bread tickets issued by the Concordia spinning mills at Bunzlau (Prussia) bear an inscription inculcating economy in the use of bread, and stating that every slice saved shortens the duration of the War. If this advice is acted upon with sufficient thoroughness it will certainly shorten the duration of the Germans.

A Daily News correspondent asked wounded soldier whether Lord KITCHENER, who had spoken to him when visiting the hospital, had told him when the War would end. "No," replied the young private; "he asked if I could tell him." Humour Stakes, result: - Kitchener, 1; Soldier, 2; Correspondent, disqualified for boring.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is said to be devoting his leisure to landscapepainting. The particular artistic school that he favours is not publicly stated, but we have reason to believe that he intends to be a LEADER.

What the shade of NAPOLEON remarked when he heard of the capture of Warsaw :-- " Mind the Steppe.

A Canadian officer, describing General JOFFRE, says "he looked to me exactly like an American politician." omits, however, to mention the occasion on which the French generalissimo said he was too proud to fight.

Some surprise has been expressed that The Brigade were soon on the scene, some surprise has been expressed that the Kaiser should have selected Prince Joachim as the ruler of the new Kingdom of Lithuania, and not one of his dom of Lithuania, and not one of his dominant the lithuania, and not one of his dominant the lithuania, and not one of his discussion at the Royal Botanic Society it appears that this institution, intended to teach discussion at the Royal Botanic Society it appears that this institution, intended to teach discussion at the Royal Botanic Society it appears that the Royal Botanic Society i

Possibly he thought it elder sons. hopeless for them to acquire the neces-

The Archbishop of Cologne says that, on being congratulated upon his them. His Majesty is expected to Eastern successes, the Kaiser "turned repair the loss by drafts from his his eyes to heaven with the most indescribable expression of intense gratitude and religious fervour." His latest



REGISTRATION DAY AT THE MONUMENT.

Enumerator (anxiously). "No one Living ON TOP FLOOR HERE, I HOPE?"

different direction.

Many dear old ladies have been greatly relieved by the news that a regiment of Russians is to be raised in Canada. "So that's where they went."

"Just as charity begins at home," says Count REVENTLOW, "German overseas policy begins on the Continent." And, like a good deal of charity, it seems likely to end where it begins.

botany, has of late years been kept alive by dog-shows. In fact, if the dogs had not come to the Society, the Society would have gone to the dogs.

Red hair is notoriously unlucky, so when the Turks renamed the Kurfurst Friedrich Wilhelm, purchased from the Germans, the Hairreddin Barbarossa they were asking for trouble twice over.

The German Admiralty has publicly complained that neutral merchantmen often paint the coloured signs indicating their nationality so small as to be unrecognisable at a distance. They should remember that the Germans as a nation are notoriously short-sighted.

"Because it has imagination this little piece," says the Chronicle, "thrills in a more real and authentic way than any other Guignol playlet we remember. It should be seen if only for Gouget's amazing performance as a shambling cut-throat." The physician who told us that a visit to the theatre was the best cure for the depression caused by the war must have been a homœopath.

In a recent article on the grievances of midshipmen The Times mentioned their "cherry enthusiasm." When discussing their treatment by the Admiralty it is said to be even ruddier.

A man was recently fined at Maryle-bone for assaulting his employer by pelting him with bags containing a mixture of red ochre, black-lead and flour. The unfortunate outcome of this ingenious effort to extend the display of the Belgian colours will not, we trust, be misinterpreted by our gallant Allies.

The German Crown Prince retains his taste for curios. A recent snap-shot depicts him shaking hands with a German soldier who does not possess the Iron Cross. 北 数

Even under the stress of war Shakemoustachios now point in quite a spearean research still occupies some of the brightest intellects. The Rev. LACHLAN MACLACHLAN, of Strathlachlan U.F. Church, Nether Achnaharachle, N.B., the eminent author of Ethnological Data in Imaginative Literature, has just announced his discovery that the First Gravedigger in Hamlet was a Scot. Only a Scot could have affirmed with conviction, while addressing a complete stranger, that "a tanner will last you nine year."

#### The Latest Extinguisher.

#### THE LOWER THIRD.

THE Lower Third is twenty small boys whose average, as I have just informed forty anxious parents, is 13.2, and whose Latin is generally "Fair, but needs care," but sometimes simply "Bad." Minor characters in the story are the Headmaster-whom Crockford describes as P. 1890, if that conveys anything to you-and I. I am one of those people whom austere elderly ladies in trains and 'buses now stare so coldly at, although I travelled extensively and not without damage—as they say of "Our Mr. So-and-So"—in France and Belgium in the Autumn of 1914: since when the Lower Third has considered me competent to answer such palpitating questions as, "You don't think the War'll be over before I'm eighteen, do you, Sir?" and simply scrums for the honour of doing odd jobs for me-so I don't mind the

At odd times, when Junior House matches call greater men away, the Lower Third plays "The Dregs": such, that is, of higher forms as are not wanted by Houses. These are great days, not without their ritual either. Directly after first school, Bendall mi, who leads our host, comes up to my

"Please, Sir," he says—the formula never varies—"we're playing 'The Dregs' this afternoon."

"Yes, Bendall."

"Please, Sir, I s'pose you wouldn't care to play for us, would you, Sir?"

"I should like to very much, if you can get somebody to run for me.

"Oh, please, Sir," this not only from Bendall but also from ten other young

board, inscribed:

" Notice.

"On the 6th inst."-"That's to-day." as Bendall loftily explains to the less literate members of the form-"Shenstone School, Lower Third Form, will tered when Bendall thinks of it to "Beginning," in deference to an absurd prejudice of mine—"at 2.30 P.M. sharp.

Form."

always at the end:-"B. J. BENDALL (Capt.)"

Then after a respectful interval: live this down if the Lower Third can short, a nice height and just outside been reading the other Times.

help it - " has kindly consented to the off-stump-such stuff as dreams assist the form."

And then this subtle compliment:-"'The Dregs' will be allowed two extra men."

But they rarely get them, for, when we are struggling with the account of another war in which the Belgæ took a part, there generally comes a little note: "The Headmaster wishes to future. He certainly has a past, the know if the Lower Third minds his playing for 'The Dregs' this afternoon.' The form solemnly answers in the

The Head, I ought to explain, was a rowing man and is sometimes to be seen even now wearing, unbuttoned, a faded Leander blazer; moreover, he will come near to ranking as one of the great Headmasters, but he is no bat. Yet even such critics as the Lower Third admire the way he stops hot ones at cover and takes, without Knox is rather a pal of mine, and I flinching, fast full-pitches on his knew that for once in a way the window thighs—a not uncommon ball with us.

On this particular 6th ult.—as Bendall would have it - his wife and daughter came to watch us, a very special favour for such a humble game as ours, but rather a "fearful joy," for, to tell the honest truth, I am not a little frightened of the Headmaster's lady, who is a very grande dame.

Of all dull things, about the dullest is a detailed account of small cricket: chancing to pass by, made casual how Harrison made them go with his mention of a window. It was a neat arm, and Smith snicked three fours in succession, and Reynolds missed a sitter at point. The bare fact is that at having to watch mere Dregs at play; we made 66, Bendall and I hitting up besides, I shrewdly suspect that Missa merry 25 for the last wicket before I dragged a laggard foot over the crease, and was stumped in the excitement of scamps who have edged up during the the moment by Haddon of "The Dregs." conversation—"oh, please, Sir, I'll run for you."

Poor kid, he nearly wept when he realised what he'd done, and he So by second school a large sheet of couldn't say anything either, because, paper has been pinned on the form you see, it's a very great secret that I'm not to be stumped now, and we never so much as hint at it.

Now I hope you haven't been bracing yourselves for a dramatic ending-to see, for instance, Thomson, who has been reported twice and will play 'The Dregs' on the Shenstone School Ground. Commencing"—alor the small pale-faced new boy save the game by hitting the bully for six. As a matter of fact it was rather an anti-"Shenstone School Lower Third climax, though it had all the makings of a good finish, too. The Head joined Then a column of ten names, and the last Dreg when their score was 63. Bendall bowled. One day Bendall will be good, and even now he can be trusted to get the Headmaster's "T. K. F. Merton, Esq., late Lieut. wicket twice an over; but luckily for the W—— Regiment"—I shall never authority his first ball was a bad one,

are made of. It is the ball the Head can play; he cuffed it sharply past cover into the few yards of longish grass that fringe the boundary wall and started to run; it was an easy two. And here Knox comes into the story.

Knox is blessed with a sense of humour, and is, I believe, a boy with a essential point of which just then concerned a broken window, as yet unreported. At that moment he was negative. So we do these things in umpiring at square leg. As the ball style at Shenstone, you see. with a final hop settled down just inside the fringe, he waved his hand to the scorer, walked gravely to his wicket, pocketed the bails, and turned again towards the pavilion. We always stop when a side has won. The Lower Third opened its mouth. "I say," it began. But such presence of mind as this should not go unrewarded; besides, wasn't really his fault. "Oh, good shot, Head," I said; "that gives you the odd, I think." The Head, who learned long ago to keep his eyes in the boat, beamed with genuine and unsuspecting pleasure.

"Not often I get a four off you, Bendall," he said.

A few minutes later, as he was tucking his pads into his bag, Knox, piece of work; but he wasn't through yet. One of the spectators was piqued in-her-teens had wanted to see a Senior

House Match that day.
"You know, father," she said innocently, "that last ball wasn't touching the wall." She shot a glance at Knox, so did the Head. "They do bounce back a bit sometimes, Sir," said that warrior blandly.

The very ghost of a smile flickered on the Head's lips.

"My dear," he said, "the umpire's decision is final. Er, you might come and see me after tea about that window, Knox."

But I don't think it was so very bad.

"The directors now recommend that a dividend of 10.2754 per cent., free of tax, be declared, leaving £1,452 to be carried forward."—Morning Paper.

It is a nice dividend, but the income-tax will take some calculating.

"'To go anywhere and do nothing' is the spirit that to-day inspires our British forces." Times of India.

We fear our contemporary must have



5.

lead over rass and two.

two.
ory.
of the

was ball just d to

his med ays wer

d as des, dd I dow good you

who s in and

you,
ncknox,
sual
neat
ugh

ued lay; issnior

noning nox, ince

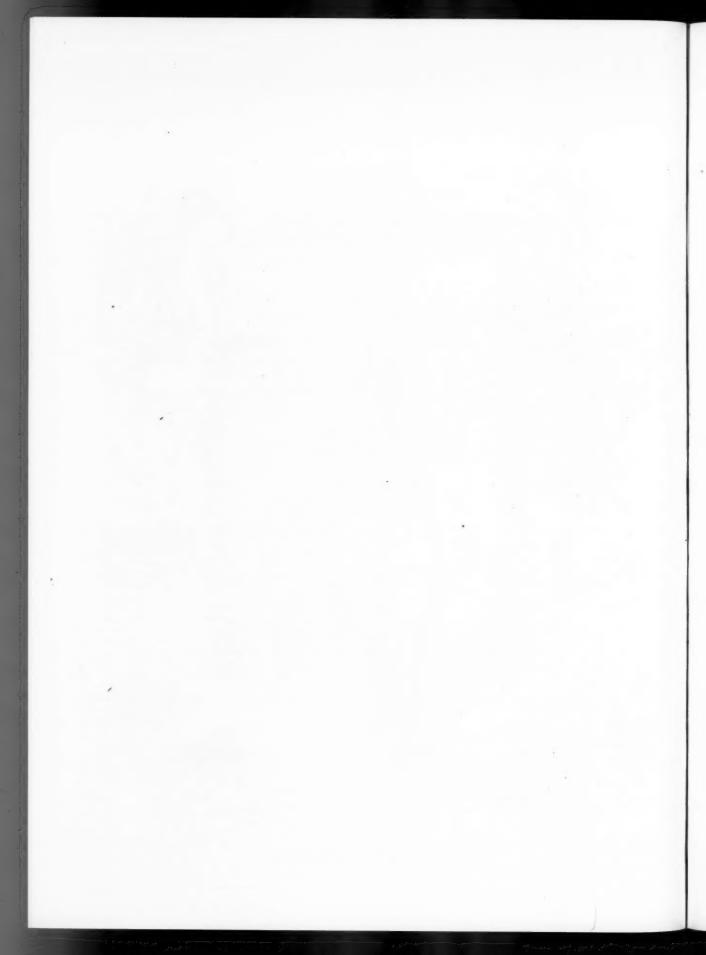
re's

low,

divi-, be for--tax

the

ave





#### THE THIRD NIGHT.

THE Territorial soldier shook his bandaged head sadly as he threw the evening special away in disgust. I stopped my promenade in the Park and sat down beside him on the seat. "No news this evening," I said, by way of starting the conversation. "Nothing official," he replied, "and it's only official news that I care for now. My head? Oh, that's nearly all right now, thanks; but it was a bad scalp wound when I first got it, and I had a most remarkable escape. It was rons. That night I realised the meaning not the actual wound but the mental of the word admiral in war-time. shock that made the first three days so dangerous. The first night I had the most terribly realistic dream. I dreamt risen to 104, and my condition caused I was the Commander-in-Chief. The whole night long I was kept frantically busy, consulting my staff, making out new plans for the advance next day, receiving innumerable telegrams and one who has neither responsibility nor telephone messages, moving brigades danger to face. I warn you that unless up on one flank, withdrawing divisions from the other. Never in my life before did I realise the immense strain and responsibility of being a fieldmarshal on active service. Next morning when I awoke, mentally exhausted

perature had risen to 102 degrees, and of my life. I tried to imagine a person the doctor looked very grave. 'You must get a good night's rest to-night,' he said. That night I went to sleep, and again I had a dream of horrible intensity. I dreamt I was the Admiral from a bishop to a burglar, but I found in command of the Grand Fleet. All that the War had complicated the lives night long I was poring over charts with my staff, receiving wireless reports from my cruiser squadrons, arranging the coaling and supply of my many ships, sending out patrol flotillas and issuing orders to my submarine squad-

"Next morning I could barely speak from exhaustion; my temperature had Front," said the soldier. the doctor to look very grave. I explained the situation to him. 'If you must dream,' he said, 'dream more modestly. Dream that you are someyou get a good night's rest to-night you will have brain fever and your case will be hopeless.'

"That night I was given a heavy sleeping draught, bags of ice were packed round my head, and I was left Wool-work a speciality.

from the labours of the night, my tem- to face what I realised was the crisis who had neither responsibility nor danger to face in these stirring times. Believe me, it is a most difficult problem. I thought of every profession of every one, and to dream of any of them would be fatal to my repose. At last in despair I fell asleep.

"Next morning I awoke feeling greatly refreshed; my temperature was normal; in fact I was saved——"

"What did you dream you were that night?" I interrupted anxiously.

"The Socialist Deputy, Compere Morel, points out that the party truce was brought about by force of circumstances, and no FrFeFnFchman could refuse to join the union of national forces in resisting the criminal aggressor."—Lincolnshire Echo.

The Deputy may stammer a bit, but his heart's all right.

"Strayed to Ayleford Farm, Blakeney, a Welsh Ewe and Plain Sewing; knowledge of Dressmaking."—Gloucester Citizen.

## MY FRIEND'S CRUTCHES.

resort to recover in? But I sought look like tosh at the Oval that day? him and his crutches in vain. Giving "Do I remember? Shall I eve him up, I made for the secluded house forget it?" which the energetic little Mrs. Captain (who could not but look on his mis-

Mrs. Captain in some indignation. "Here we are in an expensive house, at an expensive wateringplace, for no other purpose than that he may get the sea air and be amused by the people, and he won't leave this poky back garden."

"But, my dear old idiot," said the Captain, "you know the reason why well enough. You know I can't go out."

"I know you're a ridiculous super - sensitive egotistical person," she retorted, "and you ought to live on a planet of your own.'

"Do tell me," I said. "Well," she began.

"No," said the Captain, "let me. She'll put me in a false light, this hateful woman."

After a brief skirmish little Mrs. Captain gave way.

"To begin with," said her husband, "you will admit that my position is about as foolish as any man's can be. To be in the trenches for four months without a scratch, and then, the day after reaching home on leave, to break one's leg fooling about with a pack there." of children-you'll agree that absurdity couldn't go much farther than that. rubbish you talk! After four months all the waves of the English Channel. Undignified, too. It's like being run in the trenches, too." over by a donkey-cart—as A. J. WEBBE said when Sherwin took off the wicketlob. My hat!" he sighed in paren-

No sooner did the train pull up at cricket. To think that TRUMPER'S old lunatic took his hat off right at me the station at noon than I hurried dead. I saw it in a paper in Beldown to the sea front, feeling certain gium-' Death of Victor Trumper'of finding the Captain either sitting or and it put the sun clean out for a strolling there before lunch. For other-while. That beautiful style! Do you wise why select this famous health- remember him making all the bowling

"Do I remember? Shall I ever

"And what a name," he went on "VICTOR TRUMPER! Yes, yes, old fortune as a blessing since it kept him thing," he broke off under a fusillade of longer in England) had discovered for rebukes from my hostess, "I'll come him; and there, sure enough, he was, in back to the point. Well, as soon as I the tiny back garden, slowly plodding could get about we came down here, round and round an infinitesimal lawn, and on the first day I took my crutches like that about in a world like this! "And that's all he'll do," said little and hobbled down to the parade.

NOT TO BE BAULKED.

Volunteer. "I SAY, YOU BOYS, I CAN'T FIND THE BATTLE I'M SUP-POSED TO BE IN. DO YOU THINK I MIGHT JOIN YOURS?"

> That's what we'd come for, and I leg had nothing to do with the War, wounded men, decently injured by was all among them-I, the only fraud

"That's nothing," he said. "The trenches are not the point. The point merely commonly honest." keeping gloves and bowled him with a is that I was on crutches from a leg broken in the silliest possible way at "The back garden is still waiting for the explanation," the practical little Mrs. Captain broke in. "Never mind about cricket."

"The back garden is still waiting for the explanation," the practical little me a shock. Talk about wolves in sheep's clothing: I was the next the sheep's clothing: "Hear her," groaned the warrior. I could get out of it up comes an old Eustace Miles' magazine, is entitled, "'Never mind about cricket'! Rather, lady to insist on the privilege of shak- "Man is What He Eats."

never mind about my grotesque leg. ing the hand of one who had so suffered Let's forget the leg and talk about for his country; and then a blazing and said it was an honour to salute one of England's heroes."

"So you are," said little Mrs. Captain

"Oh, do stop talking balderdash!" said her husband. "I put it to you," he added to me, "what could any ordinary decent man do but get back here, away from the genuine lot of wounded as soon as possible, and lie

"Isn't he absurd — isn't he too ridiculous?" little Mrs. Captain exclaimed. "Fancy carrying a conscience

"I need hardly say," the Captain continued, "that I came in for some pointed domestic criticism, and under its influence - and it's fairly potent, you know," he remarked in parenthesis, throwing his wife a kiss-"under its influence I consented to go out again, but only on condition that I might put myself right with the public."

"Do listen to this," said Mrs. Captain—"the dear old snob!"

"Not at all," said her husband. "It isn't snobbish to wish not to deceive. Anyway, snobbish or not -and we shall never agree about this-I had to be straight with myself, so I prepared a placard to the effect that my broken

never had a second thought about it. and hung it on one of my crutches But this place, as perhaps you have where everyone could read; and would noticed, is full of wounded men-really you believe it?" he went on bitterly, "within a few minutes I was bombullets and shrapnel and the other barded by a new set of old gentlemen honourable apparatus of war-and and old ladies who wished to shake the before I realised the situation, there I hand of so candid a man. 'Such a brave teller of the truth,' they said. So there you are. And now you under-"Fraud!" I interjected. "What stand why I prefer our back garden to nor am I offered compliments on being

"Did you ever hear of such non-sense?" little Mrs. Captain inquired, as she slipped her arm into his. "Bless his absurd old heart!"

## How to Become a Nut.

An article in Healthward Ho! Mr.

5.

ered zing me lute tain h!" ou," any ack of lie too exnce tain ıme doder it's W, enwife fluout eonput the

said lear

her ob-

ive.

not ree

be

80

to

ken

Var.

hes

uld

rly,

om-

nen

the

h a

So

ler-

1 to

nel.

ud.

ing

on-

red.

less

Mr.

led,



Kind-hearted Old Lady (who simply cannot stand seeing nice-looking young subaltern getting wet through). "LET ME HOLD MY UMBRELLA OVER YOU."

#### THE TOO COMPLEAT ANGLER.

into a spaniel afterwards, but it was had a presentiment all along. too late. He loves mud, water and "Faithful and willing" the advertisement said when we bought him, so of course, as Wilhelmina insisted, he had to come, though George kept on saying it was very risky.

I love dogs myself; there is something so spontaneous about them: but we know now that it is better not to take them out fishing on the lake.

When we were all in the boat, Wilhelmina announced that she was barbed all over with horrible hooks; she said the trout in the lake always mistook it for a minnow at first.

"And afterwards?" I asked.

them, poor things; you can always land them—even the biggest. It's "Poor dumb animal was what I said. such a tempting bait. Just look at it You'd grumble if you had two fishnow, twirling in the air . . .

Bruce snapped vigorously.

The sky suddenly fell upwards and lick them off."

I found myself on my back staring up HE TOO COMPLEAT ANGLER. at the heavens. Bruce planted his lick them off. What an idea! And, "We will take Bruce," said Wilhel- feet on my chest and scrabbled with anyhow, it's entirely the dog's own mina yesterday afternoon. Bruce is his hind legs. Wilhelmina asked with fault; he should have looked down his our retriever. At least he began by a calm detachment if anybody had got being a retriever and tried to change a pair of scissors. George said he

At that moment Adolphus put his sofa-cushions in the order named, head out of the water to see what the trouble was about. Adolphus is our tame pike; he lived in the time of OLIVER CROMWELL to begin with, and he simply hates anything indecorous. When he saw us he frowned severely. Bruce tried to bark, but failed in the upward swing of the jaw, and closed his mouth very hurriedly.

"You had better row home," I said, "I can see the clouds very well from here, and it looks like rain; and don't going to fish with a small submarine let Bruce bleed over my waistcoat like that. Do get him off my chest.'

"How horrid you are to mind a little blood," said Wilhelmina; "haven't "And afterwards?" I asked. you any sympathy for a poor dumb "There never is any afterwards for animal?"

" Poor what animal?"

hooks in your nose, and got your tongue caught in a third in trying to

"Well, of course I shouldn't try to nose before licking."

By this time George had found a knife and cut the minnow off after a severe struggle; the hooks, however, still remained, and Bruce was not so grateful as he might have been. When we got ashore the suffering creature was led into the garage and anæsthetics were administered; but this is not a medical treatise.

Bruce wagged his tail when I went fishing this morning, but it was no good and I went out alone. After lunch I am going out with a revolver to stalk Adolphus. Would you believe it, that reprobate old pike spent all last night warning the trout about our submarine, and I never got a bite the whole morning?

#### Kultur.

"Governess Wanted, English, French, or Belgian, for unruly and headstrong girl of 16. (Sole charge). Usual subjects (no German or music or drawing). Strict disciplinarian and prepared to use corporal punishment.

Daily Telegraph. In the circumstances the exclusion of German is most inappropriate.

#### MEALS AND THE MAN.

(A correspondent of a contemporary declares that our moods of depression and optimism in regard to the War vary according to the quality of our meals.)

When you would save the casual sov., Though hard the task should prove and harder,

Believe me, 'twere not wise, my love, To squeeze it from the local larder: Not that I make you this appeal

Through a desire to put more flesh on;

No, but I find a tasty meal Restrains a leaning towards depres-

You must yourself be well aware That when you dish me up a diet Composed of all the coarsest fare,

I suffer from a sore disquiet; Whereas when you lay out a spread Which might appease the nicest "party,"

I mount on wings of hope instead, An optimist pronounced and hearty.

Since, then, 'tis up to each and all, Even when things look none too rosy, Bravely to face whate'er befall

And see a future safe and cosy; When your expectant spouse you feed Entirely to his satisfaction,

'Tis patent you perform indeed A highly patriotic action.

But when the clash of war is hushed And WILHELM mourns his bloody malice;

When he and all his Huns are crushed And Peace re-occupies her palace;

At ease for ever and a day, Dear mistress of my home, why then

With my most willing sanction may Resume my ordinary menu.

#### " M. OR N."

THE trouble began at breakfast yesterday.

"I've almost decided on Myfanwy," Millicent remarked, without preface. "Heavens," I said, "what is it?

junction on the Cambrian Railway?" "No, it isn't," said Millicent. "It's the name I've practically chosen for said 'Eureka.''

baby-and a very pretty one, too." "All change for Criccieth," I said. "Pass the marmalade, please."

"Don't you like 'Myfanwy'?" Millicent asked. "I think it's so uncommon."

"So," I said, "is Iphigenia or Sophonisba or Beetroota. Can't you it up," she said sternly. think of something better?" "I'm not," I said.

Myfanwy and I was awfully taken with when you see it in black and white. don't prefer Ælfreda. Yes," she added, always have a charming association after a few moments' reflection, "it for me." shall be Ælfreda.'

"Oh, any old thing you like," I said, "I don't see that it makes much difference to me. I shall probably call her

'Billy anyway." The fact is I am fond of homely names for general use. Our elder daughter, whose Christian names are Diana Vansittart—the latter a family name-is invariably called 'Jim,' while Ralph Hugo Vansittart, our only son, has been known as 'Thomas' from birth.

"' Wilhelmina,"" said Millicent, "would be the most appropriate name for her if you insist on calling her Billy.

"Much too Prussian," I said. "And now I think of it, Ælfreda's Saxon, which is nearly as bad."

"Then it's simply got to be Myfan-

"Che sara, sara," I said. "No, thank you," said Millicent.
"No Bible names. You must make up your mind to Myfanwy unless you can think of some other name even more beautiful. I've given myself several headaches over this job already."

"Well," said Millicent as we met at tea, "has anything struck you?"

"Not even a 'Black Maria.' the way," I said, "there's a name for you. Short-and appropriate to the martial times we live in.

"Very horrid," said Millicent.

"I felt you'd say that. But it's all right. I've decided on—what do you think?"

"How on earth should I know?" said Millicent.

"Myfanwy," I said. "Uncommon, pretty and all that."

"Why, that's the very name I suggested at breakfast," she said indig-

"By Jove! so it is," I said. "Well, all the better. You see, the fact is we had a good many callers at the office to-day, and among them a very pretty girl, who came to consult us about a will. When she sent her card in I

"I thought you said 'Myfanwy,'" said Millicent.

"I said that too. I read it off the card, 'Myfanwy Blake'! She's coming again for a further consultation on Wednesday."

Millicent sniffed. "You're making

" Here's her "of Ælfreda first, but someone suggested see how nice Myfanwy really looks as a clever outsider like Virgil.

it. Still I'm not sure, after all, that I And now of course the name will

Nora Vansittart is howling in her cradle as I write.

## "QUAT" SOUS LAIT."

Marie Thérèse is passing fair, Marie Thérèse has red gold hair, Marie Thérèse is passing shy, And Marie Thérèse is passing by; Soldiers lounging along the street Smile as they rise to their aching feet, And with aching hearts they make their way

After the maiden for quat' sous lait.

Beer in the mug is amber brown, Beer in the mug is the stuff to drown Dust and drought and a parching thirst; Beer in the mug comes an easy first, Except when Marie Thérèse is near, With the sun in her tresses so amber

Then quickly we leave our estaminets For Marie Thérèse's quat' sous lait.

Yvonne Pol of La Belle Française Cannot compare with Marie Thérèse; Berthe of the "Ccq" looks old and staid When one but thinks of our dairymaid; Beer in the mug is good to quench Thirsts of men who can speak no French; Heaven is ours who can smile and say, "Marie Thérèse, give me quat' sous lait."

#### The "Entente" Letter Writer.

Bread-and-butter letter to the lady of the last billet :--

"Cher Mademoisel Marie,-Je juste envoyer ce carte espérance il trouvers vous tout puits comme il permissions me à cadeau.

"Lost, July 3rd, a pink and grey pet talking Parrot; says 'Want to come out."

Unlike most orators, he seems to have got what he wanted.

#### Extract from a Madrasi's letter:-

"Further I beg to state that I am not in session to explain the calamity and the critical juncture in which I put much difficulties in the practical life of eating, drinking, sleeping and thinking of the material things that surround us; and I am rolling up and down in this false world merely for want of food for this tremendous belly, so I humbly beg to request your honour as any appointment in your honour's control."

From an answer to an examination

"Vergil's view of Purgatory is both novel and fascinating, and it seems to be more likely to be true than other forms, such as Pluto's, &c.''

Of course Pluto was not likely to "Well, I thought," said Millicent, card. I brought it so that you could understand his own department so well 5. — nite. will

tion

her

feet, rake

wn
irst;
st,
r,
nber
ets

se; staid aid; nch;

say,

lady voyer puits

lking have

ot in d the fficulking, hings p and int of imbly point-

novel more ch as

y to well

# THE STANDARD DRESS COMES HOME.

[It has been suggested, in connection with the Thrift campaign, that all ladies should adopt one form of evening dress, as men do, and one only.]



"WELL, I'M---"

"LET'S GET RID OF THE SLEEVES"

" AND HALF THE BODICE."



"CUT AWAY, MY GOOD GIRL."

"NOT SO BAD, AFTER ALL!"

<sup>&</sup>quot;Now we'll use up the bits you've cut off."



Mother. "Come along, Tony; come downstairs—it's time for dinner."

Tony (who has closely studied the troops drilling in the Park, likewise the words of command given to the men). "Why the blazes don't you say 'alt'?"

#### "LIGHT CRUISERS (OLD)."

(Vide Naval Expert's Classification.)

When you've marshalled your navies and gloried your fill

In the latest they show of invention and skill, The lion in strength and the lizard in speed, The watchful in waiting, the present in need, The great Super-Dreadnoughts gigantic and grim, The thirty-knot cruisers both subtle and slim, The weight and the range of each wonderful gun—Remember the cruisers, the out-of-date cruisers, The creaky old cruisers whose day is not done, Built some time before Nineteen-hundred-and-one.

You may look to the South, you may seek in the North,

You may search from the Falklands as far as the Forth—

From Pole unto Pole all the oceans between, Patrolling, protecting, unwearied, unseen, By night or by noonday the Navy is there, And the out-of-date cruisers are doing their share! Yes, anywhere, everywhere, under the sun, You will find an old cruiser, an off-the-map cruiser, An out-of-date cruiser whose work's never done, Built some time before Nineteen-hundred-and-one.

It may be you'll meet with her lending a hand In clearing a way for the soldiers to land—

Escorting an army, and feeding it too,
Or sinking a raider (and saving her crew),
Blockading by sea or attacking by dry land,
Bombarding a coast or annexing an island;
Where there 's death to be daring or risk to be run
You may look for the cruiser, the out-of-date cruiser,
The creaky old cruiser that harries the Hun
(Built some time before Nineteen-hundred-and-one).

In wild nights of Winter, when warmly you sleep, She is plugging her way through the dark and the deep, With death in the billows which endless do roll, And the wind blowing cold with the kiss of the Pole, While seas slopping over both frequent and green Call forth on occasion expressions of spleen. Of all the old kettles award we the bun To the out-of-date cruiser, the obsolete cruiser, The creaky old cruiser whose work's never done, Built some time before Nineteen-hundred-and-one.

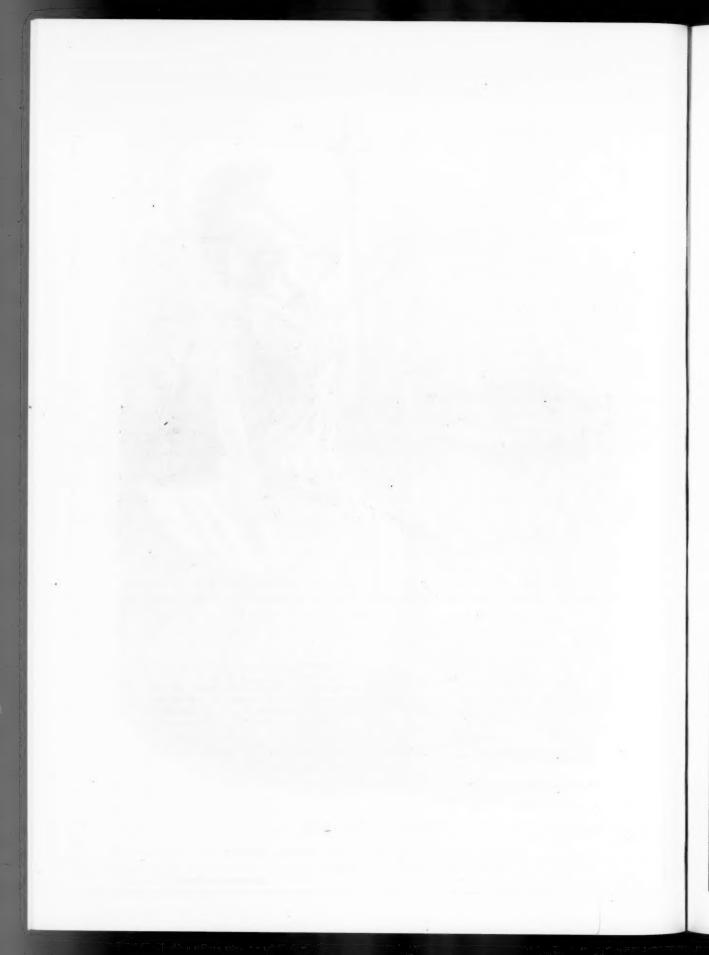
And when the Day breaks for whose smoke-trail afar We scan the grey waters by sunlight and star, The day of great glory—the splendour, the gloom, The lightning, the thunder, the judgment, the doom, The breaking of navies, the shaking of kings, When the Angel of Battle makes night with his wings... Oh, somewhere, be sure, in the thick o' the fun You will find an old cruiser, a gallant old cruiser, A creaky old cruiser whose day is not done, Built some time before Nineteen-hundred-and-one.

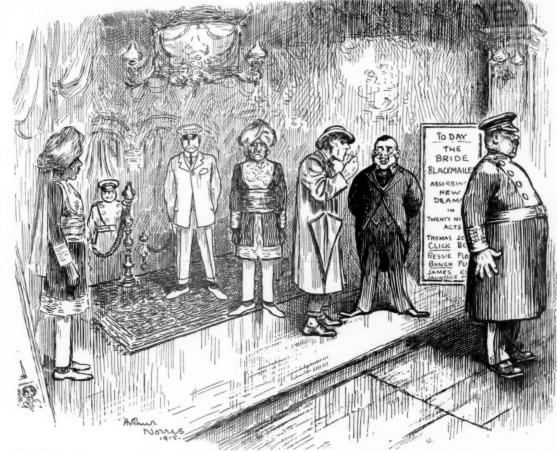


# THE ANSWER.

"WHEN DUTY WHISPERS LOW, 'THOU MUST,'
THEY ALL REPLY, 'I CAN.'"

Emerson (adapted).





Chatty Stranger (to manager of Cinema Palace). "How are things with you these days?"

Manager. "Oh, so-so. But we're getting frightfully short-handed here, you know. We're lost three of our doormen already."

#### TWO HEROES.

If ever I 'm asked to mention the bravest possible act,
Or the most sublime example of cautiousness and tact;
I haven't the least compunction, the slightest mental
qualm

In answering the question or distributing the palm.

The man of the most discretion that ever I chanced to meet Was neither a sleek attaché nor a magnate of Lombard Street:

He was merely a country brewer, who went for a tour to Rome,

With a party who gained an audience from the Pope in his stately home.

The Holy Father was gracious, and greeted him with a smile;

"He asked me several questions in French, but my French is vile,

So I never attempted to answer, for I honestly declare I couldn't be sure if his title was Saint or Sacré Père."

And the man who, in my opinion, as the bravest stands revealed

Has never been decorated for valour in the field;

He was simply a clerk in the City, whose humble weekly screw

Amounted, and still amounts, to the total of two pounds two.

Yet, unarmed and single-handed, with a nerve no shock could scare,

He called on the only QUARITCH, in his formidable lair, And asked the chief assistant, a terrible man to attack, Had he got a second-hand copy of Whitaker's Almanack.

## "Absent yet Present."

"If a person leaves home after receiving a form, but before August 15th, he should take it with him and hand it when filled up to the enumerator who calls at the address where he is temporarily absent."—Cambridge Daily News.

A correspondent of The Globe on Lord HALDANE:

"He weighed himself in the balance and shows himself wanting." Surely not the HALDANE we know!

"Prince Poachim's share of the loot included a Troika team."

Freeman's Journa

We tender our congratulations to the printer on his happy effort.

## IN HIS OWN DEFENCE.

[A kind of a Fable with a sort of a Moral.

I had only one German to look after. No, it is not true that I disliked him. after that. He would puff out his chest He was the most musical of the lot. and look at me with those beady eyes, A great eater, of course, perhaps the and his chirp seemed to say, "Pig of a most voracious of them all; I don't Britisher, not even Northcliffe can know how many meals a day he wanted. save you from me!" But still the beggar could sing, and he paid for everything in notes, in a heard of the Elberfeld horses? manner of speaking.

when he puffed out his chest and looked Everything there is super. helmet was all he needed.

Oh, we were kind enough to him, and I don't think he was unhappy at first. He could not have got away if he wanted; I saw to the fastening of the doors myself, and there's nothing in the way of bolts and bars that I have to learn. Sounds as if I was preparing my defence? I am. Oh, yes, there'll be an inquest right enough. Next Friday.

It's not true I didn't like him. Nothing could be more untrue. He had himself to blame for what occurred, he and perhaps Wilkins. It was Joffre who killed him.

Wilkins? Yes, an old soldier and fitted for jobs like these! Mind you, I don't blame Wilkins, a

good man and a brave man, quite is what began it.

You don't think I shall be believed? casting about for any loophole of escape. Do I look like a man who would read that class of paper? I have too much self-respect, I hope. I did not know till afterwards that the Daily Northcliffe came into the house.

Wilkins possibly read it. No, Wilkins is an old soldier. He must have bought cages. My wife was strict about that before she left. After all, there may be sense in what Wilkins did; I begin to see I may have wronged Wilkins. Yes, double-headed eagle! I quite see your point.

But you know what women are. She adored that Harz Roller the best of them all. It is true I thought more with hood), comfortable Bath Chair for of the bullfinch. Insular? Well, we donkey."-Exeter Express.

Possibly, but Northcliffe fit non nascitur.

I had no trouble with him till that paper was put at the bottom of his cage. He didn't seem the same bird

I am not embroidering. You have have heard of Northcliffe? Gave himself airs? Well, no, not at know where the Harz Mountains are? first, in that sense of the word. Yet A German canary must be a super-bird. a day, we should save six millions a at you pityingly with those small eyes CLIFFE and the KAISER will both be of temperance (unless the munition of his, you could see that a spiked supers soon? Yes; but I am in no mood worker should compress into Monday



Bluejacket to his shipmate (both fresh from a fierce action). "OH, COME ON, DICK. 'AVE ONE, AND DON'T BE SO BLOOMIN' UNPATRIOTIC."

uneducated, one of the old school, with to prise open the door with his beak. deplorable tastes in literature. That I feit cold to the bird, but I warned him about Joffre. I said there was no pacifist nonsense about the new Oh, it's quite simple. No, I am not black mouser. The old cat was too proud to do anything but lap milk. You have guessed its name, though we used to call it Mary Anne. I advised Wilson to show a manifest toe, in a manner of speaking, to Wilhelm. Perhaps she did, though she seemed to us to be asleep.

Well, if chirps have any meaning, it to put at the bottom of the birds' that poor bird seemed to shout, "I will burst my way through! I will be the only canary in the planet! I am an eagle, a super-eagle, a peri-hyper-super-

And Joffre ate him.

were both born on the same island. Is this a case of humanity or humility? seem to be under the same impression.

# "THE DAY." (IN FACT, Two DAYS.)

Economy in "week-ends" is a proposal of The Daily News which presents points of interest to the statistician. If we abolish Saturday and Sunday (as we assume is suggested) we should steal two days' march on the Germans an important matter when time is vital-unless, of course, they attempt You reprisals by cutting out, say, Tuesday You and Wednesday.

The War costing us three millions NORTH- week. We should advance the cause for jesting; my wife returns this Friday. the refreshment normally consumed in

three days), and hasten the payment of dividends on War Loans.

The innovation would bear hardly on Sunday papers, Church collections and seaside boarding houses. By synchronising yesterday morning with to-morrow astronomical calculations would be disturbed and ships' captains confused (although a day or two might be telegraphed out wirelessly to sailors occasionally to correct the error), and grasping employers would no doubt in some cases seize the opportunity to omit the

Saturday pay-day.
But this movement might be extended. proposal to abolish quarter

What happened? I saw him trying | days would meet with the whole-hearted support of the nation, and Summer afternoons might be doubled in length under the Daylight Saving Act. strong Minister of Chronology might be appointed with powers to baffle the enemy by some masterstroke such as that of leaving out Winter.

## WARSAW.

(Naturam expellas furca: tamen usque recurret.)

THE KAISER may crow over Russia to-day,

Forgetting to-morrow's attack; Like Nature he pitchforks her out of the way,

Like Nature she's sure to come back.

"The war will be won, not by noisy jubilation nor by hysterical panic, but by steady, relentless prosecution of our talk." " Sun," Vancouver.

There are people nearer home who

ts

n. ld

is pt

ıy

se

n

LY

in en

ls

V

18

g

ıg

ld s'

0 ıt

1-

ie

bt

ne

1e

nt A

er ed

er

h

A

1e

as

ia

of

у,

n.

#### THE SUPREME SACRIFICE.

THE General commanding the British Expeditionary Force crossed one brown leg over the other and leaned back against the wiry grass in luxurious abandon. It had been a thoroughly satisfactory morning. Nine times had the German lines of entrenchment been carried at the point of the bayonet and the inevitable counter attack repulsed with prodigious slaughter. Finally, vanquished in Homeric single combat, the opposing General had surrendered unconditionally, disdaining with a chivalry worthy of a better cause to plead the handicap he had suffered through acting as stretcher-bearer and field hospital to his victor when the latter, in the heat of conflict, had incautiously placed a bare foot on the First Black Watch, a battalion which the uninitiated might excusably have mistaken for the disused shell of a particularly corpulent limpet.

Outwardly, it must be confessed, the General failed to conform to the popular standard of the illustrated press. In the matter of sex she could only quote the somewhat rusty precedent of Joan of Arc, and her height, some threefeet-six, would scarcely have satisfied the least exigent of military requirements. The webbed bathing drawers, too, which encased her nether limbs and what she was pleased to term her petties, gave her at the moment something of the appearance of a recumbent peg-top.

For a time she let her thoughts wander in lazy contentment over the prospects of the midday meal, watching with half-closed eyes the August sun blazing upon the ripples of the bay and on the opposing headland where the gorse ran in golden riot to the water's edge. Presently the sight of the sandeastle, which had served in turn for every important fortress from Liège to Berlin, fast crumbling before the incoming tide recalled her to the all-engrossing topic.

"Will it be long before the Germans are really truly beaten, Daddy?"

Her late foe stirred stiffly. "I'm afraid so, dear."

fight them again?"

It was scarcely a question; the thing was self-evident. Her world of men was divided with satisfying simplicity: the lean brown six feet of humanity against which she propped her bare nis? Well, some day perhaps. feet; and the rest. Of course there were sub-divisions. For instance, she had a penchant for the senior service all was not well. and an entire absence of maidenly reserve in declaring it.



Darkie (to lady after a wordy war). "Is no' done finished? For if no' is, let me tell no', all that no' sans I am, no' is."

he reviewed the events of the past year. her arms about his neck. A promising career abandoned; months of strenuous training, months spent apart from the child whom he had day, an "—breathlessly, lest her then, before he had even caught the You shall never be beaten again. longed-for sight of the enemy, an un-"Is that because you can't go and lucky shell and a shattered knee; weary months in hospital, and lastly the parting words of the kindly greyhaired surgeon :-

"I'm afraid you'll have to take it very easy. . . . Golf, I daresay. Ten-

It all seemed so useless.

Presently instinct warned her that Cautiously she moved so as to get a better view of his But her words had started in the was the matter. The cause was beyond quietly through a Zeppelin raid.

man's mind a train of thought that her, but clearly it was a case for was far from happy. Almost bitterly womanly comfort. Suddenly he felt

never left before for a single day; and resolution should fail-"an' every day.

## Ceremonial Ablutions.

"At a meeting of the Privy Council yester-day Mr. Lloyd George was sworn in as Minister of Munitions. The new privy councillors whose names appeared in the list of birthday honours also took the bath."

"The Englishman," Calcutta.

"£12 12 0. Very handsome Sheraton bedroom suite, beautifully inland." Yorkshire Telegraph.

# THE WATCH DOGS.

XXVI.

My DEAR CHARLES,-We do not spend all our days in the trenches. I dash forward and add to the confusion shortly after dawn we shall remove it. in any emergency. Near this spot is a little pool amongst the trees surrounded by rushes. The other night, about the hour of last post, a disturbance was to be laid upon it and, at the sendalarm. In less time than it takes to tell all were alert and standing to: dispositions were made, extra ammunition and emergency rations were issued. cigarette-cases had been filled and comso we waited, prepared for anything waited . . and everything, all agog, until the sounds died down and it became clear that the matter in hand was some private affair of the people on duty in the trenches. In dismissing my little lot I thought fit to have the roll called: our old friend, the sanitary man, was missing. Excitement at once became able for a preliminary canter with a intense again; the sanitary man, with or without his apparatus, is usually so particularly present. Had he gone forth alone to tackle the enemy singlehanded, as he tackles the flies, with his cresol and his chloride of lime? We called him, we whistled him, we in vain. We were just giving up hope and beginning to speak kindly of him as of a thing of the past when I there, among the rushes, he wasfishing.

I have been informed of two important events, outside our unit but in the area. The first concerns three dastardly privates who were caught redhanded at the prohibited gambling. The whole lot, cards and all, were apprehended and placed in the custody of the guard-room, pending their appearance at orderly-room next morning. It transpired, but not during the proceedings, that in the interval between arrest and trial they compensated themselves and, so to speak, consolidated their position by teaching the guard their method of play and mulcting every member of it of every penny he possessed. The other incident concerns the artillery. Nobody who has been in the trenches will contradict me when I say that our field batteries, whatever other faults they may have, a job and they will concentrate their else by night or day. I shall not be a brazier.' giving anything away if I say that I have not told you much of that little flies.

this is a spot at which many of the element, too prominent, alas! in our the enemy lines, a tall chimney-stack soldier, I take it, is none the less a had too long remained intact. "It is hero simply because he has a touch of cannot tell you exactly where we do an observation post," said the Field the actor about him, and Private X is spend them, but some days find us Batteries assembled in secret conclave; no less a man because he has always, artfully concealed not far away ready to "it is a menace. To-morrow morning created in the trenches and we had the ing up of a signal, battery fire was to be opened, continuing till the chimney discontinued. You may imagine what sleepless nights were spent, with what tion but the sitting one; but, even a concentrated fever of expectation and anticipation all concerned fixed their trench, he did justice to the scene and panies were ready to move off. And glasses on the target at dawn and

Meanwhile one of those large and imperturbable monsters known as "Mother" had arrived by night, unbeknownst, some miles in the rear. As soon as it was light she looked about her for some convenient object on which to try her strength, any old target suitthought, would do as well as anything-

with field gunners, so that you may realize the true inwardness of the final searched for him high and low, but all tableau. I don't suppose there was a single man, from the Chaplain to the Officers' mess cook, who was not standing there waiting for that sigthought fit to search the pool. And nal and the to-do which should follow that the signal actually did go up, just about three-fifths of a second after the chimney had come down. . . . I confess that, on hearing the story, I instinctively gave all my sympathies to the German infantry in the trenches thereabouts.

In our own trenches we have a listening post so close to the enemy that all conversation in it is conducted in a whisper. The Brigadier, with his retinue, inspected it the other day. "I've 'eard summut," whispered the listener with a grave air. A smile of over the Company Commander's face; the C.O. prepared himself to accept, with becoming modesty, any praise local treatment that was going; the Brigade Major to this day. produced his Field Service Pocket Book; the Adjutant sharpened his pencil and the Brigadier officially dedo love being really busy. Give them manded the details. "Indeed, Sir," whispered the listener, "I 'eard sumwhole selves on it, thinking of nothing mut as it might be bacon frizzlin' over

smaller batteries, each having its private beat, converge. Opposite, behind vivid case I think I may mention. A apparently, looked forward to the moment when the stage should be his and himself in the centre of it. As we were proceeding from the trenches to the rear, in a small party for a temporary purpose, his opportunity came in the shape of a spent bullet. The hit was anything but serious, yet was such as to compel him to assume any posilying on his face at the bottom of the wouldn't have it spoilt by the wellmeant efforts of a comrade who saw herein the chance of practising ban-dage work. "'Ere, kid," said Casualty, abandoning his semi-unconsciousness for the purpose, "stand clear and leave it to the stretcher-bearers." The latter, arriving, played up well and the affair concluded with an effective curtain. able for a preliminary canter with a As the stretcher party moved off, singleton shell. And on the horizon she saw a chimney stack which, she cheer-oh!" and from his pocket he produced, with an obvious effort, a aded cigarette and lit it. I'll warrant I hope, Charles, that you have mixed that very cigarette had stood by in that very pocket from the beginning of things and for this very purpose.

It is the sequel, told me by the S.B. Corporal, which makes me take this view. The bearers had endeavoured to humour Casualty with the promise of a quick recovery, but Casualty had it. The affair was so beautifully timed made it quite plain to them that he didn't want humouring and wasn't going to recover, and the party were proceeding in a pathetic silence when those confounded German gunners must needs intervene and spoil everything. Stretcher-bearers are used to being harassed in their work by occasional shrapnel falling round and about, but to Casualty it was a new and unwelcome thing to lie inert in the open in such circumstances. A chance shell bursting nearer than the others, he gave all his theatrical ambitions the go-by, leapt in a flash from pride in the efficiency of his men spread the stretcher and legged it, just about as fast as humanity can move, back to the trenches, where, after some small local treatment, he continues at duty

> I write to you from the trenches, Charles, where life rolls on as usual and consists almost entirely of large shells and little flies. We get into the habit of not asking for much, but it would be something if only some of the big shells would kill some of the Yours ever. HENRY.

5. our very A 3S 9. h of X is ays, the his we s to emame hit such osieven the and vellsaw banaltv. ness eave tter. ffair ain. off, and he t, a rant that g of S.B. this ed to

e of

had t he

asn't

were

vhen

ners

rerv-

d to

oc-

and

new

rt in

. A

am-

from

bout

k to

small

duty

ches,

usual

large

o the

ut it

ne of

f the

RY.

A



"WELL, MADAM, WE SELL A GOOD MANY OF BOTH. THE SOLID RUBBER IS PERHAPS THE MORE SERVICEABLE ARTICLE, BUT THE · OTHER IS GENERALLY CONSIDERED THE MORE BECOMING."

#### LETTERS-PATENT OR OTHERWISE.

It is a well-known fact that the War of correspondents, but a selection has not perhaps previously been made public. The following specimens, however, will perhaps show the wide field covered by these letters :-

KIND SIRS,-As I was passing a parade ground the other day, I thought I would just stop and listen and see how drill-people perform. Imagine how drill-people perform. my pain and surprise when I had been listening for some moments to discover that the persons in charge did not show even common politeness in addressing their men. I do not mean that I heard much actual abuse, but I am sure, though I listened with painful alertness, that I did not hear the use of a single "please." People were told to "form fours" (or fives-I forget which), but without any word of politeness added, and even when they had complied with sure they tried to oblige him at once) hooks descend and catch the enemy troops.

there was no attempt whatever to thank them.

I do not suppose for a moment that Office is the victim of a large number this conduct is typical of the officers of our army as a whole, but even if it is unusual I do not think it should go making them prisoners. uncriticised.

Yours faithfully, JEMIMA KNITT.

TO THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

Dear Sir .- I have several suggestions which, if carried out, would, I think, be of service to the country. I expect to be in London in the course of a few days and should be prepared to give you an appointment.

Yours, J. BIGGE HEADLEY.

DEAR SIR,—I have a new invention which I am sure will have a tremendous effect upon the campaign. My contrivance takes the form of a huge crane supplied with a large number of chains with hooks at the end. Immediately it is desired to take a German trench

troops. The crane is then again set in motion and the enemy are lifted high up into the air-where they are powerless until the moment comes for lowering them to the ground and

Yours obediently,

W. KRANKINGTON.

## How History is Written.

"In the Church of the Holy Cross, Krakovski-street, reposed in a vault Chopin's heart. The vault was opened and the precious relic removed to Moscow."—Daily News, Aug. 9.

"It is reported that the vault of the Church of the Holy Cross in Kravoski-street was opened by chopping, and that the sacred heart preserved there was removed to Moscow."

Times, Aug. 9.

"His humour is as paniky as ever, and, indeed, in a word, he is still Harry Lauder."

Harrogate Advertiser.

But if this description is correct, he the crane is driven forward until it is cannot be the HARRY LAUDER who is the request of the officer (and I am over the particular trench, when the going out to Flanders to cheer up the

## THE EXCEPTION.

HE was no doubt the happiest member of the household, although his immunity from the common burthen of care and anxiety threatened, perhaps, to cause a little estrangement. Hitherto he had seemed so essentially one of ourselves that it jarred to see him living his life precisely as he had done since he arrived in a basket (a little the household was restored. woolly black toy of a dog in those

days) three years ago.

He stood apart from the rest, inasmuch as his creature comforts had known no curtailment. Not only is he still allowed the same quantity of biscuits and bones as in the piping nose has just been invaded—not times of peace, but, more enviable than all, his appetite remains as excellent as ever. Nor is he one of those who cannot sleep o' nights, and when he takes his walks abroad he is never accosted by patriotic ladies with an absorbing desire to know why he is not wearing a coat of another colour;

7 A.M.—Enemy showing signs of great activity. He has left window and he is not required to dwell deprecatingly on his age, his infirmities or the nature of his daily occupation.

man, or even of the telegraph boy with his more aggressive rat-tat-tat, causes no more than the customary, quite pleasurable, if noisy, excitement, though 7.30 it may be that he marvels sometimes to see us stand round while the letter with the French postmark is opened with a shaky hand and read aloud in 7.45 A.M.—Observe much activity in 8.45 A.M.—Enemy succeeded in eluding an equally shaky voice. He is blissfully ignorant of the existence of such things as trenches, firing-lines, shrapnel, high explosive shells and bombs.

It is true that disappointment still 7.50 A.M.—Enemy still occupying shavlies in wait for him at one hour of the twenty-four. Even after all these bare months have passed, as 7 o'clock draws near, he will make his way hopefully to the hall and lie down 7.51 A.M.—Regret to have to report with his muzzle as close as possible to the mat, his ears pricked as he listens for the well-remembered footsteps which tread the earth Somewhere in France. Presently he will rise with a yawn, shake himself and trot slowly away with his tail between his legs, clambering on to a chair by the open window, looking out eagerly to the right, in which direction lies the railway station. And his mistress will lean forward with a sigh to stroke his head before she bends a little lower over the sock she 8.6 A.M. — Unaccountably misjudged is knitting.

But with this exception he certainly seemed to be less in sympathy than usual with us all. One evening, however, he was barking so furiously that the wildest hopes were awakened. Could it be possible that the dreamedof visit had materialised at last? But

on the hatstand, no boyish voice, no odour of cigarettes, but within the room a little golden-haired girl was kneeling on the hearthrug holding up a portrait of the KAISER, and a foot away lay the dog, barking at it as he had never barked before.

It was obvious that he had become one of us again. The community of

## OUR ALLY.

(Being notes from the diary of a combatant in the Fly Campaign.)

by a battalion, but by a single spy. Having been caught napping, was unfortunately unarmed; but succeeded in driving off enemy with my bare hands. He has retired to window-pane.

activity. He has left window and is air-skirmishing. Though invisible, I can distinctly hear the hum of his motor.

The arrival of the less frequent post- 7.15 A.M.—Enemy has presumably entrenched himself. No sign of the offensive being renewed at the moment.

from rear, but enemy again retired in great disorder on my commenc-

enemy's camp. Taking up strong position upon shaving - mirror. Consider time is ripe to make my advance. Shall mobilise.

ing-mirror. Think he has dug himself in. Shall attack him on the flank, and enfilade him with a high-velocity towel.

attack failed. Enemy escaped through loop in fringe of towel. Casualties, one shaving-mirror.

7.55 A.M.—Shortage of food apparent in 8.55 A.M.—Have just sent despatchenemy's lines. Is eating curtain. Shall seize opportunity to have bath.

8.5 A.M.—Enemy still occupying curtain. Have decided to bombard him with heavy artillery, for which purpose am bringing up 22-inch

trajectory, but caused enemy to evacuate position and retire to 9.3 window-pane again. Casualties, one electric-lamp shade (slightly chipped). Am following up attack with vigour and a handkerchief. Hope with co-operation of latter to bring off enveloping movement.

there was no peaked cap or khaki cape 8.10 A.M.—Enveloping movement only partially successful. Succeeded in approaching within easy range. but unfortunately sneezed at crucial moment. Suspect enemy of employing snuff against me.

8.15 A.M.—Territory free of enemy. Searching scrutiny of every available ambush failed to reveal any trace of him. Shall complete equipment and proceed at once to the new Front-if I can find it.

8.30 A.M.—Enemy once more located occupying heights on wall of breakfast room. Position practically unassailable without pea-shooter, but am wondering whether could manage to strike effective blow with Daily Express.

8.32 A.M.—No, I can't. Losses heavy; one Tanagra figure (mortally wounded), one vase cut flowers (not expected to live), one eightday clock (totally disabled).

8.40 A.M. — Temporary cessation of hostilities. Enemy's whereabouts unknown. Don't care. Am hungry.

8.41 A.M.—Found him in milk-jug. Had decided to build pontoon and attack him in mid-stream, when he managed to scramble out, and again disappeared.

A.M.—Left ear violently attacked 8.42 A.M.—Enemy located in marmalade entanglement. Hope to announce decisive victory when have found

> capture by feigning submission. Had him in the hollow of my hand (literally) and was about to intern him in slop-basin when he flew away in the most cowardly and unsportsmanlike manner possible. Is at present on window-pane buzzing an epinikion and cleaning his arms and legs. Shall renew attack by strategy when have finished examining contents of two shells (dead, and both hardboiled as usual).

rider for glazier, but am happy to be able to record engagement ended in my favour. Enemy escaped through hole in pane, but reckoned without a valuable ally that made his presence known in the nick of time, and secured the fugitive while in full flight. Shall certainly submit his name to headquarters for suitable recognition.

A.M.—Thinking the matter over, have decided for the future to abandon ordinary methods of campaign, and enlist further allies. What I want to know allies. is, do the Stores keep a reserve of spiders?

nly in ge, ruof nv. ailnv ete nce ean ted aklly ter. uld ow

of outs gry. jug. and hen and lade unce

ion.

and tern flew

and

ble.

ane

ning

new

ave

ard-

tch-

y to

ided

ped

oned

nade

k of

hile

inly

rters

over.

e to

ther

now

ve of

of

of



Helper at canteen. "A TOOTHBRUSH? CERTAINLY. WOULD YOU LIKE IT HARD OR SOFT?" Jock. "BLESS YOU, MA'AM, I'M NOT GOING TO USE IT. IT'S ONLY FOR KIT INSPECTION."

# "REQUISITIONAL,"

OR HINTS TO YOUNG OFFICERS.

["We are still struggling with the final bits of red tape. A regiment now in training at a seaside place sent a requisition for 30 pickaxes. The official reply was that the proper way to requisition pickaxes was to call them "Axes (Pick)."—Daily Chronicle.]

When sending requisitions it is well to have a care

That you're absolutely right in your appeal;
"Wheelbarrows" must be written—if you only want a
pair—
"Barrows (Wheel)."

It's a simple little process and, though puzzling for a bit. It doesn't take so very long to think

It doesn't take so very long to think
That an "inkstand" should be designated when you order it—

"Stand (Ink)."

Suppose you want some paper and that "foolscap" is the word

Which you want to write, remember that the rule's To reverse the whole expression and you'll put—it sounds absurd—

"Cap (Fools')."

To rag the War Department you will not attempt, I hope, Though I quite admit it would be tempting (very) To ask for and to call that soldiers' friend, the periscope, "Scope (Peri)."

Well, if not immediately, at any rate eventually.

# OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Diary of a French Army Chaplain, by Abbe Felix KLEIN, translated by M. HARRIET M. CAPES (MELROSE), is in its simplicity, its vividness and its directness one of the most remarkable books that the War has so far produced. The writer is evidently a man of strong character and admirable human sympathy, and his account of what he saw and did as Chaplain of the American Hospital at Neuilly-sur-Seine is of the most poignant interest I can vouch for one reader, at any rate, who, having taken it up, could not lay it down until he had read the last word on the last page. To Neuilly came day by day the torn and shattered bodies of those who had once been brave and vigorous fighters. It was the Abbé's duty to speak to them words of hope and consolation, to strengthen their souls and to enable them—alas! in how many cases—to face in resignation the great change that was to sweep them from the ranks of the living. Frenchmen, Englishmen, Arabs, Moroccans, nearly all the nationalities, in fact, that make up the armies of the Allies, were brought to this hospital, and to all of them the good Abbé ministered with a single-hearted devotion which is as much beyond praise as it was far removed from obtrusion. His presence and his words must have been like sunshine to these poor wrecks of humanity. He is a keen patriot, but his charity knows no limits of race or creed, and he is careful to set down any facts showing kindness on the part of the Germans. "In this letting loose of horror and hatred," less boredom with a wife and family at Wimbledon, is he says, "we must dwell on the few features capable of suddenly thrown, by the accident of a lonely cure at Aix, softening hearts." He finds the gaiety of the English into the society of a woman, a dancer, at once considerably remarkable. He speaks of "three Englishmen singing more fascinating and less respectable than the ladies of his merrily to the applause of a Tunisian and four Frenchmen," previous experience. The result is a "guilty passion," and and adds that "knitting is not taken to enough yet; up to an intrigue which circumstances later conspire to renew. now there are not more than twenty who go in for it, This is when Gerard's wife and children have been estabhad of them before seeing them close, the English are is thus enabled to alternate between their society and that remarkable for their animation. Perhaps because of the ills we endure nearer at hand we can hardly, as is natural, face of it the thing should be repellent. That it is not is go further than resignation and deliberate courage; but due, I suppose, to the humanity with which Mr. Grant

commend it too earnestly to my readers. I ought to add that the translation is skilfully done and preserves the flavour of the original.

In the eleven stories that make up Pastorals of Dorset (LONGMANS) Miss M. E. FRANCIS (Mrs. Blundell) is at her very best; there is not a single "rabbit" in the whole eleven. It is not easy to describe the qualities that combine to make these tales peculiarly attractive, but I can say without reservation that Mrs. Blundell is supreme among novelists of the present day in her sympathetic understanding of the lives of humble country-folk. Humour is another of her gifts, but she does not use it to make her characters ridiculous; one laughs very often with them but hardly ever at them. Here, for instance, one smiles at Granfer Sampson trying to re-enlist when he is nearly seventy, but the lasting im ression is of pride in the old granfer's spirit. And so it is with all of these sketches; the

makes good-natured fun of it, but throughout she is never without the power of describing country-life so that a glamour falls gently over it. Mrs. Blundell's gifts are precious to all country-lovers, and we may well be grateful whenever she uses them.

Among the historic moments in literary history that I sometimes please myself by imagining is that in which Mr. Grant Richards, the author, timidly submitted his first manuscript to his own consideration as publisher. "But, my dear Sir," I fancy him exclaiming in soliloquy, "this is absolutely IT!" And often since he must have had occasion to rejoice, both of him, over a partnership so happily begun. The latest achievement of I speak with all respect—this publishing Pooh-Bah is in every way worthy of those that have gone before. Bittersweet (GRANT RICHARDS) is briefly one of those books in which some touch of charm and genius in the writing transforms a theme that might be merely sordid into a thing of beauty. The plot of it is simple. Gerard Blundell, a middle-ageing,

almost all English. Quite contrary to the idea the French lished for the summer at a distant villa, and he himself they go as far as gaiety"—and the Abbé gives instance upon instance to prove his statement. Altogether this is —I use the word advisedly—a beautiful book, and I cannot own case, made it impossible to put down till the last page

had been turned. The story is poignantly alive; it compels your sympathy by its own. In short, a very genuine success, which, if you don't mind being forced to share emotions of which you may disapprove, you should certainly read.

In these days a really cheerful novel is a sound asset, even if it cannot be proclaimed as a perfect work of art, so I can recommend The Rose Garden Husband (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) because it is fragrant and fresh, and forget that Mrs. WIDDEMER handicaps herself by relying a little too often upon sentimentality. Cynics, it is true, might say that crippled young men do not, outside the pages of fiction, rise from their beds with the speed that Allan Harrington displayed. They might even say more than this, but I am not going to argue with them; for Mrs. WIDDEMER has a way with her, and I am victim to it. If, however, she writes another novel it would be well to warn her that sugar and



"We should miss you, Mary, but your undoubted talent should be offered to the Nation if there is A WOMAN'S BOMB-DROPPING CORPS.'

author sees the narrowness of her characters' outlook and spice must be used with caution, if they are not to promote a sense of surfeit.

# THE COTTON QUESTION.

-, ---, et ---- fabula narratur.") (" Mutato nomine de -THE "Pish-pish" and "Pooh" and "No consequence" lot, They come as a boon and a blessing to-what?

Have "Pish-pish" and "Pooh" and "No consequence" read

The tale of our wounded and missing and dead?

Does their fantasy aid them to picture the sights

Round La Bassée and Ypres? Do they sleep well o' nights?

When our chemists the truth about cotton declare,

Do "Pish-pish" and "Pooh" and "No consequence" care?

Nay, at risk of offending those eminent men, We are driven to asking again and again,

Have "Pish-pish" and "Pooh" and "No consequence" been

A boon and a blessing to us or Berleen?

lf

T

S

s

S,

gof

ul

et

d

h, ER

a

e,

ng

es

ds

in

ey

is,

ne

ER

m

he

be

nd te

05,

s?

e?

#### CHARIVARIA.

THERE are said to be only 450,000 cats in the German Empire, as compared with 4,000,000 in France and 7,850,000 in the United Kingdom. A German newspaper which recently published an article pleading for "the rehabilitation of the cat" was at once denounced as unpatriotic by a rival journal, which pointed out that during a portion of every twenty-four hours all cats are GREY.

According to a high Greek personage KING CONSTANTINE now receives a letter from the Kaiser almost every day. It is said that he looks back regretfully to the period of "P.S. Kind regards to 'Tino," and is beginning to think the daily mail an over-rated luxury.

Hearing that certain German Generals now in Russia-Prince Leopold of BAVARIA, VON HINDENBURG, and VON Mackensen—are seriously embarrassed by the number of love-letters they receive from their admiring countrywomen, the CROWN PRINCE, it is understood, has intimated his willingness to exchange commands with any of them.

In connection with the excellent scheme for sending literature to the troops through the agency of the Post Office, a list has been published of the sort of books they do not want. We agree that telephone directories, tradesmen's catalogues, and a Guide to Harrogate (nineteen years old) would be found dull reading even in the trenches, but we respectfully protest against the inclusion in the Index Expurgatorius of Modern Woman—How to Manage Her. A really competent treatise on this subject would be invaluable to any man, soldier or not.

One of the first things the Germans did in Warsaw was to set all the clocks to Central European time in place of Russian. Here at least they can honestly claim that time is on their side.

Fine language is all very well in its place, but the restaurant-keepers of Southend consider that the author of an otherwise laudatory notice cast an unmerited slur upon the freshness of their principal commodity when he wrote of the town's "immemorial shrimps."

The Deutsche Kurier says, "It cannot be reiterated too often that it is no Utopia in the Dark Continent that we are chasing; it is not in those regions

There is no pleasing the German and time-pieces. Press. "England's shamelessness," Anthem of the Fat ten, "is not only abominable; it drives the blood to our heads." This helps clocks?" \* \* to explain that swollen feeling.

enough no mention was made of a with his own. prominent bluff on the other side.

repulsed him with serious losses.

One of the strange effects of the War, an evening newspaper informs us, is that



HISTORY IN THE MAKING.

COUNT REVENTLOW HAVING PROVED THAT BRITISH SUPREMACY IS AT AN END, HIS IMPERIAL MASTER POSES FOR NEW DESIGN FOR GERMAN COINAGE.

"Grimsby, of all places, has been obliged to import fish." Are we to infer from this that before the War Grimsby grew its fish on shore? \* \* \*

In a recent article the Frankfurter Zeitung remarked: "We should be fools if, in a war where our enemies work against us with all means in their power, we were to go to ruin through modesty." Up to the present we have traced no signs of any such danger.

Describing a forthcoming production Mr. Alfred Butt is reported to have said: "We have a lovely chorus and its complement of men; but all of them beyond military age, or for some reason incapable of service." Some members incapable of service." Some members of the "lovely chorus" consider that Mr. Burr might have expressed himself more tactfully.

In an article on the looting proclivithat our future beckons us." We ties of German officers, we read that the first epithet should have been believe this to be very near the truth.

As the National Anthem of the Fatherland, "The Watch according to the Hamburger Nachrich- on the Rhine" is now bracketed with

Mr. NORMAN ANGELL considers that A contemporary recently published a the papers are making a great deal too picture of the Danube, and drew special much fuss about the other angels (of attention to the precipitous rocks on the Mons), and maintains that the War has southern or Serbian bank. Curiously produced no Great Illusion to compare

An Algerian soldier was much pleased "In Carniola, during the night of when Lord KITCHENER, during his the 15th, the enemy delivered a violent recent visit to the French Army, attack against Pal Piccolo." We are addressed a few words to him in glad to add that our gallant little friend Arabic. The KAISER is reported to be greatly annoyed that his own Arabic effort should have received so little appreciation.

> A German scientist claims to have discovered a new kind of rays, the gases of which, he says, "are very long and variously shaped, and at their end seem to dissolve in forms like clouds or cascades." He calls them "bottle rays," and from the description we are inclined to think that he is probably right.

A correspondent encloses the following paragraph taken from "Charivaria," November 1st, 1911:-

"Lord Haldane, in defending the Territorials, declared that he expects to be dead before any political party seriously suggests compulsory military service. We understand that, since making this statement, our War Minister has received a number of telegrams from Germany wishing him long life.

But we suspect that when he said dead he meant "politically dead."

"It is reported via Dedeagatch that Galata Bridge has been blown up by submarines.

[The Galata Bridge spans the Bosphorus from Constantinople to Pera, and this connects the Asiatic with the European side.] '' Birmingham Daily Post.

So the poor old wooden bridge which for so long spanned the Golden Horn has been removed and thrown across the Bosphorus. Pera has been transported bodily to the Asiatic coast, and we hope that the contents of Stamboul will follow in a few weeks.

From a description in an Italian paper of Sir R. Borden's reception at the London Opera House:-

The correspondent who sends us the extract thinks that a compliment to another Ally was intended, and that

## AN AFFAIR OF OUTPOSTS.

[As the following military incident is based upon recent facts, the author has thought well to anticipate the intervention of the Press Bureau and censor it himself.]

THE summer dusk was deepening into night. It had been a day of deluge, and from the lower ground by rose a white and sinister vapour. An awful silence held the lines, broken only by the furtive rustling of paper-bags that had held the sandwiches and bananas which were to hearten us for the coming battle.

Our main army, according to the best reports, lay a mile or so in our rear, and we were its outposts. For the last hour of daylight I had been arranging the dispositions of the company under my temporary command, conformably with those of B company on my right. The three platoons that furnished our pickets had thrown forward their sentry-groups with doubled sentries into the hedge which the enemy had given an undertaking to attack. Precisely at o'clock, the hour fixed for the commencement of operations, I took up a recumbent position with the supports in a disused bunker of the -- links, and gave a final adjustment to my brassard.

During the strained pause that followed, some of the lighter spirits among us took advantage of our position in the rear, out of earshot of the enemy, to indulge from time to time in the reckless badinage proper to a licentious soldiery; but, for myself, being in civil life a professional humourist, I spent thought he would see better without it. the interval in reviewing the errors of my past and regretting that I had

never made a will.

Suddenly my attention was called to an approaching apparition. Our sentry growled a low challenge and out of the gloom emerged a single enemy under escort. At first, for his eyes were bandaged with a white handkerchief, I took him for a flag of truce come to say that, owing to the saturated condition of the terrain, the enemy had decided to postpone the battle. But as he wore no other sign of white (save the pallor of his face) I began to suspect a ruse, though the fact that he was in the full uniform of the enemy militated against the theory of espionage. Rising, I advanced in his direction with the idea of inviting him to show reason why he should not be shot out of hand. (I could not have postponed the execution till dawn as the necessary firing party would then be working off their night's labour in bed.) As I came closer I suffered a painful shock on recognising in him an a Regius Professor of -

"What do you here, Septimus, and in this guise?" I demanded sternly.

He quailed perceptibly, but recovered himself and replied with an affectation I will hand you over to the Com-

"I've only come as a spectator," he

I saw at once that the situation was unusual. I could recall no precedent for it in the King's Regulations or other standard works on military etiquette. I was almost certain that permission for attachés and war-correspondents to attend operations in the field is invariably required beforehand, and that there existed a strong prejudice against extending this privilege to representatives of the enemy.

"Your position, Septimus," I said, "is extremely irregular. Remove your bandage that I may look into your eyes." And I drew closer.

He gave a rather sickly smile and withdrew the handkerchief, but kept his lids lowered.

"I only came," he repeated, "as a spectator. I am taking no part in these operations.'

I was not satisfied, but, after all, I said to myself, he is my friend and a Regius Professor of — University.

"If," I told him, "you will give me your parole not to attempt to escape and give information to the enemy about our dispositions, you may lie on half my mackintosh in this bunker."

He accepted with an indifferent grace and settled down for the night. offered him my last unripe apple, but he

There, then, we lay—such strange bedfellows as adversity is apt to bring together. And indeed we both seemed to wear the badge of a common grief, for the darkness had turned the pillarbox scarlet of our brassards into mourning sable. . . . All of a sudden a dreadful thought occurred to me. Till now it had escaped me that my prisoner, besides being a Regius Professor, was a notorious writer of light verse. I had mixed a good deal in my time with writers of light verse and was well acquainted with the crafty cunning of their methods. Now, it would be my duty presently to visit my pickets and sentry-groups. Would it be wise, I asked myself, to go off and leave a writer of light verse under the guard of innocent men-barristers, solicitors, and so forth-who were probably unfamiliar with the habits of this elusive type? On the other hand, if I took him with me on my rounds, I could not guarantee his safety, for the Reserve Corps, when on outpost duty, is known to be very prompt, and, even old friend of my comparative youth- if he escaped the worst, his Muse - University. | might be permanently disfigured.

"Septimus," I said, "on second thoughts I will relieve myself of further responsibility in respect to your person. mander of the outpost company. He stands yonder with the telephone section in the hedge to our right rear. I will do you the courtesy to conduct you thither myself. Be good enough to rise. About—turn! Left in-cline! Quick—march!"

On the way I treated his conversational advances (made in light prose) with some reserve, merely expressing my regret that I was unable to dine with him at - College on the following day. Arrived at the Commandant's post, "I have the honour. Sir," I said, "to deliver to you the accompanying prisoner, who has been captured by my sentries. I am dissatisfied with the account of himself which he has given me."

My Commandant, who has too large a heart to believe ill of any man and has never in his life written a line of verse, light or heavy, received the suspect with great geniality. I ought perhaps to have notified to him the ground of my suspicions; but, rightly or wrongly, I decided that the matter was no longer my affair, and I returned to my post.

The "Cease-fire" had rung out on our left flank. For a long time it was ignored on the right of B Company, where the battle proceeded with great fury. At last, the "Assembly" being sounded, the —— Reserve Corps extricated itself from the ---- Volunteers (whose dead had continued to fight with the extreme of valour), and the two forces, including all casualties, reformed at a safe distance from one another.

After the pow-wow was over I got a word with my Commandant.

"What did you do with my prisoner, Sir?" I asked.

"Let him go, of course. I had to take his word that he was just a spectator. You see, he's a gentleman and Commandant of their regiment."

"He may be all that, Sir," I replied, "but he writes light verse. A man who does that sort of thing is capable de tout."

"Lost, from 18, Hampton-street, Cross Persian Cat, scarred leg. If detained will be prosecuted."—Plymouth Paper. This should make it crosser than ever.

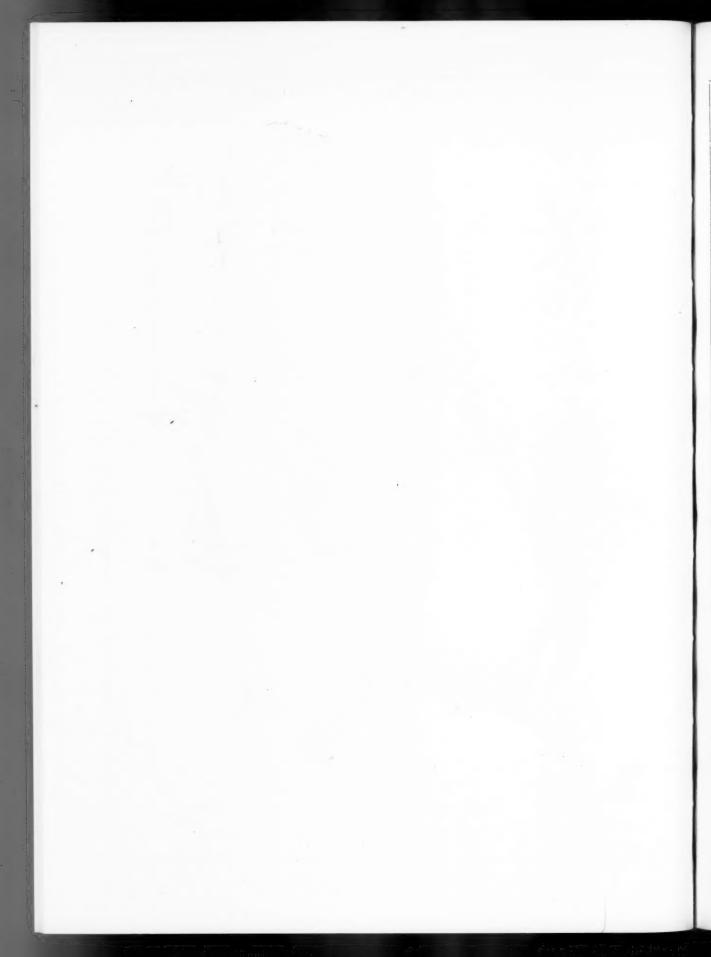
"An extraordinary plague of winged ants caused great excitement in Cardiff yesterday. Bats, in broad daylight, led on the pest." Irish Times.

Can it be that the bats, having been disowned by the Beasts and the Birds, now aspire to the kingship of the Insects?



# THE ACHIEVEMENT.

COUNT ZEPPELIN. "STANDS LONDON WHERE IT DID, MY CHILD?"
THE CHILD. "YES, FATHER; MISSED IT AGAIN."
COUNT ZEPPELIN. "THEN YOU HAD NO SUCCESS?"
THE CHILD. "OH, YES, FATHER; I'VE GOT HOME AGAIN."



## JOAN.

(A Study of the Rising Generation.) THOUGH I'm older than her father There are times, I own, When I find it really rather Hard to fathom Joan: Not that she pursues malicious Aims by methods surreptitious, But resembles the capricious Cat that Walked Alone.

Joan appreciates hilamous Comrades, girls or men, But her mood is non-gregarious Ev'ry now and then; And it's just when most endearing, Most inspiriting and cheering, That she's giv'n to disappearing In her private den.

Joan, though studying modern fashions,

Modern books and plays, Can exist on simple rations, Live laborious days; Rising with the lark and turning All her energies to churning And contemptuously spurning Soft luxurious ways.

Joan delights in dogs and horses, Owns a mighty Dane, Whom, once launched on devious courses,

Nothing can restrain; "Esau" very fine and large is, But when down the road he barges Nursemaids and their trembling charges

Wish he had a chain.

Once to sate her thirst for dancing Joan would travel far, In the two-step gaily prancing, Quite the tango star; Now of motoring craft a master, Always driving faster, faster, Day by day she courts disaster In her racing car.

Fogies find her too new-fangled; Sentimentalists

Liken her to sweet bells jangled, Moonlight in the mists; Those who read her heart most clearly, Though she treats them cavalierly, Like her all the more sincerely For her kinks and twists.

They admit that she is "spiky," But at length divine Stirrings of a nobler psyche Neath the porcupine: For the War has made her serious, Cured her of her moods imperious, Self-absorbed, detached, mysterious, Brought her into line.

"The hops have certainly improved since last report. Hot nights with sunshine is what is now required."—Kentish Observer. They should try Norway.



Sergeant (out of patience with awkward Recruit). "NEVER APPROACH THE 'OSSES FROM BE'IND WITHOUT SPEAKING TO 'EM. IF YOU DO, THAT THICK 'EAD OF YOURS 'LL GET SO KICKED WE SHAN'T 'AVE NOTHING BUT LAME 'OSSES IN THE STABLE."

### THE HEAD OF THE FIRM.

Mr. Swansdown's confidence in his knowledge of charladies was very heart. With one accord they sat very much shaken when Mrs. Bloggins upright, stiffened by their respecttendered one week's notice of her in- ability. tention to leave him for ever, and he wisely deputed the choice of her youth with a devastating squint, undersuccessor to his typist, Miss Myrtle. took to usher the applicants one after Miss Myrtle was a nice girl with soft the other into the presence of Miss hair and the kind of eyes which make Myrtle. He opened the door, thrust his a man decide to be better in future. In the perusal of this distressing story her niceness should be borne in mind.

Thus it came about that one May morning Miss Myrtle held her court at affably as was his wont. ten-thirty by the clock. Thither came,

shoes of Mrs. Bloggins. They were not a prepossessing lot, but then the innate goodness of their kind is of the

The office-boy, a cheerful and lovable head in, and squinting at the assembled ladies asked for the first comer.

"Which of yer got 'ere first?" was what he actually said. He spoke

A lady near the door with a red bonin reply to an advertisement, six sad net perched jauntily on a portion of but virtuous females willing to fill the her head answered this invitation and, preceded by the office boy, passed with dignation, they decided that the place gave me this the other day;" and nose was a little red that morning, and but it is so. If you doubt it ask your as the applicant entered she saw her charlady. put her powder puff away, and thereby

the tone she had heard her previous employer (an editor) use to authors.

The charlady coughed in protest before she did so, and then sat, obedient together and hands tightly clasped on her lap.

"What is your name?" asked Miss businesslike way.

"Missus Jones," the applicant said

with a short sharp emphatic emphasis on the word which denoted her married state. She clearly resented something.

"And where were you Mrs. last employed, asked Miss Myrtle, unconscious of the existence of this resentment.

"Hi was employed in a sliziter's horfice,' said Mrs. Jones shortly. "May I arst in return if I am dealing with a principal?"

"Oh, no," said Miss Myrtle; "I am Mr. Swansdown's confidential secretary.

"Ho!" said Mrs. Jones comprehensively and significantly. "Ho, in-

back perceptibly stiffened.

At this juncture the office-boy tit-

"Leave us," said the mystified Miss Myrtle, and with a dreadful grin he know," said the candidate in an accent

"I don't think this place will suit me," said Mrs. Jones. "Being a respectable married woman," she added.

Without another word she left the room and the amazed Miss Myrtle was lict. alone. As the dignified charlady shook the dust of Swansdown and Co. from off her elastic-sided boots she met another lady entering, who took her the way in which she added "quite place among the remaining applicants.

One after another the charladies were ushered into the presence of Miss Myrtle by the joyous office-boy, and the prospective charlady. one after another they discovered, possibly by instinct, that she was the clinch the matter, "he's an old dear; typist; whereupon, bristling with in- he's awfully good to the staff. He What she wants is a half-sister.

silent dignity into the inner room where did not suit them. Why a typist must Miss Myrtle sat in state. The typist's not engage a charlady is beyond me,

At last there was but one left, a thin summed her up.

"Be seated!" said Miss Myrtle in gested that she had spent her life in a desert place apart. Gradually Miss Myrtle's new-found dignity was evaporating and the hilarity of the remainder of Mr. Swansdown's staff (the office-boy, to the custom of her caste, with back to be exact) increased. The typist deas straight as a ramrod, knees close termined to alter her methods with the one remaining applicant, for she was frightened lest she should fail to obtain a charlady at all. Her dignity went Myrtle, taking up her pen in a firm and altogether and she was just a jolly little typist again.
"Good morning," she said cheerfully;

A SUGGESTION TO THE WAR OFFICE.

THE SEASIDE FLOATING MERRY-GO-ROUND, WITH SPECIAL BUCKING MUSTANGS, FOR TRAINING CAVALRY RECRUITS. THE ADVANTAGES ARE TWOFOLD: HEALTHY SURBOUNDINGS AND THE ABSENCE OF ALL DANGER FROM FALLS.

deed!" "Confidential" had a most "I'm glad the others did not suit. Mr. | that sinking feeling which comes when unpleasant ring in her ears and her Swansdown asked me to cheose the most genteel of those who applied, and I hope you will take the job on."

There was silence for a moment. "That depends on the job, you

vaguely reminiscent of the suburbs. "Oh, there are just the ordinary duties, you know-keeping the office clean and so on."

"And the wages?" asked the dere-

"Ten shillings."

"That is satisfactory-quite satisfactory;" and Miss Myrtle knew from satisfactory" that she was a superior person.

"But what about the boss?" asked

"Oh," said Miss Myrtle, anxious to

she held out the bangle on her wrist. The charlady looked at it with critical interest, because, in spite of all evidence to the contrary, charladies are not only human but feminine. Miss Myrtle thought her new method was much more successful.

"I should like to do most of the cleaning at night after he had gone home," suggested the applicant. "What time does he go?"

"Nearly always about five," Miss Myrtle replied. "You could commence cleaning by half-past every evening if you wished."

"But sometimes he's later surely. It might be very awkward if I came to clean up and found him still here.'

"Oh no! He's always away by five.

Why, just lately things have been a bit quiet and he has got away by the middle of the afternoon."

There was a silence again for a moment.

"And what is your name, please?" asked Miss Myrtle.

"Mrs. Swansdown," the charlady replied quietly, but with a slight smile which temporarily thawed her face.

"Mrs. Swansdown? ... But that 's the boss's name!"

"Naturally; I'm his wife. And I have to thank you, Miss Myrtle, for some very interesting information about him.

The silence was thick and ominous, and Miss Myrtle paled. She had

one is well in it.

"But you came as a char . . ." she

"Pardon me. You assumed I was a charwoman, Miss Myrtle, and I did not disillusionise you. You might tell Mr. Swansdown that I am here, please.'

And slowly and thoughtfully Miss Myrtle did so.

It is not quite certain what happened at the ensuing interview between husband and wife, because there is only one keyhole to the office-door and the office-boy was using that. His reports are very vague. One thing is certain; it was Mrs. Swansdown who chose the new typist.

"Young person desires another share Home, herself and father; moderate terms." Bournemouth Daily Echo.

## AT THE FRONT.

THERE is a deservedly popular military song which states, with perhaps unnecessary iteration, that the singers are there because they 're there, because they 're there, because they 're there. That is exactly how we find ourselves placed at the moment. Here is a dusty lane with eligible greensward adjacent. We have been here since 9 A.M. and it is now 6 P.M. We have long since given up discussing why we should be here, where we are going when we leave here, and, indeed, whether we are ever going to leave here.

Last night all was peace, except that I was told to sleep in my boots. I can only assume that they must inadvertently have slipped off; for when the morning broke I appeared to be devoid of foot-fittings of any kind. While I was thinking over this mystery the Company fell in. Fortunately they were very sleepy and by the time my platoon-sergeant had persuaded them to form something other than threes and fives, I was on the spot explaining small but important technicalities, such as the advisability of taking ammunition when you're going to a battle, and the difficulty of getting a really satisfactory drink out of an empty water-bottle.

Eventually we set out and walked along some roads till we came to this one, where no doubt the following conversation took place:-

C.O. Have you the least idea where we are going to, or why?

Adj. No, Sir. C.O. Do you see any possible point in our going any further?

Adj. No, Sir.

C.O. Then don't let's.

Adj. Very good, Sir. I will make it my business to see that the process is discontinued.

So we all sat down by the roadside and took off our equipment and almost everything else and went to sleep in the sun. . . .

It is now considerably later — two days later, in fact. We still inhabit the dusty lane and eligible greensward. A fear has gone abroad that it has been assigned to us as a billet. This is all very fine in its way, but when you have received a message reading (more or less): "Attack on in ten minutes' time; bring a sandbag and a bayonet," and you then find you have to live an indefinite time with a sandbag for furniture and bedding, and a bayonet to shave and brush your teeth with, you come to realise that the greenwood tree business isn't half what it's cracked up to be. Besides, when you have found your place on the map-if



Youthful Commissionaire (who has taken place of older one, gone to the Front). "These 'Ere wet days is wot exhausts me."

and sandbags and bayonets, there really isn't much to do here unless you have a geometrical turn of mind and care for plotting the angles between the buttercan of course go on inspecting your platoon's rifles and sandbags and bayonets, because, by the time you have criticized the last bayonet, going round conscientiously, there's no knowing what may have happened to the first rifle or sandbag. This will keep the men interested too, and save them from getting into mischief, surrounded as they are by all manner of temptations.

Before we ceased speculating on our prospects, our strategists advanced all possible views. The best supported theory was that we were being held in reserve to create a diversion through Switzerland which was to come in on the spur of the moment. The most obvious and horrible prospect—that of remaining here till the end of the War -no one has dared to put forward.

Yet ours cannot be a totally inglori- serious nature.

you have one-and inspected your rifles ous oblivion. Before we settled here we won fame. A very large if slightly bleary photograph, representing two of our sections on the march, had been published in a certain notorious cups. If you are a keen soldier you daily journal which is fully prepared to finish the War in a month if it only gets the chance. It is true that the legend subjoined was "Belgian Artillery Resting," but you cannot expect glory and accuracy for a halfpenny, can you?

### MR. PUNCH'S ROLL OF HONOUR.

We regret very much to learn that Mr. ALEC JOHNSTON, 2nd Lieutenant, 1st Battalion, Shropshire Light Infantry, has been wounded. Mr. Johnston, who originally went out with the Artists' Corps, has for a long time contributed to Mr. Punch's pages, and is the author of the series "At the Back of the Front" and "At the Front." We heartly wish him a speedy recovery from his wounds, which we are glad to hear are not of a

and vrist. tical ence only yrtle

nuch

15.

the gone Vhat Miss ence ng if

rely. ne to five. ings and 7 the

on." ence your sked

wn," plied light arily wn?

oss's his nank for sting im.

hick Miss had vhen she

was did t tell here, Miss

ened veen e is and His g is who

lome,

ho.

# A FAMOUS VICTORY.

WHEN is an historic ship not an historic ship? That is the question. - but I will explain. The answer is-

Having been to Portsmouth I know not how many times, but always in the wrong company for investigation, I found myself there once again last week, with a keen though youthfulperhaps keen because youthful, for the old take so much for granted—student of England's past and England's heroes, whose very obvious desire to fall in with the blandishments of an ancient mariner and visit the Victory in his venerable boat was not to be thwarted; and so for the first time, after judicious bargaining, I was rowed to that notable vessel.

I will not dwell upon the incidents of the voyage in a craft which was called for some odd reason the Why Not: how we were bobbed up and down by the wash of this steamer and that, but managed to retain our lunch; how the Gosport Floating-bridge's efforts to run the Why Not down were frustrated by her chains; how the ancient mariner, although he had us at his mercy, refrained from marooning us until his original exorbitant figure was conceded. Let me merely record the fact that in due course we reached the great little Admiral's Trafalgar flagship, and by ascending the steps that were not there in his time, and obeying a notice to take care of one's head that also had come in since his day, obtained our first insight into the accretions which have accumulated like barnacles on this most illustrious of ships.

An elderly man having been summoned to take us in hand, we began the tour of enlightenment-and disillusion. Mounting to the main deck he drew our attention to a brass plate raised an inch or so above it, close to the head of the companion. "This," he said, "is where Nelson fell. But of course," he added-and the "of course" sent a chill down my back-"it was not on this deck. This deck is new." New! Who had braved the rollers and combers of Portsmouth Harbour to see new

He then drew our attention to the wheel; but it was not, he said, the wheel used in Nelson's day. Oh, no. A shot destroyed that; but a new wheel had been set up in the same place, and in the centre was the famous signal. only were not the original ones, but were made of iron, whereas Nelson's other's eyes.

Right aft, he said, was Captain HARDY's cabin; but it was not a cabin boats, one of which bore Nelson's body from Greenwich to London. It is a beautiful boat, but it is repainted every year. Descending, we were shown the exterior of Nelson's cabin, but, "as it is now used for court-martials and we never know when a court-martial is to be held, it is kept locked." Here was a rebuff indeed. It was the one spot I longed to be in, and to look through the windows at its stern and see how the ocean appeared to the greatest fighting sailor of all time, and the least able of all the heroes of the sea to control mal de mer. But no. Nor are the windows as they were in Nelson's day, for then they were of transparent horn, and now they are of glass. All this was very disappointing, and my spirits fell still lower when I read the date 1846 or 1847 on one of the guns; but at last we found one, the firing of which NELson might have controlled, and were in the midst of our first authentic flush when the guide led us to the cockpit where the dying Nelson surely enough was carried, but which has since had its compartments removed to facilitate its show purposes. But was that really the true table on which all the surgical operations had to be performed, and was that really the lantern by whose dim light the surgeon had to work? The aged man would not swear to either.

But any superiority that I may have felt over the old fellow disappeared when, before one of the engravings of the Battle of the Baltic, in the little museum, he related the glorious incident of the spy-glass and the blind eye. "Now I dare say," he began with charming naïveté, "that you won't believe what I'm going to tell you, and I'm sure it will make you split your sides with laughing when you hear it. At the Battle of the Baltic, you must know, NELSON was only second in command. Well, at a certain critical moment in the fight he had his attention drawn to a signal ordering him to retire. And what did Nelson do? You know he was blind by one eye? Well, he put Dardanelles. the telescope to his blind eye and said he couldn't see it, and then went on and won the battle."

Some of the saddest moments of life are those in which a simple humorist is deprived of his reward of laughter. I Similarly, he said, the masts having did what I could to supply the desired been shot away, the present masts not mirth, but made so poor a show that the guide, who clearly is accustomed to less sophisticated audiences, looking at masts were of wood; and again we me narrowly and in pain, accused me sought comfort and consolation in each of having read history and therefore of having heard it before.

"If NELSON hadn't won," he added, with a return of good spirits, "he'd any more; just the receptacle of two have been disgraced for ever and drummed out of the Service. That's an odd thought, isn't it?'

"Nothing succeeds like success," I remarked pleasantly.

But I had better have held my tongue. or been less observant, for humiliation was instant. "Funny you should have said that," he replied. "Nine out of every ten ladies and gentlemen that comes aboard this ship says that, but somehow I thought you wouldn't.

What could I do after that? There was nothing to do but pay up and go.

#### A PERMISSIBLE EXTRAVAGANCE.

DEAR Goddess at whose shrine I fall, And worship that sweet will Which holds my heart in gentlest thrall

With all a woman's skill, Heed not, I pray, the cry to-day That luxury's a vice, For you, I swear, shall never share The nation's sacrifice.

But you shall walk in silk attire And dreamy satin hues; Your feet that fairies might desire Shall wear the costliest shoes; And you shall eat the choicest meat

Upon a dainty dish-Shall dress and feed as well, indeed, As any girl could wish.

Sooner, in fine, my soul I'd pinch Than see you poorly gowned, Or stunt your stature half-an-inch Or weight by half-a-pound; Yes, though for thrift I'll prove my gift

It shall not come nigh you, But you shall be our luxury, My tiny maid of two.

"The Germans are taking vengeance by not allowing their railway trucks to enter Roumania any longer, and by urging on the Australians to close their frontier to the import of Roumanian cereals."-Evening Paper.

All in good time, WILLIAM. Australians will attend to your business as soon as they have got through the

"How to make a sovereign do the ordinary work of 15s. is the problem the war-time housekeeper has to solve."—Morning Paper.

If that is really the problem the solution is simple. Buy a War-Lcan voucher with the surplus.

"On the Ballogie moor the shooting tenant, with two guns, had 383 brace of grouse. Glasgow Herald.

It looks as if one at least of the birds had been rather badly shot.



Voice in distance. "AREN'T YOU TWO READY?"

Small girl. "IN A MINUTE. AUNTIE'S JUST PUTTING HER PUTTEES ON."

# PHASES OF A YEAR OF WAR.

(From a Patriot's Note-Book.)

August, 1914.—War declared. Rather startling. Imagine that it will be a tremendous business, involving great changes even in my obscure life. Am, however, at once agreeably surprised is a pro-German! by the reassuring battle-cry, "Business as Usual." The War is to be won, apparently, by our taking no notice of it, thus causing an immense feeling of depression among the enemy. Suppose that in the circumstances we may as well spend our annual fortnight at Ostend as usual? Ask Chapwing, my neighbour, if he cares to join us. Chapwing declines. Seems to be a

OCTOBER.—Second battle-cry: "Do Enemy not having been brought to his knees by sublime spectacle of national composure, it has different. Eager to accommodate, but how? Much too old for active service, and then there is the matter of my left if we have all gone mad. Hun!

housekeeping allowance and dock children's pocket-money, amidst great demonstration of domestic patriotism. Chapwing alone unmoved. Appears in a new suit and announces his intention

DECEMBER. — Latest battle - cry: "Spend and pay and keep things going. Unfortunate miscalculation in last policy. Air full of forebodings of unemployed jobbing gardeners, tailors, bagatelle-board makers and destitute authors, who also happen to be ineligible for military service. Now appears that in order to provide every kind of work during unavoidable dislocation, and thereby materially help to win War, it is my plain duty to spend not only all I can but even more. Order two of everything and double housekeeping allowance and children's become necessary to try something pocket-money. Indescribable scene of him capable of. As he waved an evendomestic patriotism. Chapwing, at-

library subscription. Also reduce wife's and join the Teddingham and Twickenton Fencibles. Somewhat short of loose cash just now, but spend £20 or so on entrance fee and subscription, uniform, rifle, marching boots and so forth, and support of concerts and bazaars in aid of building a conservatory. The man of the corps. Have to work rather closely at professional duties in order to retrench my position, but manage to put in eighteen hours a week of drill and marches, manual and other exercises. Confident of doing the right thing this time, but admittedly taken aback by the continuous spectacle of stalwart young men in civilian attire, who, supported by their lady friends, laugh heartily as we march by. Ask Chapwing what he thinks about joining. Replies, "I don't think." Chapwing is a confessed shirker.

April.—A new phase. Yesterday saw Chapwing approaching in a state of greater excitement than I thought ing paper I imagined for the moment tracted by the outburst, wants to know that we must be through the Dardanelles. "Another-" he gasps. "Fort eye. Happily, it is pointed out that those who cannot enlist can at least enable others to do so by giving up all expenditure that encourages superfluous have a displayed at the encourage superfluous. At one displayed at the entire labour. At one displayed at the entire labour. At one displayed at the entire labour at the labour. At once dismiss occasional that the War will be won by soldiers. front page of his journal is headed, gardener and countermand orders for Recruiting slack. See a sphere of use- "Brides in the Bath Case," in arresting winter overcoat and bagatelle set. Stop fulness in spite of my disadvantages type. Can the War mysteriously be

915. added. "he'd and

hat's ss," I ngue.

iation lhave out of that t, but There

E. fall, lest

l go.

0

at ed,

y gift

ce by enter on the mport The iness

h the linary r-time uper.

solu-Lcan

enant, ald.

birds



THE PESSIMIST.

"YES, SHE'S OFF TO THE CINEMA AGAIN, AND I DON'T BLAME 'EB. MAKE THE MOST OF IT, I SAY. WHO KNOWS? WE MAY BE 'AVING PEACE UPON US ANY MOMENT!"

over, or have I dreamt the War? It removal into a tenement dwelling, see my country and had better look after appears that a hitherto obscure gentleman living in Shepherd's Bush claims still going on apparently, however, for I discover from a column reserved for matter of secondary interest that 1,150 British casualties recently occurred during the taking of a single trench in Flanders. Deeds of heroism and other details crowded out.

MAY .- "Join the Industrial Reserve." It is officially explained at last that there are plenty of men available, but nothing like enough material with which to win the War. Letters in the Press suggest that the Volunteers would find better employment for the superplaying at soldiers in the parks. Some-what of a facer, but better to know the August.—At last! The Loyal and truth in time. Get taken on by the Patriotic Order of Semi-skilled Workers Willoughby Spare Parts Company, at having declared that they alone are 6d. an hour. As they only want full-timers felt it incumbent on me to give loughbys reluctantly discharge me to firing."—Morning Paper. avert threatened strike. Decide that 6d. an hour. As they only want full- competent to do unskilled work, Wilthe War. This having involved a I have now done about enough for clear the course?

nothing of Chapwing nowadays.

June.-Great War Loan floated. to have raised coincidence to its highest Chapwing unexpectedly drops in to power. Nation holds its breath. War ask me what I am going to do about it. Declares emphatically that, as the War is to be won by money, it is the part of every loyal man to throw in his uttermost farthing - especially as Rather rough on my country perhaps, it is a full 4½ per cent. and gilt-edged but that is—or will be—its own security. He himself is applying for £300, made up of £200 which he happens to have lying idle at the bank the entertaining news. Thoroughly it is a full 4½ per cent. and gilt-edged security. He himself is applying for on deposit at 2 per cent., and £100 which Mrs. Chapwing and the children have hitherto been lending to the Government at 21 per cent. through the ultimately be called upon to pay if medium of the Post Office Savings Bank. Very distant when he hears that I propose doing nothing. As a fluous time with which they seem to be burdened if they devoted themselves matter of fact, although I did not care be hanged! I'm off! Left, right; to work in the factories rather than to to mention it, I happen unfortunately left, right; left-left-left-

myself in future. Shave off my whiskers and transplant them to an unappropriated spot above, get well coached up on the sight tests, lie brazenly about my age, and enlist. Excellent pay and prospects, and my wife and family securely provided for. aroused at last, he demands, as the Indignant Tax Payer, to know what sort of a bill I think that he will the Army is to be composed of elderly married men of questionable physique

"The Russian government expressed sincere regret to the Swedish government for the dropping of shells in territorial waters, explaining that the incident was due to a dense

15.

BE

after my an well lie list. my for. aps, own napken the that will y if erly que ht;

cere

ense

rate

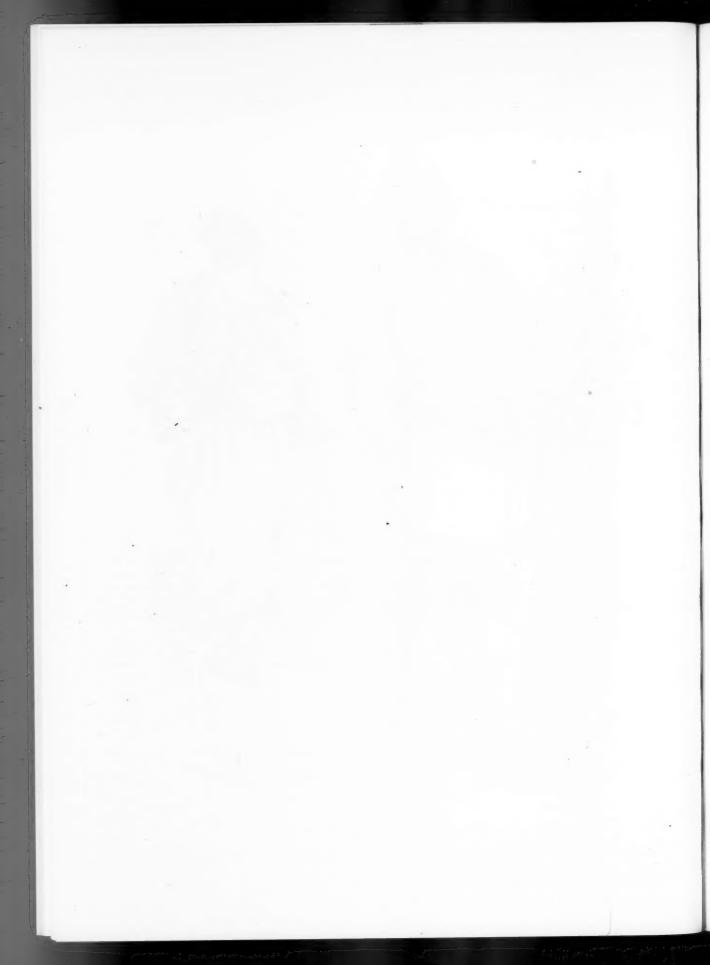
hey



# PEACE TALK.

KAISER. "AT THE PRESENT RATE OF PROGRESS OF MY DESTRUCTIVE SWORD THERE WILL BE PEACE BEFORE THE YEAR IS OUT."

SULTAN OF TURKEY, "AND SUPPOSING I CAN'T WAIT TILL THEN?"





Sergeant (to Tommy, who has fallen out for the fourth time). "What! At it again? You know you ought never to have joined this 'ere regiment, me lad. You ought to 'ave joined the Flying Corps. They only lets you fall out once there!"

# TERRITORIAL IN INDIA.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,-" A fortnight in the Himalayas for three pounds" sounds like a more than ordinarily catchy advertisement of a touring company. Nevertheless, thanks to cheap railway "concession" tickets, it has been the experience of some of the Territorials in India during the last few months. You will rejoice to learn that, by the exercise of a desperate and prolonged economy, I contrived to join a party of eight from our battalion who made the excursion. The painful impossible position. We could see no memories of that period of self-denial conceivable way out for him. (consider, if you can, the plight of a hungry and thirsty soldier saying "No" to the cake wallah and the pop wallah day after day to the point of exhaustion) have been more than effaced by blissful recollections of the ensuing fortnight's furlough in a well-known hill station.

There were unforeseen results of this sudden transference of eight rather washed-out and emaciated Terriers from the dull routine of existence in a stifling fort on the blistering and dustswept plains to the delights of a healthresort seven thousand feet in the air.

The revolution in diet produced the cantonments. most lamentable internal disturbances. And, most striking of all, the unaccustomed proximity of numbers of white girls promoted an unparalleled outburst of amorous emotion among several of our party.

The worst case was that of Private Milo. I will not weary you with a catalogue of his philanderings, but if you will believe me he returned to the Plains (none too soon) engaged to no fewer than seventeen attractive and trustful English girls. It seemed an

But nature has her own method of solving these problems. The strain of writing seventeen affectionate letters a day in this climate proved too much for him, and he is now in hospital.

Before entering he left instructions that all letters from the betrayed ones should be returned unopened, marked in the top left-hand corner in red ink, "Deceased," which, after all, he explained, is only another way of spelling diseased," which in turn is only another way of saying "ill."

Well, much may be forgiven a man suddenly translated into such society

gave us all violent colds in the head. months on the high seas and in military

The return to the Plains and the unending miseries of prickly heat was a sad business. The mere change from a maximum shade temperature of 70 degrees to one of 119 induced a profound depression of spirit. And we have grave doubts with regard to that official maximum of 119. According to our own calculations there must be an error of at least 100 degrees. I put it to you that when an entrenching tool exposed to the rays of the sun for three minutes becomes hot enough to fry eggs on with ease, it is absurd to talk of a shade maximum of 119 degrees. Every man you meet here has heard of another man who has done this egg trick.

We have now more or less settled down again to the dreary monotony of Fort life, for ever making ready for something which never happens. Of course it is necessary to be prepared for emergencies, but this constant training for hypothetical situations is very wearisome. Sometimes, it is true, it leads to strange results. One of the strangest was related to me by an N.C.O. of the Regulars a few days ago.

A movable column had been organ-The drop in temperature, for example, after an ascetic existence of eight ised in his battalion and frequent of efficiency was attained, and at the an essential duty we are performing. given order the column would be ready In our dreams we slay Germans by the in an almost inconceivably short time thousand and earn countless decorato move off, equipped to the last detail. tions. In our waking hours we collect Only it never moved.

They were intelligent sheep, and after further 500 and get a concertina. a few practices they learned to leave their grazing on their own initiative, and spontaneously take up their proper of course, and the fresh meat ration was trusted implicitly to do its duty.

in authority, one of the sheep was missing. Great was the consternation, for this was the first lapse in the splendid efficiency of the column. Search was made, and the errant animal was discovered peacefully feeding in its accustomed haunts. Then occurred a remarkable incident, which I should hesitate to believe if it had not been related to me by an old soldier.

Anticipating censure, the delinquent, who, it seems, had been observant enough to acquire a knowledge of army language as well as of army routine, turned to its pursuers and said wearily, "I know what you're going to say, but straight, I can't ses the -— use of —— well falling in, time after time, when no — thing ever happens. It's a — farce, that's what I call it!"

deadly dull affair, and the smallest stituted some princely offer, such as humorous incident comes as a welcome break in the monotony. We are sincerely grateful to our Detachment bottle of pop." Quartermaster-Sergeant for an adventure which befell him a few days ago. He was taking a solitary ramble outside the Fort in the early morning and wished to cross a certain bridge, at the head of which was mounted a native guard. The sentry, however, refused The old Turks never took kindly to the to allow him to pass; but, knowing no new politics. English, could not explain his action in words, till, after a dubious search, he pointed earnestly to one of a large number of prohibitory notices affixed to the wall. It read: "Elephants and traction engines are not allowed to cross this bridge.

There is no doubt that the hearts of very few of the Territorials now garrisoning India are in their work, though about Rheims.

parades were held. A very fine state of course we know that actually it is cigarette coupons and spend days de-Included in the supplies carried by bating whether it would be better to the movable column was a fresh meat obtain a set of ninepins with the 750 ration consisting of two live sheep. coupons we now possess, or to collect a

The increased ration allowance of three annas a day recently granted will (when it comes) brighten our lot conpositions in the column. Soon this siderably. I foresee marked changes procedure came to be taken as a matter in our little social amenities. Up till now the highest possible expression of reckless generosity towards a friend tion with Home Defence Organisations. But on a day, to the dismay of those has been to say, "Come and have a Uniforms and accoutrements should be



Officer. "Why, what's the matter with this? That's excellent soup."

Private. "YES, SIR-THAT'S WHAT WE SEZ, SIR." Officer. "VERY WELL, THEN. WHAT'S THE COMPLAINT?"

Private. "IT AIN'T THE SOUP, SIR; IT'S THE COOK. 'E CALLS IT STEW.

penny custard at the Soldiers' Home." As I have said, our life here is a In future there will doubtless be sub-"Come and have a mutton pie and a

> Yours ever. ONE OF THE PUNCH BRIGADE.

An Irish paper's contents bill:-"ROUT OF TURKS IN CAUCUSES."

"A hotel-keeper in Prussia possessed a jackdaw which had considerable proficiency talker. An official of some sort provoked this bird into a display of his linguistic attainments. The jackdaw said no more than might be expected—its tuition had been most comprehensive—but its owner was heavily fined for disrespect to the Kaiser."—Star.

The bird must have said something

#### WARNING TO VOLUNTEERS.

[A member of the National Guard was recently requested to leave a Theatre on the ground that he was wearing an "unauthorised uniform."

WE are favoured with an advance copy of the following notice to the Piptown Battalion of the Humpshire National Defence Force :-

## PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

It is rumoured that the Military Authorities are organising a raid, which may take the form of a house-tohouse search for incriminating evidence against persons suspected of connec-

> deposited in cisterns or buried.

Members who possess lofts or cellars suitable for Company drill are requested to leave particulars in cuneiform characters under the roots of the old elm-tree in the sports field.

Pyjama parades will be held during the coming month. Upon pronouncement of the password, code orders will be handed to members by the Commanding Officer, who will attend, suitably disguised, at the municipal dust-shoot nightly at 11.45 P.M.

Owing to strong pressure brought to bear upon the Army Council the platoon recently captured while routemarching by the police will be accorded the honour of a military execution at the Tower. The condemned men are indebted to the wife of

our Quartermaster for this concession. This unfortunate incident will result in the creation of a limited number of vacancies in the Piptown Battalion, but intending members are warned that they are liable to be hanged at dawn if discovered in any act bearing a colourable resemblance to military operations.

"The Countess of - who is offering free grouse shooting near Guildford to wounded officers."—Morning Paper.

Very sporting of the grouse to come down South for this patriotic purpose.

Who dares to say that the Irish Volunteers are not to be taken seriously? At a recent meeting of the Brian Boru corps the following resolution was passed unanimously:

"That in the opinion of this corps Mr. one of our most staunch members, is fully qualified for the position of Baker at the Clare

### A DEAD SECRET.

Last Thursday morning I met the latest subaltern looking more like a Major-General than usual.

"Hallo!" I exclaimed, "what are

you up to?"

vas he

sed

ce

he

ire

ch

0-

ce

C-

ıs.

be

or

fts m-

to

m

of

rts

th.

he

be

he

ho ed,

ot

ire

he

rete-

ill a

he

en

of

m.

ult

of

on.

ed

at

ng

ry

ing

me

e.

ish

y?

ru

ras

illy

are

"Just had my hair cut," he replied; "come and have some lunch. Aunt Sims and Joan are staying with us and Jimmy Battersby is turning up.

On the way conversation was intermittent; Archibald had something on

his mind.

"It's the barber," I said to myself;

"too much off the matting." Suddenly, on his very doorstep,

Archibald unburdened himself. "I say," he jerked out, " we're going out-next week, I think."

I shook his hand and gave him my

"Of course," he added with significant inflection, "this is a deadly secret, so don't breathe a word to anybody."

I placed a hand upon the centre of my knitted waistcoat and promised upon my honour as a ratepayer.

But it wasn't so easy as all that. I sat next to Joan at lunch. After the preliminaries were over I remarked casually, "I wonder what Archibald will-" and stopped suddenly and began to find something in my soup.

"Aha!" I exclaimed in an undertone, "there he is—a peppercorn."

"Yes," said Joan expectantly, "what were you going to say about Archie?"
"Oh yes!" I smiled bravely; "how

stupid of me! It's his hair. He's had it cut, you know."

Joan gave me a diffident glance and continued her soup, and I pulled myself together and chased a piece of carrot.

I turned to Archie's mother. Anyhow she would know all about it, so there would be absolutely no temptation to say anything.

We talked very nicely about (1) cooking, (2) steam-laundries, (3) the price of coal, until I remarked reflectively and a propos of nothing, "Yes, it's hard luck on you-very."

"How do you mean?" she asked.

And there I was again. "Well," I explained, "I don't mean the cooking and it isn't exactly the price of coal. It must be the steamlaundries. Yes, of course, that's it. It's the steam-laundries."

"Oh!" exclaimed Archie's motherjust "Oh!" So I escaped again; but not for long. Jimmy Battersby had me in difficulties with the pineapple jelly, and I just saved myself from Aunt Sims by dropping the salted almonds on the floor-a last effort of a rapidly degenerating intelligence.



First Young Lady. "Look at 'ER. ACKSHALLY TIKEN ON WIV A CIVILIAN. DISGRICE-FUL, I CALLS IT."

For just about this time I began to realise that I was beaten. I simply couldn't stand it any longer. I would fill my glass, rise gracefully, and, bowing to Archibald, say, "Permit me to take wine with you and wish you well as I understand you are going to the Front next week.

I pictured the sensation and wondered vaguely whether the subsequent courtmartial would shoot me like a gentleman or hang me as a journalist.

Then Archie's mother rose and lunch came to an end.

In the ensuing movement I sideslipped into the bow-window to look the view, and whispered very quietly to an acacia, "Archie is going to the Front next week."

I said it twice. It did me a lot of

On the way to the library I hung been conspicuously successful.

behind and had a little conversation with the dumb waiter-perfectly safe. Then there was Venus of the Medici (in marble) discreetly concealed in a corner of the hall. I confided in her.

The worst was over. I entered the library full of confidence in my powers of secrecy.

Everybody was collected round the latest subaltern. There was a perfect buzz of conversation, and above it I heard the voice of Archibald :

"Next week, I think; but don't breathe a word to anyone. It's a deadly secret."

"THE DARDANELLES.

TROOPS STRAIGHTENING THE FRNOT." Rhodesia Herald.

In this instance they don't seem to have

## TONSORIAL FINANCE.

YESTERDAY morning I overslept myself, a thing I very rarely do unintentionally. I was much annoyed, as I had an important appointment in the City at mid-day; and a glance at my watch showed me that I had barely twenty minutes in which to make my toilet and reach the station. Breakfast was entirely out of the question, and most likely out of the breakfast room,

I calculated that-even forgoing my bath-I had not sufficient time to shave, wash and dress, but that I had just time enough to wash and dress, or shave and dress, or wash and shave. The last combination, though undoubtedly the most hygienic of the three, would not have been thoroughly understood in my neighbourhood, and consequently I had to reject it in favour of one of the others. The middle one seemed to offer alluring possibilities so far as the shave implied a partial the whole day besides. washing of my face, but unfortunately it required concentration. The first, therefore, appeared to be the most reasonable course to pursue; indeed, when I again looked at my watch I found that I had been so long deciding lip? that there was no practicable alternative available.

just as it was disappearing through the exit. A close scrutiny of the guard's features revealed the fact that he too was unshaven. In fact he could not have used a razor for at least fifteen years, for his beard practically ended where his whistle began. He was otherwise an intelligent fellow, and repeated the names of the stations quite prettily.

On arrival at the terminus I found that I had a quarter-of-an-hour to tleman! Take three shillings, Miss. spare, so I determined to sample a hitherto unexplored luxury. I would have a professional shave. Close to the station I saw the sign of a barber, who professed to perform the operation for threepence; so I entered, and a brigand of doubtful nationality at once took my hat away from me. Another invited me into a chair and recited the

bill of fare from memory. "Shave," I said briefly, and the revels commenced.

"Ever shave yourself, Sir?" asked the man as he paused to put more (The hair-brushing he had himself indesiccated soap on the brush.

say "Yes" he'll want me to buy a patent non-skid razor or a safety behalf.) I concluded that he was in shaving-brush. If I say "No" he'll doubt as to whether I expected seven try to sell me a ticket for the estab- centimes change. lishment's Toilet Club. So then and

there I engaged a purely hypothetical

"My man usually shaves me," I answered.

"Then, Sir," persisted the fellow, "I am sure he could not get a better result than with one of our celebrated-

"Ah, I'm afraid that is his department entirely," I interposed. "I never interfere with my servants-not now. I remember how annoyed my cook once was when I brought home an automatic rolling-pin.'

Then the barber began to relather me, and while my mouth was still incapable of self-defence he did his utmost to sell me, successively, a bottle of hair-wash, a face-lotion, a sanitary hair-brush and a shampoo-powder.

"Look here," I said at length, "I have an important appointment in exactly five minutes. Will it facilitate matters if I buy something?"

The man assured me that it would do all that and make him happy for

"Then," said I, "you may sell me a half-crown bottle of moustachepomade."

"Certainly, Sir," he said, mollified; "but I thought you shaved the upper

"It's not for myself," I explained, "it's for a friend who has never ex-I eventually caught the guard's van perienced the boon of a shave by an expert. To be exact he's a railwayguard endowed by nature with luxuriant vegetation. Shall we get on?"

We got on.

"Brush your hair, Sir?"

I surveyed it.

"Since you've rumpled it," I replied, "I think it is the least you can do.

He proceeded to do the least he could do.

" Pay at the desk, please. Next gen-

"Er-two-and-nine, surely?" I demurred, lifting my eyebrows a notch

"Hair-brush, threepence," was his answer.

The lady, an adept at high finance, successfully negotiated the two halfcrowns I gave her. Then I turned and handed my man a penny and a bright smile. He said nothing to either. There flashed across my mind the thought that, like a waiter, he only expected ten per cent. of the threepence. curred, and of course he received com-Now, I thought to myself, this is mission on the sale of the pomade; where he is trying to have me. If I therefore he was only entitled to expect a tip for actual work done on my

"That's for you-to keep," I said.

He controlled his emotion so well that I increased the bonus to twopence. Then at last he said, "Thank you, Sir."

The hatter next approached and, to avoid any unpleasantness, I gave him twopence straight off.

"Much obliged, Sir," he said. "Take fourpence, please, Miss.'

This was unexpected.

"I never told you to iron my hat," I burst out. "You never asked me if you might. I consider it a great impertinence for anyone-I don't care who it is-to play fast and loose with my hat without permission. I will overlook it this time, but-

As he was no longer listening I considered it futile to go on. I gave the lady at the desk the additional fourpence and was making my way to the door when a third assistant rushed at me with a brush and swept me all over. When he had finished he was panting with satisfaction.

"Well?" I said.
"Yessir."

"Don't you call out 'Take fourpence, please, Miss,' like that other man?"

"Oh, no, Sir. I do the brushing quite on my own."

"Tell me," I continued, "what you expect for the unnecessary and unsolicited brushing of an entirely new suit of clothes?

Under pressure he admitted that most gents gave him twopence. So I gave him what he suggested and mentally calculated that he earned, on the average, a penny a minute, or, in an eight hours' day, a matter of two pounds. In other words, some £600 a year.

Then, as nobody else seemed to want anything, I walked out.

I was late for my appointment, and my friend, I was informed, had waited a quarter-of-an-hour and then gone off. The consequence was that I had to play dominoes with an almost entire

When I arrived home in the afternoon I made out the following account:

		2
	8.	a.
1 Premeditated shave		3
1 Diplomatic pommade hongroise	2	6
1 Compulsory hair-brush		3
1 Tip to barber		2
1 Unsolicited hat-iron		4
1 Gratuity to hatter		2
1 Largesse to brush-brandisher .		2
Loss at dominoes (due to delay		
at barber's)	5	7
	9	5

"SOUTH AFRICA. GERMAN INTRIGUE.

HAT THE UNION TROOPS FOUND." Cork Constitution.

This is believed to be the one the Kaiser talked through.

vell ce. ir." , to nim ako

e if imare rith will onthe urthe at ver. ing

ice.

ing

you olisuit

hat

So

and

on , in

ow

600

ant

and

ited

off.

to

tire

ter-

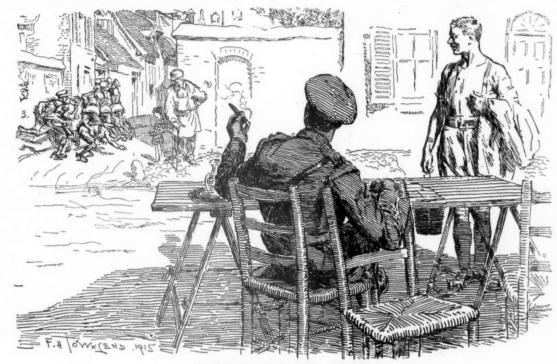
int:

d.

2

2

the



# POMMES-DE-TERRE FRITES.

Officer (somewhere in France). "I say, Simpson, why are all those men bushing into that place? What are they after?" Simpson. "THEY'RE AFTER BOMBARDIER FRITZ, SIR."

Officer. "Who's Bombardier Fritz? Is he in the Battery?"

Simpson. "HE AIN'T A MAN, SIR; HE'S FRIED POTATOES."

#### A TONIC.

- "1 FEEL horribly depressed," Sybil said, "horribly."
- "This War," I said, "is enough to depress anyone."
  "Yes," she said, "I think it's partly the War, and, oh, partly everything."
  - "You want a pick-me-up," I said.
  - "You know I never drink liqueurs at any time."
  - "Who said anything about drinking? I didn't."
- "I never heard of anyone eating a pick-me-up, and,
- anyhow, I don't feel like eating.
- "Look here, Sybil," I said, "you're in a bad way. I'll tell you what we're going to do. I've heard of a woman's doctor who's considered very good at this kind of thing, and charges nothing for advice.
- "Man or woman?"
  "Well," I said, "it's a woman's name on the plate and a woman prescribes, but, from what I've heard, the real doctor, who makes up the medicines, is a man."
- "I suppose you've consulted her?" said Sybil with a searching look.
- "Never," I said; "Heaven forbid! She's entirely a
- woman's doctor. She'd laugh at me, I expect."
- "If she charges nothing," said Sybil, "what does she do
- "Oh, it's only the advice that's free. It's the medicine she makes it on; and she does well, I'm told. Come along; I've got a cheque for royalties to-day, so I don't care if it's two guineas a time.
  - We took a taxi and got down at a well-groomed door.

- "There's the doctor's plate," I said; "first floor for the consulting-room."
- "Ah," said Sybil, reading the name, "I've heard of her.
- She'll do."
  "Yes," I said, "but don't forget it's Céleste's husband who really trims the hats. Choose a nice one. I'll wait
- down here and have a smoke." "Thanks," said Sybil, mounting the stairs; "I feel a little better already.'

# TO MY POSTMAID.

- Since that great moment when, my heart's enslaver, You donned the brassard of the P.M.G.
- And first began—no ordinary favour-
- To call upon a simple bard like me, I 've often thought, to make your visits more,
- Of sending dummy screeds to my own door.
- Each morn, with bashful qualms made wan and quivery, I lurk behind my windows and await
- The hour (8.22) of your delivery, And when you foot it through my garden gate, However vile the missive that you bring,
- You'd hardly credit how I bless the thing My correspondence, as perhaps you've noted, Contains no message that a maid has penned,
- So please infer from this that I'm devoted To you alone, and if you'd care to send A gleam of hope and comfort to a chap My letter-box is always there. Verb. sap!

## SEA-SOCKS.

"Well," said Francesca, "we're at the seaside again."

"Francesca," I said, "your remark is not merely profoundly original, but it's absolutely true. We left our happy home, we took tickets, we entered a railway carriage, we lunched out of a basket on sandwiches and hard-boiled

"Did you want them soft-boiled?" she asked.
"How you put me off," I said. "You can't deny my statements, so you try to confuse me with flippant interruptions. But I will not be confused. I insist on saying that we lunched on sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs.'

"It's always done," she said, "by those who go to the seaside. You couldn't get there without it."

"You forget," I said, "the bottle of milk. I'm not much of a drinker of milk neat myself, but I always look upon it as essential to a family journey."
"We had that and all the other essentials," she said.

"Nothing was forgotten, not even the salt for the hard-boiled eggs," she added.

"Oh, bother the hardboiled eggs," I said; "I was beginning to forget them.'

"I didn't drag them into this discussion," she

"No," I said, "it was I who mentioned them first, but I meant that to be the last of them. Let us stop this conversation before we are carried too far. I agree that we're at the seaside again.'

"Come," she said, "that's really handsome of you. When a man's in the wrong he can't do more than admit it. I believe it's the proof of

a generous and manly mind."

"But," I said, "I've admitted nothing. I wasn't in the

"Then," she said, "I take back the generous and manly

"You can't," I said. "I've got it and I mean to keep it." "All right," she said, "you can; and I'll keep my seaside. You shall consider yourself in the Midlands if you like."

"Anyhow," I said, "they make plenty of munitions in the Midlands. Birmingham, where I am, is a tremendous producer of shells. You can't say that for Totland Bay, where you are.'

"No," she said, "but I've got the sea, and I'm going to bathe in it. What are you going to do?"

"I suppose I shall have to bathe too. The children seem to expect it of me.'

"You don't seem to be very enthusiastic about it."
"Won't it be rather cold?" I said.

"Cold!" she said. "If I don't mind, and the children

don't mind, who are you that you should find it too cold?"
"But you'll all be cold, too," I said, "only you won't admit it. As you emerge from your cabin in your bathing

bub-bub-bub-bit'; and when I come in you'll shout across the modest tract of water which separates the sexes that it's pup-pup-pup-perfectly dud-dud-dud-delightful, and when I reply that it's chilly you'll all lul-lul-lul-laugh as if you wanted to be taken for natives of Greenland's icy mountains. I know you."
"Ha-ha," she said, "he knows us, does this father-of-a-

family, and he isn't going to bathe in the sea, isn't he, and

all because he's afraid of a little cold water?"
"Francesca," I said, "can you keep a secret?"

"Yes," she said, "as well as most men."

"Then I'll tell you one," I said. "I'm not a bit afraid of ice-cold salt water—indeed I revel in it. No porpoise could revel more than I do when once I've taken the plunge. What I'm really afraid of is my socks." "Your socks! How can socks make a man afraid?"

"I don't know about other men. I only know they're too much for me. It's this way. You know how sticky salt water is-that's why you wear that hideous thing over

your head."

"It looks very well in

the pictures," she said.
"Yes, but it doesn't look well at the seaside. Well, my hair doesn't matter, you know, and as for the rest of me I can manage all right after I've come out of the water. I can dry myself as well as anyone -at least I think I can, though I've never had a regular drying competition with other men-

"My poor dear," said Francesca anxiously, "what are you driving at ?"

"I'm driving at my socks. All the salt-water stickiness gets into my

feet, and when I come to put my socks on, why, I simply can't do it. They won't go on. First I tug and then I coax, and then I work my toes about, and then I pull away the socks and rub my feet raw with a rough towel, but it's all useless. The socks will not go on. The strain is something terrible. Think of it, Francesca, you who wear stockings, if I may say so, to be defied by two little dumb socks. It thoroughly unmans me, this eternal struggle. I'm getting too old to face it any more. I shall

never come to the seaside again." "It's dreadful," she agreed. "But, since you are here, you'd better have another go at it. I've noticed you generally get them on in the end."

"But the end is so hard to attain."

"Never mind," she said; "the bathe will be pup-pupperfectly dud-dud-delightful."

R. C. L.

#### Legal Fiction.

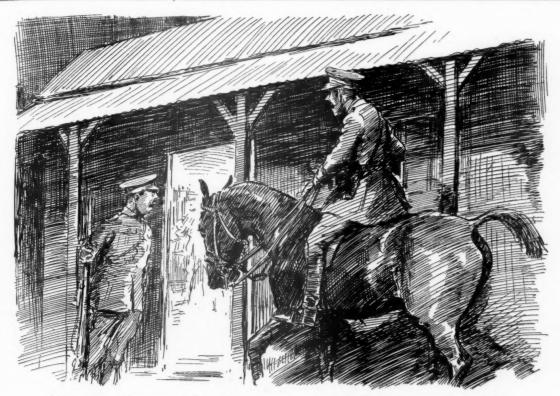
" Notes and Decisions under the Representation of the People Acts and the Registration Acts, 1914. By Wm. Lawson, LL.D., B.L., Revising Barrister for the County of Dublin. (Dublin: A. Thom and Co. 6s. net.)

[A story bringing us back to the spacious days of Queen Bess, when admit it. As you emerge from your cabin in your bathing costume and indiarubber cap complete, you'll ask the children if it's cold, and they'll all answer, 'No-no-not a followed with interest.]"—Irish Independent.



Doctor. "How do you feel, Colonel, when you have actually KILLED A MAN?

Colonel. "OH, NOT SO BAD. How DO YOU?"



Orderly Officer. "TURN OUT THE GUARD!"

Sentry (formerly in commerce). "Shop!"

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MRS. HENRY DUDENEY is one of the few women writers to-day who possess what could be called the large manner. Her new book, The Secret Son (METHUEN), is a good example of this—a homely tale of rustic happenings touched with a real sense of tragedy. A Sussex downland farm is the scene of it, and something of this country of wide spaces seems to have got into the treatment, so that while the story is for the most part unhappy it is never morbid. It must be confessed that some antiseptic influence of the kind is needed. Of the four women who make any considerable appearance in the action, one is handling of her love for Morris, who was the son, not of her proper husband, but of the consumptive squire, Chinnery. Then, when in his turn Morris falls in love, the woman whom he is about to marry has to make to him dared tell the truth of his own origin to the son whom she adores, must look on and see him suffer. Nor is this all;

the last in the scene where Chinnery's half-lunatic wife and the peasant-woman whom he really loved meet over his death-bed. In short, a moving and in many ways a beautiful story, but one to be prescribed with caution.

Why have so many of our novelists taken to producing enormous volumes marked by a pre-Raphaelite fidelity to detail? The latest convert is Mr. W. S. Maugham, whose usual manner I seem to recall as rather impressionistic. But in his new novel, Of Human Bondage (Heinemann), he is, so to speak, as Jean Christophy as the best of them. This is the kind of book that tells you in six hundred and fifty pages all you want to know about a group of characters, and a great deal more. It is a method that resembles the half-witted, and the other three have all, as the melodramas historic little girl: when it is good it is very, very good, and say, taken the wrong turning. Which seems "above the average that statistics have laid down for our guidance"; when it is not it is horridly boring. Mr. Maugham's case is average that statistics have laid down for our guidance"; at least, one would prefer to think so. The virtue of the book lies partly in the character of Nancy and in the general impression of boredom. The trouble is that the central character, whose career as school-boy, art-student, doctor, shop-walker, and the rest of it, we are compelled to follow so closely, never inspires enough personal interest to make the labour one of love. Indeed, it seems a confession of the same flaw; and Nancy, who has never hardly in order to speak of the two protagonists as hero and heroine; Philip remains to the last nebulous and un-interesting, while Mildred is real enough certainly, but so in yet a third generation the same misery comes, till, as entirely detestable that we are impatient to be rid of her Morris says to his mother, it all threatens to "happen over again like a giddy go round." Mrs. Dudeney's picture of canvas that make up for these. Miss Price, for example, country life is not exactly a pretty one; but she deserves the bitter-souled little student, starving in Paris on a faith the more credit for having brought out the beauty and in her own utterly imaginary genius, is one of the most humanity of it, as well as the horror. There is plenty of haunting and tragic figures that I have met with in recent

fiction. To balance her we have another and very different portrait in Philip's aunt, small, tremulous Mrs. Carey, with her pathetic love for a boorish husband and an unresponsive nephew. For these two women alone the book was worth writing. If only there was not quite so much of it!

The eponymous hero of Edwards, by Mr. BARRY PAIN (WERNER LAURIE), is a gentleman who, having drawn the suburbs blank, settles in London as a jobbing gardener and proceeds to defraud humanity-or rather such portions of humanity as are ill-advised enough to employ his time, of which he cheats them, and his energies, which he reserves for the beer-bottle and the tap-room. Edwards in his jobbing way is as great a rogue as Barry Lyndon, and what THACKERAY did for Lyndon Mr. BARRY PAIN here does for Edwards. He allows him to describe himself and his rogueries with the most perfect frankness and in

successes, has on the whole come off second best in his struggles against the harshness and cruelty of a censorious world. Edwards is a shrewd commentator on his own foibles, which he admires, and the foibles of others, which he despises even while he profits by them. He describes the stages of the gardening fever to which ladies are liable. "There was one garden I used to look after up Hampstead way. At first it was all peace and quietness there. Nobody ever came into the garden except me and the cats . . . If you managed to mow a lawn which were about six yards square in an eight hours' day that was all that was expected, and the lady would ask you if you weren't tired when you left, and not mean it in a nasty way either." Then came the fever, and the lady wanted daffodils and told Edwards

to get a packet of the seed and sow it at once. Finally, "she give me a shilling and I got a nice sixpenny pot of daffodils with it for the trade price of fourpence." Then the lady bartered her husband's new suit of clothes for fuchsias, and so on till she ordered Edwards to take up the lawn, put in proper drainage and relay it. Of course he couldn't stand this, so he left, and his employer lost a treasure of drink and incompetence. Everybody will be glad to learn that the marriage of Edwards did not make Too much seemed to be expected of him. Mr. Barry Pain knows a great deal about gardeners. Can he tell me why a gardener, though he always goes about his duties without a coat, invariably retains his waistcoat, even in the hottest weather. Is the waistcoat a gardening fetish?

In The German Peril (UNWIN), Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON reprints, with comments to date, his chief utterances on the German menace from 1863 onwards, and they make an instructive if somewhat too obviously self-regarding document. As Mr. Harrison has a short sharp way of dealing with those who venture to differ from him, labelling them "sanctimonious purists," "snivelling journalists," or bab-

blers of "idiotic drivel," a reviewer is fairly warned beforehand. Perhaps one's chief feeling is that our author was so substantially right in his pleadings and prophecies (he knew his history and he knew his Hun) that he might deal a little less vehemently with his opponents; might perhaps have remembered that to be right on main issues is not equivalent to a patent of infallibility on all detail. In the controversy of the submarine crews, for instance, in which he was the chief advocate of the reprisals-for-piracy theory, he certainly forgot that it was little use attempting to deal with such matters till we were in a position to deal effectively. And anyway how were these feats of the submarine, even the crowning infamy of the Lusitania, a whit worse than several of the more devilish outrages in Belgium and France? Meanwhile Mr. HARRISON'S eloquence helps us to remember-no useless function, for the mind has so surfeited on the recital of horrors that the spirit has become the regretful spirit of one who, in spite of occasional a little insensitive to their significance. If we must recruit

by advertisement, I'd sooner see real extracts, not polite summaries, from the Belgian and French Reports than the ingenious sophistries of the War Office experts. We certainly ought to have listened to Mr. Harrison, who was no filibustering jingo. But we believed what we wished to believe, and our blindness is only just a little excused because we trusted certain of our leaders and our pundits.

The hero of Betty Wayside (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) Was a composer of genius: the heroine played the piano like an angel; the major villain was a baritone; and another man, who had the makings of a scamp, played the flute. So it was music, music all the way. But fresh evidence is given here that to be in love with a musical genius is not exactly to lie on a bed of roses. When,

however, I remember that Walter Chippendale walked sometimes as if he was "possessed of devils," I am bound to admit that he was not anything like so uncomfortable a lover as he sounds. Indeed, I found his courtship of Betty far more tolerable than the intrigues of a bevy of youths and maidens whose many affairs of the heart strained my patience to breaking point. The scenes of this book are laid in Sydney, and when the author-whose name, Louis STONE, is unknown to me-has learned not to overcrowd her stage all should be easy sailing for her. She has a real love of music, and more than a little knowledge of those wonderful (but slightly disturbing) people to whom music is an absorbing passion.



Customer (with impediment). "I WANT A C-C-CLOCK." Shopkeeper. "SORRY, SIR; WE DON'T STOCK CUCKOO CLOCKS." Customer. "But I don't want a c-c-cuc-k-k-00 c-c-clock. I ONLY WANT A C-C-CLOCK.

### The Sea Lion's Whelp.

"The Turkish battleship Hair-ed-Din was sunk by a British cubmarine."—Birmingham Daily Post.

"His rendering of 'The Little Grey Home in the West' is charming, and many people are really raving about it. be luilodar ad ah trah ar th art htr."—South Pacific Mail.

Even the printer, you will observe, was affected.

re-

was

(he

leal

aps

not

the

ich

ory,

leal

fecine,

orse

and

us

SO

ome

ruit

ner

olite

gian

the

the

cer-

ened

s no

we

1 to

s is

be-

our

side

was

eroan

as a

nan,

of a

So it

wav.

iven

ith a

ly to

hen.

ome-

d to

ble a

Betty

ouths

l my

are

OUIS

rowd

as a

ge of

vhom

a cub-

st' is adah

#### CHARIVARIA.

A VOLUME of war speeches by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is shortly to be published under the title, Through Terror to Triumph. It would be wrong, however, to assume that this is intended to represent the gradual evolution of the Right Honourable gentleman from Bogey to Idol.

book about the Angels at Mons is On of onion. the side of the Angels. So the

Angels are all right.

An article on a dealer in wild beasts mentions his "jolly little colony of American skunks," and tells us that "twenty of these interesting creatures arrived direct from New York in first-class condition. . . . They make great pets and are quite harmless." They must not be confused with the hyphenated species still to be met with in America. which are extremely offensive.

\* \* \* \* Marshal von Hindenburg's sister has issued a series of "commands" for German citizens. As one of them is-"About turn! Face God and the Fatherland; turn your backs on frivolity and on mistrust of your leaders," we may gather that her opinion of the present attitude of Germany is unfavourable.

As milkmaids in Essex are scarce, milking is to be taught experimentally in the elementary schools with the aid of dummy cows. We rather deprecate this innovation; the last thing we want to encourage is the use of "the cow with the iron tail.'

The promotion of Captain (temporary Major) the Right Honourable Sir F. E. SMITH, Knt., Oxfordshire Yeomanry, to be a temporary Lieutenant-Colonel has attracted much attention. Some confusion has been caused by the fact that a gentleman of the same the others do their own boring. name had already been appointed a temporary Solicitor-General.

Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD recently informed an audience in the Oddfellows' Hall, Edinburgh, that if the Independent Labour Party had criticised in such a way that our country was know, the least thing upsets her." weakened, they had not done it consciously or deliberately. We gather

his contention to be that he is not a knave, but the other thing.

We read that when the KAISER tastes the soup prepared for his stuff so condescendingly that even the Generals' eyes fill with tears." In Generals' eyes fill with tears." order that this touching effect may be assured the army cooks are instructed, whenever the War-Lord is of the Salvation Army, and a military officer, who have been fined at Southend

"I WISH I COULD GO OUT WITH YOU, TOM. I DON'T TRUST THEM GERMANS."

"DON'T YOU WORRY, MOTHER. YOU LEAVE 'EM TO ME!"

leave modern books alone." It is supposed that some of them are too unversely and quivering more vigorously than ever. wholesome even for a bookworm, while

the recent visit of the German air-ships created no impression in England. soldier writes from the Front :-- "The Zepps have been to our place, and Mother was frightened, but, as you

Shortly after receiving the news of seriously missed.

the sinking of the Arabic, President Wilson went to Philadelphia to see an oculist. His object was, no doubt, to get rid of the dust that Count BERN-STORFF had thrown into his eyes. soldiers' dinners "he gulps down the Some of his best friends hope, however,

A list of offenders, including a town councillor, a special constable, a member for showing lights in houses on the front,

has been published under the heading of "Blind Leaders." Do we trace here a humorous intention? ate ate

A hundred thousand citizens of Sofia are stated to have assembled before the Italian Legation and demanded the intervention of Bulgaria against Turkey. The total population of the Bulgarian capital at the last census was 102,812, and it is felt that the other 2,812 owe an explanation of their non-attendance.

A proclamation has been issued saying that all persons who refuse to accept or continue work which is in the public interest will be severely punished. Persons who by threats of force or other means prevent others from working will likewise be punished. Perhaps we ought to add that the proclamation has been issued by the German Governor-General in Brussels, and does not apply to South Wales.

The German CROWN PRINCE is reported to have recently informed his army that "as a volcano of untamable force shakes and quivers, so we wait with unbroken vigour for

A cynical correspondent of Notes and the day when the Kaiser ones more Queries, describing the ravages of book- orders us from the trenches." Since the worms in his library, remarks that receipt of this information the troops "with terrible discrimination they under his command have been shaking

We also hear that the aspens of the \*\*
Argonne are saying some very bitter
It is quite a mistake to suppose that
things about the untamable volcano for having pinched their simile.

> "The marriage was of the 'quiet' order, there being no bridesmaids or bridegroom." Cleckheaton Guardian.

> But the presents were numerous and handsome, so we dare say he was not

## A DEAR OLD FETISH.

[The author of these lines has no great quarrel with those writers (if any) who honestly believe that the adoption of National Service would bring in only a negligible addition to the country's military strength, though even so it would finally prove to our Allies that we are in carnest. But a very brief study of the facts would show that among those who follow callings which contribute nothing to the making of munitions or to our export trade or to any other national need there must still be between two or three million men of fighting age, a number probably not less than the total of those who have enlisted for active service since the War began.]

Some for their fathers' ancient faith will fight, For land and liberty their lives will give, But we of England, if I read aright, Have something dearer yet for which to live; "Take from us any joys you like," we cry;

"We'd bear the loss, however much we missed'em; Let truth and justice, fame and honour die, But spare, O spare, our Voluntary System!

"'Tis true that other service owed the State Lays on the general head its common due; One sticks it willy-nilly—tax or rate— Nor leaves the man next door to pay for two; But, should the Nation call for soldier's work, Saying, 'I want more men; I must enlist 'em;' Two million odd shall claim the right to shirk By virtue of the Voluntary System."

Splendid! For, if our strength is overtasked For lack of larger service, man and gun, And by compulsion (no one's leave being asked) We are reduced to helots of the Hun: How fine, from our address "Somewhere in Hell," When we have bowed to WILLIAM's boots and kissed 'em,

To boast-"Though England's fallen, yet she fell True to her hallowed Voluntary System.'

O. S.

#### OUR REGIMENTAL SPORTS.

WE held them in camp, and they passed off with less than usual of the friction commonly associated with such It is true that the regulars who shared our neighbourhood elected, in a spirit of friendly emulation, to hold their sports on the same day, but we came to an amicable agreement as to the division of the available wounded soldiers and other spectators. We didn't invite the Provost-Marshal, partly because we thought that a number of volunteers in uniform, complete with brassard, whilst not engaged in strict military duties, might bring on an attack of dyspepsia, and partly because we knew that he was busy using his free pass to the music-halls.

In the tug-of-war, the Motor Squadron ought to have been handicapped, as the practice which they had had in hauling their cars out of ditches gave them an unfair An attempt by A Company to make up for advantage. their want of skill by trickery proved abortive. They concealed entrenching tools about their persons and promptly fell down and started digging themselves in. There is a slight difference of opinion as to whether their Company Commander was justified in blowing the "Cease fire" on his whistle in order to encourage them at the moment when they were on the verge of defeat.

The obstacle race was a great disappointment to the Ambulance section, as there were scarcely any casualties worth mentioning. The two men who were nearly suffocated under the tarpaulin both "came to" while the Little accidents of this kind are almost unavoidable when stretchers were being fetched, and the way in which people use rifles for duck-shooting.

Holroyd's collar-bone refused to break was declared by the Ambulance to be contrary to all the rules of anatomy and could only have been brought about by a malicious desire to deprive them of a well-merited case. Holroyd says that he always "takes off" from his collar-bone when going over an obstacle and that he would have won the race but for the officious interference of the Ambulance. In the end the Ambulance section had to content themselves with one sprained ankle, two barked shins, and Bailey's contused eve. Bailey's eye got like that through the success of my scheme in substituting a painted over-ripe egg for the apple in his basin of water. The apple has to be got out of the basin of water by the competitor with his mouth, without the use of his hands. I explained to Bailey before the race that the correct procedure was to get the apple against the side of the basin and then give it a sharp bite. If Bailey's apple hadn't been an egg he would have been very successful, but he was so surprised when he found half an unpalatable egg in his mouth that he dropped his glasses in the basin. The Judge, who hadn't thoroughly grasped the situation, refused to allow Bailey to fish for his glasses and insisted on his proceeding with the race. Bailey, who doesn't see very well with glasses and is practically blind without them, set off in the wrong direction, trod on the man next to him, and contused his eye on the basin next but one. The man on whom Bailey trod was very cross because, after two abortive attempts to eat his own beard, he had just secured the apple and, owing to Bailey's clumsiness, he had to start all over again.

If we had told the people who loaned us the forms that we were going to use them for a land boat race I expect that they would have supplied us with a more durable make or else not loaned any at all. Higgs lost the race for our Company by falling off in front of our boat. By the time that we had discovered that he was lying on the missing leg of our form the Motor Squadron, whose mechanical experience had enabled them to adjust the dislocated parts of their form quicker than anyone else, had won the race.

In the Staff race the hired Cook's Mate, who doesn't understand military discipline, tactlessly beat our Commandant by about two ribs of beef. Our Commandant was, as usual, closely followed by the Adjutant, with the rest of the Staff at a respectful distance. The Camp Quartermaster got a bad start owing to an ill-timed enquiry by the cook as to whether any provision had been made for the next morning's breakfast.

In spite of the misapplied energy of Bailey, Higgs and Holroyd our Company scored the greatest number of points and won the Company Challenge Cup. The only trouble about that cup is that we don't know what to do with it now that we have got it. Our Company Commander seems condemned to carry it about with him for the rest of his life. Whenever he puts it down someone picks it up and gives it back to him. The last time that I saw him he was starting on a seven-mile march from the camp to the nearest railway station carrying the cup, which had just been handed to him for the fifteenth time.

"The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish forces at the Dardanelles in room of Liman von Sanders."—Evening Times (Glasgow).

Von Sanders is said to be much annoyed at being superseded by another old lady.

"DUCK SHOOTING AT CLOONFINLOUGH.

A good many lovers of the rifle have visited the above lake and brought down some fine birds, including Mr. Patrick Regan, Mr. Kerr and Paddy Covahey, all of Strokestown."—Longford Leader.



THE NEW "BATTLE OF THE BALTIC."

Tirpitz (after Nelson-with a difference). "I SEE NO RUSSIAN VICTORY!"

5.

the and esire that over

but end one used

my pple the

the pple bite. been half

sses sped sses who

the next ross eard,

ey's

that pect nake our

sing nical arts ce.

esn't omlant the

amp uiry nade and

and ints uble h it ems

life.

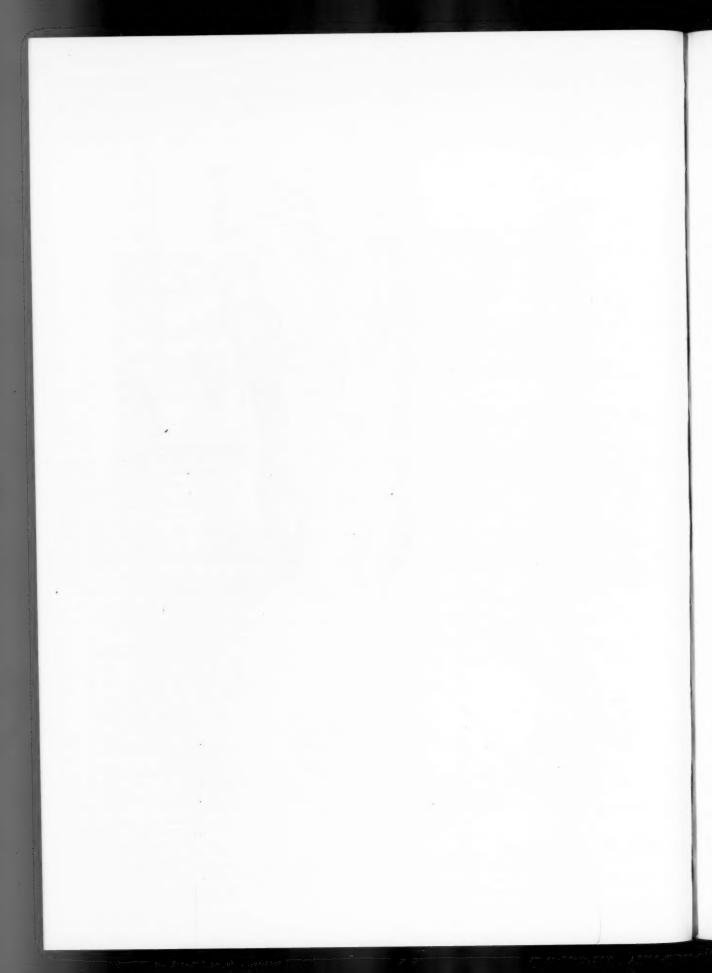
way d to

Comm of per-

and

Kerr

hen



# NEW WAR BOOKS.

(From the List of Messrs. Pryor and Pepys.)

> RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ARCHDUCAL TWEENY.

A VOLUME of rich and arresting individuality. The authoress was engaged in the household of one of the brothers of the present Emperor of AUSTRIA-HUNGARY not more than sixty years ago, and enjoyed exceptional opportunities for studying the inner life of the Hapsburgs, which she has turned to excellent use in these palpitating pages. No such pen-picture of the Aged Emperor as a young man has ever been attempted.

Astrakhan cover with gilt top, 21s. net. With a photogravure portrait of the authoress in her Sunday best.

# MEMOIRS OF A CHANCELLOR'S CHAUFFEUR.

A book of dynamic and magnetic interest. The author was for two years chauffeur to Prince Bülow, formerly German Imperial Chancellor, and was, as such, naturally the repository of his most intimate confidences. He accompanied the Prince on his memorable mission to Italy, and gives a version of the negotiations which is at once veracious and enthralling.

Buckskin, with gilt monogram, 15s. net.

## THE DIARY OF AN IMPERIAL LOCKSMITH.

A work of drastic and astringent vitality, appearing at the psychologic moment. The writer, who enjoyed the monopoly of keeping the locks at Potsdam in repair, was frequently in a position to overhear some of the most intimate conversations between the Kaiser and his Ministers.

Printed in Black Letter. 10s. 6d. net. With numerous diagrams, and a Prefatory Note by the Chevalier Le Queux.

## THECHANCELLERIES OF EUROPE. By An Habitué.

No one knows the Chancelleries of Europe so well as the ubiquitous cosmopolitan who has penned this alluring volume. Every one of them flings wide its portals on hearing him approach, and places at his disposal the most secret documents in its archives. With such facilities, how could he fail to write a book of momentous poignancy?

UNDER THE LIMES-AND ROSE. A Book of Interesting Candour. By X.



Old Lady (at Waxworks). "CAN YOU KINDLY DIRECT ME TO—(realising her mistake)—OH! I BEG YOUR PARDON,"

mystery having surrounded the subrevelations of Berlin's dark side, of the secret police, of espionage and the great world-drama, from The Highest money. himself, have only to be read to be Limp crocodile cover, with purple edges. perused. Order at once.

## MEMOIRS OF AN INTERNATIONAL BUTTONHOLER.

The Cavaliere Tufton Hunter, who is a persona gratissima at all the Courts of South-Eastern Europe, and was specially decorated by the late Sultan with the Order of Veracity (Third ing to its appearance." The identity of X is not likely ever that he has had at different times with ruined in this way.

to be penetrated, because it is un- CAVOUR, BISMARCK, CRISPI, STAMBUknown even to his publisher, profound LOFF and, through spiritistic means, with Julius Cæsar, Hannibal, Attila, mission of the priceless MS. His Peter the Great and Napoleon. The character sketch of King FERDINAND, "the Bulgarian Botanist," as the author private life of many of the actors in the wittily calls him, is alone worth the

£2 2s. net.

With a portrait of the author conversing with BISMARCK at Homburg, and a Preface by the Emperor MENELIK.

" MANCHESTER CORPORATION BATHS. SPECIAL NOTICE TO BATHERS.

Throwing soap in the water is most damag-

Class), in this enthralling volume re- It is; we once had a most daintyports the confidential conversations looking piece of soap that was utterly

it

n

d

h

fi

t

si

0

li

e

tı

tı

fe

re

W

le

h

ti

in

pa

m

fin in

te

a

SU

ro

Si

m

da

pa

pa

SO

uj

S

he

sn

ca ev st

# CHARLIE.

ing him. Nations might be at each a myriad falls. He kicks abundantly filled the air; yet all the time his claims as a gravity-remover in excelsis have on top or underneath. In the ordinary

play with the famous man at his best. And then I entered others, for Chaplinism had caught me.

Whether or not CHARLIE CHAPLIN is, as is claimed for him by certain not disinterested people, the "funniest man on earth," I leave to others to decide. Two persons rarely agree on such nice points, and I retire at once from the arbitrament because I don't know all the others. But that he is funny is beyond question. I will swear to that. His humour is of such elemental variety that he would make a Tierra del Fuegan or a Bushman of Central Australia laugh not much

less than our sophistical selves. One the paragraphs tell the truth) are his that has CHARLIE, with true instinct, returned. But it is the harlequinade farce at its busiest, most furious. does not hear it. CHARLIE has brought back that admirable form of humour which does not disdain the co-operation of fisticuffs, and in which, by way of variety, one man is aimed at and another, too intrusive, is hit. However long the world may last, it is safe to say that the spectacle of one man receiving a blow meant for another will ever be popular. Indeed the delivery of blows at all will ever be popular. Thusglory be !- are we built.

What strikes one quickly is the realisa-

rarely still, and he gives full measure. discourage or deter. His very essence In the course of five minutes he receives For weeks there has been no escap- and distributes a myriad black eyes,

"WHAT YE DOING THERE, JARGE?"

"OH, I BE JEST HIDING THIS NOTICE. YE SEE, IF THEY GERMANS EVER DO LAND, I DOANT WANT 'EM TER MISS ANYTHING.'

needs no civilised culture to appreciate only reward; for of course our laughter the fun of the harlequinade, and to he cannot hear. Yet I suppose no one man has, in the same space of time, ever made so many people laugh as he. accelerated, intensified, toned up for Whether his fellow einema actors laugh the exacting taste of the great and I cannot say. But everyone else does. growing "picture" public. It is also It is a curious thought that CHARLIE

In the pictures CHARLIE has no immediate rival, although on the actual variety stage I have seen several drolls very much in his tradition, which is associated with the name of KARNO. One detects the KARNO brand at once, but in CHARLIE CHAPLIN, on the synnervous fluid. He has none of the bland masterfulness of the urbane and adventurous Max LINDER; he has none of the massive repose of the late John ing the destruction of the Königsberg:-Bunny; he is without the resource of than any other of the more illustrious a butt, or, at any rate, a victim fire."—Morning Paper. filmers. He is rarely out of the picture, of circumstances whom nothing can How time does fly when you're happy!

is resiliency under difficulties, an unabashed and undefeatable front.

By gestures rather than facial play other's throats; Zeppelins might be and is abundantly kicked. He runs does he gain his ends—gestures allied to dropping bombs upon sleeping families; and is pursued. There is no physical hopes and fears might make hearts indignity that he does not suffer—and has a host of comic steps, a thousand beat faster, while a sense of calamity inflict. Such impartiality is rare in odd movements of his hands and head, which, when brought into play under domestic or social conditions, are abmet one's eyes at every turn. Some-times they were fortified by effigies of top—as, for example, Mr. George himself, both life-size and gigantic, a Graves with his serenely conquering repertory of quaint actions; and it was representation of one of which recently found its way into a drawing in Mr. Punch's own pages. More than one triumphs. But Charlie Charlie Selhis especial fascination is that life finds weekly paper has been printing his dom wins. Circumstances are too much him always ready for it—not because autobiography serially.

The time clearly having come to investigate this personality, I entered however, are always our sympathies.

for him, and he goes out in a very riot is even better armed by sagacity, but because he is even better armed by folly. He is first cousin to the village idiot, a natural a cinema theatre which promised a These and a trifle of £500 a week (if child of nonsense, and, like ANTEUS,

every time he rises from a knockdown blow he is the stronger.

The promise of CHAPLIN is sacred; the promise of JOHN BRADBURY is not more so. Seeing him, one is assured that he is about to make hay of all the other dramatis persona. One may sit back safely and prepare for fun. He joins the film in his unobtrusive methodist way as quietly as a smut settling on a nose, and behold he is the very spirit of discord, the drollest of all the lords of misrule. Wherever he goes CHARLIE CHAPLIN is crossing the equator.

# Another "Quiet" Wedding.

"Great interest was taken in the wedding at Clopton on Wednesday. Councillor S. Smith, of Kettering, who presided, at once closed the meeting and thanked the police for their quiet and tactful manner."

Northampton Daily Chronicle.

"'Kingston Mixture' at 5d. per oz., or 1/7 per lb. If you are a connoisseur this blend will please you."—Forward (Glasgow).

So it will if you are an arithmetician with a properly developed business instinct.

"McGregor-Cheers .- At Simla, on the 6th June, 1915, the wife of J. McGregor-Cheers, of twins—boy and girl."—Pioneer. thesizing film, it has an extra drop of Good luck to the wee McGregors (one more cheer)!

From a naval officer's letter describ-

"We were at our stations from 8.45 a.m.

#### AT THE FRONT.

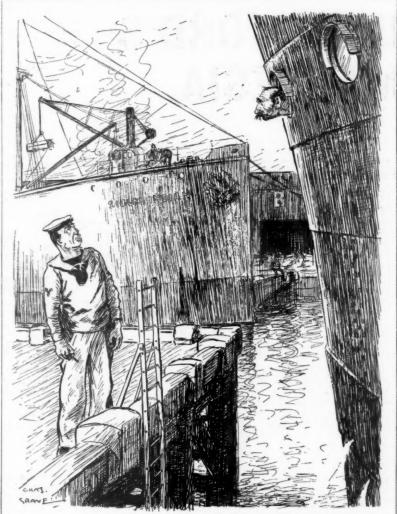
THE ideal of every good soldier is, I am sure, to go through a battle that isn't really dangerous and emerge from it with a wound that doesn't really hurt. At the moment I have attained this disreputable consummation and am in the rare and refreshing fruit stage.

We are all proud of ourselves, and quite a number of the best people have wired to let us know they are proud of us, so perhaps I ought to let you know about Our Battle. I can, I am afraid, only give it you from my point of view.

At three something, A.M., during the most horrible noise since the cubist orchestra disbanded, I attacked with magnificent élan. I ran a dozen yards and fell into a shell-hole, then I got up and ran some more yards, and then, dear reader, I did the only possible thing-I walked. You who cover your five hundred yards at a run on Hampstead Heath have no idea what you feel like starting off up-hill, on a hot night, after five days' close confinement, equipped with everything considered essential to destroying, saving, and supporting life for a period of twenty-four hours. Fortunately a similar feeling seemed to have got hold of the men, and we went on looking like a sample of how not to perform extended order drill until we fell into a transverse depression which we eventually decided to be a trench. I conferred with myself for a moment, and realized that it wasn't the line we wanted, so we dashed on again relentlessly, at a pace that would have left a hedgehog standing, to our goal, where we remained, after necessary alterations, until they sent some unsuspecting regiment to relieve us next morning.

The first remark, as distinct from a shout, that I heard after leaving our parapet came from Private Henry, my most notorious malefactor. As the first attempt at a wire entanglement in our new position went heavenward ten seconds after its emplacement, and a big tree just to our right collapsed suddenly like a dying pig, he turned round with a grin, observing, "Well, Sir, we do see a bit of life, if we don't make money." I never saw a man all day who hadn't a grin ready when you passed, and a bit of a riposte if you passed the time of day with him. And so we went away at last with our tails up, having done all things needful.

It was then that my troubles began. Some evilly disposed person imagined he had seen a bullet come into me and sneaked about it to the doctor, who came to enquire after it. I argued that even if it had come in it had gone straight on practically without stop-



Navy Man (closing the debate). "IF THE KAISER KNEW ABOUT YOUR FACE 'E'D GIVE YOU TWO-POUND-TEN A WEEK TO FRIGHTEN THE BRITISH ARTILLERY 'ORSES.'

ping and that I had no idea where it here is so optimistic as to suggest that was, and, anyhow, there must be plenty without bothering about that one, if it leave, but sick leave is outside his prowas munitions they wanted. I touched vince. There are therefore moments lightly on our eight-mile march back, when I have hopes of getting both; and offered to illustrate a new one-step on the contrary, there are moments I had thought out.

more what you'd call a half-step. Here the doctor, who had been worrying round, observed tersely-he makes rather a strong line of observing tersely after their sons, and no lights after holiday.'

So here I am, doing the month, and the only complaint I have to make now I'm really settled in here—they haven't moved me for two days-is about the fortnight's holiday.

I'll probably be able to get regimental

After all, what does one want leave The fact was, I explained, it was for, anyhow? What with "Sister Susie" and "Our Miss Gibbs" straight from England, and dear old English ladies stopping you in the street to ask -"a month, and then a fortnight's eight, what more could England offer?

## Another Impending Apology.

From a list of lecturers and their subjects in The Princeton Seminary Bulletin :-

"1911--12, Sir Andrew Fraser. Missions in The regiment says, "Of course you'll get sick leave;" whereas the doctor prevented from giving the lectures.)"

# BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

STRENUOUS TIMES.

Hostel for Munition Workers (Ci-devant Broadacres).

DEAREST DAPHNE, -You see from above heading that we've turned our place in Kent to useful purposes. I've a houseful of people here, and we're all working at full pressure. We motor over every morning, several carfuls of us, to the big factory at - Hush!and there we make—no, not even to you, dearest!—all day. We were shown how to do it by an official person who's distinctly inclined to be a darling. He specially overlooks our work, and the just now. other day when he came round he asked me what it was I had made. "Why, it 's so-and-so, of course," I said. Beryl and Babs were looking on, and it was quite a little triumph for me. He said it was absolutely wonderful that I'd been able to make anything so different from the pattern, and he took it away (to test it, I believe); and, entre nous, chérie, I fancy that by some lucky unconscious stroke of genius I've you were so fond of is crowded with made something particularly deadly and fearful; but not a word! To-day I've been put on something different.

At our work we wear Olga's latest, the very last word in Munition Pinnies, a dream and a scream in one, pour qui sait le porter. We come home in the afternoon to a the economique, milk that only wants cutting into slices! instead of cream, only one lump of sugar in each cup, and horrid plain biscuits and bread-and-butter. Still, we feel it's discipline and that we're obeying orders. Nobody dresses for dinner, and it's quite a plain meal, badly served (we've not found a decent cook since Gaston left us to join his own army), but we don't care. I feel it's not right to eat anything but pink mutton, burnt beef, tough poultry and odious puddings, in the present state of things. We've only maidservants, with and offered them and herself (she's an the exception of an old butler of nearly seventy, and what with drilling and route-marching all day with the Village Veterans he's so tired by dinner-time that he regularly falls asleep as he serves the barley-water. The other night, while he was standing behind Josiah's chair, he went off as usual and dreamed, as he told us afterwards, that the Village Veterans were at the Front and that he was just taking a certain German Prince prisoner. Under the influence of the dream he fell upon have said!" I tried to console her, Josiah and seized him round the throat, and there was quite a horrid scene before we could wake him.

quite an expression, and on my re- daughter's a cloth woman, and to the think I have an expression! It's enough to give anyone an expression to be shipwrecked and cast away among those old cannibals, the Boldereens, and for months together not to know each morning whether you'll be their king or their dinner before night!" His expression's wearing off now, I'm glad to see. As I said to him, that sort of thing isn't good form; in civilised life it's correct to have very little expression in one's face. Since he came lot of things that I can't remember

You'd hardly recognise this place of ours. My own, own flower-garden is all cabbages and potatoes; the tennis courts and croquet lawns are given up to turnips and carrots; Ladye Betty's Walk is sown with onions; the park is being ploughed up for corn or wheat or whatever it is people eat most of; our own dear little golf-links are full of creatures grazing; the little wilderness pigs; there's poultry pretty well everywhere; and the big conservatory is used for bread-fruit, of which Josiah brought back heaps of roots-isn't that a lovely idea for war-time, dearest?—for the bread-fruit, when grown and ripe,

Altogether we may claim to be ready for anything. If everyone would do as much as we're doing, England would be entirely self-supporting and we shouldn't have to import any foodstuffs-forgive the technical term, dearest; I'm afraid I am getting technical, and sometimes, Daphne, I'm almost frightened at the organising talents I'm developing.

I suppose, is just a nice sort of loaf

Juno ffarrington, the Southlands girl, commandeered all their motor cars expert driver) for transport service abroad, was accepted, and went off at once, leaving a brief note for her parents: "Sorry, dears, but our country needs the cars, and you'll both be the better for more walking." The duchess came round to me (it was before we left town) in floods of tears, lamenting the dangers and hardships her "Only One" was gone to face, and exclaiming between her weeps, at frequent intervals, "What would her grandmamma said how proud she ought to be of Juno, and that one couldn't expect a high-spirited girl, especially in war-You see from this that Josiah's back time, to trouble much about what her from his enormous wanderings and grandmamma would have said; but it Says G. B. S., "I find it pleasant;

marking upon it he said, "I should end of time you'll never get a muslin woman and a cloth woman to see things from the same point of view. I'd a letter from Juno yesterday, in which she says, "Doing fine and making myself very useful. I've both my motor-cycles here, and I won't rest till the powers that be make me a despatchrider. Think, Blanche, how glorious if I were laid low by shrapnel just as I was tearing along with despatches! Why, the boy I ought to have been couldn't do much better than that! back he's enrolled himself as quite a Comfort the dear little mother, there's a good fellow, and do, do try to persuade her not to send me a sob by every post."

Beryl and Babs and I were discussing the famine in coloured materials one day lately, and the prospect of having to array ourselves in the dismallest and dreariest of neutral tints, and we jointly committed these little

The pinks and the greens and the mauves are

And the light-hearted crowd that wore them; And dull-gowned women are "carrying-on With a resolute gaze before them.

Dingy and dowdy? Well, who's afraid? Shall we weakly bewail (no, never!) The bright-tinted frocks we once displayed In times that seem gone for ever?

No hues will be left us but drab and grey, And, sisters, we want no others; The only colours we think of to-day March with our gallant brothers.

Anything you like in it is mine, and if there are any mistakes in metre or composition please set them down to Beryl and Babs.

Ever thine, BLANCHE. 0

a

a

st

a] fe

W

W

Ve

th

as

la

te

se

he

D

yo

ge

W

fro

hin

thi

bea

his

Th

the

har

end Caj

## OUR LITERARY TAPLEYS.

["A wet day, if it is wet enough, thoroughly and unmistakably wet, is a pleasant and desirable thing."

Canon Hannay in "The Daily News."]

"When days are rainy, don't go term-

A beastly bore," says George A. Bir-MINGHAM;

"You'd find it awkward, I've no doubt, To rear young ducks in time of drought."

"The War is not," says ARNOLD BEN-NETT.

"A wholly unmixed evil when it Can keep, by way of prose or rhyme, Our greatest scribes on overtime."

"Should my dramatic schemes miscarry,

Wisely remarks Sir J. M. BARRIE, "I dance for joy and shout, 'Hooray! So much less supertax to pay!""

"Though quite forgotten just at present,"

adventures. When he first got home was no use. The fact is the little Neglect is just the circumstance he was immensely sunburned and had duchess is a muslin woman, and her To give one's modesty a chance."

the

slin

see

ew.

in

ak-

my

till

tch-

ıs if l ga

ies!

een

nat!

re's

ade

st." uss-

rials

t of

dis-

ints.

ittle

s are

hem: n'

d

and

re or n to

IE.

S.

ughly

term-

BIR-

loubt,

ght.

BEN-

me,

mis-

oray!

t pre-

# MILITARY COMPLIMENTS.

IF Brinton was not a good soldier it was scarcely for want of trying. But there are things in "Infantry Training' not dreamed of in a shipping clerk's philosophy. And after a heated passage or two with the Company Sergeant-Major (in which, as Brinton explained afterwards, the victory was really his, because, while the S.-M. was merely making an exhibition of himself before the company, Brinton was being brilliant and scathing within his own heart to an intelligent audience of one), he decided to leave his general military development to the processes of time, and to specialise. Wherefore he purchased a neat volume on "Ceremonial," and stuck to it.

Here and there a soul finds its secular bible in strange places, and Brinton found it in the book on Ceremonial. It was meat and drink to him. It filled his whole existence. And the part of it he loved the best of all was the part where they tell you How and When to In a fortnight Brinton had saluted the Colonel in fifteen different situations, each of them requiring correctitude of movement combined with that initiative on which is founded the superiority of the British army. On the last five of these the Adjutant was present. He had heard of Brinton, and came to scoff, but remained to admire.

After a time Brinton became known in the battalion. Young subalterns, still nervous in their new dignity, were apt to invite his salute whenever they felt the responsibilities of their position weighing too heavily upon them. It would have given confidence to the veriest wash-out. It was not so much the respect and deference it conveyed as the assurance that the Army had laid its trust most tenderly in the temporary Second Lieutenant. It said: "We know all about you. We have seen you take the Company. We have heard your lectures on Flies and March Discipline. But we will follow you

Once or twice a daring spirit would get about in the officers' mess. They would give Brinton parcels to fetch from the poste-restante and wait for him in the High Street, extended to three paces. But Brinton was never beaten. His hands might be full, but his "eyes right" was impeccable. There was more professional pride in it than in the evolutions of a dozen right hands sweeping to a dozen forelocks.

They say Brinton was beaten in the end. I have heard the tale of how Captain Briggs brought him to alleged of the ambush where he had been lying and devotion to discipline were about



"BUSINESS" AS USUAL. American Duettists (concluding their "Refined Act").

"ALTHOUGH WE MAY BE NOOTRAL WE HOPE YOU'LL WIN THE FIGHT, SO TELL YOUR FRIENDS, AND COME AGAIN TO-MOR-RER NIGHT."

none the less—or at least we will take confusion. But to my mind the victory with three other conspirators who you with us." confusion. But to my mind the victory with three other conspirators who you with us." on that occasion was Brinton's yet ought to have known better, and was again, though all the devices of mishim. Time, place, and circumstances motion. were all chosen carefully with a view to his confounding. The same Sergeant-Major who had earlier crossed his path very faintest shadow of a start. Capwas given the job on a rainy summer morning of sending him back from breakfast parade to fetch Captain Briggs's bicycle from his billet to the officers' mess tent. The approach to that high place is steep and rocky, along a wooded tain's tremendous gaze with a look defile, and Captain Briggs stepped out in which surprise, resentment, pity

upon Brinton seconds before the placed ingenuity were employed against famous "eyes right" could get into

> It is true, I daresay, that the intrepid Private gave a start of surprise, the tain Briggs smiled sardonically and waited. Behind the bracken three pairs of eyes bulged expectantly from their sockets.

> Brinton stopped. He met the Cap-



VOX POPULI.

Mistress, "What do you say, Martha? Conscription next week? Nonsense! Where did you hear that?"

Martha. "Well, Ma'am, my friend, he's a waiter at a club, he says it come straight through from the War Office
Last night on the red tape."

equally blended. Then he spoke the simple but noteworthy words, "Good morning to you, Sir."

They may not be in the Drill Book of Salutes. But in the tone of them and their spirit I know, although I was not there to see, that Private Brinton was vindicated against those who sought to compass his undoing.

#### "Sherlock Holmes" Not Wanted.

"During the past few days three bicycles have been stolen from Exeter streets. The police consider that a bicycle thief is at work."

Western Morning News.

# Floreat Eatanswill.

"As the editor of the Wapella Post has dropped the mask which hid the abysmal brute, we know now just what he is, and The World-Spectator will take no further part in any controversy with him. One does not argue with an imbecile or a lunatic."

The World-Spectator (Saskatchewan).

"A young married woman was fined 10s. at Westminster yesterday for giving intoxicating liquor (stout) to a baby under one year of age. When called to account by a police-constable, the woman said she did not know she was doing wrong."—Morning Paper.

She will now perhaps make herself acquainted with the new regulations against "treating."

## TWITTING THE TURK.

THE Turk, he is an honest man
And fights us fair and true,
But we annoy him all we can
As we are paid to do;
It's very hard to keep him riled;
We find him strangely reconciled
And things that once just made him wild
He takes a liking to.

The bully tin no more insults,
The Libby gives no grief,
That used to soar from catapults
And biff the shocked Redif;
At first it gave him quite a turn,
The flight of that innocuous urn,
And then he spoiled the whole concern
By gobbling up the beef.

Yet when the cruder kind of wheeze No longer irritates, There's one that never fails to tease

His friends across the Straits, Where many a Moslem scans our slopes (With now and then some cramp, one

hopes,

From looking long through telescopes)
And simply hates and hates.

We go and bathe, in shameless scores,
Beneath his baleful een,
Dierobe unseathed on second shares

Disrobe, unscathed, on sacred shores And wallow in between; Nor does a soldier there assume His university costume, And though it makes the Faithful fume

It makes the Faithless clean.

Ay, all our arts have some reward, But this I think's the peach, For man can bear the invaders' horde That riots in his reach,

That raids his roost in arméd swarms Or swamps his citadels with storms, But not their nude insulting forms A-bathing off his beach.

## MR. PUNCH'S ROLL OF HONOUR.

Sub-Lt. ALAN P. HERBERT, R.N.V.R., Hawke Battalion, wounded at the Dardanelles, is now in hospital at home. We are delighted to conclude that he is well on the road to recovery, since he has contributed from his bed some more of those excellent verses which have often adorned these pages.

"Sir John Hewett, G.C.S.I., late Lieut. Governor of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, has joined together during the daytime."—North China Herald.

We had not previously heard of his partition, but are glad that he has followed the example of his late Provinces.

5.

ume

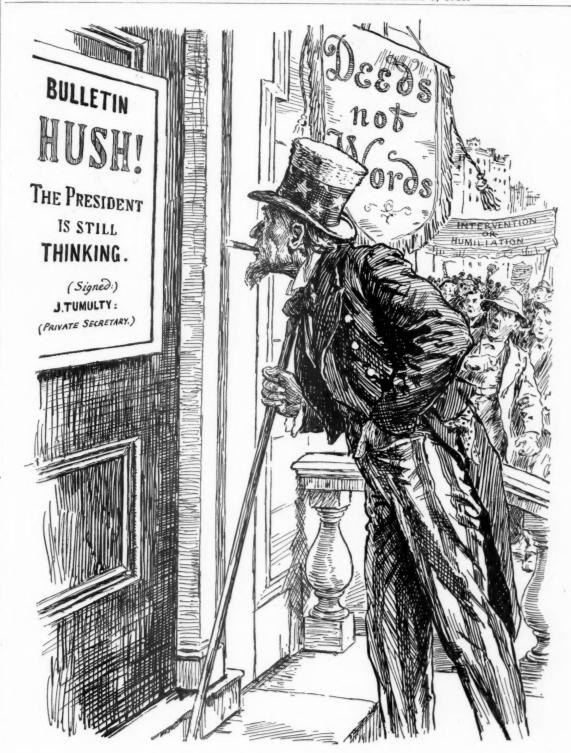
rde

V.R., Darome. at he since some which

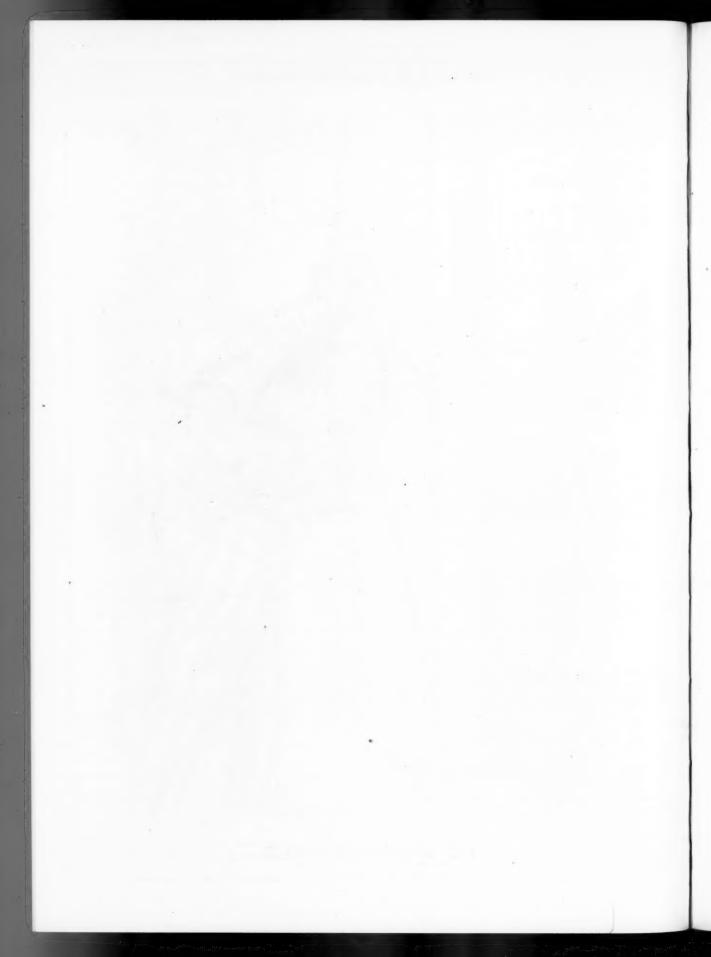
ieut.-

f his

folnces.



LE GRAND PENSEUR.



# A COLOURABLE INCIDENT.

(Being a study of the methods of certain agencies of publication.)

## I. THE NAKED TRUTH.

Lieut. John Smith, a Territorial officer, when crossing the Strand at about 9 P.M., was knocked down by a taxicab, but fortunately escaped injury.

## II. How it is Clothed.

# (a) By The Daily Mail.

We offer no excuse or apology for calling special attention to the very disquieting incident reported on page 5. As our readers are by this time aware, the policy of The Daily Mail (backed, it is only fair to add, by the generous support of The Times and The Evening News) has throughout been opposed to the soothing-syrup methods of the official censorship. From the fact that the accident by which a gallant officer very narrowly escaped destruction has been allowed to be made public, it would appear that at least in part the TRUTH, for which we have so earnestly pleaded, is at last to be told to the people of this country. But it will be noticed that we emphasise the words "in part." We do this deliberately and with a grave regard to our enormous responsibility in this hour of crisis. Here then is a direct challenge. Let the War Office or the Government publish at once a full list of the numbers of officers and men in His Majesty's service who have, since July, 1914, been injured, or nearly injured, in street accidents. We venture to assert that the result would be such an outery from all classes for somebody to do something that no obstructionist. no matter how highly placed, could dare stand against it.

# (b) By The Westminster Gazette.

That section of the Conscriptionist Press which remains still obstinately blind to the magnificent results of the Voluntary System will, we suppose, prudently ignore the illuminating case crepuscular thoroughfare. of Lieut. John Smith. There are, how- noisy compulsionists imagine . . . ever, two aspects of it to which we feel justified in directing the notice of our readers. First, the accident itself, with what might easily have been the loss or serious injury of a valuable officer, is directly attributable to the absurd and panicky over-darkening of our streets. Again and again we have pointed out that the Germans have no really dangerous Zeppelins capable of inflicting serious damage, and indeed that so many more have already been des-



THE "ANTI-ZEPP" FIRE ESCAPE.

Jones (practising "easy" descents). "OH, WHY DID I LEAVE THAT BOOK OF DIRECTIONS

ing to lessen the magnificent heroism there are still one or two mysterious displayed by this voluntary officer in doings in this old city of ours that braving the perils of a crowded and might startle an investigator.

## (c) By "Dagonet," in The Referee.

Who drives our taxicabs?

Do our cotton-gloved officials really believe that the accident by which Lieut. Smith (a name with a fine record for Englishmen) so nearly escaped annihilation was the genuine result of carelessness? If so, there are one or two questions that I should like to put to them. First, what firm are the districts."—Scotch Paper. troyed than could ever have been built registered owners of the cab in ques- Clearly these ladies, as the poet (very

(d) By the War Telegrams on prominent Club notice-board.

B.F. 63, A. 47. Reported Lieutenant Smith terrific officer when crossing Strand sunk casualties unknown Mr. Balfour continuing for terrific read territorial Allies prospects brighter taxicab undamaged showery.

"All the food is divided into rations and

that the number now available must be represented by a substantial minus. This consideration, however, does nother than the first are of German to directors of the first are of German to fresh and good for human nature's origin? I can assure References that daily food.

# THE AMATEUR SHEPHERD.

separate occasions, once horse-driven goodness. and again with the aid of petrol. In under it and sub-consciously squared all his lame leg. my shoulders.

of the waistcoat in the first few strides lane, and I lit a cigar.

had the effect of turning my steps in the direction of the Dawlish-Haldon slope.

Things went splendidly for fully twenty minutes. There came that novel and astounding satisfaction which steeps the soul when one realises that one is actually propelling oneself for no other purpose than the mere pleasure of propulsion. Vaguely enough, it is true, I felt athletic. I flipped away the flies with my hand-kerchief as if I'd been doing that sort of thing all my life. Then I met the shepherd.

He drove a score of red sheep, and he had red eyes behind black-rimmed spectacles. He was young and old and sprightly and lame.

He carried his coat over his left arm, and when the sheep hopped up the had straggled a bit, but I could see banks of the lane he swore fruitfully. He looked at me as if he had a grievance.

had passed? I said "No." Then I Hence, thought I, the dearness of said "Perhaps yes." He looked at me mutton. So many sheep have to be very oddly.

But was I to blame? I am from the smeared with them. city. How does one know a farm? matter carefully before blaming me. I that some of those houses have in entitle them to the appellation of farm. I told all this to the shepherd.

was Shaw, or so it sounded to my ears. you have to thread in and out. Then as sheep-stealers!)

just up from London. I had once lighting a fresh cigar. It is a long climb from Dawlish to known a Shaw but he was not a farmer. He abused me. He called me every-Haldon. I appreciated this on two He wasn't even an Englishman, thank thing that I would have liked him to call

Then the shepherd said that the man both instances I was pointedly assured Shaw's farm might be up a certain have lifted my chin to stretch the skin them, and he was off in a twinkling for and the flies simply surged after him.

However, the day came when, destitute of other ideas, I whimsically afternoon. The flies were making the resolved to try the ancient pastime of best of the brief spell of fair weather. I decided to go back home. pedestrianism, and a certain tightening The sheep browsed on the banks of the



"'E DIDN'T OUGHT TO BE 'LOWED TO SKETCH THE OLD CASTLE!" "WHY NOT? 'E AIN'T GOT IT NOTHIN' LIKE!"

Half an hour passed. The sheep them all. Of course I might lose one, but then I could easily get another from one of the fields round about. Devon-Was there a farm way back that I shire is simply drenched in sheep. kept alive to keep Devonshire properly

After three-quarters of an hour I Let the townsman reflect on this looked over my shoulder for the shepherd. He was not in sight, nor could had passed houses, and lightly enough I see signs of any building. I began I regarded them as mere dwelling to have the feeling that comes when places. It is just possible, I reflected you wake up after a sleep in the train after my first negative to the shepherd, and are uncertain as to which side of your destination the train has reached. hiding behind them that which would The sheep were certainly very scattered.

Now came a motor car. The driver was very skilful. He threaded his way He then said that he had to drive the in and out of the sheep just as if he sheep to a farm whose owner's name were playing a game of—a game where

I said that I knew no Shaw as I was he saw me. At the moment I was

the real shepherd. And as a final blow he said I ought to be in khaki. I felt for him, but it was so difficult to explain. by my family that it would be far better slope, and he swept his hand over a I even offered him a quotation from for my health and figure if I walked fence by the wayside. I nodded, and "The Pickwick Papers" about shepthe distance. As far as I remember, he said, "Do ee mind sheep while us go herds. I said that I was "a wictim o' I made no audible answer, but I may an' see." I said I'd keep an eye on gammon." He went away very scarlet,

> By now I had had enough. Fifty I sat on a fence and watched the minutes was a fair afternoon's work for one's first try at shepherding.

Another day, perhaps, a little longer.

The sheep near me moved. They moved on down the lane. I stopped and scratched my head.

Then the sheep behind me ran up and passed me, so that I had all the sheep now in front of

I moved quietly on so that they might not hear my footsteps. Unfortunately I trod on an acorn which crackled, and the sheep heard. So the sheep still went on in front of

I stopped, hoping they wouldn't notice I was not following. They went on, and I thought I was free till suddenly one old fool at the head of the division turned his head and de-tected me. Then they all stopped and looked back at me, with faces much more like sheep than any

sl

01

aį

st

sh th he

sheep I've ever seen.
I was helpless. I could not go the other way as it was steep and precisely the wrong direction. At last I thought I would run past the flock.

I sauntered rather rapidly down on them, and eventually got nearly alongside. Then I took to my heels and ran as I had never run before. The sheep thundered along by my side. all I could I never got ahead. The stamina of the beasts was simply appalling.

must have run for quite three minutes, which seemed like three hours, before realising that I was beaten. I was a shepherd. Fate had willed it. A shepherd I must be and affect to be contented with my lot.

On we went. I cooled down, and the stroll became pleasant enough, though passers-by regarded me suspiciously as if I were a sheep-stealer. (Odd reflection! There are such things



"Now, then, none of yer cinema acting 'ere. AND THE KID'S ONLY JUST FINISHED THE CASTLE TOO!"

At last we came, as I knew all along we should, to a point where the road forked. I didn't care which way the MOTHER and Dad, I understand sheep went. I would take the road they left. Both routes would take me Telling me how that way-off land

The sheep bore to the left. I shoo-ed them on. I got them well on the way. In the distance before them I saw a motor-car coming. I turned stealthily, nipped round the corner on to the other road, and ran like a hare (middle-

When safely away I turned and Spell out your meaning, I whose all looked back. At the end of the road where I had left my flock was a stationary motor-car, with its occupants staring after me. The car was wheel-deep in sheep.

At dinner that night I asked for boiled mutton—boiled mutton—mutton -hung, drawn, quartered-and boiled!

# The Odour of Sanctity.

"The 'New York World' publishes a further instalment of secret German correspondence showing 'a degree of hypocrisy on the part of the emissaries from Berlin which smells of heaven." - Provincial Paper.

## Forgotten History.

From a Welsh examination paper:-

"While the War of American Independence was in progress the Irish Volunteers demanded Home Rule, which was wisely given them by Lord Northcliffe."

# A CANADIAN TO HIS PARENTS.

At last why you've for ever been Of yours was Home; for since I've

The place that up to now was just a name

I feel the same.

The college green, the village hall, St. Paul's, The Abbey, how could I

Was peaks that pricked a sun-down

And endless prairie lands that stretched below

Their pathless snow?

But now I 've trodden magic stairs Age-rounded in a Norman fane, Beat time to bells that trembled prayers

Down spangly banks of country lane, Throbbed with the universal heart that beats

In London streets.

I'd heard of world-old chains that

So tight that she can scarcely stir, Till tired Old England drops behind Live nations more awake than her, Like us out West. I thought it all was true-

Before I knew.

But England's sure what she's about, And moves along in work and rest Too big and set for brag and shout,

And so I never might have guessed All that she means unless I'd watched

These battle-days.

And now I've seen what makes me proud

Our chaps have proved a soldier's right

To England; glad that I'm allowed My bit with her in field and fight; And since I'm come to join them Over

There

I claim my share.

We take from a Sumatra paper a list of some of the words which the Germans, in their patriotic ardour, propose to substitute for the English sporting terms formerly in use :-

Golf = Löcherballspiel.

Cricket = Dreistäbenschlagerspiel.

Leg before = Beinenschwindel.
Not out = Nochnichtabgemacht.

Wicket = Dreistäbeneinrichtung.

Halftime = Halbspielwartepause. Hands = Händefehler.

Start = Abgangsstelle.

Starter = Hauptabgangsstelleaufsichtsvor-

We can now understand the position of the German who says he has no time for sport.

# AT THE PLAY.

"SHELL OUT."

with no gangways or exits through the more than good enough for most of us. roof, no Gargantuan stairways to the empyrean of the flies! And his part- ageress of the lingerie department of ner, Mr. Wal Pink, doesn't sound one of our larger stores, conducting the quite the kind of man to help him in annual great White Sale in a diverting either by the other principals or their this little matter. So that all through exhibition of fatuous badinage and sly reflections, but I mustn't spoil sport

submitting with an ill grace to these deplorable limitations. There was never quite room for all the stars of higher magnitude in one row (and naturally rigid stage-court etiquette prevented their being presented in two); while there were always just about four too many girls in all the choruses.

Which reminds me to say right here that I don't ever remember to have seen a more uniformly comely parade of young ladies even in the muchvaunted beauty choruses of the many-acred modern Revue plateaus. I judge them from their singing voices to be my countrywomen, and take leave as an Englishman to be more than a little proud. Perhaps we have suffered a little from over-syncopation, but we ought to acknowledge a debt to rag-time and this new race of producers (coupling the name of the Russian Ballet) in that they have helped to extinguish that simpering, inanimate and rather over-plump double row, swaying vaguely in a detached sort of way in the background as a foil to the principals.

COMELLI, whose work I can't always admire, thinking him just a little fussy and trivial (but that, indeed, was at the Lane, where he may feel himself able

well with the dresses, and HERMANN Darewski has made some very passable melodies, of which "I Want Loving" was an easy winner.

As to the Revue itself need I say that all hypocritical pretence of coherence was frankly and wisely abandoned? I confine myself therefore to impressions and personalities.

To begin with, there was Miss Unity West End Managers' Association. More dancing light as thistle-down and as wayward, with a perfectly scene, in which a robbery was brought delightful and apparently unmanufactured smile, as if this sort of thing unsuspecting countryman, with the aid was just the very sort of thing of a cinematograph and a ruffian disabove all that she really liked doing. guised as Charlie Chaplin, so plausi-

And the little theatre helped the effect ble that I feel inclined to protest against It was certainly amusing to find the expansive Mr. DE COURVILLE cabin'd on the exiguous stage of the Comedy, recognisably Unity More, which is

And then Mr. FRED EMNEY as manthis new Revue you could see the twain allusion; or as an amiable old lady by giving away the joke, which is a



"I AM SORRY, SUSAN, I'M AFRAID YOU CANNOT GO OUT AGAIN TO-MORROW."

"I was going to take tea with me aunt, Mum." Maud (in the secret of the maid's flirtations). "Do LET HER GO, MAMMA. HEB AUNT HAS JUST BEEN MADE A SERGEANT."

to take greater liberties), did excellently | doing nothing more definite than nego- | tiating a stile, but doing it in an incomparable manner and very much at leisure; or as the waiter a little too much in the manner of ALFRED LESTER, but less tedious; or again in one of those rather dubious alcoholic studies of which he is the past-mistress, exhaling a humour perhaps a little more candid than is usually permitted by the

Of the incidents I found the street

of the faint prettiness of her voice. it in the interests of public safety and Not very seriously a Lancashire Lass or morality; or at least to insist that

> The Modern Revue Drama was an entirely original conception and so good as to be worth a little better finish in detail. Miss Amy Augarde's excellent

> > good one. Two clever little studies by Miss Louie Tinsley as a theatre dresser who estimates the success of a piece according to the amount and quality of the liquid refreshment she is called on to furnish and share at a first night, and as a friend of the fatuous inebriate personated by Mr. Emney, deserve mention.

> > I am fogey enough to disapprove of so fresh and charming a little person as Desmond (or is it Ceballos?) submitting herself to such a graceless and contorted dance. Not that way, DESMOND, believe me, lies the true line of development for vour talent.

> > It was satisfactory to see that the younger male members of the cast were friendly neutrals and that most of the rest of the work was done by actors well over the military age.

Quite a good joke was provided by that usually dull dog, the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, who insisted on having a few turns as a prelude to the Revue, in order that we might be allowed the doubtful pleasure of smoking, as if the whole thing were not a barefaced series of turns within turns. I say doubtful because very much depends upon your neighbour's particular brand of cigar. And I had

## The Threat.

[On receiving the news of the sinking of the Arabic, President Wilson is said to have cancelled a golfing engagement.]

no luck in the matter.

Defender of my country's right I am, you know, too proud to fight; But if at my complaints you scoff I may become too proud to golf.

# Sister Susie's Latest.

"The ladies belonging to the -- Parochial Working Party are at present busily engaged in making sandbags for the wounded soldiers." Local Paper.



Mabel (who has been promised sixpence if she will extract a loose tooth). "Here's the tooth, grandfather. But if you'd rather not pay till after the War you needn't."

#### FISHING IN FLANDERS.

On our last spell from the trenches that ran close to our rest billets. The doctor, whose skill as a fisherman is apparently as widely known on the Tweed as it is with us after dinner in licht after twa weeks o' throwing handmess, did catch one stickleback. But apart from this success neither the glamour of the Entente Cordiale nor the last word in trout rods and flybooks had any effect on those unsportsmanlike fish. Night after night we used to watch the village fathers returning in triumph with their simple rods over their shoulders, and many a fat halfpounder stuck in their pockets winked at us mockingly.

"Wait till Sergeant McCallum comes," said the Colonel, and in his advice we found consolation. McCallum is a Scottish gillie in private life and a holy terror to the Huns in he invariably replies with a grave of being able to reply to our guests that "Guid nicht, M'am." But so far as fishing went he was the regimental hope, and soon after his arrival he was Tor the next three nights Sergeant hood of "Soixante-quinze."

rods and as many varieties of fly. As we walked down to the stream that we amused ourselves by fishing a stream evening I impressed upon him the necessity of establishing our reputation in the eyes of the village.

" I doot ma hand wilna cast a fly sae grenades, Sir," he said, "and this wee trickle isna the Tay," pointing to the stream; but he was soon whipping the water in masterly fashion.

After two hours we went home with despair in our hearts to eat fish that had been caught by the schoolmaster's boy. Sergeant McCallum had failed.

"It's a meeserable war. The very troot are skulkin' in dug-oots," was all he said.

Next day we were having guests to dinner, and the Colonel himself implored Now Sergeant the Sergeant to do his best. Off he went again, but this time positively refused to allow any of us to accompany his present capacity. British to the him. "Na, na, Sir, it's publectity that backbone, he views anything of foreign inteemidates the wee fish," he said; nature with dour suspicion. It is and when later he returned with six characteristic of him that to the "Bon plump little trout we appreciated his soir, M'sieur" of his hostess at bedtime preference for solitude. Oh the delight

the devoted recipient of at least ten McCallum came back with a good haul, while the rest of us never got even a bite, with the exception of the doctor, who caught another stickleback. On the fourth evening I determined to find out what was the secret of the master-hand's success. After half-anhour's search up-stream I heard a sad voice coming from the direction of a bush:-" Ay, it's a meeserable war, and that's ma last pin."

Cautiously I approached, and suddenly stopped dead. "Sergeant McCallum," I gasped, "has it come to this?"

He started up with a guilty look. In one hand he held a small pill evidently made from the slab of ration cheese at his side. In the other was a bent pin tied to the end of a piece of string.

Extract from a paper-maker's letter:-"We are asking Mr. —, Corrugated Manager of Messrs. —, to give you a call." Just the man to furnish one with a wrinkle or two.

and that inan boog

inst

5.

h in lent rted heir port is a by

atre sucthe quid n to first the l by n.

sapning (or herconvay, the for

that s of trals the well

prodog, who urns e, in wed nokwere

urns btful ends ticuhad T.

ng of have ght;

off

ochial gaged liers." per.

<sup>&</sup>quot;The French three per cent. bombs are at

# ELEVEN TO ONE.

In this house there is only one bath. There is a state of war in this house.

Between these two statements there does not, at first sight, appear to be any close connection, but if you will oblige me by reading on you will find that they are inti-

mately related to one another.

Let me explain. The house of which I speak is a seaside lodging-house, an admirably comfortable one run by Mrs. Rivers, the landlady, with the help of one servant. How it is done I don't know (I suppose, by the way, there is a concealed gnome somewhere who attends to the boots and shoes, but I have never met him in the flesh); at any rate the house is so run, and the whole place is kept as tidy as a banker's office, and the meals are as punctual as the rates and taxes and much more satisfying.

At present the house is filled to its utmost capacity by two parties of lodgers-ourselves (the usual sort of party composed of two parents and four children), and the other party, who preceded us, composed of five grown-ups. That makes eleven in all, and every man-Jack and woman-Jill of them, down to the youngest child, is devoted to that noble British institution, the morning bath. The fact that later on we all bathe in the sea makes no difference. Sea-bathing must not be looked upon as a substitute for anything. Properly considered it is an addition to one's ordinary life.

Here, then, is the situation. Given eleven people, who are all waked at 7.30 A.M., who all want to breakfast at 8.30, and who all desire passionately to have a bath before breakfast, how on earth are they to do it when, as I say, there is only one bath in the house, and when I add that it is a fixed bath in a bath-room and that its taps run with an almost maddening slowness? Now do you begin to understand what I meant when I said that there is a state of war in this house? Of course you do.

The first morning saw us completely defeated. I must own that we had paid no attention to the matter. We had not realised the necessity for guile and stratagem. We just rushed upon our fate blindly, and each of us in turn recoiled from a locked door behind which water was gurgling and someone, not ourselves, was abluting. On that terrible morning only Muriel and Frederick of our party got baths, and they were both twenty minutes late for breakfast. The rest of us did what we could with our basins and sponges in our various bedrooms. As an alternative to a full-length bath this basin-system cannot be recommended. It combines every sort of inconvenience. Paradoxically enough the water is always insufficient and never fails to overflow on to the floor. Indeed it is a hateful system.

On the second morning we planned things out with some care. Alice was told off to be firmly established in the bathroom at 7 o'clock, and thenceforward we had relays, strung out along the passages. On that day we got in four baths, but after that we were hopelessly beaten off by a violent counter-attack of the enemy who had been awaiting a favourable moment in dressing-gowns and slippers. Nina and Frederick were foiled and all their pluck was unavailing. Frederick, indeed, who is eight years old, declared that these skirmishes added an unaccustomed zest to washing. He showed great courage and swiftness in

the imminent deadly breach.

Since then we have had our good days, when we actually got in five baths, and our bad days, when we were reduced to two, but we have never for a moment abandoned the fight. I myself have a special opponent who lives in the bedroom next to mine. He is an extraordinarily quick mover, but so, I flatter myself, am I. Several times, when indicated.

I thought I had him at my mercy, he has beaten me into the bathroom by the mere point of his chin. Later in the day we all meet quite unconcernedly. We say to one another, "What beautiful weather," or "The news seems better this morning," and to all outward appearance we are on perfectly good terms with one another; but in truth we are bitter and determined enemies. How can it be otherwise when there are eleven people for only one bath?

## THE PASSING OF THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

(An evening paper assures us that the mother-in-law joke is most certainly dead.)

Is she to pass and wake no lamentation, Dirgeless depart to where the old jokes go, Unwept, unhonoured by an ingrate nation? Nay, it shall not be so.

I, even I, will take the lyre and twang it, Sounding a note suggestive of distress, Twining the cypress round my forehead. Hang it! A song-wright can't do less.

A time there was one sought in vain to dodge her; She was the red-nosed star's unfailing wheeze, Better than jeux d'esprit about the lodger Or tales of mobile cheese.

So now in every Empire should be sorrow, The sobs of comics mourning for the best Friend that they had, and musing on a morrow Reft of its cosmic jest.

Our bardlets too should mourn, bright wits who hymned her,

Seeing the humour of their frequent strain Dimmed as a street lamp, ay, and even dimmeder, Clean cut off at the main.

Where shall they find her like? What thing, what

Shall serve them as a universal draw, A theme one needs but write a doggerel verse on To gain the loud guffaw?

Theirs is the deeper woe, for with her dying It may be that a sterner age began, When folk shall bid them—and it will be trying— To make their verses scan.

#### PUNCH'S WAR CARTOONS.

A selection of the most notable of Punch's War-Cartoons is being published by the Photochrom Co, in association with the Proprietors of *Punch*. The first twelve of this series have been already issued. They are reproduced from the original plates on tinted Indian paper and mounted on rough-edged white Whatman boards, with the legends and dates inscribed below. These prints, apart from the excellence of their artistry, will form a unique historical record of the memorable features and episodes of the Great War. They are published at 2s. 6d. each and can be obtained at any picture shop, or post-free in the United Kingdom from the Publisher, Punch Offices, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Among the daft of the 4th Welsh Regiment, most of the Cardigan Company are included."-Cardigan Advertiser.

The fact that these gallant Welshmen were "mad to go to the Front" might, we think, have been more tactfully



Dismounted Cavalryman (on way back from trenches, seeing Officer's servant exercising a horse). "Well, if anything gives me some feet it's seein' an 'ighlander ridin' when I 've got to pad the 'oof."

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mr. Galsworthy's The Freelands (Heinemann) is in the manner, the best of the manner, of The Country House, The Island Pharisee, The Patricians. The Freelands were of a solid persistent stock. Four brothers represent the present generation: Felix, the writer, capable, understanding, critically detached, even a little Galsworthian, with heart emphatically in the right place; widower John, something important, permanent and unimaginative in the Home Office; Stanley, the plough-maker, husband of the aspiring Clara with a coronet in her eye, and her week-end parties of pretentious bigwigs, interested in a more or less futile and insincere way in "the land"; and that thorn in all their essentially solid sides, Tod, the primitive, with his thatched cottage honeysuckle-twined, his formidable wife Kirsteen of the blue linen gown, the banded hair and the vegetarian diet, and their wild offspring, Derek and Sheila, hand in glove with Labour and all that. A practised art "presents" all these in a comedy (that droops to tragedy) of indictment against some bad foibles of entrenched property and tradition; and in particular that plausibly defensible attitude of those who so clearly know what is good for their people that they don't hold their hand from coercion of a very effective kind. The tragedy comes by that desperately harassed labourer, Tryst, who fires Sir Gerald Mallory's ricks and finds a grim release, after three months' waiting for assizes, from his inevitable sentence. Here Mr. Galsworthy forces us to recognise his impassioned sense of the bitterness of imprisonment and of the disabilities of unvocal unimportant folk. Also that desperate hope- | Mr. Pett Ridge himself most enjoyed. There are incidents

lessness of his outlook which makes him turn his labourers against their champions Derek and Sheila as against hereditary enemies. Besides and above all this work of the satirist and social pathologist, the artist Galsworthy has made many admirable portraits; in particular of Felix's entirely adorable daughter Nedda and dear old Grandmamma Freeland, a beautiful study which even a regrettable touch of caricature cannot spoil. Irony of the subtlest, sensitive observation and a fine craft of construction and development will captivate any reader who knows what's

The publisher's paragraph on the cover of Mr. Pett RIDGE'S latest book, The Kennedy People (METHUEN), says that it "opens with a wedding-day at Highbury New Park, and finishes with a boat train at Waterloo Station." Which indeed embodies the best description and criticism of it that could be given. London scenes and types and incidents, strung together by the history of three generations of Kennedys, make up the total. Perhaps in the last phrase I have without intention expressed a suspicion that did occur to me, that the author has at times padded out the volume with material that might have been meant for short story use. But I do not suppose anyone will mind that very much. The Kennedy history is what you might call a circular one; old Mr. K. having built up a prosperous fortune, which Robert, his son, sent to ruin, while in the end George, the grandson, is shown in a fair way to restore the family position. In short, a reverse of the old adage, "Clogs to clogs in three generations;" naturally also an aspect of the case decidedly more cheerful to read about. I fancy however that it would be spendthrift Robert whom

who

nto the one ms uth be th?

1. e is

hat

ons tion this rom lon

cord Var. d at rom

and

cel-

igan o to ully

in Robert's career (the fraudulent deputation, for example, | sensational novels I had read for a very long time. But expelled with ignominy) that I could feel sure have been in the author's note-book awaiting exposure for a considerable time. And the history of his adventures as a dramatist was obviously as great a pleasure to write as to read. And there, with the exception of a little mystery, no very baffling matter, you have the whole. What it lacks in continuity of interest it makes up in detail; those little touches of character and talk in which the author stands alone. What, I wonder, would Mr. PETT RIDGE do in a world where there were no commenting domestics?

Mrs. Arnold has chosen for her latest book. The Enbefore. And the book itself is thoroughly pleasant too, should not take a place high up in the front rank of

though rather formless and overcrowded; both of which defects however could be excused on the ground of likeness to life. You never saw a novel with so many heroes. There was first of all the Colonial Bishop, with whom Patricia (the heroine) wanted to go away and reform cannibals. Then there was John Raggett, the Bishop's strong and silent brother, who sent Patricia home, and incidentally boxed her deserving ears. After that there was Adrian Dadge, an Amateur's Help, who was introduced to Patricia at a theatrical house-party, and promptly eloped with her. When John turned up in time to frustrate this I began to know where my money would be safest. But I am bound to say that up to the last chapter Patricia's fourth suitor, Lawrence Blagrove, gave me a lot of

Patricia to create the chief part in a play that he proposed to write. So, as he had no money and Patricia loved him, John came along once more and very sportingly volunteered to put up the needful for a West End production. As what follows upon this is not only the best part of the tale, but a quite unconventional and unexpected piece of probability, I will leave you to enjoy it at first hand. It ends a story that is throughout brightly written

and makes excellent entertainment.

This is what I imagine happened. Mr. MILLS looked at Mr. Boon. They had just finished reading the manuscript of Mr. Victor Bridges' novel, Mr. Lyndon at Liberty. "What do you think of it?" said Mills. "It's jolly good," said Boon. "But too long," said MILLS. "I could cut thirty thousand words out of it and it would be an improvement." But they decided to publish it as it stood, because they remembered that the public likes its novels long. I find myself in agreement with both gentlemen.

Mr. Landon at Library is a state of the truth. P. and O. Pars."—Glasgow Bulletin. Mr. Lyndon at Liberty is good—in fact, up to half-way We fail to find in this jeu d'esprit anything either Penin-I was under the impression that it was one of the best sular or Oriental. The Crown Prince is not in Gallipoli.

which resulted in a subsequent and genuine one being when I tackled the second half I saw what MILLS meant. Thirty thousand words is a conservative estimate of what could be deleted to the great benefit of the story. While Mr. Bridges is getting his Lyndon out of Princetown Prison and disguising him and taking him to London he whizzes along at a magnificent speed. But when Lyndon meets his old friends he displays a natural but-for the reader-exasperating disposition to put his feet up on the mantelpiece and talk about old times, and things become temporarily slow. They speed up again later, but never with quite the same careless rapture as in the very early chapters; and the last thirty pages of the story are almost dull. But in the main Boon was perfectly right; chanting Distance (Long), a title so pleasant that one can and there is no reason why Mr. Bridges, if he watches only wonder why it should not have been appropriated himself carefully and purges his work of unnecessary talk,

sensational novelists. He has a great sense of movement, and his originality may be gauged by the fact that he has named the vil-lain of his present story George, thereby flying in the face of one of the most rigid rules of modern fiction which enacts that a George can do no wrong, and that his métier in fiction is to be mildly comic. If Mr. Bridges goes on in this radical way we shall find him before long having his murders done by Freddies and his acts of noble selfsacrifice performed by Jaspers.



Anxious Wife. "OH, HENRY, I THINK I SEE A GERMAN SUBMARINE

Sleepy Husband. "Nonsense!"

Anxious Wife. "OH, BUT I'M SURE IT IS!"

Sleepy Husband. "ALL RIGHT, THEN. YOU AND TOMMY JUST COVER ME UP WITH SAND."

I suppose Miss F. E. MILLS YOUNG means her title, The Great Unrest (LANE), to cover both the labour troubles in the South Africa she knows so well and the wayward passions of her hero. I think, on the whole, I prefer the

uncertainty. Blagrove was a dramatist who wanted young Dam (whose father had perversely christened him Draycott Arthur Manners, foreseeing the nickname that would result) splashing in his bath and making discoveries, and the stout youngster taking his lickings from his nice obstinate father, Sir Arthur-I prefer these pictures to those of the adolescent Dam flirting with fishergirls, and the grown-up Socialist journalist in the toils of a shallow fair in queer Johannesburg. But Patricia was a dear all through, from a bad start of snail-killing for pleasure (soon corrected) to a brief union with her boy and an early widowhood. For there was nothing the matter with the real Dam, who chose to give all that he had, including Patricia, in the great cause. God rest such souls and comfort their Patricias!

#### P. and O.

From a column headed "Pertinent and Otherwise":-

ut

t.

at

le

vn

ne

on

he

on

gs

ry

re it;

es

lk,

of

He

ve-

ity

act

ril-

ory

ost

ion

rge

nat

to

Mr.

his

ind

his

lies

elf-

as-

E.

her

rest

the

uth

vell

ons

on

the

him

that

ries.

nice

s to

and

llow

e all soon

low-

real

icia,

heir

lows. earer

eninli.

## CHARIVARIA.

THE Hamburger Nachrichten is not at all pleased with the decision to modify the "blockade," and declares that the German submarines are "so weighty a factor that we must give them un-restricted freedom of action." Some of them are so weighty, in fact, that they are now permanently submarine.

rename Germany "The Grand-Father Land."

We have to apologise for any suggestion that may have appeared in previous issues to the effect that the Huns are devoid of humour. The German Society for the Protection and Preservation of Monuments has held a meeting in Brussels and expressed its thanks to the German Military Authorities for the care they had taken of the Monuments in Belgium. The function ended, we are told, with an excursion to Louvain, where the delegates, no doubt, enjoyed at the Library. joyed a happy hour in

Berlin is endeavouring to discount the Belgian revelations of German chicanery before the War by declaring that they have an obviously tainted origin: they were published in a Grey Book.

The General commanding the Dresden military area has forbidden an exhibition of ladies' dresses,

because the costumiers were unable declaration that the most important ated in Germany or Austro-Hungary. "Frightfulness" must be maintained.

\*\*\*
German fashion experts are being urged to revert to narrow skirts, on the ground that their manufacture requires little material and is more consistent with the present position of the Fatherland. We note with satisfaction this admission that Germania is already in a "hobble."

until all danger in that direction was teer and allowing the bachelors to stop

Mr. Asquith has lately been away for a brief holiday. Nevertheless it is hardly fair for a daily paper to announce on its posters:-

"England's Premier Sporting Daily."

The MUNITIONS UNDER-SECRETARY is Owing to its heavy losses among acquiring a reputation as a humourist. that the only letters permitted to reach

young men, a movement is afoot to His best joke up to the present is the his Lordship will be from Lord Hugh

A VOLUNTEER RESERVE FAMILY PUTTING ON PUTTEES.

F.H TOWNSEND. 1915

SUGGESTED GROUP IN COMMEMORATION OF THE GREAT SACRIFICES MADE BY OUR OVER-AGE CITIZENS.

The eculptor might permit himself to be inspired by the famous Laocoon in the Vatican Gallery.

to prove that their models had origin- requirement of the time is "the suitable dilution of skilled labour." This has been very well received in the public-houses of Glasgow.

> "Dr. Addison on the Need of Night Shifts," runs a headline. But it must not be inferred that the Munitions Such an opportunity may not occur Department is asleep.

The Evening News informs us that "all unmarried Belgians up to the age Our Eastern Allies have evidently been studying with advantage Dr. Shipley's book on The Minor Horone to the Age of Shipley's book on The Minor Horone to the age of Shipley's book on The Minor Horone to the age of Shipley's book on The Minor Horone to the age of Shipley's book on The Minor Horone to the age of Shipley's book on The Minor Horone to the age of Shipley's book on The Minor Horone to the age of Shipley's book on The Minor Horone to the age of Shipley's book on The Minor Horone to the age of Shipley's book on The Minor Horone to the age of Shipley's book on The Minor Horone to the age of Shipley's book on The Minor Horone to the age of Shipley's book on The Minor Horone to the age of Shipley's book on The Minor Horone to the age of Shipley and the manufacture to the country and had come to the conclusion that he was a moral in been studying the manufacture to the age of the Country and had come to the conclusion that he was a moral in the conclusion that he was a moral in the conclusion that he was a moral in the conclusion that he was a moral at a pater period men up to the age of the conclusion that he was a moral in the conclusion that he w SHIPLEY'S book on The Minor Horrors thirty or possibly thirty-five." This is It almost seems a case for the MINISTER of War, for we read that "the Russians a great improvement on the British of Munitions.

maintained a firm stand on the Bug system of letting the fathers volunat home.

> "Lord Northcliffe is travelling and will be beyond reach of correspondence until the end of next week." Even he must have an occasional rest from his daily mail.

There is no truth in the statement CECIL.

> "Yarns for Soldiers' and Sailors' Comforts are now greatly needed," says an advertisement. We congratulate The Times on its prompt response to this appeal. Its Broadsheets for the Trenches will be just the thing.

> A voluntary munitionsworker writes to say that the enervating effect of the factories has been much exaggerated, and that "to one accustomed to the atmosphere of the Law Courts, a Sunday at this arsenal is like a day in the country." Rather, perhaps, a day at the seaside-picking up shells.

> A member of the Library Association complains that inferior paper is now being used for books, so that they only last a sixth of the time they did thirty years ago, and urges the fixing of a standard quality. But why worry?

"SALE—Half Prices for 15 days. — Lions, Tigers, Panthers, Wild Cats, Jackals, Foxes, Wolves, Deers, nicely trained big Tuskers, Lynx, English Hounds, Spaniels, Terriers, Horses, African Monkeys, well talking Singing Birds, English Pigeons, Fowls, Turkeys, Ducks.— MANAGER, ANIMALS & SERVANTS SUPPLYING COMPANY, Agra."—Pioneer.

What a chance for burgains, from a tiger to a hen!

again.

"Dr. E. Peachell, Medical Officer to the Metal Deficiency Committee for the County,

VOL. CXLIX.

# IN THE SUNDAY MANNER.

UP TO US.

By Mr. Austinson Bellowmey.

Mr. Bellowmey is facile princeps among our more cultured and clarionvoiced publicists. Having taken all foreknowledge for his province, he ranges like a young bull to the electrification of England. In him literature and acuteness are reconciled. Rarely have such trumpet-calls blared forth as since Mr. Bellowmey sensed profit in strepitation. In particular is he wise upon women and strategy. The War has produced no such miracle as his rise to authority. Next week we shall publish another terrific lay-sermon from his banjo, and, in fact, every Sunday until we think he is played out.

Now then, Mr. Kaiser, cast your lamps over this.

When I say "up to us" what do I mean? I mean that it is for God's own country, Great Britain, bless its heart! -England the fair and free, bonnie Scotland, Erin brave and impulsive, gallant little Wales and the noble Colonies—to carry this thing through.

EVERY MAN OF BRITISH HERITAGE HAS THE BURDEN OF DEFEATING THE HUNS CAST UPON HIM; and when I say the Huns I mean equally the 'uns, for who is so base and petty to-day as to trouble about the aspirate? To-day we are all brothers, whether we drop our h's or pronounce them, and all bound together in a sacred compact to rid the world of the tyrant. It is up to us to

## Woman's Part.

And when I say us I mean not only men but women. What should we do without women? HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT WHAT WOMEN MEAN? Only yesterday one of the most brilliant of living women said to me, "The women are in trousers to-day; the men are candidates for petticoats." How profound, how witty! When we have sent millions of men to the War and many are dead, how clever that was! But women must be taken seriously. Without women there can be no soldiers, for every soldier (amazing thought!) has to have a mother. Let us then be kind to women, for women are the mothers of our brave boys in khaki.

# The Fourth Estate.

As for our Press, what is one to say? Oh, my brethren, do not be misled by our Press. Half of it is right and half rejuvenator and renovator of England; but in my own organ I go farther and indulge in greater detail. On the time thinking of marrying his only pulsory smoking for men I say nothing wick, to the EMPEROR MENELIK, with a

## Why I am silent.

I would not hamper the Government. I have not always shown that reluctance, but just now-and here-it is expedient. Moreover, I am not, any more than any other of my fellow-citizens, seized of the facts. Hence my somewhat quaint silence. Those who say it is a tobacco war have some justification; those who say that the KAISER will, before he has done, see two weeds glow where only one glowed before, have reason on their side; but none the less I hold my peace. And every man I beseech to do likewise. WE MUST NOT EMBARRASS THE GOVERNMENT.

#### The Future.

As to when the War will be over, I prefer to say nothing. I may know and I may not. But take it from me in Poland :that no good is to be gained by letting out the secret yet. IT IS UP TO US TO ACT, NOT TO CONSULT SOOTHSAYERS.

#### A MAGNIFICENT MENIAL.

THANKS to the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Pryor and Pepys, we have been favoured with an early copy of the remarkable Reminiscences of an Imperial Footman, briefly alluded to in our last issue. Though the book hardly fulfils our most sanguinary expectations, it is full of intimate touches and is written throughout with the sobriety and modesty that one might expect of a highly trained and discreet domestic. Moreover, many notables, royal, famous and notorious, pass through its pages, for our footman saw the very highest in Germany, Austria, and Italy. style, too, is remarkably distinguished. In fact, the author might not be unfairly described as a Servants' Hall

A flood of light is thrown on the origin of the Kaiser's implacable hostility towards England by the following thrilling anecdote. It appears that when the Kaiser was staying at Sandringham the "Song to Aegir," which he composed, was performed by the King's band in honour of the Imperial guest. At its conclusion the KAISER asked his uncle what he thought of it, and KING EDWARD genially replied "Well, it may be a very fine piece of music, but personally wrong, and I implore you to cleave to the right half. Here, in this Sunday Hope and Glory." The Kaiser turned But as they were talking Arabic the paper, I can but sketch my real pro- pale with in lignation, and from that reporter may not have understood.

gramme as a social saviour and the hour he resolved to bring about the doom of England.

We learn also that the Kaiser, at one burning question, for example, of com- daughter, now the Duchess of Brunsview to consolidating his interests in Central Africa, dispatched his brother PRINCE HENRY to conduct the necessary matrimonial negotiations. The KAISER, it appears, had assumed that the EMPEROR MENELIK, who was already married, would divorce his wife in view of the enhanced prestige to be gained from an alliance with the House of Hohenzollern. In this however he was rudely disappointed, for as soon as the EMPEROR MENELIK realised what was expected of him he broke out into a torrent of Abyssinian invective lasting several hours, and then took to his bed, remaining there until the discomfited emissary had left his dominions.

We have heard much since the War began of Warsaw, and this fact lends poignant interest to a vivid little vignette of the colour of the landscape

"Where not touched with the glorious tinting of Autumn or wilting 'neath the blaze of the Summer sun, the vegetation is green, though not perhaps so verdant as that of the Emerald Tsle.

Perhaps one of the best stories in lighter vein is the following diverting anecdote of a Bavarian Count who came to Potsdam on a secret mission:-

"The Count, who was a homely person, was invited to dine with the EMPEROR, and during the course of the banquet managed to upset a golden salt-cellar. With the utmost promptitude he seized a decanter of claret and emptied it over the spilt condiment. I have never seen the KAISER laugh so heartily as he did at this incident.

Quite an enthralling book, it may be readily understood, are these Reminiscences of an Imperial Footman, and it is impossible to doubt their veracity.

Extracted from a soldier's letter, written from "Somewhere in France":-

"The Germans have got a bit of brag on here. The lines are 600 yds. apart, and right in the 'no man's land' they have planted a German Merchant Service Flag, to flaunt in our faces; and everybody naturally wants to go out to get it."

Naturally, indeed; for the flag in question is a rara avis in terris, and quite extinct in maribus.

"Mr. Gerard received an invitation to call on Herr von Jagow, and left his luncheon to respond. They conferred for half an hour but



# HAIL, COLUMBA!

President Wilson (to American Eagle). "GEE! WHAT A DOVE I'VE MADE OF YOU!"

5. == the

one only ons-

ther ne-The that was wife

be use he as hat to a

oed, ited War nds

ous eath the per-

in ting who i:— nely the

the den ptiand ent.

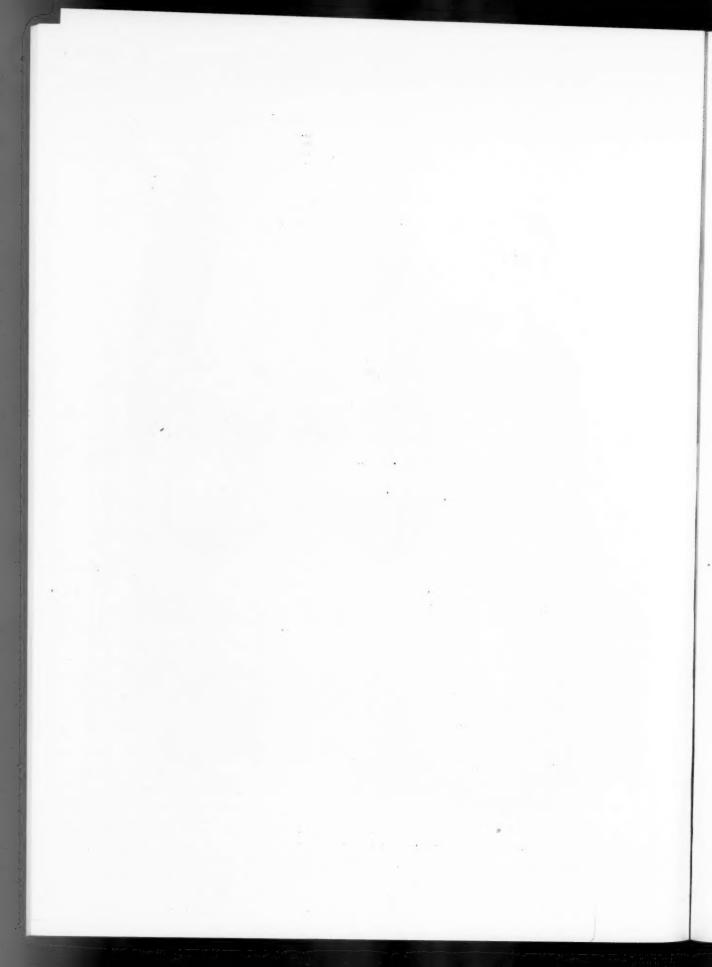
be nis-d it

ter,
":g on
ight
ed a
it in
as to

in and

call n to but

the



## HOMAGE TO HAYLING.

HAVE you ever been to Hayling? As a health-resort it's nailing, If your constitution's failing Or your nerve is gone or quailing.

I was rather down and ailing, Sick of town and Daily Mailing, And my ruddy cheeks were paling When I flew for rest to Hayling.

Many are its charms, regaling Ev'ry sense with joy unfailing There in sandships you go sailing; Bath Club tricks you see at Hayling.

Flowers their sweetest scents exhaling,

Shooting stars their splendour trailing.

Moonlight, magic realms unveiling, Make a Paradise of Hayling.

There are neither trout nor grayling, Nor romantic heights for scaling; But you'll find the golfer flailing Balls in bunkers down at Hayling.

But, alas! my peace assailing, Comes a telegram, entailing My departure, deeply wailing, From the happy Isle of Hayling.

## A SIDELIGHT ON HISTORY.

During recent excavations on the site of the old Admiralty Office at Cadiz, writes a correspondent in Spain, a remarkable document has been unearthed, which throws interesting light on a great historical event, and proves conclusively that the present war is not the first which has been won by both sides. The parchment has been examined by a committee of experts, who have pronounced it to be unquestionably the Spanish Official account of the Armada's expedition against England. The following is a literal translation:

"On the 29th July, 1588, the Invincible Armada arrived off the Lizard, and, proceeding along the littoral in the direction of Plymouth, commenced hostilities against the enemy fleet. The English caitiffs, as usual, declined a full battle, and contented themselves with skirmishes in our rear. Numerous successes were scored by our mariners in this region, including the sinking of two empty fishing-smacks and a fortified bell-buoy. Our fleet then continued its victorious progress up the Channel. The damage done by the enemy's fire was of no military significance, though twelve of our galleons were, for strategic reasons, allowed to sink. On arriving off Calais, the Armada cast anchor, when the treacherous English, contrary to all the established rules of naval



Friend, "WHY, YOU STILL 'ERE? I THOUGHT YOU WAS LEAVING." Mary Jane. "So I was, but every time I tell 'er I'm going she buys me another War Loan."

and obtained a trifling minor success; but off Gravelines we gained a great victory in which twenty-two more of our galleons were, in accordance with our strategy, abandoned. The English now declined battle once more, and the statement of Admiral DRAKE that this was done for want of food and powder, is a barefaced falsehood. The Duke of MEDINA SIDONIA now relinquished his plan of picking up PARMA's army group Orkney Islands, admittedly England's weakest spot, but owing to the inclewarfare, attacked us with fire-ships, must have been. Our conquering ad- Santissima Trinidad."

mirals then proceeded down the West coast of Scotland and headed for Spain to carry home the tidings of their great achievements. The elements continued to hamper our operations, though brilliant assaults were conducted by our landing parties against the kernes of Ireland. Of the 130 vessels which set sail from Cadiz, only fifty, it is true, arrived safely back in that port, but it is generally felt that the expedition from the Low Countries and conceived has, on the whole, been a magnificent the brilliant idea of a naval raid on the success, and all the 10,000 of our mariners who returned from the humbling of England have been decorated mency of the weather this daring pro- by His Most Christian Majesty with ject was not so successful as it otherwise tin crosses of the ancient order of the

# THE GREAT GAME.

THE back pew was a high square one just by the stove that warmed the church. The Uncle always sat in the looked up from his sermon and the room, but before he could speak the front seat because it had arms to hold him up. The Aunt always had a headache on Sunday morning unless there were visitors. The family was always very nice about Aunt's Sunday morning headaches, though she never allowed said, showed a selfish disposition.

We liked the pew when the prayers sung his part in the anthem and slipped out to see there was no drinking in the breaking the Sabbath. "Rising Sun." Then the Uncle looked

round, shook his fist at us and settled himself for the sermon. It is queer that the Uncle could hear in his sleep, because always after the sermon he turned to us and said that if we didn't behave better he would have to take steps. And he always shook the Rector by the hand and said, "Excellent—excellent," so he must have heard the sermon. Yet Ralph said that he couldn't hear very well because when Philipput a chestnut on the stove and it went "pop" very loud, the Uncle jumped in his seat and said, "Ahmen."

When the sermon began Margaret put her hassock on the seat and sat up to choose her husband for the week.

saying, "I, Margaret, do take thee, husband," She generally chose Grimble because he gave her biscuits at his shop and had a nice polished bald head.

While the Uncle was sleeping and Margaret marrying we played "Church Attendance." It is a moral Sunday game. Each of us had ten families. We picked families in turn-only the Rector's family wasn't allowed because they had got to be at church, being in the business. Then you see we scored one mark for every person in our ten families who was at church, and the one whose families got most marks at the end of the year was to get a week's pocket-money from the other two. Of course there was trouble about scoring.

would score "cousins on a visit," there get to the bottom of it." was such a scrimmage that the Rector Uncle almost woke. It was a very equal game. Philip's families weren't more than four marks ahead, and if only influenza got into them we others stood a good chance.

Then one Sunday morning Ralph's Uncle to have one, which, Margaret families turned up to the very last baby. The next Sunday it was the same. Ralph got twenty-two marks ahead, were over and Inspector Barton had and would scheme in church how he do you mean, Sir, by sending threatenwould spend our money; which was ing letters to my tenants?'

At last we found out his wicked spoke up for him and said it was just a

NEW TO THE LAND.

Alfred 'Awker (late of Stepney). "I DON'T 'ARF LIKE THE JOB, BILL!" Bill Simmons (late of Rotherhithe). "NOB ME, ALF; BEEMS A BLOOMIN' SHIME TER KILL IT FOR THE SAKE OF A LITTLE MILK!"

she had chosen her husband she began with the war-pictures directly the able weakness of character. So the Uncle had gone to sleep, when the Uncle had to keep awake every Sunday James Grimble, to be my lawful wedded | Rector came, and Philip listened, not | and the great game was never finished. dishonourably, but because he wanted to know if chestnuts had been found behind the church stove.

> The Rector said, "Absurd as it may seem, my parishioners think that I am sending them postcards threatening them with death, to ensure their regular attendance at church."

"Dear me," grunted the Uncle, "it's a case for the police. You don't think the curate? Some of these young men are far too zealous."

"Oh, no, no. He's a well-meaning young man. Besides, these cards came before days when I was officiating. Now it stands to reason-

You see sweethearts and friends visiting "H'm, is this one of the cards? Ah, were not to count. Once when Ralph leave the matter in my hands. I'll

> Philip rushed round to the school-Uncle came in.

> "I want to see how you are getting on with your education," he said. "All of you write down these words: 'regular,' 'attendance,' family. 'death." Then he picked up the papers and said, "You all spell outrageously, but Ralph is the only one who spells 'regular' 'regelar.' What

Ralph didn't like to say, so Margaret

Sunday game the boys played in church. Then the Uncle gave a great laugh, which he said was one of horror, and said that, bad as it was that such games should be played in a sacred edifice, it was even worse that one of his nephews should take an unsporting advantage over his brothers. So Ralph was sentenced to go round to all his families and apologise, and explain that they would not be murdered if they stayed away from church.

Then the Uncle said to the Aunt at lunch that it was preposterous that Miss Smith should go home for Sundays-the very day the family needed a governess's control. But the Aunt said that

She said the wedding game was the secret. Philip was waiting outside the if he couldn't keep an eye on three only allowable one in church. When library to slip in and take the papers boys in church it showed lament-

"'This war must be rigid with machinery, not men," was one of the remarks made by Mr. Lloyd George to Senator Humbert, whom he met in London a few days ago. Sheffield Daily Independent.

The MINISTER OF MUNITIONS is not the only man who regards the War as a stiff proposition.

"Two captains, eight lieutenants, nice second-lieutenants and two sergeant-majors receive the Military Cross." Glasgow Evening Times.

Why this discrimination? We feel sure that the captains, first lieutenants, "Yes, yes, I see," said the Uncle. and the sergeant-majors were nice too. t

t S

d d ıs d ed n is (e n-

nto nd

in

ha

ed

id

ch

er-

th

or

ay

ol.

at

ree

nt-

he

lay

d.

erv by

om

the

s a

jors

feel

nts.

too.

3.

t.



"YES, SIR, THERE'S TWO OF MY SONS IN THE NAVY, AN' THERE'S TWO AT THE FRONT, AN' THERE'S JOHNNY IN THE SCOUTS, AN' MY YOUNGEST 'ERE, 'E'S SWATTIN' EVERY FLY 'E CAN SET 'IS EYES ON."

# TO JAMES

(On his appointment to the Staff).

It does not make me laugh and whoop (Though certainly the choice is droll) To hear that you are asked to stoop To join that great malignant group;

I hasten to condole. Not for your frame I fear-ah, no. For, far as creature comforts go, They lack but little here below: I shudder for your soul.

I know that when the seas are rude And people's parcels long delayed, No hint of trouble shall intrude Where your select and frequent food Is delicately laid;

That, though the sweet Imbrosial hens Abruptly perish in their pens, Your eggs will not, like other men's, Be absent from parade.

I know the neighbourhood is rich In sandbagged shelters, cutely packed, Yet if there be some special niche, The perfect kind of cranny which We hitherto have lacked,

Where man may shun the shells of man (And also Asiatic Anne), Twill be but part of some huge plan

For keeping you intact. I fear for you no foeman's knife, But fear to see on that fresh face The lofty look of one whose life Is quite remote from earthly strife

(Though that will be the case); I dread the perilous abyss Of being sui generis,

And looking with some prejudice On any other race.

I fear, yet hope, that after all, If e'er you tread, supremely vast, The lowly drain wherein we crawl, You'll have the kindness to recall

Some fragment of the past; For one wee while confess the sin Of merely earthly origin, And not refuse a genial grin For fear of losing caste.

#### THE PROFESSIONAL,

WE are all death on flies in our family. We grudge no effort, and none of us (except father) grudges a little casual damage to the furniture; but when it comes to results there is no competing with Richard. He is a born swatter. His attitude is that of a professional towards clumsy amateurs. We others swat, in our blundering fashion, with napkins, knives, handkerchiefs, forks, table-cloths and so forth, but Richard swats with his head. I do not mean that he kills flies by butting at them like a goat; I merely mean that he uses his brains. Well, that's what the Germans think He lays his plans and watches us with them, no doubt.

a tolerant boredom while we flick and thump and prod, and in due time very coolly and dispassionately he swats his fly.

I fancy that Richard's success is chiefly due to his masterly air of detachment. The fly, accustomed to the clamour of our furious onslaughts, soon comes to associate danger with noise and fuss. It thinks that when quiet is restored the enemy has accepted defeat, and it does a triumphant buzz round the ceiling. And then Richard gets it. He never moves from his corner, but his immobility makes him all the more deadly. His method is to spin a web and sit in the middle of it. It sounds ridiculously simple, but then everything is simple when you know how to do it. And Richard, as I have already mentioned, is a professional.

"The Melbourne Steamship Co.'s steamer Melbourne is due here to-day, with 7000 cases

of gunpowder and to-morrow."
"Daily Telegraph," Sydney, N.S.W. This might be called taking time by the forehold.

"The meeting of the citizens of Vernon records its inflexible determination to continue to a victorious end the struggle in main-tenance of the ideals of liberty and justice, which are the common and sacred curse of the Allies."—Vernon News (B.C.)

# A LONELY SUBALTERN.

I ADJUSTED my puttee carefully, slid back into my chair, and forced a smile. Then I caught sight of myself in a mirror and ceased smiling.

"I don't understand it," I said. "Before the War, Daphne, just before, you almost led me to believe I had a chance. Twice I was on the verge of proposing."

Daphne looked interested. "When was that?" she

"At the Somers' dance. The first time my nerve gave way. The second time something stuck in my throat.

"Oh, was it at supper?"
"Not at all," I replied shortly. "It was the words that stuck in my throat."

Daphne played with a cushion. "I'm awfully sorry,

"That may be," I replied coldly. "That may be, but it in no way eases the situation. Daphne, what is it?" I looked myself up and down. "Of course I'm a little bulky," I sighed.

"It isn't that.'

"It can't be money," I said. "If my bank pass book is to be believed, I saved £4 9s. 3d. last month."

Daphne shook her head. "It isn't money."

I became cynical. "Perhaps if I were home wounded, instead of having been stuck in England all along, it-

"Dick, don't be mean." "Daphne," I said, "I am disappointed in you. At much personal discomfort I have proposed, and your refusal is unaccompanied by any reason." I rose and stood erect. "To-night Lonely Subaltern asks young lady to correspond.

"Oh, Dick, not really."

I waited for her to finish laughing. "Buy to-morrow's Times," I replied.

Donning my cap I took a look round the room, obviously a last long look, turned to the right, saluted smartly, paused, then hurried out.

From Daphne's chair came sounds of either tears or laughter.

For a week I languished, and it was just as I was on the point of writing Daphne a firm note that her letter came. "Dear Dick," she wrote, "when can you come to tea?"

I replied in person. I greeted her courteously but doubtfully, leaving it to her to explain the situation.

"Dick," she said, "have you had many replies to your advertisement?"

"Advertisement? What-oh-er-yes, of course. No, I haven't had 'many.'"

"You haven't had any from a girl called Dora?"

" No, not exactly." "Not exactly?"

"No; you see I didn't advertise after all."

"Didn't advertise?"

Daphne went very white, then red, and then white.

"Oh, heavens," she whispered.

I got up quickly. "Daphne," I said, "you are not well. Lean on me.

"I'm all right, thanks," she said faintly. "But, Dick, I really have done it."

"How?

"Don't you see? I answered your advertisement in The Times-Lonely Subaltern.'

"But I sent in no advertisement."

"Yes, but you told me you were going to."

"Well, I didn't do it."

"Then somebody else did."

"And you answered it?"

Daphne nodded.

"Thinking it was my advertisement?"

She nodded again.

"Daphne," I said, "this is a serious business-most serious. Has there been much correspondence?

She gave a little laugh.

"Has there been much correspondence?" I repeated. "Not very much from him," she said. "I've written a He only sent two short notes typewritten, the last one saying he was soon off to the Front. Er-that's why I asked you to tea.'

"Daphne," I inquired, "what did you write?"

Daphne hesitated. "Oh, a lot. You see I thought it was you, Dick," she said. "You signed yourself, 'Lonely

"You must please leave me out of this," I replied coldly.

"Well, what am I to do about it?

There was a silence. Then, "I'll do it," I said.

"Do what?"

"Get you out of this mess," I replied. "There is only one explanation that can excuse you in this man's eyes for your apparent trifling with his affections. It is quite normal, Daphne, for a girl to keep two men in suspense while she's making up her mind. Very well, I am one; Lonely Subaltern is the other; and I am going to make it easy for you to explain why he may regard himself as no longer in suspense. I am going to propose."

"Oh, Dick."

"It's your only chance."

There was an awkward pause in the dialogue, in which I swallowed convulsively. "Daphne," I began. "Daphne," I continued. "Daphne," I finished rather lamely.

I have made better proposals of course, but, considering the circumstances, I thought I did well. Anyhow the result was most encouraging.

#### MUSCLES AND SINEWS OF WAR.

(Suggested by a study of the more intimate advertising efforts of the Fighting and Financial Departments.)

THAT the draught which the KAISER is lusting to lap May be dashed from his confident lip, The youth of our land must get into the scrap

While the others get on to the scrip.

### Nibbling, Indeed.

"A communiqué reports important progress north of Arras. We assaulted and captured two strongly fortified works and a large trench along a front of one millimetre, near Souchez."

"Weekly Courier" (Tasmania).

An Indian paper reports the Chief Officer of the Women Police Patrols as saying:-

"Personally I wept through the training of jiu-jitsu, but we do not insist upon it for every officer.

If the process is so painful this is just as well.

"Wanted, about Sept. 1st, by officer's (regular) wife, either small furnished House or nice Rooms."—Bournemouth Daily Echo.

A little cryptic, perhaps; but we gather in time that the advertiser's husband is not a Territorial.

"Orders were received yesterday for the 14th Gloucesters (the West

of England Bantams), to leave Bristol for camp, on Saturday next. "The number of eggs received at the Kingswood and Hanham Depot for the week ended August 21, was 834."—Western Daily Press.

With average luck that should make a fine nucleus for the new battalion.

#### THE HIGH-WATER MARK.

A SMALL difficulty of some military importance has arisen at "Sunnyside, and we don't quite know what ought to be done about it. So if anyone who reads this has a cousin at the War Office-well . .

Yesterday Bob arrived straight from Armageddon.

His two "Mothers," so he informs us, are languishing under the eye of a reckless and totally undependable gun-crank—to wit, his Major. Therefore his leave is strictly limited, as at any moment the Major may be tempted to foolhardy experiment, and-well, Bob says three days is all he dare take.

This is just to let you know that Bob is a person who is acquainted with crumps, pip-squeaks, and other nerve-racking instruments of war, and by the same token is not a bad judge of the matter.

The matter-something the matter -began nearly two years ago. I went to a doctor, who thought it was the result of overwork-until he came to know me better. Then he abandoned the case, his temper permanently soured. So I went to another man, who said it was caused through lack of occupation. I abandoned him. After that I went to manifold other doctors, and at last, one bright morning in Welbeck Street, I was told to have my teeth out-all of them. I liked this chap. There was something definite about him. I went home and counted my teeth-twenty-seven of them.

The programme read: "One extraction weekly." Twenty-seven appointments with the dentist!

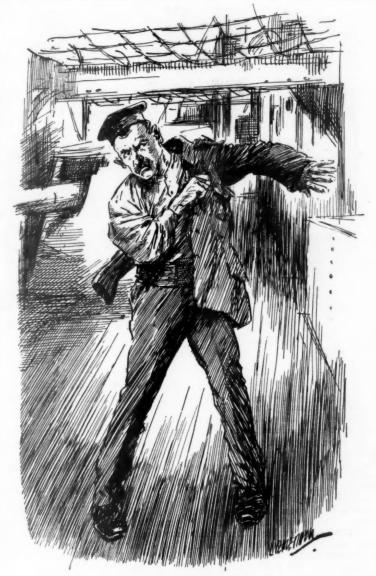
It was an epic of dentistry, slightly vulgarised by the term "weekly." corrected this to "third Tuesday in the month," thus transforming the affair into a genuine Odyssey. I then wrote a short note about appointment No. 1.

All this was in the beginning. I hardly knew my dentist in those days. Now I call him Charlie.

Month after month we (including the anæsthetist) gathered round the same old chair and spoke of all our sorrows and our joys. Soon after the right upper wisdom disappeared Charlie married. Then the anæsthetist died, poor chap. That was early in 1914, before the second bicuspid vanished. Then Charlie had twins, and in his excitement nearly took out a couple of incisors instead of one. Then the War broke out . . . I was still at it.

Then the new anæsthetist grew a . . I was still at it.

Later on, the sight of my sober contemporaries in strange uniforms talk about teeth now, at least we didn't affirmative.



# A HANDY MAN.

Marine (somewhat late for parade). "AT BIX O'CLOCK I WAS A BLOOMIN' 'OUSEMAID; AT SEVEN O'CLOCK I WAS A BLOOMIN' VALET; AT EIGHT O'CLOCK I WAS A BLOOMIN' WAITER; AN' NOW I'M A BLOOMIN' SOLDIER!"

one sitting.

was only a matter of weeks. I merely

was more than flesh could bear, so, until last night. As I have mentioned, throwing aside all caution, I made a Bob arrived yesterday, so Joe and I, a final sprint and had the insignificant thoroughly selfish couple, arranged a remainder-three molars-extracted at feast, to which we decided to invite our three selves only. Joe wrote the menu in Flemish and I shook up the old Australian port. Nothing was forgotten, had to sit still and consider patterns of and, when the time came, we sat down green-grey material suitable for wear to pump Bob of all the latest scandals military moustache—tooth-brush brand in the local brigade of "Frosty-Tops." from G.H.Q. . . . Should any reader That was some time ago, and—well, it wish to know whether things are going wasn't my teeth after all. We never well in Flanders, the answer is in the

st

a ist hy it

ely

ly. aly

ves iite nse ne; ake as

ich ie," ing the

orts ap

We large a).

men o not

small the

West Depôt

r the



Genial Clergyman. "But if you do not belong to the Royal Field Artillery, my boy, what is the meaning of 'R.F.A." ON YOUR SHOULDER?"

Urchin. " 'READY FOR ANYFINK,' SIR."

Over the barcelonas we raised a tidy little breeze on the subject of courage. Joe and I were all for something between the trenches — ours and the Huns'. Some desperate deed such as we should hear of daily if the Censor were not so antagonistic to personalities. Bob entirely disagreed.

"War," he maintained, "is a sociable and entertaining form of enervation, punctuated with moments of breathless exhilaration." He admitted that there were occasions when courage was really necessary, viz.:-

(1) Leaving your guns in the hands of Majors and other senior officers.

(2) Undergoing a prolonged exhortation on tactics from the Brigadier.

(3) Eating marmalade by moonlight during the wasp season.

(4) Borrowing another chap's mouth-

organ-and playing it. "That sort of thing," he continued, "does need a bit of pluck, but the actual fighting . . ." He cracked a

nut scornfully. "Well," I ventured, "what is your idea of the best example of physical courage?"

He did not hesitate a moment.

"Having a tooth out," he replied tersely.

Just that. "Having a tooth out."

I haven't quite decided what I am going to do about it.

I did think of the V.C., but Joe has persuaded me to wait until they make a more distinctive award for the highest form of valour.

## EXTRAVAGANCE.

According to " The Sheffield Daily Telegraph," the Education Committee of the City Council decline to study economy.]

With abject apologies to the shade of MILTON.

HENCE, loath'd Economy,

Of Thriftiness and Parsimony born, In miser's den forlorn,

Where dust and dirt enjoy complete autonomy!

But come, thou girl with golden glance,

By some men called Extravagance; Haste thee, nymph, and bring with

Irresponsibility,

Whom, with saucy face oblique, Lightsome laugh and simple cheek, Thumb extended from her nose, In a light fantastic pose, Every critic pen derides, And the folk who pay, besides.

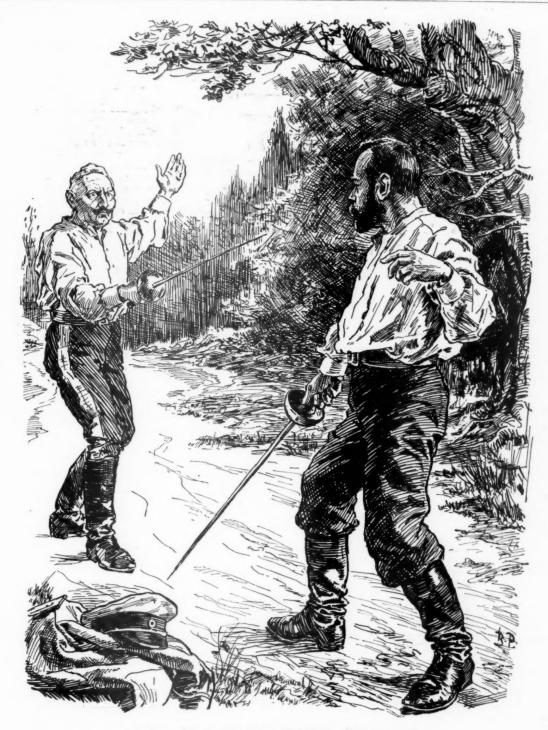
And ever, 'gainst corroding cares, Lap us in official airs, Married to a haughty speech (As when new-made curates preach) With epithets in winding bout Of clotted nonsense long drawn out, Such as men may fancy witty (Men at least on our Committee). Then Midas' self shall rear his head, By kindred taste and fancy led, And dim his eyes with thankful tears, Beholding our resemblant ears! Aid us thus, and we can laugh

""Off! Orders—Suppose a man took the trouble personally to go to a greer before 12 or after 2.30 to give an order for spirits to be supplied in the permitted hours, the greer could not take the order; he can take it only if the person is present on five days a week between the hours of 12 and 2.30". between the hours of 12 and 2.30."

The Glasgow Herald.

At The Sheffield Telegraph.

It seems a long time to wait, especially if one is really thirsty.



# THE ADVANCE THAT FAILED.

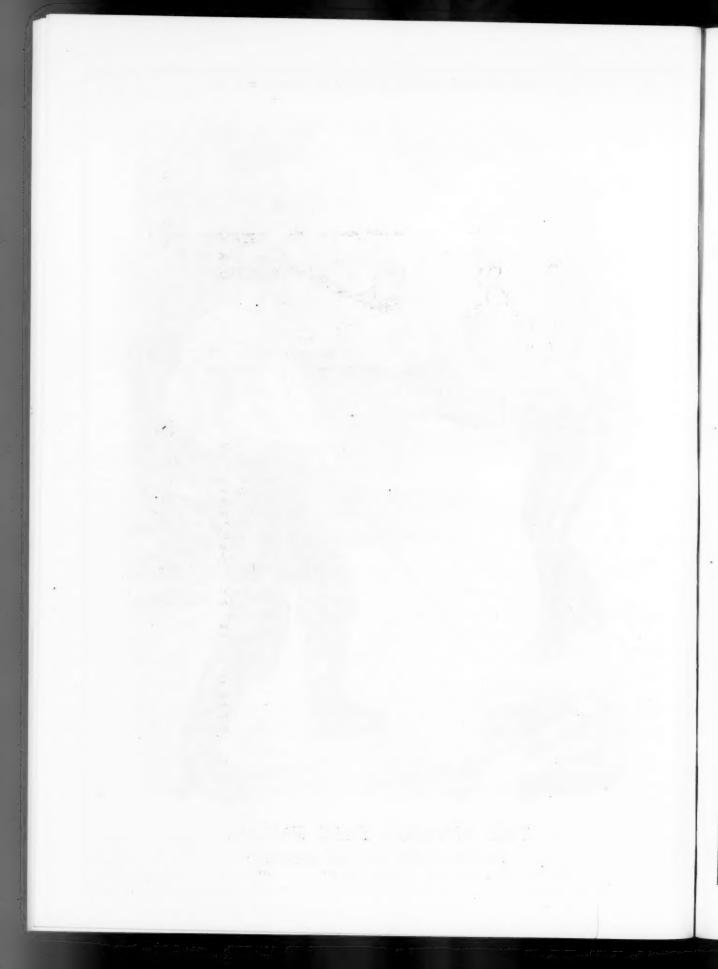
d, ars,

the e 12 o be

ocer only veek

ally

THE KAISER. "HAVE YOU HAD ENOUGH?"
THE TSAR. "NO. HAVE YOU?"





# THE APPRO. WEEK.

This is what it said in the advertisement: "On appro., one week willingly." As Ursula observed, "They simply must be honest to put that in!" So I answered the advertisement; and on the next day he arrived.

He came by railway delivery, attached to the railway deliverer by a rusty chain and a friendship that seemed to have been established on the journey from the station. He had a white coat of the variety known as wire-haired; a tousled black-and-tan head, from which looked out the most pathetically melting eyes imaginable; and his name recalled the finest traditions of literature and art. It was Toby.

He appeared to take to the place at once; and indeed to be almost cheerful, so long as one or other of us was at hand with a supply of soothing conversation. But you would hardly credit the extent to which the wistful pathos in his eyes deepened at the smallest suggestion of being left alone. His passion for sitting upon laps seemed also extraordinary in one whose short life had been spent wholly (so I understood) in the monastic society of a stable. There was no dislodging him. Did his supporter for the moment rise, in two seconds Toby would impose himself upon the other, give an exploratory turn or so, and with a little contented from our home. One recalled after- kitchen fire; and Toby lay in it, more

its drawbacks.

When one day of the week had gone we were still undecided. To appro. or not to appro. Both Ursula and I were already more than a little in love with Toby, but his profound melancholy militated undeniably against his success as a boon companion. Neither sticks, bones nor the suggestion of mythical cats could raise him from this apparent depression.

"Don't you suppose he knows any games?" asked Ursula.

One active interest in life he had, and only one; but this was constant.

"Did they say anything about—them in the letter?" asked Ursula.

"The person who wrote it said that he had never seen him scratch," replied.

"He must," said Ursula thoughtfully, "have been a singularly unobservant man."

Still we hesitated. A point on the credit side was that there was no difficulty in making him follow; rather the other way.

On the fourth afternoon of his visit Ursula and I were both engaged to tea with the new Rectoress. We thought to have solved the problem of Toby by locking him in the potting-shed. The Rectory stands at the remote end of the village, about half a mile distant sigh compose his countenance to sleep, wards, of course, that the window of pathetic than ever, with a last fond fare-

It was flattering, of course, but it had the potting-shed had incautiously been left ajar; but how the faithful animal traced us to the Rectory and actually forced an entrance to the drawing-room was another matter. Somewhere on the journey he must have encountered a pond of green slime . . . The Rector himself was exceedingly nice about it, and related several appropriate anecdotes from The Spectator; but it cannot be pretended that Toby added to the success of the visit. We returned home with the balance of popular opinion in favour of rejection.

And that night Toby sickened. Whether it was that green slime had been inimical to his constitution, or for whatever reason, the fact remains that our probationer became manifestly unwell. His eyes grew dull, his nose hot, and the little tousled head clearly ached, with such reluctance was it lifted from the human arm (Ursula's) into which it had trustfully nestled. His host and hostess regarded him and each other with some anxiety, mingled perhaps, on my part, with a little irritation.

"That settles it," I said. "We've had the dog four days, and he's been one perpetual bother. Directly he's able to travel, he goes."
"Ye-es," said Ursula.
We made up an emergency bed with

a basket and some rugs before the

well in his one uncovered eye for the we are united again! What a momembers of the household gathered ment!" round. Our official vet. is away Bosche hunting at present, but on the next seemed oddly quiet-oddly, because a label?' Toby had never been what you could "Ursula looked up, and our eyes met. call a vehement inmate—and Ursula "No," I said firmly, with the air of fortunate it was that we had dis- lution. I replaced the chain in my like covered things in time.

"I hope," she added, "that you will write pretty sharply about it to the advertisement

people." Two more days went by, while we heard nothing of the invalid. The week was now in its last hours. Something had to be done, and immediately. In the unlikely event of its being possible, there was Toby's return journey to be arranged. "I shall drive in to-morrow," I said, "and settle the matter."

"I might as well come too," said Ursula.

So in the morning we started-I with the rusty chain in my coat pocket. I had already looked up times, and decided that Toby was to eatch the noon express from the junction. "Of course," said Ursula timidly, "one wouldn't want him to run any risks or be unhappy on the journey."
"Ursula," I reproved her, "I

have no intention of being brutal, but that dog would be unhappy anywhere. He revels in it.'

At the locum's, however, a surprise awaited us.

"Of course he's able to travel," declared Toby's medical adviser briskly. "He's as fit as a fiddle! Only had a touch of liver-chill. I'll go and fetch him for you. I

expect," he added over his shoulder, "it pocket. "He will not be travelling sons distinguished in something other may have been coming on for some to-day." The question had, I felt, than soldiering, so as to gloss over days."

This was eminently satisfactory. There was now no possible reason why Toby should not be returned at once. I produced the rusty chain. Ursula had seated herself and was gazing sternly out of window. And then, before we expected him, Toby entered. There came a sound of scrabbling and snuffling at the door; it opened, and an agitated mass of black, white, and tan dashed into the room, and precipitated itself upon us, quivering from head to all four feet in an ecstasy of Kremlin."—Evening Paper. tan dashed into the room, and precipiwelcome. "Oh, my long-lost master! This stratagem of make Oh, my beloved mistress!" cried Toby, part of the Kremlin in beaming with wags. "At length baffling to the Germans.

He was upon Ursula's knee already, pounding her with tumultuous paws. morning the locum, summoned by licking her face, and then turning to telegram, called for our visitor in a loll his tongue delightedly at me. dog-cart, and bore him away wrapped "Seems a bit more lively now," comin a blanket All that day the house mented the locum. "Shall you want

and I told each other at intervals how one who clings to an unalterable reso-



"Two THIRD-CLASS BETURNS." "WHY, BACK 'ERE, O' COURSE, YE FULE!"

been taken out of our hands. The answer was Appro.

## Journalistic Candour.

"Owing to its private wire, the 'Northern Echo' gives War news three or four hours later than any other paper printed in or circulating in the district.

"FLAGS PLAYED INTO PETROGRAD.

Four regimental colours from Kovno have

This stratagem of making Petrograd part of the Kremlin may prove very

## A SURPRISE VISIT.

"You must see the Camp Quartermaster's store." The voice was the voice of our Commandant and I was the Camp Quartermaster. The person addressed I guessed to be the General, who was paying us a surprise visit. In our camps we are prepared for any emergency and, curiously enough, the whole camp had that morning been scrubbed and cleaned in case anything an unexpected visit from the

General should occur. I glanced round the store to make sure that it was in a suitable condition to be surprised, and I started furiously adding up figures in order to be surprised while engaged in my work.

"This, General, is the Camp Quartermaster." I hurriedly put down my pen, rose from my chair and stood on my cap, which I had hastily removed and placed out of sight on the floor so as not to embarrass the General by making him acknowledge a salute in a confined space.

For the General I was prepared; but that Mrs. General and several other ladies would be in attendance I had not anticipated. I forthwith removed one foot from my cap and got my face mixed up with the bunch of bananas which I had hung over my table in order to give an artistic Oriental

appearance to the store.
"You would hardly think that this gentleman is a distinguished writer," said our Commandant, meaning me. The look of frank incredulity on the face of the General, if somewhat offensive, was thoroughly justified, as of course I am not a distinguished writer or anything of the kind, though our Commandant usually introduces us to strangers as per-

any slight error of military etiquette of which we may be guilty. Out of loyalty to our Commandant I endeavoured to assume what I believed to be the air of a distinguished writer, though I was considerably handicapped by still having one foot on my cap and my face in the bunch of bananas.
"How interesting!" murmured the

ladies.

"Really!" said the General. "What do you write?

"Orders for beer mostly," I muttered. "I shall be very interested to read them," said the General, who could hardly have caught the full purport of my reply, as he had meantime wrapt n

p

d it 0 g 2

al

d-

I m

ed

as

le

al

at

ed

nt.

nk

he

ve,

of

ed nd.

lly

er-

er

ver

tte

of

n-

red

er.

ped

nd

the

hat

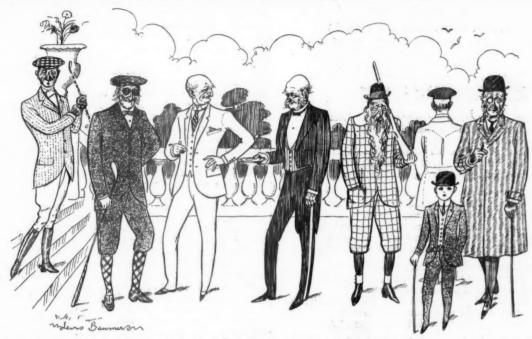
ed.

ead

uld

of

apt



Sketch of house-party (showing latest designs in autumn suitings); being the only way a really patriotic tailor DARE ADVERTISE MUFTI AT THE PRESENT TIME.

his head in one of those long sticky things which are known as "fly cemeteries" and are to be found hanging in every self-respecting store. In spite of the fact that we all worked our hardest, the process of disentangling him took time, as fly cemeteries are elusive things ear the other end adhered to his other

General's wife, who was the first to re-cover. "What's the price of potatoes?" kind of potato that had ever been

see by the pips-

"What's the price of potatoes?" rudely interrupted the General, whose General. temper was slightly ruffled by the still adhered to his scalp.

"It depends whether you mean London potatoes or Country potatoes, Sir, because, of course, you can get fly cemetery and while we unglued him potatoes in the country as well as in I remembered the price of potatoes. London. Personally I prefer the London variety. This potato (I picked one and as soon as we got one end off one country kind are similar in shape but country ones here and, as a matter of cover. "What's the price of potatoes?" we had to cook it. I don't remember to jam. Good-bye, Sir, the flies are I had expected this, and in anticipation exactly what I paid for this particular troublesome, aren't they?" of the General's visit (I mean in view potato; you see I 've had to buy several of the possibility of a visit from the and they re difficult to identify and the General) I had learnt the price of every price varies according to the market value. I'm afraid that in England the raised. The making or marring of a civilian doesn't pay sufficient attention St. Helen's Quartermaster depends on whether or to the price of potatoes, but in Gernot he can tell the General the price of many things are different; that's why potatoes. I could have given the right we get so many conflicting reports. answer at any moment up to the time I've read as many as two absolutely of his becoming involved with the fly contradictory accounts of the German cemetery, but now it had vanished potato crop in the same paper. Accordfrom me like a Zeppelin in the night. ing to one account the last potato in "Potatoes-yes, of course these are Germany had been destroyed by an air potatoes," I said, and endeavoured to raid; according to the other potatoes change the conversation by treading on were so plentiful that they weren't a pot of jam, "and this is jam, as you worth picking and were simply rotting on the trees.'

"Potatoes on trees!" said Mrs.

That's the worst of women, they number of semi-defunct flies which always know about these domestic things.

Providentially the General at this moment became involved in another

"You know, Sir, of course," I said, "that the present price of potatoes in out of the sack) is a Londoner; the the London market is six shillings per cwt., and sixpence more in the country. of course cleaner. I have had some Yes, that is tinned milk; fresh milk is sold only in the towns. I buy my "So this is your store," said the fact, kept one to show you in case you bananas from Spain, and the curious came down, but it died yesterday and thing is that the men prefer marmalade

## The Super-Lunchers.

"Visits were paid yesterday by Sir Robert and Lady Baden-Powell to Southport and

At each place the visitors were entertained at lunch by the Mayor and Mayoress. Morning Paper.

A headline from The Egyptian Gazette:-

"RATS AS GERMAN CARBIERS."

Although we have heard much of these animals as conveyers of plague, we can hardly believe this latest accusation.

"Owing to a plague of wasps in the Sheffield district, farmers have had to stop harvest operations to take wasps wasp nests before they could gather in their wasps." Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.

Some of them appear to have strayed into the printing-office.

# HOLIDAY'S END.

(After six days' leave in the North.)

For three long days of white and gold and blue (And three of driving wind and driven rain), For wonder of the misty dawns that grew Clear, as the dayshine followed in their train,-For all the pleasuring that yours and you Provided, Thomas, take my thanks again.

Now-Franceward bound once more-I look again To where your hill slides into far-off blue Behind me; and the rattle of the train Can't drown the fairy-songs I hear, that grew Out of the clouds, out of the falling rain-Songs of a land I leave, alas! with you.

And for to-morrow? Oh, my Thomas, you Will climb the stony southern beat again To Corriecharbie; and across the blue The driven birds will come, a straggling train; And at the clearing where the rowans grew You'll wait for lunch, and sniff the coming rain .

Or, if the river's up with last night's rain, That twenty-pounder's lying by for you-The wary one I played and lost again Down at the Falls; and shall you try that "Blue Doctor" we tied on Sunday—left to train On for a little, "till his feathers grew"?

Ah, when the fishing wind set fair, and grew From south to south-west with a hint of rain, All day we stayed there till our hands were blue And the long line ran out and out again. This-poor Unfit One-this remains to you; To me, the flying shadow of the train.

Yet later, when the southward-swinging train Crosses the Border—where our friendship grew And ripened—and the scent of English rain Blows through an English night, I think of you Cheerfully; I am Sassenach again As the last stars go down in misty blue.

## 2/2 Postscriptum.

But with the blue chill morning, as the train Left wind and rain and hills behind, there grew This hope—that you might ask me there again.

# UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER. No. XXVI.

(From CHARLES PEACE, Esq., J.P.)

I can see your Majesty's startled look when your Imperial eye falls upon my signature at the end of this letter. "How in thunder," you will say to yourself, "does a man with such a name as that dare to address himself to me at such a moment as this? Is it done by way of a joke? In that case I would have him know that a German Emperor does not care for jokes, except when he makes them himself;" and you will throw the letter down and trample on it with just that same silly petulance that caused you to make this War and plunge nearly all the world into Ho! for the touch of a varnished hand! bloodshed and destruction.

However, I may as well ease your mind at once. There's no joke about my name. It really is "Peace" and always has been since I can remember anything, and I'm not We prefer the simpler name for it.

writing in order to tease you or pull your leg, or to do any of those things of which a high and mighty Emperor naturally disapproves. Quite the contrary. My object in writing to you is to tell you that I have a certain admiration for you. I realise that that is a queer thing for an Englishman to say, and I don't want you to do what you've so often done before in other matters, namely, to draw erroneous conclusions. So I'll explain what I mean without any more beating about the bush.

Sir, I had a grandfather—indeed, like the rest of us, I had two, but only one of them stamped his name upon the age and is worthy of public remembrance. That one was my paternal grandfather, whose name, like my own, was CHARLES PEACE. You'll ask what he was. Well, I'll tell you in strict confidence, for, after all, one doesn't like the frailties of one's ancestors to become the subject of malevolent public gossip. Charlie Peace was a burglar and a murderer who flourished some forty years ago. Many men have been burglars and some have been assassins, but my grandfather had special and peculiar merits. He was an amateur of the violin and used to delight his landladies and their visitors by playing popular selections to them of an evening before going out on business in the neighbourhood. Moreover, he had a marked taste for our dramatic poets, especially for Shakspeare, passages from whose immortal works he used to read in schools by arrangement with their headmasters. His greatest effort in this line, I am told, was the Gravediggers' scene from Hamlet. Altogether he was a most ingenious and versatile gentleman, devoted to the arts during the time that he spared from the cracking of cribs and the shooting of policemen. Finally, however, the law got the better of him. All this was a great blow to my poor father, who was doing a good and honest business of his own in the North of England, and for a time we had to forget my grandfather; but as the years passed on and money began to accumulate, we could afford to remember him sometimes; and now, I protest, we're rather proud of him, just as many a Border family used to be proud of an ancestor who had been hanged at Carlisle for sheep-stealing. So it is possible that some future generation of men may speak with less horror than the present of yourself and your deeds. To be sure you have killed millions where grandfather accounted for only one or two. He rifled a few houses; you have laid whole provinces waste, and being under a solemn pledge to guard a country, you entered it like a thief in the night, destroyed its inhabitants and trampled its liberties underfoot. Yes, you're a bigger man in the realms of crime than ever CHARLES PEACE, my grandfather, was, but what with your dabblings in music and painting and drama, you're not unlike him in the make-up of your character, and if I happened to want a grandfather of the real C.P. brand, I think I should know where to look for one. That's what I wanted to tell you, and now that I've told it my mind is easier. But please do not let this unstudied tribute of admiration go beyond yourself.

From a tailor's advertisement:-

Yours,

"Sole Agents for the Glengorra Antisceptic Sporting Tweeds." Kilkenny Moderator.

The cloth for "The Cloth."

"The ladies also took an active part in the work, helping to paint and varnish the widows."—Bath Herald.

"The humorous bone of his left arm is shattered."

East Devon News.

CHARLES PEACE.

ıy

or

in

a-

n

at

to

an

, I

he

as

as

ell

he

70-

a

en

ny an

nd

an

od.

ts.

tal

eir

old,

he the of

the

mv

of

rad

and

ber

l of

an

ng.

nav

and

ere

few

eing

d it

and

man and-

and

e-up

ther

look

that

this

E.

tor.

paint

eus.

# THE GARDEN ON THE SANDS.

SHE made a lovely garden, Its moated waters welled, And all the brakes of Arden Held not the peace it held; No shadow swept the bower That rose on sea-smoothed sands Save, as she set each flower, The shadow of her hands.

Herein were paths enchanted With coloured sand inlaid, And purple knapweed planted In many a pleasant glade; Parterres with grave devotion She laboured to adorn With cockles from the ocean And cockles from the corn.

Then lo! the crowning wonder, A flower that bent and swung To filmy wings' faint thunder And legs that clasped and clung; And proud blue eyes grow wider And cheeks a rosier hue-Real bees at work beside her And make-believe come true!

## A MOULD OF FORM.

It has been said that everybody is afraid of some one. Equally true is it that everybody envies some one. Mr. Rockefeller, for example, probably envies some poor man with a digestion hair on his head and no Standard Oil troubles—a tramp even. Mr. CARNEGIE, it is possible, envies a young Scotch boy beginning life with half-a-crown in his pocket. And so with the rest of us each has his hero.

The man who, at the moment, I feel to be most admirable and remote from myself-and this remoteness is of course of the essence of envy-is

my acquaintance, X.
I had always felt that X had worthy qualities of distinction, engaging touches of superiority and aloofness, but not until we were seated on an omnibus in the high wind of last week did I realise how splendid he could be and long for similar gifts.

We had just come from Blank's, X's hatter, where he had acquired a beautiful soft hat, which he was wearing, and we were on our way regally on the front seat of a Dreadnought bus to South Kensington Museum, where we were bent on examining a branch Blank's. of applied art.

The wind, you will remember, came furiously in gusts, and one of these removed from X's head his becoming new purchase and sent it spinning into the road. Uttering a brief word designed to meet, although not to ex- ing X's hat preparatory to finding its haust, the requirements of such occur- owner and returning it to him.



RECOGNITION.

THESE TWO VOLUNTEERS, THOUGH EXTREMELY THIRSTY, ARE GREATLY PLEASED AT HAVING BEEN REFUSED DRINKS ON THE GROUND THAT THEY ARE SOLDIERS.

rences, he rang the bell and descended from the bus. I followed.

So far he had done no more than anyone else-you or I-would do; but common stature. no sooner had he safely landed than he put up his stick to a passing taxi and bade the driver take us back to

In the distance I could see officious persons closing in on the fugitive; but X's eyes did not stray in their direction.

A very few moments brought us to a part of the road where, as we passed, an excited man was in the act of brush-

I drew X's attention to this Good Samaritan, and it was then that he seemed to me to rise inches above the

"Let's get on to Blank's quickly,"

"Further communications from Berlin are expected to advance negotiations to the point where attacks on ship-carrying passengers will be definitely discontinued, at least while the subject is under further discussion.' Morning Paper.

Still, in view of the vagueness of this concession, it would be wise for the intending traveller not to include the Mauretania in his personal baggage.

#### BACK.

MILLIONS of stout Germans buzzed annoyingly about, flicking at me as they passed with absurd toy bayonets, and puffing from rounded cheeks their nasty gases, which spread in great balloons like the conversations in Mr. HASELDEN'S Daily Mirror pictures. Then an angel-no, it must have been a goddess-appeared and drove them away with a wave of her arm, quite like the old times, you know, HECTOR and Troy and all that. I began to wonder which she was; Hera-I hoped not Hera, I always hated her so; or Athena-I shouldn't mind Athena; or perhaps Aphrodite: yes, I think Aphrodite on the whole, please. When the last German had quite gone she came towards me-so she hadn't forgotten how to do it after all these years, you see; having rescued her favourite, she would speak to him words of advice and encouragement. How splendid!

She touched me lightly on the shoulder. "Breakfast," she said. Then she materialised a little, but only just a little. Her robes became the sober grey dress and little scarlet cloak that soldiers know and bless. "Breakfast," she said again. "We're in."

She turned away to the next cot. Breakfast indeed! Good Heavens, who wants breakfast? We're in.

A doubt assailed me; the goddess had gone and I looked uneasily round for the gas-blowing Germans, craning to see under the cot. It's just the mean trick they would do to hide underneath and blow their nasty stuff from there. I craned as far as my miserable arm would let me till a gentle bump of the boat nearly shot me out. But it settled the matter. pier we're bumping against.

The goddess returned. "Come, you must eat your breakfast, you know." Even goddesses are a nuisance at times. "And then you shall have a paper; it's just come.

"But Aphr . . . Sister, I can't eat this mess.

She coaxed a little, but finally gave

"Well, at any rate drink this, and then I'll leave you in peace to your paper."

I drank "this" and she went. I was getting the gangways out; it was a jolly sound.

Presently a man in the far corner said there was a big casualty list in. casualty lists, so I opened my paper to

simply enormous; you know what they more. Of course they had it-a portseem like when you're ill. I turned stormed and recaptured. In the money markets tin shouted that it was buoyant with a persistency that was simply revolting. What business had tin to be buoyant just then?

At last I came upon the "Fallen Officers" notices. I ran my eye down one or two of the men I had known: presently the name of 2nd Lieutenant John Sevastopol... Hello! that's familiar; Sevastopol is a name that has lain heavy on the boys of our family ever from the tomb." since an enthusiastic little lady bore a son and lost a husband in the winter of '55. Forsyth, 2nd Battalion, the -. By Jove, it is. John Sevastopol Forsyth. I chuckled quietly; it really was rather funny. I wondered what people I knew would say about me at breakfast that morning. the porridge perhaps, how sad it was all these youngsters getting killed off like this; over the bacon they might recall my good points and say what a promising boy I'd always been; by the marmalade they'd wish they'd been nicer

to me—I am so glad they weren't.

I was still chuckling when an R.A.M.C. Major came round, decorating each as he passed with a label. On me he pinned the word "Ipswich." I read it and groaned. "Major," I said, "this is too much. Here am I, a bright and promising young officer, who has just died for his country, and you send me home and bury me at Ipswich. Ipswich of all places, I'll trouble you."

The Major was adamant. "Sorry," he said, "but you'll have to take your chance; you can't all go to London."

I fired my last shot. When you We are in, and that's Southampton really want anything out of a Major you call him Sir; it's like calling a policeman Sergeant, you know; makes him feel as if he'd got his command by brevet. "But, Sir," I began, and then I explained exactly why I, at any rate, must go to London. He'd only just got his majority and was still human. "Very well," he said at last; "but don't go talking about it to everybody." So I was redirected to London.

Soon the transporting began, an exhausting process when you are absurdly conscious of the tenderness of most of your limbs; and when we were safely quite awake now, but I didn't want to in the train I dozed at once, not to read; I just lay and listened to them wake till we reached Waterloo. The rest was short, an ambulance ride through London streets, an absolute dream after the French pavé, and then the hospital, where beautiful white Everyone takes a morbid interest in walls with rounded corners seemed to say, "You've got to get well here." look at it. It was a penny paper, and It was perfect, but I wanted one thing

able one, that I could speak through as page after page; a trench was stormed and recaptured, stormed and recaptured, five." That wasn't the real number this is the part of the story that isn't true—and I don't know who Western 3305 is, but I hope he'll let me use his line for a minute. "Western doublethhrrree 0 five," answered an austere voice. A pause. "Hello!" I recognised the voice, it was the one I wanted, but it didn't sound quite so merry as usual. "Hello!" it said again; "who's that?"

"Roughly," I said, "this is a voice

"Speak up." I spoke up; even so there seemed to be some doubt.

"What's your number?" asked the

So then I began at the beginning. "I am John Sev"-well, you know who I am, don't you?-"And I hope you're not believing this silly story about my being killed, becau . . .

"Oh, Johnny!" she began. Yes, it's good to be back from the

## His Badge of Office.

Jones. "How did you know that Robinson was a staff officer?'

Brown. "Why, because he wears red tape round his hat."

## A Natural Supposition.

Little girl, aged 41, to her mother:-"Mummy, are wasps German bees?"

"A farmer in the Wetherby district, 73 years of age, has this year cut the whole of his corn himself with a scythe."

Yorkshire Evening Post. While congratulating this veteran on his remarkable skill, we think it would have been safer to employ a chiropodist.

"What amount of retrospective whitewash does Germany hope to extract from exhuming the discussions . . . before the War? Daily Dispatch.

Well, it would seem to depend upon the number of her whited sepulchres.

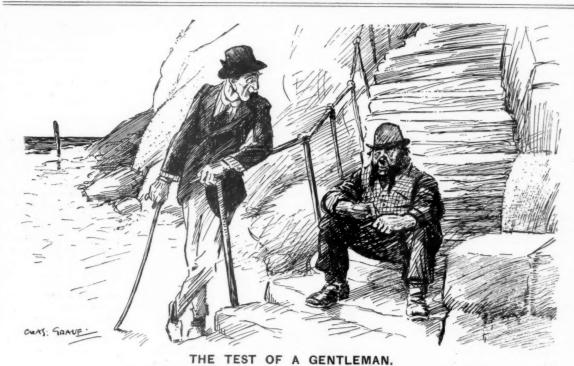
"The military program has already been framed, and half a million of dollars (£100,000,000) will be asked for."

Evening Paper. We were aware that the American rate of exchange had been moving against us, but did not realise that it was quite so bad.

# The Pity of It.

When memory of Prussian foulness

One thing will keep its fame Of cruelty and shame-The strike in Wales.



Longshoreman (after protracted conversation). "Be you one o' they Germans, Zur?" Visitor. "GOOD GRACIOUS, NO. WHY?" Longshoreman. "Well, you 'Asn't asked I if I wor thirsty!"

# OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

rn

on

st.

sh

ing

he

ars

ate

nst

iite

SS

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE ought to be an Ideas Exchange for novelists. Ideas for stories are always calling at the wrong address. Probably at this very moment Mr. W. W. Jacobs has just thought of a splendid plot for a mediæval romance which would make Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT scream with joy, while round the corner Mr. Hewlett is wishing that he were able to do something with the magnificent idea for a Night Watchman yarn that has come to him. If only there had been some Exchange of this kind in existence, Miss Ellen Ada Smith would have been able to let Mr. W. B. MAXWELL have the theme of The Despot (John Long). He is the only writer I know who could have made out of Paul Manderson, the philanthropic but unscrupulous mad doctor, the big living character which he ought to be. Miss Smith has done her best with him, but has failed for lack of ammunition. Her gentle, rather rambling style is unequal to Manderson. She is at home with her less formidable characters, especially when they happen to be women, but she has not the power and vision necessary for the delineation of a man whose sole aim in life is to benefit humanity in the mass, and who in pursuance of this ambition ruthlessly sacrifices the lives and happiness of individuals. The Despot falls between two stools. It has not enough movement for a novel of action, and not enough detail for a novel of character. The author's attitude towards Manderson is a question. Was he a supreme genius or merely a charlatan with hypnotic powers? If

to Miss Smith for authoritative information, she shrugs her shoulders and says, "I wonder!"

To get an idea of the style of Mr. F. Horace Rose's latest book, Golden Glory (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), I suggest that you should imagine Mr. J. C. SNAITH in the frame of mind which produced Fortune sallying forth to follow in the footsteps of Sir RIDER HAGGARD in his Darkest African humour. Such a combination sounds, I admit, almost too good to be true, and in simple honesty I hasten to add that both these famous warriors might fairly feel a little aggrieved at the comparison, for, though there is twist and thrust enough to remind one of Mr. SNAITH and battle-shock that might well have been planned by Sir RIDER, on neither flank is there quite the full authentic fire; yet, due allowance made, it is fair enough. Certainly for such a campaign one can hardly imagine a more conveniently arranged country than Bechuanaland of a hundred years ago would seem to have been; for in the wanderings of Napo the Dwarf, seeker of a vaguely spiritual glory, and his two stalwart friends, the only important credentials were a hand ready and a skull thick enough to meet those occasions of "liveliness" in which they were every day involved. May I confess that at times I found these warlike details more than a little involved myself and had need of a stout enough head to come through safely? But that perhaps was natural, since no white man is allowed to intrude on these pages, a stray keg of gunpowder being the only exponent of a civilisation against which Mr. Rose is rather too fond of letting fly sundry you are interested in Manderson at all, that is the one little arrows of criticism. Such an attitude seems to me thing you want to know about him; and, when you apply not only rather irritating but a bit ungrateful too, seeing

that his book owes a good deal to that climax of many idea. If the title was meant for apology it is certainly fascinating wizardries, the production of a real live thunderbolt; and without a properly civilised fire-barrel not even Keshwan, the boaster, could have done that. But this is not a very serious weakness, and on the whole the story is certainly one to put on your list.

Mr. J. D. Beresford, having long delighted us with his famous realistic trilogy, has in his latest mood gone off at a tangent into the frankest conventionalism. It is indeed possible that he has a little overdone it. I didn't find myself quite able to believe in his Arthur Grey, who (scion of a noble English house, son of a remittance-man father and an honest Canadian mother,) determines, owing to stout highbrow notions, never to claim his inheritance, yet comes over and contrives to be invited as a guest to his ancestral home, falls inevitably in love with his cousin, Lady Tempe family title and estates, in order to save complications-

which Mr. BERESFORD, rather perversely, as it seems to me, has himself invented. By the way, he will find, I think, if he looks up his peerage, that he has deprived the Marquis of Cheshire's son of his courtesy title; and that is a very terrible mistake to make in the eyes of the higher patrons of the circulating libraries, though I myself might be disposed to agree with him that it didn't much matter. It is quite likely that The Mountains of the Moon (Cassell) will find new readers for Mr. BERES-FORD on the strength of a deservedly high reputation acquired in another and more excellent way. But what I should like

to ask the publishers is, where in the world they discovered of Mr. Hall Caine's new War-book informs us that it is the peculiarly beastly pimpled blue cloth which I thought all modern self-respecting bookmakers had decided for ever to avoid? It should be a strafeable offence to revive its use.

Green Eyes (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), by Miss EGERTON JONES, introduces us to yet another Ruritania. But I think that Asgaarde (the name given by Miss EGERTON JONES to the little Kingdom of her fancy) was created only because she wanted a real blood-royal hero. The main scenes of her book are laid in Australia, where the heir to the throne of Asgaarde was travelling incognito and fell in love with the lady of the verdant optic. Asgaarde in the end becomes "practically a Montenegrin province," but I am glad to say for it would be tactless to east reflections upon one of our Allies—that she does not leave me scandalised by the way in which it was annexed. This is apparently a first novel, and it is perhaps a little too sentimental and too gushing. But it is written with the enthusiasm and verve of youth, and the presence of those qualities in its pages makes me readier to commend than to condemn.

Why Mr. Bruno Lessing should have called his book With the Best Intention (Hurst and Blackett) I have no Offices, 10, Bouverie Street, Whitefriars, E.C.

undemanded, for the story or stories it covers are excellent of their kind. I say stories because almost every chapter is, so to speak, self-contained and semi-detached; indeed, if they have not made a previous appearance in magazine form, they might quite easily have done so. The subject of them is the adventures of a little group of Lithuanian Jews, newly settled in the United States. Throughout, the atmosphere is what might be called Potashy; fortunately perhaps a recent theatrical success has endeared this kind of thing to the public heart. Chief among the characters is one Lapidowitz, a Schnorrer. Perhaps you know already what a Schnorrer is? The author here defines it as one who lives by his wits, or (one might add) the lack of them in others. This Lapidowitz is a great man. One of the tales tells of the little list he keeps of touchable friends, and the method by which Fate and the widow Lubin (quite a nice girl), and ends by taking both her and the frustrated his plans of extracting ten dollars from the chief of them. Lapidowitz indeed seems seldom to have been

happy in his dealings with the sex, from Miss Fraser, the Christian school-teacher whom he employed little Moisshe to woo vicariously with apples, to Mrs. Zabriskie with whom he had arranged a two-months' engagement on a strictly cash basis. All these and the other stories in the book are, I think, sufficiently fresh and entertaining to warrant me in recommending them to your notice. I should add that they have been most characteristically illustrated by M. LEONE Bracker, whose pictures have secured the spirit of the Ghetto with unusual skill.

A publisher's notice



Helpful Passer-by, "Excuse me, Sib, but I think you have caught

The Novice. "Yes, yes, I know; but I'm looking through the book to see whether I take the hook out of the fish or the fish off the hook."

"a series of flash-lights on the human side of the vast struggle" which "should act as a clarion-call to the nation." It sounds rather like a cinema-show with

cornet obbligato.

## Commercial Candour.

From a confectioner's price list:-

"--- 's CHEWING GUM.

Used by all athletes and those undertaking feats of endurance, such as marching, etc. It banishes thirst and creates a healthy saliva to promote indigestion."

"Tea was served on the lawn at Lansdown, the 'waitresses' being approximately garbed with 'Union Jack' aprons."—St. Ives Times. If the description is approximately correct a lot of trade must have followed the flag on this occasion.

## MR. PUNCH TO HIS FRIENDS.

Mr. Punch is reproducing his Cartoon, "The Two Ideals," with his lines, "The Wayside Calvary," printed below. The issue will be on rough paper, and the price 2s. 6d. Application should be made to the Secretary, "Punch" y

if

0

t n

e

y

2

le

n

10

ef

n

S

SS

n

ne

re

h

ly

in

k,

n-

ne m

en

ly

NE

es

rit

n-

is

st

he

ich

ing

de

W.

6d.

# CHARIVARIA.

THE veil has at last been lifted in favour of a correspondent of the American Press, and we in England are permitted to share with Germany a knowledge of the activities of our Grand Fleet. Among other secrets now revealed we learn the poignant fact that "the necessity for attending to damage received in battle had always been foreseen by the British Naval authorities."

The following dialogue is reported from the United States:—

Count Bernstorff. I assure you on my word of honour as a German gentleman that the Imperial Government has throughout been actuated by the highest principles of humanity

Uncle Sam. O shucks! Tell that to the submarines. \* \*

We always look to the British Ass. to provide sensations for September, and, though this September is in no need of such stimuli, here they are. The President of the Zoological section describes the earliest forms of life on this planet as "specks, or globules, of a substance similar in its reactions to chromatics." From these—in time sprang all our great men.

Coming over with the Conqueror is no longer a boast of any value. The thing now is to have come in with the globules, or specks.

Major Moraht evidently fails to understand football in the English style. Otherwise his words in The Times of September 4 would not read: "France may resolve to send her goalbirds into the front line."

From Brigade Orders by the O.C. 2/1st South Midland Mounted Brigade: "The Warwickshire Yeomanry will parade at 9 A.M., facing the Lake, and will bring their Rattles on parade with them." Can you wonder that our yeomen complain of being treated as infantry?

An extravagant London bachelor, suddenly taken by the great idea of retrenchment, is putting a notice in the papers to the effect that after a certain date he will no longer be responsible date ne was for his own debts.

It may interest the Editor of The Westminster Gazette, who is running an exciting correspondence on "Religion



Visitor. "I BEE YOU HAVE A FACTORY BUILT HERE?" Native. "No, indeed, Zur, but us 'ad a Zeppelin here last week, and that's only old Mrs. Brown's well, blown inside out."

yacht lent by his Lordship the Bishop which he had held him. Mr. Hodge

According to a contemporary, a wireless message sent to the German Embassy, Cedarhurst, New York, by wireless, was circulated by the Wireless factories was reported to have rendered Press." Reading carefully between the him persona non grata. Subsequently lines we have come to the conclusion that no actual wire was employed.

France struck a box of gramophone but meanwhile it gave a prophetic needles, seventeen of which were aftersignificance to The Evening Standard's wards extracted from a soldier's back, reference to him as "a person 'anon That is "getting the needle" with a grata." vengeance.

and the War," to know that the small stration Mr. John Hodge, M.P., stated explained by the fact that there is a Bahamas contingent of thirty for the British Army was sent to Jamaica in a had fallen from the high estate in land and the Steppe-farther-land.

of Nassau, bearing the name The is a strong man. We ourselves could Message of Peace. high.

The conduct of Dr. Dumba in promoting strikes in American munition we were informed that he had given a "satisfactory explanation" and that the "incident was closed." This state-A shell bursting in a trench in ment now turns out to be incorrect,

Many Bosches have failed to find in At a Socialist and Labour demon- Russia a home from home. This is

# TO A ZEPPELIN.

[In the measure of Shelley's To a Skylark.]

Hall to thee, high-flier,
Who with generous heart
Pourest out thy fire
Over earth's dim chart

In sundry spasms of well-premeditated art!

Like a monstrous bird Overseas thou comest; Melodies unheard

Through the heavens thou hummest, And bombing still dost soar, and soaring ever bombest.

> O'er thy bloated carcass Plays the silver beam, Where, in azure dark, as In a nightmare dream,

Thy crew are swung and wish themselves elsewhere, I deem.

Forth from many a tile (hark!)

Boom the happy guns,

Having quite a sky-lark

Blazing at the Huns,

With now a decent shot, and now some rotten ones.

Didst thou look for panic, Counting on a scare Caused by that Titanic Sausage up in air?

Then let me tell thee, London hasn't turned a hair.

Calm she gazed with such eyes On the scene as though Watching cocoanut-shies Or a comet-show

Or pyrotechnics done by Messrs. Brock and Co.

Saw the last red light out,
And, with jaunty tread,
After half a night out
Struck for home and bed
And on the usual pillow laid the usual head.

With the morrow's dawning
Rose and, all serene,
Turned—a little yawning—
To the day's routine,

And went about her work as if thou hadst not been.

#### FURTHER CONCESSIONS.

(To be outlined in the next German note.)

In future it is understood that the Imperial Government will (wherever this is possible and not highly inconvenient to the operations of German war vessels) allow an interval of twenty minutes for the repentance and self-preparation of American citizens before the destruction by torpedo or otherwise of any first-class liner.

This concession must be understood to be only available when and where the following conditions are rigorously observed:—

for a month.

12 NOON.—Gross impertinence on part of Brigadier. Have had to tell him off several times on account of his

(1) On first sighting a hostile submarine the passenger steamer must at once communicate by wireless the names and addresses of all Americans and Englishmen passengers. These persons must be collected into two separate open boats, and the boats labelled "Wilson" and "Grey" respectively. Also the exact amount of munitions of war concealed as personal luggage must be notified.

(2) On being missed by a shell or torpedo discharged by

a German submarine, any liner must instantly signal to the submarine concerned, "I apologise. Please try again—a little more to the right (or left, as the case may be)."

(3) On finding his vessel within attacking distance of any German submarine, but unobserved by the latter, the commanding officer of any liner shall instantly signal her name and exact latitude, with the words, "Here we are. Please send torpedo; or shall we blow ourselves up?"

(4) On receiving no answer any such commanding officer shall instantly order all English passengers into open boats, which shall convey them within range of the aforesaid submarine. In case it cannot be found, such boats must be left on the high seas, labelled "Englishman—To be left till called for."

(5) Any such liner or passenger steamer as aforesaid, when torpedoed and sinking, shall order all remaining passengers on deck, and go down with band playing *Die Wacht am Rhein*.

(6) Any liner or passenger steamer as above practising evasive tactics, such as—

(a) Continuing its voyage without communication or apology as above;

(b) Dodging, or attempting to dodge or evade, any German torpedo discharged with intent to destroy it, shall be considered a legitimate object for destruction.

(7) Any English or other belligerents detected in the action of looking for, scanning or observing any German submarine occupied in the execution of its duty shall be shot as spies.

#### THE DREAM OF PRIVATE ATKINS.

8 A.M.—Inspected Officers' equipment. Officers did not come to attention at once on my appearance, so gave whole lot two hours' pack drill. Put two men back to clean their binoculars.

Orderly Room, 9 A.M.—Adjutant before me for omitting to salute Lance-Corporal Smith. Awarded fourteen hours' fatigue.

9.30 A.M.—Took Platoon-Commanders in squad drill. Hopelessly stupid lot. Their formation of fours ludicrous. No notion whatever of difference between their right and left. Put entire squad back for further instruction in recruit drill.

11 A.M.—Parade of Company Commanders. Gave them "For inspection—Port Canes." Several canes not sufficiently polished; my own Company Commander's particularly rusty in the nob. Gave him three days' C.B. That should teach him.

Continued trouble with Colonel. Spoke to him several times about his manner towards me. Anybody would think sometimes, from Colonel's attitude, that he was at least my equal in rank. His tunic buttons, too, a disgrace to the battalion. Tell him that I really cannot tolerate these slovenly practices. His plea that he has not sufficient time for cleaning tunic, etc., I reject forthwith. Tell him to rise earlier; every Colonel should be up by 5.30. Stop all his leave for a month.

12 NOON.—Gross impertinence on part of Brigadier. Have had to tell him off several times on account of his habit of making cynical remarks on the subject of my alleged ignorance of the drill-book. Think I have taught him lesson, however, and that he will be more careful in the future.

1.30 P.M.—Attended Officers' Mess to hear complaints.

Told them that their Irish stew was as good as any
Private could want. What did they expect? A chef
from an A. B. C. shop?



# THE UNSINKABLE TIRP.

GERMAN CHANCELLOR. "WELL, THANK HEAVEN THAT'S THE LAST OF TIRPITZ." TIRPITZ (reappearing). "I DON'T THINK!"



Private Brown (out of the picture). "WHO PUT THE BUTTER ON THIS BREAD?" Sister Mary (sternly). "I DID, BROWN." Private Brown. "O-Ho! WHO TOOK IT OFF, THEN?"

# BURNING THE BRASSARD.

["The brassards supplied to the Central Association of Volunteer Training Corps . . are the property of the State, and cannot therefore be allowed to pass into the private ownership of individual members. The Council trust that adequate steps are taken to ensure that the brassards are recovered from those individuals who, on leaving the corps, are no longer entitled to retain them. Used brassards, being marked with the name of the member to whom they were issued, will, after return, be burnt in the presence of a responsible individual, who should retain a record of those so destroyed. In the event of an ex-member declining to return the brassard after reasonable application, the assistance of the civil authority can be invoked,"—War Office Announcement. Scene.—The Tower of London, inside

the Traitors' Gate.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—A Responsible Magnifico, a Prisoner (formerly Member of a Train-band), the Governor's Cat, Two Tower Ravens, Scriveners, Garter King-of-Arms, a Pursuivant, Warders, Beef-eaters, The Headsman and his Minions, a Turnkey, Burgesses, Apprentices and the like.

Time.—Any old Period.

Pursuivant (to the assembled gathering). Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Be it known to all and sundry that a certain individual, to wit, James Scrunt, haberdasher, having renounced all privileges and sac and soc as member of the train-

hath contumaciously refused to render to the Fifth of November. up his badge or armlet against the [This may be an anachronism, but is peace of Our Lord the King. Wherefore I proclaim this Moot to be open. to show cause why due sentence should not be pronounced. Let the Prisoner be produced.

[Execrations from the Beef-eaters, the Ravens and the Cat.

The Prisoner is led in by Warders from a barge, the moat having been flooded for the occasion. He is heavily manacled and his eyes are bandaged with scarlet tape, but he wears his brassard defiantly.

Magnifico. Prisoner, you are accused of having contumaciously refused to render up your armlet, being no longer a member of the train-band to which you belonged. Have you aught to say liege. in your defence?

[Prisoner is silent. His eyes are unbandaged.

mute of malice. You were best given over to the peine forte et dure, were it not that another fate is in store for you! (To the Warders) Do your duty there. [They tear off his brassard and hand it to the Headsman, who receives it

with a pair of tongs. A Burgess. Methinks, your Honour,

band known as the Gorgeous Wrecks, it were best to reserve this ceremony

vehemently applauded by the Ap-

prentices, anyway.

Magnifico. Nay, the case is urgent. Proceed with your office. Let the Scriveners take due note of the event. They scriven profusely.

Headsman (to his minions). Get ready varlets, and prepare the faggots and

The Varlets do so. Business with flint and steel.

Prisoner. Is this free England, and must I be burnt alive? I swear, your Mightiness, I only kept the armlet to hide a rent in my sleeve. My haberdashery is at an end, but I have grandsons in Flanders now fighting for their

Magnifico. Beshrew me, but you can find words now, you surly knave. Nay, I only meant to terrify you! You shall Magnifico. Ha, Sirrah! So you are indeed escape with your life; but, as a warning to all other dastards, your armlet shall be burnt to ashes!

[The solemn rite is carried out. Prisoner collapses under the strain or from excess of joy, but is presently revived by the Turnkey. Garter then proclaims the ceremony ended.

ZIGZAG.

# A TERRITORIAL IN INDIA.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,-If the KAISER still nursed any mistaken ideas that we echo. English are at all down-hearted about the War, he should have paid a visit to causing the authorities grave misgivour Fort on the anniversary of the ings. Ever since we landed in India we Declaration of War. He would soon have been constantly told that the Fort have seen enough to convince him that which we are now garrisoning is the Four Territorials thought they'd better flee; the British Empire has still plenty of worst, unhealthiest and most dangerous One met a mad dog, and then there were three, kick left in it.

We played a comic football match with twentytwo a side, the players being lashed together in pairs as in a three-legged

race. It was a good match, though hampered by the eccentric behaviour of the referee, one half of whom persisted in signalling such commands as "Retire" and "Close on the centre" every time he heard the whistle blown by the other halfcommands which a year's military discipline caused the men to obey mechanically. This brought about confused conditions unprovided for in the Rules of Football. Later, when the decision of the referee was required in a little matter of handling in the penalty area, he was discovered sitting at the other end of the ground peacefully playing cards with himself. The cards were confiscated, but shortly afterwards he rubbed down one of the goal-posts and was ejected from the field of play shouting, "Gott strafe Prickly Heat!" with

passionate intensity. In the evening we held singing and speech-making competitions, and - our greatest effort—a beauty show. The prize for beauty

was voted by acclamation to a resourceful Private made up as an English flapper. His skirt, it must be admitted, was improvised from an Army sheet and his luxuriant locks from coir purloined from an army bed (so-called). But anything remotely resembling an English girl now knocks us clean off our balance, and there was never any question of his success.

The stump speeches were not models of eloquence, thus proving once more that soldiers are men of action, not words. The prize-winner was given the subject "India" on which to deliver an address. "India," he said nervously, "India-er-um-India, well, India is | Eight Territorials hoped he'd rest in heaven; thundering glad to get out of it."

He was deservedly cheered to the

I fear, Mr. Punch, that our health is

a hell of a place and I shall be One took his topee off, and then there were seven.

Seven Territorials brooded on their fix; One picked up dysentery, and then there were six.

Six Territorials strove to keep alive: One died from cholera, and then there were five.

Five Territorials quaked more and more; One ate a little fruit, and then there were four.

> Three Territorials felt extremely blue :

> One drank some water, and then there were two.

Two Territorials wilted in the sun;

One had a heat-stroke, and then there was one.

One Territorial felt his day was done, He committed suicide, and then

there was none.

Yet, strangely enough, we remain as a body fit and healthy, and in defiance of all precedent persist in flourishing as if our station were a veritable health-resort. Obviously such a state of affairs is highly irregular, and a month or two ago the authorities took the drastic step of appointing a new Medical Officer. As it happened it proved quite ineffectual, for this gentlemen, becoming infected with the prevalent spirit of heresy, entered into beneficent league with our O.C. Detachment and set about taking energetic measures which have made us still fitter and healthier, to the shattering of statistics.

It is a curious situation. I picture them up at Simla perplexed and shrugging their shoulders. "Ah, well, these Territorial fellows are really not normal. One doesn't know what to do

All the same, our glowing health seems an inadequate solace for the

Yours ever, ONE OF THE PUNCH BRIGADE. P.S.—" Ugh!"

"The only insects which are fewer in numbers almost everywhere are house-flies, doubt-less owing to the campaign against them initiated by *The Daily Mail*."—Daily Mail. Nothing is too small for it.



Old Dame. "You've had two penn'orth of sweets, my little MAN, BUT YOU'VE ONLY GIVEN ME A PENNY.

The Little Man. "YES, BUT FARVER SAYS ONE PENNY'S GOT TO DO THE WORK OF TWO IN WAR-TIME."

hot - weather station in the country. | with them." And then they laboriously Regulars always allude to it pleasantly compile fresh tables and sigh for the as "the death-trap," or "the white good old days.
man's grave," or "that ruddy cemetery;" and those who know both places seems an ina assure us that Aden is a holiday centre daily dose of quinine, and my final by comparison. In fact, so gloomy word must be "Ugh!" was the outlook when we received orders to provide the garrison for the hot season that our poet was inspired to produce the following:-

Ten Territorials fancied India fine, Till one caught malaria, and then there were

Nine Territorials mourned his hapless fate; One found a cobra, and then there were eight.

aven: Were

e were

e five. four. flee ; three. emely then a the then y was then ugh, and e of in tion althh a ghly h or ities of of lical ed it , for

ning lent

ered with and

etic

nade

nier.

of

ion.

mla

ging

vell,

are

One

do

usly

the

alth

the

inal

₫.

um-

il.



THE CURSE OF WAR.

Seaside Lodger. "I'm afraid, Mrs. Gubbins, we shall have to leave these rooms. It's really too trying to have to listen to soldiers shouting 'Eyes front!' 'All fours!' and silly things like that."

## MORE FISHING IN FLANDERS.

It is all over now and the Corps Commander has issued an order forbidding the practice. So of course it never can happen again. There can be no harm therefore in telling the story. The entente cordiale is not likely to be permanently damaged by the revelation.

It happened in Flanders a few weeks ago; not that part of Flanders where Sergeant McCallum in his spare moments casts the fly over running waters, as described in Punch, but the part where standing water is everywhere and the troops are forbidden to drink it under pain of instant death. The neighbourhood has a habit of fishing and even in these bad days a few stout-hearted old boys are not to be interrupted in their favourite pastime. I do not think that they ever catch much, but they do a lot of fishing.

It was the hour when the homing aeroplane comes droning overhead and

poplars. At the bend just below the lock by St.-What-d' you-call-him was an old Flamand, a regular vieux pêcheur clad in blue smock, with rod on shoulder and his bait-can in his hand. He had been spending a peaceful day within range of the German guns and had caught nothing. On his way home he had stopped to talk to two brothers of the craft. These, Heaven bless them, were no other than two subalterns of a famous Indian regiment. They carried no rods, but between them was a large basket filled with fish of all the unappetising varieties which haunt these muddy waters.

As I drew near I heard an honest British voice speaking in laboured French. "Monsieur," it said, "nous les prenons dans les mains."

had set, but the red glow was still in ful, without so much as wetting their firing of our gallant sailors."

the sky. It was a windless calm and sleeves, seemed a bit too much. At the still waters of the canal reflected that moment a stalwart Sikh orderly, the long lines of the over-arching who was standing a little apart from At the bend just below the the others, peering down among the reeds which fringe the margin of the canal, cried out, "Ek aur mila, Sahib" (Here's another, Sir), and, stooping down, picked up a large roach which wriggled feebly in his hand.

"Mon Dieu, les Hindous!" said the Frenchman, and, crossing himself devoutly, departed through the twilight.

I swear I never gave it away, and yet four days later the order appeared: "Bombs are issued for use against the enemy, and their employment for the destruction of fish is prohibited.'

"LATE WAR NEWS.

E 13 REFLOATED.

HULL RIDDLED BY GERMAN SHELLS." Daily Mail.

The old peasant was puzzled. Mes- See Berlin official wireless in a day sieurs les Anglais were wonderful or two: "Even the English papers people and admitted adepts at sports admit that one of the most important the big guns on either side are bidding of all kinds, but that they should of their fortified East coast cities has each other "Good night." The sun catch fish in their hands by the basket-

# KIPPY OF THE "BLUES."

Last Tuesday evening Joe persuaded me to cut my bomb-drill of the morrow -in my platoon we throw the jam-pot on Wednesday afternoon.

"You simply must come to the Madoxes," she tempted; "the 'Blues' from Broadmead Hospital are going to be there-seventeen of them.

Of course I went. I simply love the wounded in their blue suits.

"'Ev yer got a partner, Sir?"

On the very threshold of the garden stood a small figure, with one arm in a sling and the other waving a tennis

He smiled at me like a pleased child. From that moment I belonged to him, and to him alone. His name was Kippy.

"No," I replied, "I have not. What is it?"

"Well, Sir, me and one of the other incapables was agoin' to take on Swish and Gunner Toady, but they all seems to be crowkettin' and what -?" He looked at not, so I thortme inquiringly.

"Right-o!" I exclaimed. "Where's a racquet?"

Kippy produced one from the summer-house. It was half-brother to a snow-shoe, but, having four uninjured limbs, I willingly conceded the handicap.

"You got ter look out for Swish, my partner confided; "'e's extrordinry nippy for 'igh explosive in the knee."

and put a couple into the net. I repeated the offence from the other

"I forgot to tell yer, Sir," my partner whispered hoarsely, "but I got a packet o' fags on over this."

I pulled myself together and, though hard put to it by the Gunner's lobs, we eventually won.

"E's bin with one o' them 'eavy 'owitzer batteries," remarked Kippy à propos of the Gunner's play; "plungin' fire, that 's 'is game.'

He glanced round the lawn with a bright eye.

"'Ow about a little crowket, Sir?' he queried.

Of course," I replied; "come on." I gathered up a mallet and tried a

short approach. "Now," exclaimed Kippy, addressing the opposing platoon, "you knows the rules? First through the 'oop 'its the stick, and ennybody playin out of the 'erbashus border will be courtmartialled."

We won the croquet hands down, Kippy being made of the stuff which is born to achieve success against any CHAPLIN.

odds, including a partner who plays with the wrong ball.

We drifted over to watch the conclusion of the clock-golf competitionfour prizes for the four lowest scores. Kippy, who had played his round before I came, stood in an unassailable position for the prize with a score of 27. The two last players finished well in the thirties.

"'Opeless, ain't they?'' Kippy whispered confidentially, "an' they both got the D.C.M. too!"

Suddenly he had an idea.

"Wot about these 'ere totally incapables?" He indicated those warriors who were too badly wounded to take "'Ow about their part in anything. prizes? . . . Tell yer wot," he continued, no suggestion being offered, "there's six totallies, ain't there? Well, six of us repersents 'em and plays agen—see? I'll take Soggy Mills.

The resuscitated competition was watched with burning interest, especially by the totallies. Whether the previous practice had anything to do with it or not I cannot say, but when Kippy, playing last, put Soggy Mills on the top with a miraculous 24, and turned to read the scoring list, he prefaced the results by exclaiming joyfully, "Blest if the cripples ain't gone and won hall the prizes!

Having settled this matter to his own and everybody else's satisfaction, Kippy went on to further struggles.

Our sports platoon only averaged two and a-half available limbs, but for I started to serve, a graceful honour, sheer endurance—well, it was the first occasion on which I realised why the Prussian Guard failed to reach Calais.

At length came the tense moment of departure: blue jackets were donned and farewell cigarettes were lighted, and I, all that remained of me, went happily home.

"What's this?" said Joe as she picked up a piece of metal from the coffee-table after dinner.

"That," I replied, "is a fragment of shell, taken, so Kippy assured me, direct from his 'stummick.' Kindly leave it alone. It is a love-token.'

#### The Journalistic Touch.

"The millions which have been spent in munitions and blown into the air have merely been transferred from one pocket to another." Sidcup and District Times.

#### Commercial Candour.

" £5 5s .- IMPERIAL TYPEWRITER, new condition, cost £2."-The Hull Daily Mail.

Chaplain to the Slackers.—CHARLIE

#### THE ICONOCLAST.

I'm an optimist staunch and wholehearted-

At least I was one till to-day, When my confidence largely departed In the following singular way; For it chanced that a fatal delusion I cannot attempt to explain Impelled me to scan the effusion Of Mister

Our statesmen, to follow his reading, Have always got lumps in their

And indulge when exhorting or pleading In strings of falsetto high notes; And their conduct at Cabinet meetings Is wholly absurd and inane, If we credit the wonderful bleatings

Of Mister

Bedaubed by his praises each hero Whose prowess in honour I held Sinks down from the zenith to zero,

His halo completely dispelled; While the men I was always assailing Some justification obtain From the quite ineffectual railing Of Mister -

By the law that declares the corrective Reciprocal force of extremes The study of TREITSCHKE's invective The best sort of antidote seems;

For only by remedies drastic Relief can I hope to attain From the influence iconoclastic

Of Mister -

#### Things that Might be Differently Said.

"Mr. Editor, the Mayor spoke very feelingly when welcoming us here and sympathised with us in the hardships we endured while prisoners in G.S.W.A., but I can assure you all those hardships can be considered as a pleasure when comparing them with the magnificent reception that was extended us.

Letter from a released prisoner of War in "The Cape Times."

"Quite recently our Bishop went over the Hospital and spoke to the men in each ward. In spite of this suffering the men seemed to be in the best of spirits.

Hersham Parish Magazine.

"Lance-Corpl. T. —— (2nd Suffolks), who was captured by the enemy at the battle of Mons, is happy in his internment. He has a wife and six children."

Peterborough Advertiser.

Extract from a circular of a Belgian Refugees' Committee:-

"A sewing class for the women has been started at the Corn Exchange, kindly lent by the Corporation, who make clothes for them-

Thus setting an excellent example to the exiles.

n



THE NOBLE ART OF "CARRYING ON."

Scene-Somewhere in France.



Lady. "WE ALWAYS KEEP THE HOSE READY, IN CASE OF A ZEPPELIN RAID." Visitor. "But surely, my dear, it would never reach them at the height they fly?"

# TO A NEUTRAL FRIEND.

To thee I sing, who knowest well What news accords with British taste, And dost delightful stories tell, Or warnings give with zealous haste;

Who comfortest the optimist With many a soothing telegram— To thee I sing, O Journalist

Of Amsterdam.

When German hordes are rushing west To break our unsubstantial line, The dismal fact thou mentionest With tact peculiarly thine, Giving it just the little twist

That makes its menace seem a sham Quite patent to the Journalist Of Amsterdam.

No sad reverse of our Allies, No accident that we sustain, But, seen through thine impartial eyes, Becomes a sound and solid gain; No bitter pill which foes persist In giving us but has its jam Veneer from thee, O Journalist Of Amsterdam.

Thy lovingkindness then I laud-Thy flood of treacle naught can check,

More soothing than the balm of MAUDE, Or sugar-plums of ROUSTAM BEK,

Nor ask if our antagonist Be cheered as I, twice daily, am

By like inventions, Journalist

Of Amsterdam.

### THE FIDDLER.

How the transformation came about I can't pretend to explain, for in the first place he must have felt very nearly as bedraggled, as pinched and despairing as he looked. You were bound either to smile or to sigh: he was so obviously, so grotesquely, "down on his luck," with the shiny frock-coat (a size too small) tightly buttoned across his chest, trousers creasing like a couple of concertinas about his thin ankles, and the battered straw hat worn with an attempt at jauntiness which deceived nobody.

"Ought to be above this sort of thing," muttered a well-fed holiday-maker. "Drink, probably," suggested another. But occasionally, very occasionally, a coin would chink at his feet. As he bent to pick it up, wisps of grey hair tickled his cheeks. Standing in the drizzling rain on this deserted sea-front, he rubbed his numbed fingers, and a life, capered on the pavement, an imaginary fiddle tucked under his chin.

"Hip, hip, hooray!" yelled the boy, and, vaulting the railing, took up his stand in the gutter as the 3rd Royal shires-twelve hundred strongswung into sight. "Hooray!" cried the urchin again; but it fell very flat, and the men were fagged out, caps pushed off their foreheads, tunics unhooked at the throat, boots weighing like lead.

Hesitatingly, the fiddler shuffled nearer the road, raised his bow, and then-he came into his own. First he struck up some familiar rollicking tune, and the men in the front ranks were soon humming the refrain. Next he danced alongside the column, now walking, now running, caring neither that a sudden gust of wind had blown his hat off his head, nor that a very junior subaltern marching at the head of the leading platoon cast him an amused, not ungrateful glance over his shoulder. From top to toe—mind, I am not attempting to explain it—the little man was transformed; his back had grown straight; even his clothes seemed to fit him; his feet flew over the ground, and into his dull eyes had come dirty-faced boy, mimicking him to the a foolish twinkling light as, with coattails merrily flapping in the breeze, he played the soldiers back to camp.

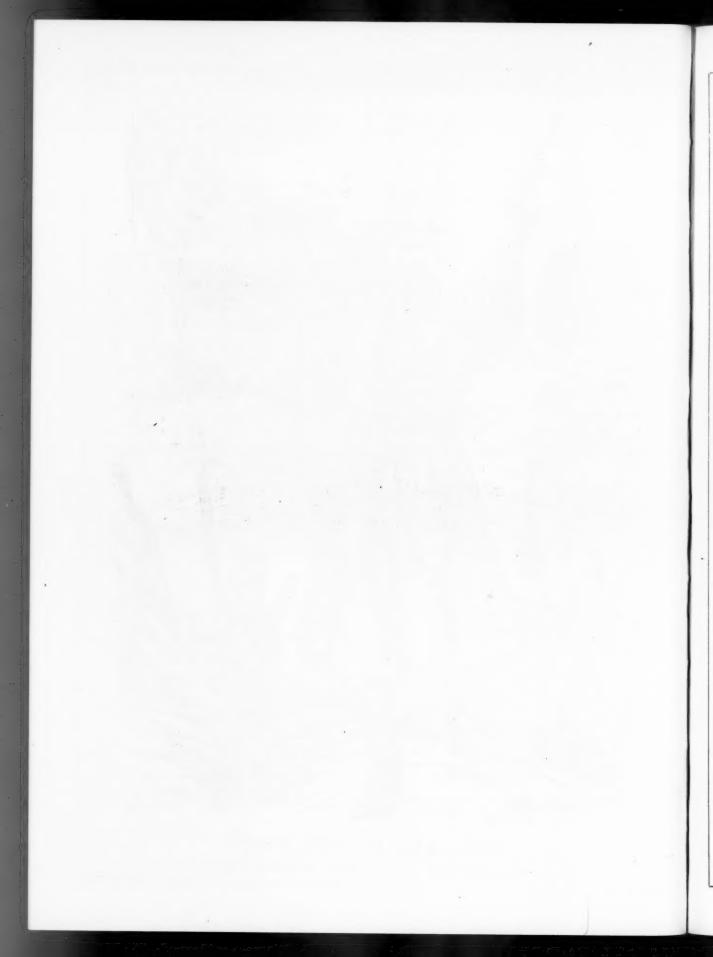


ed at, ps n-ng ed ad st ng ks xt wer

n

THE CALL OF THE TSAR.

"WHO FOLLOWS ME FOR HOLY RUSSIA'S SAKE?"





Coster. "'ERE Y'ARE, LIDY! OSTEND RABBITS. KILLED BY THE BRITISH FLEET!"

#### CULTURE IN THE TRENCHES.

The admirable scheme of Broadsheets for the Front has already, we understand, had a marked influence upon literary taste among the troops; and the old popular songs are either being discarded or modified in the direction of greater dignity. Thus, "Who's your lady friend?" has now become "May I venture to enquire the name of your fair acquaintance?" Nobody any longer sings, "Here we are, here we are again," except in the new version, as follows: "We have pleasure in signalising our return to this neighbourhood."

When they refer to Tipperary it is to say, "The distance to Tipperary is very considerable," and allusions to John Brown's body take the form of "The mortal remains of the late Mr. John Brown continue to decompose."

## Maternal Acrobatics.

"Thus Kieff, the mother, nurses on her bosom the cradle of Russian history."

Morning Paper.

#### THE OFFICE-GIRL.

(As a result of the War, many of the leading commercial houses in the City now employ large numbers of girls.)

No damsels who have seen three lustres Now flog the furniture with dusters,

Or patch up frocks, Or condescend to darn their fathers' socks.

Bellona has unloosed their fetters And set 'em free to index letters,

And lick and scrawl In lieu of lads who have obeyed the call.

Lured by no lucrative attraction, For them the bliss of benefaction Alone sufficed;

And so they joined the grizzled and the spliced.

Poor pasture for the sweet and single, Where, perched on stools, they toil and mingle

With mellow scribes,
Who grumble and exchange archaic
gibes.

No slippery swain to chase and capture, No shadow of the elusive rapture; And yet—who knows

Whither to-day the wind of Cythera blows?

In realms where hearts don't melt like butter,

Where ledgers gape and pen-nibs splutter,

And no birds sing,

There may survive some eligible thing.

Sweet is the love-song of the throstle, But sweeter still should some old fossil At last succumb

To Araminta of the inky thumb!

#### Our Receptive Contemporary.

"When her husband died, Mrs. Moules married a widower with seventeen children, all of whom she brought us."—Daily Mail.

The paragraph continues:

"The old lady now lives with her youngest daughter, whose twelve children are all named after flowers."

Sweet peas, no doubt, for choice.

# THE HAIR-TONIC.

I LAID the hair-brush down on my dressing-table with a sigh and walked into Joan's room. "Look here," I "Good idea! I will." Of course this in of thirty—not a day more. A man began, "I've tried that odoriferous was only an idle threat, for I should of forty-five's usually gettin' a bit grey, decoction of sage leaves you made for never have the face (though I might while you, Sir, if I may make so bold me, 'Aunt Nettie's' recipe in last week's have the requisite type of skull) to as to say, wouldn't know a grey 'air if Snappy Chat, sulphur lotion, quinine order a wig as a permanent fixture. invigorator, and goodness knows what besides, and it's as grey as ever. In desperation I'm going to-

forty-five, you know; and any-how," she went on, "grey hair at the temples looks most distingué. I heard Mrs. Middleton say only last Sunday that you reminded her of Sir George Alexander. Aren't you bucked? You couldn't remind her of him unless you were a little teeny bit grey, could you?"

"Of course I could," I replied. "Now I come to consider it, the actual facial resemblance between Sir George and myself is most marked. Mrs. Middleton is a very observant and intelligent woman. Now, where do I find the black lead, the tar, the marking-ink, and the

walnut-juice?'

"Not in my bedroom, at all events," said Joan. "Besides you'd much better drop these chemical experiments. The strain of constantly watching to see if your hair is getting as dark as the man's in the advertisement will eventually make you go bald, and how will you like that?"

"If I am ever destined to become bald," I answered with some bitterness, "I don't care a rap what colour I become bald on. But grey hair which stays

entrenched for another ten years at

least—like yours at twenty-eight."
"Then," said Joan, "I should advise

you to try-

She paused, and stepping back from her mirror she "turned once more (and yet once more after that) to set a ringlet right."

"Go on!" I cried. "Don't keep me on tenterhooks. I'm getting greyer every moment.'

"I should advise you to try leaving it alone for a time."

called out.

Club-house that same evening it began and upwards, mark you—there wasn't

KEEN WAR ECONOMIST, PROPOSING TO SUBSTITUTE GOLD-FISH FOR THE MORNING KIPPER, FEELS THAT HE OUGHT TO GIVE THEM A SPORTING CHANCE.

and age at forty-five has no business to advance. It ought to remain firmly recruiting-booth at the side of the road, I suddenly felt a hand placed upon my shoulder, and a gruff but genial voice exclaimed:

"Well, my lad, why aren't you in khaki?"

had publicly suggested such a course to me before. "My lad," too! Could it be that I looked a lad? I turned confronting me. Somewhat to his sur- continued party strifes." prise I seized his hand and shook it warmly. "Sergeant," I said, "do you It would be a good thing if the Cymric "I shall get a brown wig," I said mean it literally—all of it, especially firmly, as I went back to my own the 'lad' part? Because, if you do, from New South Wales to old South I've a good mind to hand myself over Wales.

"Oh, do get a curly one!" Joan to you, in spite of the fact that I'm married, forty-five-

you 'ad one. Now when I was instructin' the gents of the Bohemian As I was walking home from the Veterans last month-all men o' forty "Oh, don't fly to cosmetics!" cried to drizzle. I turned up the collar of Joan in alarm. "Just think of the my jacket and pulled my cap well in the matter o' looks, Sir."

pillow-slips. Besides, you're "Look here. Sergeant." I said

"if you say any more I shall cry from sheer joie de vivre. I too am a newly joined Bohemian Veteran, as witness this badge. Believe me, you've paid me the biggest compliment I have ever received." And with youth renewed I proceeded on my way.

"Joan," I called out as we were dressing for dinner, "looking in the glass just now I became of the opinion that I am not so grey as I was this morning."

"Perhaps," Joan called back, "you don't feel so grey as you did this morning?"

"No, I certainly don't," I answered with enthusiasm. "Sergeant, long life to you!"

"Who in the world are you talking to?" cried Joan.

# The Considerate Foe.

"All the ships which have been in action had fragments of German shells which had come on board mounted as mementoes."

The Scotsman.

"Mr. M. H. Chandrana, a leading Hindu bowler, achieved a remarkable feat taking all the ten wickets in an innings, and the still more remarkable one of clean blowing ten men." Allahabad Leader.

in is the hall-mark of advancing age, down on my head. I hadn't gone a Each retiring batsman: "Well, I'm

"POOLE GUARDIANS AND USE OF LIQUOR. The Poole Board of Guardians received a letter yesterday from the Local Government Board urging the discontinuance of the use of cube sugar, because of the scarcity of this commodity."-Bournemouth Daily Echo.

I started in amazement. Nobody The Sub-editor evidently recognises

"A largely-attended meeting was held in and saw a burly, beaming Sergeant St. Jones's Hall to arrange for protests against

Sydney Morning Herald.

m nt. aran

if. inan tv n't ou id, ry 00 an re. he er

ve k-T is k, ou

I n.

u

rd

n



Message, passed by word of mouth—"Enemy advancing from Amersham"—reaches the local auctioneer, who sends it on in the following form: "Hany advance on Hamersham?"

# MY HOLIDAY.

WE got there vesterday afternoon. We came back to town hurriedly this morning. It was not much of a holiday.

"Officer in charge of Coast-watching Division." "This vessel," it said, "is allowed to proceed as far as three miles papers and put them under the heel of from—(name of port, creek or river to a heavy boot. Then I went to bed. which vessel belongs)-during daylight hours only." The nature of employment of the vessel was Pleasure, it said. Pleasure with a label on it and with a possibility of its being inspected by "any whole we decided against the boat.

Then again our house was on the after dark. But I went to bed, bored.

Not to sleep, however. There were regulations about lights. all the windows thickly curtained, so thickly indeed that I could hardly breathe in my room. I took it all mantelpiece. I got up at once this down when I blew out my candle for time and, approaching cautiously, I that it is imprisonment." It was the the night. The night happened to be found that it was a piece of cardboard Coast-watching Division. rather breezy. Now, when you are -a photograph probably-doing a sort staying in a quiet spot, a little wind of short-circuit performance against town this morning.

can make your bedroom behave in a a vase. I rounded that up with the peculiarly uncanny manner. Knowing this from experience, I made what I imagined to be ample preparations. I wedged my door with a sock so as For instance, we found that our boat to prevent its rattling. I tied all the had to have a permit signed by the loose bits of things like curtains and covers into tight knots so that they should not flap. I collected all my

I was deadly tired and was almost asleep in two minutes; but sure enough something began to scrape. It would give a few jarring notes and then cease for a time. I thought I might sleep Officer or other authorised person"! in spite of it because I was tired, and Besides, "if caught out by fog" we had I encouraged myself by thinking of my to "return to shore at once." On the son in France sleeping under bursting shells. It was no use, however. The grating noise got more and more on cliffs. The cliffs were patrolled by my nerves. I finally got up and listened guards with fixed bayonets. It was carefully with a view to tracking down thought safer to play Patience indoors the disturbance. It proved to be a stray curtain ring. I summarily interned it in the nearest knot and went So we had to bed again.

sound from the neighbourhood of the

papers under my boot.

A few minutes later I was woke up again. This time the wind was irritating what I imagined to be the wire suspending a picture on the wall. I took down the picture, wrapped it in my dressing-gown, put a chair on it and got back to bed with a certain sense of satisfaction. But when I again heard the same noise from the identical spot, knowing as I did that there was now nothing on the wall except the wallpaper, I became desperate. I got up, struck a light and determined to put my house in order once and for all. I was getting on well with the general démeublement when I heard footsteps on the path outside. I suddenly remembered that my curtain was tied up and that my kindly light was probably leading countless German submarines on, so I guiltily blew it out. Then, putting my head out of the window, I demanded stoutly, "Who goes there?

Some one answered, "Sorry to trouble you, Sir, but there was a light shining I next heard an insistent tapping from this house that could be clearly seen out at sea. I have to inform you

As I said before, we came back to

# AT THE PLAY.

"THE BIG DRUM."

PINERO was the sole author. Now I understand that he has complacently collaborated with the British Public, and that the new part-author, with ARTHUR to be the better judge of his author shal own business; and if I venture a private theory of the affair it is because and cachet. I prefer to hold the dramatist guilty of a much lighter crime than this apparently callous sand-bagging of his own offspring.

obscure journalist, writing pars from tively gusty in realisation. Paris for The Whitehall Gazette. He was in love with Ottoline Filson,

the beautiful daughter of a rich and pushful vulgarian. Filson père hadn't made

such a social hit in Paris as all that, so he planned a raid on London, and Ottoline asked Philip just to prepare the way in one of his bright little pars, and so make the job a shade softer. Whereupon, hating nothing quite so much as this disgusting publicity, Philip drew himself up and bowed her irrevocably out of the room into the waiting arms of the Comte de Chaumié, with whom she lived unhappily some nine years, until she was very mercifully widowed.

A year later, at which time

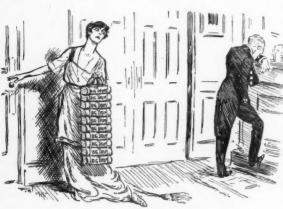
success with his novel, The Big Drum, a satire on the modern arts of notoriety.

drum than most, has visions of a second brilliant match for Ottoline, though why from that point of view she shouldn't have done better as the Comtesse de Chaumié than as the wife of Sir Timothy Barradell, the Irish bacon baronet, whom her family is so eager to catch, is one of those things that a fellow in the stalls can never be expected to understand.

The Filsons then are disappointed, and stupid not to make an enormous myself that I had taken his point with I happened to see that version of fuss about these secondary matters of commendable quickness. Knowing Sir The Big Drum of which Sir Arthur money and social standing, Philip, the George's generous weakness for the white-souled, must needs accept their interpretation of truly noble characters, vulgar point of view and add to the ten he had played off Philip Mackworth long years of separation by inserting a with his high disdain of manufactured clause in his agreement with Ottoline boom, his fidelity to his old love's customary vanity, thinks the play that there shall be no question of marvastly improved. Yet I suspect Sir riage till his undoubted success as an impassioned speeches and those fine author shall have enabled him to put moments just before the end when he up roughly the same amount of cash contrives so rapidly to make himself

Mackworth's book is a hit. Not his his next novel—as the hero of this odd usual eighteen hundred or so, but slice of life. twenty-five thousand solid copies are Ottoline and I (and Sir ARTHUR) knew, Philip Mackworth, the highbrow here sold. There is no holding our author, the authentic here was Sir Timothy, of The Big Drum, was ten years ago an Windy enough in prospect he is posi- who understood how to worship with

And here Fate dealt him a shrewd would never draw himself up in dis-



A HOLLOW BOOM.

Ottoline de Chaumie . . . . Miss IRENE VANBRUGH. Philip Mackworth . . . . . Sir George Alexander.

our play begins, a kindly Philip Mackworth . . . . Sir George Alexander. only say that she will live designing friend asks Ottoline and blow. For, as it happened, Ottoline, to regret it; as will Philip, for she is Philip to lunch, to such effect that who apparently hadn't any great faith nothing if not a woman of resourceful with their usual hasty impulsiveness in The Big Drum, had been to the knave candour when roused. they promptly become engaged—a First publisher and bought twenty-three Act that promises plenty of true-lovers' thousand odd and stored them in a version to modify substantially my first-knots. Ottoline is rich; Philip, now a damp cellar. No wonder Phil was night's admiration of the players; of Sir novelist, poor; but in his opinion (I annoyed when all this was explained George Alexander's firm hold upon his must in candour note that all the just before what promised to be a rip- ever loyal audience; Miss IRENE VANavailable evidence was the other way | ping little dinner. So he drew himself BRUGH's charming and sensitive talent, he is on the eve of an enormous popular up a second time and bowed Ottoline her gowns and her pretty sub-Parisian out of his life-only, after a haggard flavours; Sir Randle Filson's pompous night, to send her a noble note of en- purposeful pushfulness as interpreted by Randle Filson, by this a knight, and treaty and forgiveness. Ottoline crossed Mr. Allan Aynesworth in a supremely with his lady beating a more persistent it, coming to say that she loved him good make-up; Mr. Norman Forbes as enormously but couldn't possibly tear Robbie Roope with his tactfully iterated him from his art; also she knew that, having been born, as you might say, provoking grey felt hat; and perhaps would never be able to resist booming charmingly sympathetic sketch of the him and so spoiling his life. So she sporting little Irish grocer - baronet, just gives him one lovely lingering look Sir Timothy Barradell, with the queer and goes off to marry Sir Timothy, leaving Philip to console himself with him. Such excellent artistry no change the MS. of The Big Drum's successor. of ending can alter.

At least that's what she did in Sir but, as every stage hero is too proud ARTHUR'S version. And I flattered believe love to be well lost for the Well, you will have guessed that (entirely delusive) hope of success with Whereas in fact, as a proper tenderness and loyalty and

> dainful surprise. We also knew not only that there never was in Philip's head any novel worth a fiver in advance on account of royalties, but that he would have made a perfectly intolerable husband.

I frankly assumed that Sir ARTHUR had played this quite appropriate and pleasant joke on Sir George for a bet. Well, he won his bet hand-somely. The actor-manager had been fairly taken in! Yet has the latter the last and longest laugh. For I understand that the discerning collaborateur to whom I have alluded has restored Ottoline to the arms of her egregious Philip and Sir Timothy drops out of the picture. I can

There cannot be much in this revised "dear excellent friend" and his mirthwith a big-drum-stick in her hand, she most of all Mr. LEONARD BOYNE'S tenderness and gaiety and pathos of

Sir red ith Sir the ers, rth red e's nd ne he elf he th dd as W. 111, th nd isso re ny ce ut a d. ir te ce 1er et d

e-

e

n



"OH, MOTHER, I DO THINK IT UNFAIR ABOUT THE ZELLEPIN! EVERYBODY SAW IT BUT ME. WHY DIDN'T YOU WAKE ME?"

"NEVER MIND, DARLING, YOU SHALL SEE IT NEXT TIME-IF YOU'RE VERY GOOD."

# AN ECHO OF "THE BIG DRUM."

Oft-times I used to wonder why
The hero of some well-staged story
Was finally compelled to die

Or send the heroine to glory, When—so at least it seemed to me— Their night of tears might dawn in laughter,

And by a pen-stroke both might be Made happy ever after.

Take William Shakspeare, now. know

That I for one would be delighted If at the last young Romeo

To Juliet were reunited; In super-ecstasies I'd fall

If, ere the closing scene were ended, A happy *Hamlet* after all

Married his young Intended.

But ah! what boots it thus to pine
O'er by-gone tales of sad disaster;
Rather I greet the welcome sign
Vouchsafed us by a modern master
That "Tragedy" has had her day,
And only apathy arouses,

While optimistic authors play Nightly to well-filled houses. And oh! that others in our age

Who conjure up our coming crash on The European battle-stage

Might follow this dramatic fashion— Might find 'twere well for them, in fact, To popular conviction bending,

If they could see the final act

Must have a happy ending.

"Save him from being shot.—Wanted, good town home by . . . obedient, affectionate, remarkably clever; goes for long walks with dogs . . . early riser; teetotal." The above advertisement is not, as you might think, for the protection of a nice, good young man from the designs of the recruiting authorities or the horrors of National Service; it is a plea for the preservation of a "beautiful pale golden Cat" whose "only fault" is that he "goes for chickens."

A small child, being asked to outline her idea of a suitable future for Germany and the Kaiser, wrote as follows:—
"After the War I wouldn't let Heligoland belong to anybody. I would put the Germans there, and they should State for War."

dig and dig and dig until it was all dug into the sea. The Kaiser should be sent to America, and they should be as rude as they liked to him. If he went in a train no one was to offer him a seat; he was to hang on to a strap, and he is to be called Mr. Smith."

We learn from The Croydon Guardian that, although the cast of The Moulin Rouge Revue, at the local Grand Theatre, "includes many artists of Parisian renown," "the venue will be in English," a language which they have been learning at the London Pavilion. It would seem that this is not their first notable achievement, for we are told that "all the male members have been to the font," and are exempt from further service. They have, in fact, in the vulgar phrase, gone through their baptism of fire.

#### Balm for Lord Kitchener.

Extract from 2/1 S. Midland Brigade Orders:—

"The Brigadier congratulates all ranks in the Brigade on the smart appearance presented at the Inspection to-day by the Secretary of State for War."

## WOAD.

PERHAPS I ought to explain that, on the strength of a great-aunt who was an American, it sometimes pleases Francesca to assume the airs and the ambitions and the graces of a true American. This was one of her American days, and she had been picturing to herself and to me certain desirable things that would have attended her had it really been her lot to be born on the other side of the Atlantic.

"Francesca," I said, "when you were a dweller on the boundless and rolling prairie-

"Yes," she interrupted, "and when you were roaming through the forests in a complete suit of woad."

"Woad?" I said. "What is woad?"

"There's no 'is' about woad," she said. "Woad's all in the 'was' department. It was a blue stain habitually worn by the Ancient Britons. Dark blue, I hope. There's something too négligé about light blue. It could hardly count as clothes, could it? Anyhow, woad was the Ancient Briton's all-the-year-round dress. You ordered it at the grocery stores."

"The grocery?" I said. "What had the grocer to do

with it?

"Every grocer in England," she said, "calls himself an oil and colourman. So in the brave old days you dropped in on Mr. Baker in the High Street, a stout man and therefore probably a Druid, wearing long white robes and a wreath of oak-leaves; and you told him that last lot of woad was very poor stuff; your knees and elbows were beginning to show through already; and he'd tell you he'd just got in a new consignment warranted not to run in the rain; and you'd buy a can of it and carry it home and paint the whole family, and then we'd all go out and show ourselves to the village in our new dresses-

"Yes," I said enthusiastically, "and we should have little placards hung round our necks to say we were wet

paint and people mustn't rub against us."

"Oh, that wouldn't matter; they'd all be in woad too." "It would matter very much," I said. "You wouldn't want the neighbours to carry off any of the paint we had just paid for out of our own pockets.

"Pockets!" she laughed. "There weren't any pockets. You just let the account run up and then you handed a sheep in over the counter and got a receipt from the oil and colourman. Oh, it was glorious to live in Britain in the ancient days!"

"Cheap," I said, "rather than glorious."
"Cheap," said Francesca, "and therefore glorious. You could dress yourself and me and three growing girls and one small boy during a whole year for about half a sheep,

and nobody ever complained that the bills were too high."
"And that," I said, "is just where you're wrong. If

you had married an Ancient Briton-

"Which is precisely what I have done," murmured

"If," I repeated sternly, "you had married an Ancient Briton he would often have assured you that his account at the bank had been reduced to two sheep, a cow and the sirloin of an ox, and that if this sort of thing went on he would be ruined.'

"And I," said Francesca, "should have been quite frank and direct with him. I should have asserted myself as an American citizen and answered him in that style.

"But," I said, "you couldn't have been an American citizen, you know, even supposing you had started like that, which you haven't. By marrying me you would have become an Ancient British subject, owing allegiance to KING CASSIVELLAUNUS-

"Or King Caractacus," said Francesca.

"Yes," I said, "or possibly to QUEEN BOADICEA; and it wouldn't have been a bit of good talking to me like a true American citizen. Being an Ancient Briton I should probably have had to beat you, and it would have been useless for you to appeal to the American Ambassador. He would have had to tell you you'd brought it on yourself. I've explained this to you a thousand times.'

"And I've refused to understand it ten thousand times, You can't persuade me that if I had been an American you would have turned me into a Boadicean by merely

marrying me."

"I'm not," I said, "trying to persuade you. I'm stating

a dreadful fact.'

"And I'm defying your fact," she said. "If my greataunt, who was a Slingsbee, were alive, you couldn't make her believe that, just because she married Mr. John Brabazon of Yorkshire, she wasn't to be proud any longer of the embattled farmers and the Pilgrim Fathers, and New York harbour, and the American Constitution and the Stars and Stripes."
"No," I said, "I daresay I couldn't, but I should tell her

that she must mix envy with her pride, as I do, for as soon as she married your uncle John all these splendid things

ceased to be hers.

"And that," said Francesca, "was most unjust. All I can say is I hope Auntie never heard of it. She was very hot-tempered, I remember, and she 'guessed' a good deal and said 'bo-id' instead of 'bird,' and she wouldn't have liked to be told she wasn't an American by a man who didn't know what woad was."

"I admit," I said, "that it had escaped my memory; but what of that? A man cannot always remember every-

thing.

"No," she said, "but he might sometimes remember

something.'

"It is our system of education," I said. "Our English public schools are champions at teaching us to forget the useless things--Latin, for instance, and Greek and French and Algebra. If I've forgotten more Algebra than you, it's only because I once knew more."

"I have solved," said Francesca, "more than one quad-

ratic equation.'

"Which," I said, "was a very unwomanly thing to do. It is strange that you should boast of it.'

"But," she continued, "if I had been an American I should have insisted on introducing you to the Tower of London, St. Paul's Cathedral and the National Gallery.'

"And I should have retaliated by taking you to the Falls of Niagara and a silver-mine in Colorado.

"Take care," she said. "I have a Staffordshire coalmine in reserve.

"And I should have trumped you with the Bunker Hill monument.'

"We'll leave it at that," she said. "Why pursue these imaginary recriminations?"

"Agreed," I said; "but, you know, you began it. You interrupted me with a perfectly frivolous remark about woad, when I was going to say something very important, and now it's gone clean out of my head.

"Don't worry about coaxing it back," she said. "I'll R. C. L. try to exist without it.'

### . "POPE ENDEAVOURS TO ENLIST

PRESIDENT WILSON IN CAUSE OF PEACE."

Dundee Evening Telegraph.

For the moment we quite thought the Pontiff had taken the King's lira.



WAR RISKS.

Old Dresser (to Veteran Actor making up to play "Romeo"). "I Wouldn't make Yourself too Young, Sir, case they might GET 'ISSING YOU FOR NOT 'LISTING."

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mr. E. F. Benson is now firmly established as the chief satirist of what one calls (for want of a less vulgar term) the Upper Middle Class. His latest book, The Oakleyites (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), finds him dealing as faithfully as ever with his chosen victims. Oakley is a place somewhat easy of identification, a sleepy, picturesque little town, once a seaport, now rising from a waste of level marshland, where "when in dusky Autumn evenings the low sea-mist creeps up over the level, it is easy to imagine that the retreated waters have swept silently back again, and lap the base of Oakley Hill, ready to bear up to the walls of the town freights of fantastic and ghostly merchandise." Here dwell a group of characters, chief among whom is Miss Dorothy Jackson, whose middle-aged love story with its poignant end Mr. Benson tells with much beauty of manner. I shall not repeat the story, saying only by way of criticism that it reveals its hero, a popular novelist, as a rather foolish and gullible fellow. But it may well be that popular novelists, in human actuality, are like that. the book. There is a Christian Scientist lady, for example, suggestions of fear and dismay before the exciting events, who is glorious fun; one with whom "all ways led to and of imperturbable serenity during and after them.

Mrs. Eddy," and all that was conversationally possible for her friends was to lengthen out the way. And not even Mr. Benson has written anything more bitingly humorous than the episode of the three sisters each striving to select the most valuable legacy from a collection of rubbish. You can hardly read it for laughter; yet the fidelity of its observation is almost painful. Both for satire and sentiment, in short, The Oakleyites is a book to be ordered.

It would be a rotten thing for anyone who sits at home driving a safe quill to let himself go in any criticism of trivial detail in such a document as Miss MAY SINCLAIR'S A Journal of Impressions in Belgium (Hutchinson) with a motor ambulance. We must just gratefully accept it as it comes, with its curious and no doubt entirely truthful impressions of fears and laughter, of big things and little things oddly huddled together, of anxiety about the shape of the Commandant's hat and of dreadful visions of blood and tears. There can be no doubt that Miss Sinclair and her companions, the Commandant (a courageous and apparently untrained man), two doctors, two stretcherbearers and five women, including the author, carried a fine Mr. Benson probably knows. Indeed, I had a passing spirit and resourcefulness into devastated Belgium, did their wonder whether in Wilfred Easton he was not poking excellent bit and had the time of their lives. It is nice to gentle fun at the creator of a certain Dodo, now extinct think of that young English girl, URSULA DEARMER, who But tender and full of genuine feeling as is his picture of took with complete calm the bursting of a shell ten yards Dorothy, it is once again the subsidiary persons who make from her, and to contrast generally the author's candid

and it true hould been ador.

15.

imes. rican erely ating

your-

greate her azon f the York Stars

ll her

soon nings All I very deal have who but

mber glish the ench you,

uad-

very-

do. an I er of the

Hill hese You

coal-

bout tant, Il, I L.

aken

Readers of her journal will have the satisfaction not only of to Mr. London, it is the custom for prison-wardens and getting a sense of atmosphere conveyed by a clever pen, prison-warders to torture the convicts, not intermittently but of helping the Red Cross, to whose funds the author is handing over all her royalties.

herself. She said it on the last page of the book, but as a matter of fact she had been his, quite unavoidably, from the squashing of a wasp which would convince you that the first; and this notwithstanding that he started with a the man-who did it was a second TIRPITZ. The feeling I matter of fact she had been his, quite unavoidably, from wife and other obstacles to the happy ending. He was the had after reading The Jacket was that nothing should hero of Mary Moreland (MILLS AND BOON), also incidentally the employer of that young lady in the capacity of typist. So he loved her, and, being excusably bored by his legitimate spouse, asked Mary to fly with him. But she tentiary. Fifty years in solitary confinement, with large wouldn't, having a big soul and being a heroine; also, probably, because she knew quite well that this kind of for meals. It is too great a risk. sentimental American fiction is built on the Pamela-or-Virtue-Rewarded lines, and that she was bound to be a safe winner in the end. Which, as you see, happened; but not work and in His Father's Wife (Allen and Unwin), I have before Marie Van Vorst had an abundant admiration. It is,

written a long story about it, which may please those who like this kind of thing. Personally I found it not quite worthy of my pleasant memories of Big Tremaine. There are certainly lots of love in it, dollars, as they say, "to taste," and, in short, all the ingredients of a popular success. Such success seems perhaps a little easier in America than with us. There is a fine simplicity about the reading public there; without an effort they rise superior to the irritation produced by what in an English writer we should call quite detestable style; remaining unruffled, for example, when a character is spoken of as "making an exit" when all that the author means is that he went out. Still, after all, what is style compared with heart-interest? When the con-

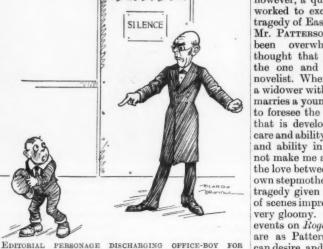
veniently widowered Maughm clasps Mary to his millionaire | Roger could have been more in love with the sea and less bosom, who bothers about refinements of speech? A pleasant, undistinguished tale of the best-seller variety; you can take, or leave, it at that.

I wonder how Mr. JACK LONDON would have written Trilby. I suppose he would have thrown a lurid light on the hideous brutalities of art-student life in Paris, and his Little Billee would have been a sort of combination of circus giant and homicidal lunatic. At any rate it is on those lines that, in his latest volcano of frenzied fiction, The Jacket, erupting from the offices of Messrs. MILLS AND Boon, he has re-written Du Maurier's Peter Ibbetson. Like Peter, Darrell Standing, while serving a life-sentence for murder, picked up the habit of projecting his soul from his body and sending it travelling through all the lives he had lived on this earth in previous incarnations. In their central idea the two books are identical. It is in their atmosphere that they differ. None of Du Maurier's gentle, haunting wistfulness for Mr. LONDON. No, Sir! The Jacket is not so much a book as a yell. It bursts on the immured in an American prison, and in America, according We agree.

when the whim seizes them, but all the time. The Jacket is a second Jungle. But somehow I suspect Mr. London, He is one of those American wielders of the muck-rake "Well," said Mary Moreland, "she's yours!"—meaning who can make a sensitive subject believe any horrors by sheer force of eloquence. He could write an account of induce me ever to go to the United States. Why, I might forget to stamp a letter or fail to abate a smoky chimney, warders jumping on my chest all the time, stopping only

For Mr. J. E. Patterson's sincerity, both in his previous

however, a quality that may be worked to excess, and in this tragedy of East Anglian farmers Mr. PATTERSON seems to have been overwhelmed by the thought that to be sincere is the one and only duty of a novelist. When Aaron Rugwood, a widower with a grown-up son, marries a young girl, one begins to foresee the painful situation that is developed with infinite care and ability. But all the care and ability in the world could not make me anxious to read of the love between a youth and his own stepmother; and this is the tragedy given to us in a series of scenes impressive enough but very gloomy. For the rest the events on Roger Rugwood's boat are as Pattersonesque as you can desire, and the farmers, with their jealousies and junketings, are tremendously alive. If only



WHISTLING COMIC SONG IN OFFICE OF NEWSPAPER OF PESSIMISTIC HABIT.

with his father's wife I feel that Mr. PATTERSON's book would have lost but little of its power and would at the same time have been far pleasanter to read.

#### The Instrumentalists.

[Among the presents received by Mile. Janotha, the deported pianist, was a jewelled lyre from the Kaiser.]

Still music has charms for the ugliest brute;

This applies both to son and to sire,

For the Crown Prince retains all his love for the loot While his father still doats on the lyre.

#### The Pibroch Cure.

"And almost at the same moment the dumb man put his hand on a very hot water piper, and to his amazement and the astonishment of the doctors and nurses recovered his speech."—Evening Paper.

"The fact is that there has been continual cress-fertilization of science. The those who remind us that Hertz, for instance, stood on the shoulds Fitzgerald, it may be answereds of Mended that Bateson reader, and stuns and deafens him. I had to stop reading stands on the shoulders of Mendel; and both statements would be it every few pages—to rest. You see, Darrell Standing was ridiculously far off adequate accuracy."—China Mail.

s and

tently

Jacket NDON.

k-rake

ors by

unt of

u that

eling I

should

might mney,

peni-large

g only

evious

have

It is, nay be

a this

rmers

have

the

ere is

of a

wood,

p son,

begins

uation nfinite

e care

could

ead of

nd his

is the

series

gh but

at the s boat

you with

tings,

f only

d less

book

at the

eported

e loot

and on

hment

tion of

ood on

uld be

er.

## CHARIVARIA.

London's new watchword-"Scott strafe Zeppelin."

President Wilson has excused his inability to speak at a patriotic celebra- six months ago. \* \* tion next month by saying that "questions turn up so suddenly and have to be handled so promptly "that he dare not let his thoughts go out to other matters. It is not yet five months, for example, since the Lusitania was sunk.

a bone inscribed with a message to Sir EDWARD GREY. The skull and the other part of the trade-mark have not yet been traced.

In a list of expressions of French or English origin still appearing in the German Press we find the word "zivilisation." This is, of course, a tribute to the Kaiser's airmen, who prefer to introduce civilisation with a "Z."

In a discussion with Sir R. BADEN-POWELL regarding the proper length for a lance the GERMAN EMPEROR said, "I find that for every inch that you put on to a man's lance you give him two feet of self-esteem." We could give an estimate of the length of the Kaiser's own lance; but there is no room for it on this page.

We have it on the authority of the German wireless that private individuals and municipalities frequently request the German authorities to safeguard their works of art. The CROWN PRINCE and his

In its campaign for economy the Lokalanzeiger has been urging the German public not to require shopkeepers to tie up their parcels, pointing out that "the hemp used for string is needed for the army and navy." Having regard to some of the doings of the said army and navy we cordially agree.

A story is going the rounds of a soldier who caught a horse during the retreat from Mons and sold it to a gunner for a packet of Woodbines. The excellence of the bargain has probably been exaggerated; it may have been merely an exchange of

interviewer that all difficulties between within a fortnight, "because I am in of the same name. charge now." A lot of trouble would have been saved if he had been arrested

panic "because of little things that had newspapers. A German airship recently dropped happened in the London district." We

Count Bernstorff has stated to an of merriment is that the Members of Parliament had confused the Leader Germany and America will be settled of the Opposition with another person

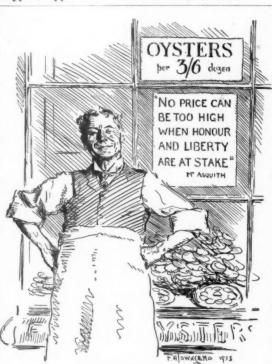
Some of our popular authors regard the decision of the Lambeth Libraries' Committee to purchase no more novels By a large majority the Croydon during the War as most unfair. The Guardians resolved last week not to Committee allege that "fiction in warinsure the ratepayers' property against time should be regarded as more or damage by aircraft, after one member less of a luxury "—and yet they conhad be sought them not to give way to tinue to purchase large numbers of

> The men polishers employed at a chair-making factory are reported to have struck because the women workers were given easy jobs, while they had to take the more difficult. These, we suppose, are the arm-chair patriots we hear so much

> Remarking on a well-known journal's description of itself as "The paper that gets things done," a correspondent considers that the quotation from BROWNING'S "Rabbi Ben Ezra" might have been com-pleted — "Things done, that took the eye and had the price."

> A correspondent reminds us of Falstaff's confession, "I have misused the King's Press damnably," as a suitable quotation for the times, but we fail to catch his meaning.

> We hear that a dear old lady who had a Zeppelin pass exactly over her house has taken the precaution of staying indefinitely with friends two doors down the road.



A HAPPY COLLOCATION.

brother Joachim have been especially are glad that at least one of the Croydon gracious in responding to these appeals. Bumbles has repudiated the motto "Buzziness as usual."

Extract from a facetious German spy's report to his Government:— "The success of the visit of the Zeppelins was colossal. In every street an airraided bread-shop is to be observed.'

"Mr. Chaplin said he only rose lest, sitting on the same bench as the hon. and gallant gentleman, his silence might appear to give consent to the views expressed. (Laughter.)" Mr. Asquith (later):-"I entirely associate myself with what was said by the right hon. gentleman who leads the Opposition. (Laughter)." The only inference we can draw from these mysterious outbursts A justifiable distinction.

#### A New Title to Fame.

"Brevet-Major Longcroft will be remembered as the first airman who piloted a machine over Kirriemuir."—Kirriemur Free Press.

Where's your J. M. BARRIE now?

"Mr. Cotter adduced his own experience at inquiry on loss of Lusitania as proof of need for giving a statue to trade union officials." Portsmouth Evening News.

For some of them, perhaps, a bust would be more appropriate.

From a Russian communiqué:-

"This morning south of the town the offensive passed into our hands, inflicting heavy punishment on the Germans and Christians."

Eastern Morning News.

## TO A SOLDIER M.P., HOME FROM THE FRONT.

(Affectionately inscribed to Colonel ARTHUR LEE.)

["I confess I am a bit weary of the 'Voice from the Trenches' and the 'Message from the Front' when they . . . take the form of complaint and criticism of what we are thought to be doing at home. These good fellows are excellent in their line and place; but when they come here and lecture us they are out of their depths, and are talking about something they do not understand."—Sir T. Whittaker, M.P., in "The Daily News," quoted by Colonel Arthur Lee, M.P., in the House.]

On leave for just a slight repose, You have to bear with patient head The sniffy patronage of those Whom you have guarded safe in bed; Who though they never touched a gun Can teach you how a war is run.

Coming from where no store is set On eloquence, except of deeds, Modestly on your feet you get To talk about the Army's needs; And learn that out in foreign lands No one can tell where England stands.

You are of those "good fellows" whom, "Excellent in their line and place," WHITTAKER (doughty knight) would doom To hold their tongues with humble grace And read the illuminating tracts Of those at home who have the facts.

What should you know about the War Who only know it on the spot? The things outside your billet's door Are much too near and much too hot; Distance alone can lend the true, The cool, dispassionate point of view.

Besides, you've lost your status here; Elected by the People's Voice You turned from that exalted sphere Declining on a lowlier choice; So long away, you seem to wear Almost an alien's doubtful air.

Better go back across the seas! And leave these Whittakers to loose Their party-nostrums at their ease-For such the soldier has no use, Finding the facts of life and death Too large for any shibboleth.

appealed to, though they were unquestionably subjects of the Austro-Hungarian Empire-Kingdom, were by race Croatians and as such bore but little love to the State from which, to put it in their own words, they had escaped. They made most disrespectful references to the Agram conspiracy trial, in which, as you may remember, my Imperial Royal Lord and Master was seriously defeated, and our Government sustained great loss of credit for having allowed its agents to forge the evidence on which the prosecution was based. What could it do? If it had not forged the evidence there would have been no evidence at all, and then there could have been no prosecution. But it was important that these knaves should be prosecuted and convicted of their crime, even if they had momentarily abstained from committing it. I am sure your Majesty will know what I mean and will have sympathised with the object our Government had at heart. The regrettable thing was that we were found out, with the result that all Croatians have since become disloyally suspicious of our motives. They actually prefer making munitions for our enemies to trusting in the benevolent sentiments of my Imperial and Royal Master and his heaven-inspired Government.

And now I come to the second cause of my ever-to-beregretted failure. Like the Government at Agram, I was found out. Very indiscreetly, as I now see, I entrusted to an American a letter to my chief. The American allowed himself to be stopped and rummaged by the British authorities; the letter was discovered and was immediately made public. The American Government saw a chance of doing something which had the appearance of being strong and decisive without any possible risk, and it has requested my Government to recall me. What a hell-brew for me to have to swallow! I confess I writhe when I think of BERNSTORFF. The sly fox has done things ten times as unambassadorial as anything I have ever done, but he didn't put pen to paper and therefore he remains comfortably at Washington and is still able to scheme and bribe and interfere for the benefit of your Majesty and for his own great satisfaction. How blindly fate sports with us!

There is one point in which my experience of the Americans may be useful to your Majesty. You have sometimes—may I say it?—appeared to act towards this people as if you were timid of offending and provoking them. I think you are wrong. The Americans are not really to be feared. They boast about their greatness and their strength, and the magnificence of their star-spangled banner, and they expect all the world to take them at their own valuation. They have been accustomed to twist the tail of the British lion, and the British lion has contemptuously acquiesced, and the Americans have thus gained the idea that all the nations of the world will bow down and submit to them. But if any nation were to stand up to them and show fight I am convinced this boasting would cease, and you would see them grovelling in the dust and submitting to every humiliation rather than push even a just claim to the risk of a conflict. What, indeed, could convey to you a few thoughts which have been brought they do? They have no army; two or three submarines could terrorise or destroy their fleet, and then where would they be? Let there be no more truckling, but let a strong policy be adopted towards these braggarts. Pardon me if Ihave spoken strongly. On the truth of what I have said

CONSTANTIN DUMBA.

# UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XXVII.

(From Dr. Dumba.)

IF your High-esteemful Majesty sees no violent impropriety in such a course, I propose to permit myself to about in my mind by the recent events of which your gracious Majesty has doubtless deigned to hear.

Well, for the moment the game is up, and our activities, which promised so valuable a result, cannot any more be prolonged. Certainly it was a master-plan-and for that I I am willing to stake the reputation of have to thank my friend BERNSTORFF-to endeavour to promote disaffection and strikes in American workshops which were engaged in manufacturing munitions of war causes, this campaign was only partially successful. In This must not be confused with the other War going on the first place many-I might almost say most of those just now in Europe.

which were engaged in manufacturing munitions of war of war at the Parish for our enemies; but I regret to say that, owing to two Church, St. Asaph."—Liverpool Echo.



# THE IMPS OF WAR.

KAISER, "AFTER ALL THE TROUBLE I'VE TAKEN WITH YOU I MUST SAY THAT, AS LITTLE TERRORS, YOU DISAPPOINT ME."

s of race

rom ped. ram my ited, for

hich had ence But uted arily esty

with able t all our our my ired

o-bewas o an nimnies; blic. omeand my e to

s as the fortbribe his us!

this king not and gled their the

the and p to ould and

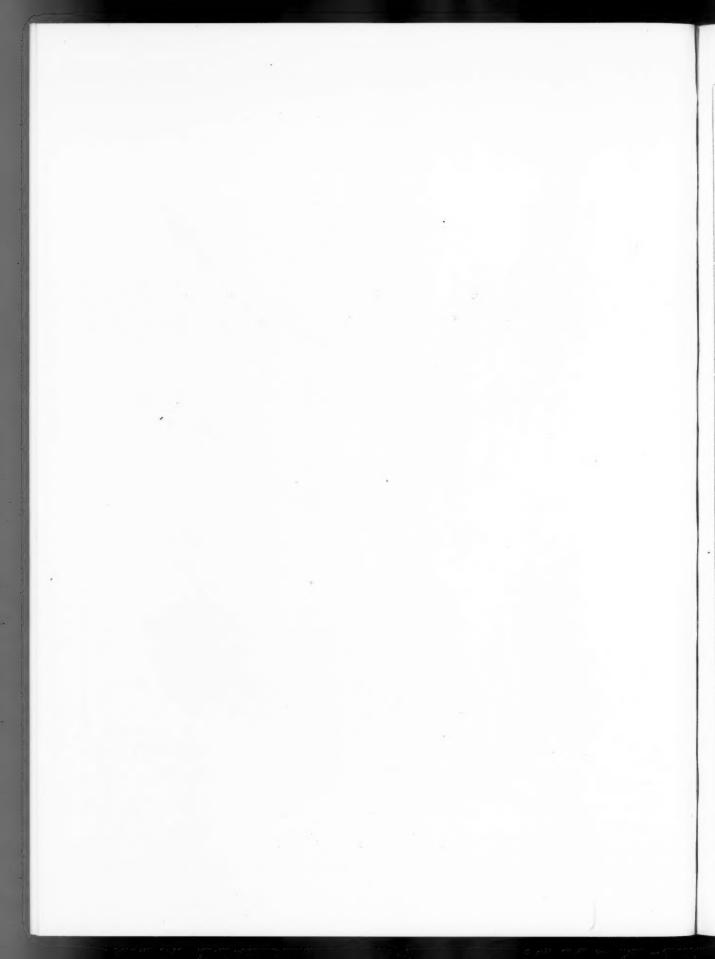
and en a could rines ould

rong if I said

BA.

arish

g on





Sympathetic Recruit (whose pal has had his ears boxed by exasperated Sergeant). "E DIDN'T OUGHT TO DO THAT, DID 'E?" The Injured One. "It don't matter if 'e did ought or if 'e didn't ought, 'e dun it, didn't 'e?"

# ON BELLONA'S HEM. THE IMPORTANT PASSENGER.

I saw him immediately we rounded the engine of the boat-train at Folkestone and had sight of the ship. There he stood, "all over khaki," as someone expressed it, with his legs wide apart, as though before the fire waiting for dinner after a day's hunting, and with eight inches of eigar protruding from his mouth at exact right angles to his ruddy physiognomy. He was on the deck facing the gangway, and there he stood scrutinizing the passengers until the luggage had all been swung aboard, a matter of a cigar and a-half. He then without a quiver ascended the bridge and stood in the same attitude beside the captain, and it was now, after so unprecedented an action, that I began to realise that here was a nut place. indeed.

Hitherto he had fascinated me by his aplomb and suggestion of the governing class; my eyes were now to pursue him for his importance. Who could he be? There was something familiar

tary in themselves, although, taken in and just as I at last reached the buffet conjunction with the khaki, and the red he was leaving it, still clinging to his on the cap, and the attitude, so commanding, so conquering? But hitherto, unless I was mistaken, they had usually been surmounted by a tall hat. Khaki had never before been their concomitant. To-day however khaki breaks out upon the strangest figures, especially perhaps in Paris at lunch-time in the best that this was he. restaurants.

and, proceeding to the principal private cabin, opened it with a key and disappeared within. Here was another token of authority and distinction-a key. I too have occupied cabins, but no key was ever in their locks.

With his departure the deck seemed

had now a swollen and very officiallooking leather case in his hand, another cigar in his mouth, and he Dick, or Harry, all unfringed and unwalked right off the boat amid salutes Olympian? Perish the thought! what time we others were huddling in about his features. Surely I had somedadense mass outside the smoking-room, where seen pictures, "reading from left to be passed in review before a French specialist:to right," of those whiskers so unmili- officer and have our passports stamped;

leather case and more important in aspect than ever.

It was then that realisation came upon me, for suddenly I remembered having noticed at Victoria that one of the compartments was reserved for a King's Messenger In a flash I knew This was that exciting official, so dear to romance, in After a while, the third or fourth real life! To carry that leather case so cigar being burnt out, my hero descended fraught with dread secrets was—all his natural hobbies at a standstill—the great man's way of doing his bit.

Yet the question could not but obtrude itself, Was the leather case thus packed? Would documents of real importance be entrusted to one so marked out not only by nature but art to become a simpler, more domestic and personal inclination for prominence? Was it not possible that the real At Boulogne I saw him again. He despatches were at this moment leaving the ship in a humble handbag, being carried by plain insignificant Tom,

From a testimonial to a nerve

"I am so thankful to have found you out."

## A KHAKI COURTSHIP.

I ALWAYS travel down to Haslemere on Saturdays by the 1.19 train from Waterloo, eating my lunch in the train and sleeping afterwards. Last Saturday, however, just as I had undone my sandwiches and was waiting for the train to start, I was disturbed by the sudden entry of a gentleman in khaki, whose three stripes indeed proclaimed him a sergeant, though his bearing and complexion suggested that he was not likely subsided into the corner opposite me. and little children.'

Having spent a few moments in collecting himself, he again rose to his feet and laid the more detachable parts of his equipment in the rack on the top of my soft hat. He then sat down and, pulling out a large coloured handkerchief, slowly wiped his

forehead.

Thus comforted he inspected with no sign of false shame the other occupants of the carriage. His eye roved without comment over the rather pale young clerk who sat next him and the girl eating a piece of cake in the corner on the same side. But I observed it dwell with satisfaction, as it reached the opposite corner, upon the ampler qualifications of a lady, evidently a widow, whose extensive display of solid metallic ornament left little doubt that she had at some time received honourable mention in a pawn-broker's will. Then I looked modestly down and submitted without protest to the Sergeant's inspection of myself.

At the end of a minute or so I looked up, assuming that it had been satisfactorily concluded, and was not a little disquieted to find the Sergeant still

glaring at me.

"That man's a German," said he in a Scotch kind of voice, as I raised my eyes; and then, in default of protest on my part, "I've a good mind," he said, looking round the carriage for sympathy-"I've a good mind to throw him out of the window." And he gazed fiercely at me.

The youth and the girl each looked up, and then resumed their respective functions of reading a newspaper and eating a bun. But I observed through again looking round the carriage for her jewelry to suit this new posture, to it," said he.

fan herself with a paper bag and generally to emphasize her interest in my case.

The Sergeant, spurred by this encouragement, again attacked me.

"Are you English?" said he. "I am not," said I (being in fact a mild-faced man with a beard, and Irish

on my mother's side).
"I told you so," exclaimed the

Sergeant.

quite right," said the widow, nodding the medical misfortunes of their relong to remain so. He was heavily her approval. "He has a German face. spective relations, the thirstiness of burdened; and he climbed into the It's a crying shame the way these the weather and the lonesomeness of carriage at the third attempt with a Austrians are allowed to go about, widows. As each subject drew to a puff of relief, struggled across it and guiding the Zeppelins on to widows close the Sergeant turned to me as to

BROOK -

THE "U" CURE.

We understand that the cure of Admiral von TIRPITZ is taking the form of immersion in hot-water baths of special construction. The distinguished invalid, we hear, shows little improvement.

Sergeant.

"Irish," said I humbly.

He regarded me suspiciously.

you either," he added.

He continued to eye me as though expecting some explanation of this discrepancy. Then, as I remained silent,

diplomatically. "Robinson," said he.

"Never," said I.
"I told you so," said the Sergeant,

"It's a scandal," said the widow.
"It is a scandal, Madam," said he; "you're right; and the Government are a pack of old women to allow it. But KITCHENER, now—he's the right man in the right place."

"He is that," said the widow.

With a growing confidence in each other's judgment, based on their estimates of Lord KITCHENER and myself, they proceeded to the discussion of "You're right, Sergeant; you're other topics, such as the Zeppelin raids, a dog, whose excessive displays of

affection required periodical discouragement, and, "I've a good mind to do it,"

said he; and then, turning again

to the widow,
"There's KITCHENER, now;

he's the right man in the right

"He is that," said the widow on each occasion, and added at the fifth repetition, "He is that, and it's a marvel to me that he should have been content to remain a bachelor all these years.

There was a long and pregnant

"I've a good mind to do it,"

said the Sergeant. An unusual trace of hesitation in his tone made me look up; and I observed that his remark appeared this time to be directed to himself, instead of, as heretofore, to the general company, and that his glance had been transferred from me to the

widow, who recognized the

compliment by bridling as effi-"What are you, then?" said the ciently as her configuration and the multiplicity of her ornaments allowed.

The solution of our several problems indicated by this development seemed "I had a cousin," said he, "that to me entirely satisfactory. I deterspent a while in Ireland once, and he mined that my presence at least should didn't speak like you-no, nor look like not complicate the situation further; and, the train at that moment drawing up at Guildford, I made an unobtrusive transfer to another carriage.

"Did you never meet him?" said he.
"In the House of Lords this afternoon
"What was his name?" said I "In the House of Lords this afternoon held by Allies in West had been practically unchanged.

Wet Kiss 1 Koster Girl f. 2 Trevella 3. This did not mean any relaxation of activity on part of forces in field."

Evening Provincial Paper. the corner of my eye that the widow approval, and then, measuring my instiffened herself in her corner and considerable bulk against the size of continuation of racing in England is proceeded, as soon as she had rearranged the window, "I've a good mind to do not materially affecting the moral of our troops at the Front.

w l he;

at are

But

man

each

esti-

vself,

n of aids.

re-

s of

s of

to a

s to

of

dis-

it,"

gain

ow:

ight

low

lat hat,

he

to

ese

ant

it,"

ion

ip;

ark ted

reny,

en

he he

ffi-

he

d.

ns

ed

er-

ld

r:

ng

ve

lv

ty

0

of

### THE WOES OF A WOUNDED.

THE nicest of the nurses According her consent, I made some simple verses To tell her what it meant, That in this best of bowers, Where milk descends in showers, And no one heeds the Powers, I am not quite content.

Although my martial fervour Is subject to caprice No competent observer Will grudge me my release; I may occasion no stir But feel, a modest boaster (To paraphrase the poster), That I've performed my piece.

In practical phylactics I've done some useful work; I've taught the men some tactics And where bacilli lurk; But always, on reflection, I note one grave objection— That (to my recollection) I never killed a Turk.

With Private Kent, the sniper, I've done some prodigies; I spot the Turkish viper And tell him where it is; Though mine the primal vigour To indicate the figure, The hand that pressed the trigger Was uniformly his.

Perhaps, to be quite candid, I'm not cut out for CAIN I slaughter-second-handed, I fire the distant train; My influence in the trenches May well compare with French's, But never a maiden blenches To know that I have slain.

All this impairs my pleasure, As poets hate to see Some almost perfect measure Not quite what it should be; Yet have I consolation For having failed the nation— By some miscalculation They never finished me.

From experts' truthful stories I do my best to learn; They all agree that war is A murdering concern; And since it seems my presence Adds nothing to its essence, I feel a mere excrescence And simply shan't return.

A workman's report after an airraid :-

"Two booms fell close to my house. One exploded in a field; the other was one of them insanitary booms and didn't do much harm." Not a boom, but a slump, in fact.



### THE PESSIMIST.

Daughter. "Splendid news from the Front this morning. We've---" Mother. "Hush, dear. I hear your father coming. Hide the paper; if he sees it he won't touch his breakfast."

#### Undress Uniform.

"Personally, when in command, I had no difficulty in having all correct. Even at mess I never permitted officers to appear in anything but boots, as I pointed out, being mobilised for war, they might be needed at a moment's notice."—Daily Mirror.

"ENEMY 'TIRED OF LYING' KILLED BY THEIR OWN GAS." Evening Paper.

Metaphorical or literal, German gas seems to be equally deadly.

A Phrase to be Avoided.

At a concert for wounded soldiers :-"I am indeed glad to see so many of you versatile pupil, but we present to-night."—Edinburgh Evening News. sporting tutor come in?

From an article in the monthly paper of the Church League for Women's Suffrage describing life in Serbia:-

'Yesterday a bullock-cart turned up with a wicker top-most picturesque. The owner milked the animals and presented the milk to the hospital."

In Serbia there appear to be no silly distinctions between the sexes.

"SPORTING TUTOR. - Gentleman desires Pupil to instruct him in following Sports and Pastimes:—Shooting, fishing, golf, tennis, billiards, &c., and assist him with his studies; exceptional references."—Morning Paper.

He will have to be an extremely versatile pupil, but where does the

# A VICTIM OF INVASION.

Peter Bintock referred generally to summer visitors as "them blight." He did not see the good of them, he never had seen and never would see that they served any fruitful purpose. He came of a family who had owned their own land in Treginegar for incalculable generations, and he could speak casually of his great-grandfather's attitude towards the Restoration. (Any ancestor behind the grandfather mark was indicated by the single prefix; beyond the limit of his immediate experience Peter was Bergsonian in his treatment of time and simultaneity.) And if anyone could need further evidence of so obvious a valuation of "them blight" Peter had a clincher in reserve. "It's just twenty year since the first visitor came to Treginegar," he would say with a kind of superheated patience, and add as he turned contemptuously away -"and he was a black man." well-informed were left to ponder on the dismal quality of this black blight; it is the sort you get on beans. For years after the black man episode

Peter continued to live happily in historic time, tilling his land on the principles inculcated by his greatgrandfather in the days of WILLIAM Rufus, and only distantly critical of the slowly increasing plague of green fly that had miraculously descended from a black ancestor. These first visitors were, indeed, comparatively tentative harmless creatures: the same specimens recurred annually in August and September, bringing their young, and feeding them, for the most part innocently enough, on one of the various beaches-poor foreign things who knew nothing of the massive permanence of Treginegar, and almost negligible from Peter's point of view.

But about ten or fifteen years ago some unintelligible thing that called itself a "railway company" built a new station at a point eight miles nearer to Treginegar, and the blight only had to drift five miles instead of thirteen in order to reach its summer habitat. And although the poor things tried desperately in the first instance to keep their refuge to themselves the names of other places about Treginegar were becoming famous. Dangerous people, like BAR-ING - GOULD and LEWIS HIND, Wrote very wicked books, actually naming "beauty-spots" on the North Coast, and all the competition of the "Cornish Riviera" failed to prevent the blight from spreading.

missed some opportunity to nip this swerved from his holy purpose. He Punch.

thing in the bud. He felt that if he would not let "them blight" trespass through harvest and swore a great deal, days of Alfred the Great. and openly advertised the frightful horrors that awaited any of "them blight" if they trespassed on his been for the War. He was truly a

And eventually that happened. Peter saw it from his own front garden, this year vomited its vast swarm of snatched a cudgel as he rushed through visitors into Treginegar—upwards of the ball, and charged, shouting. The two hundred, the postman said. And invaders were three timidly-brave unhappily a corner of Peter's land schoolmistresses, and they scattered and fled like scared hens before Peter's vocabulary, leaving him victorious but choleric in the middle of had not closed since he found that the pasture.

But next August the sacrilege was repeated more than once; and there he had a convinced habit of turning can be little doubt that the Socialist sharply to gaze across any field that who attempted argument, and afterwards brought an action against Peter for violent assault, secretly instigated other visitors to dare the outrageous lot of watching, and Peter was never that there were as many as twenty-nine foreigners in Treginegar parish during August, and Peter began to have the feelings of one who had undertaken a great and urgent work.

Incidentally he tried a bull, an indiscriminating beast, who finally penned him into a corner while a spasm of blight were criminally trespassing in the middle distance. That act marked the bull as a true descendant of the black man, and it was transformed into vulgar beef directly the weather grew cooler. This error of judgment, however, confirmed Peter in his conviction that he was one against a multitude, that he was a man with a great and increasing purpose, and he prepared to fight the whole world in defence of his rights. He knew that the world contained great hosts of visitors. He had heard of other places in Cornwall, and of Devonshire, and of a town called London that was more than twice the size (so they said) of Bodmin; but he was magnificently resolute.

He had a matter of ten months in every year for his preparations, and his fields broke out, little by little as he could afford it, into barbed wire, and the steadfastly locked gates were capped by a horrid cheval-de-frise of

had, so to speak, killed a few queen unaccosted upon one blade of grass in wasps earlier in the year the swarm the fields that his great-grandfather could have been avoided. He scowled had so successfully cultivated in the

I am still inclined to believe that victim of the Zeppelin, inasmuch as it seems that the whole East Coast has offers a tempting and advantageous short-cut. By mid-August he had a wild look about his eyes, which he some fool had used two of his corn shocks as a tent to sleep in - and had been momentarily hidden. He looked with fierce suspicion at the very gulls. Two hundred acres take a experiment. That year report had it still for five seconds at a time. No when it was found that he had barricaded the main coast road one night even the reluctant Cornish authorities (egged on, unquestionably, by this blight) were forced to intervene.

In the Bodmin "establishment" they can keep him quiet in an empty room by giving him photographs of bare fields or moors or any desert in which there is no human figure. The room must be empty, because he is apt to mistake furniture for blight, and his methods are drastic and violent. They hope to let him out at the end of September, but they are prepared to receive him again every year between July and October. It's the recurrent kind, the doctor says.

There is a certain irony in the thought that Peter, whose great-grandfather farmed Treginegar in the dear old days of the Phænicians, should now be reduced to the level of a summer visitor in Bodmin.

#### Dunch's Roll of Bonour.

WE keenly regret to learn of the death, from wounds, of Lieutenant dead furze. And during the crucial J. S. M. Tombs, R.F.A. He was one seven weeks Peter himself never relin- of the first to enlist in the Liverpool quished his cudgel or abated for a Scottish. He was invalided home with single second of daylight his fierce frost-bite and, on recovering, received untiring watch across the spread of a commission in the Royal Field Artilarable and pasturage. He could not go lery. After four months' training he to market between July and October, returned to the Front a few weeks ago. Peter began to lose his temper. He and his personal work in the harvest-had a curious feeling that he had field was almost negligible. He never tributor of verse and short articles to

pass ss in ther the that not ly a as it has n of s of And land BOUS id a he that corn and ning that He the te a ever No ven new and arght ties this

hey om

are

ich om

to

his

hey

of

to

een

ent

the

nd-

ear

uld

f a

the

ant

one

ool

ith

ved

til-

he

go.

on-

to



#### OUR WAR ECONOMIES.

Husband (returning to smoking-room after being called to the telephone). "What the--12" Wife. "OH, I PUT IT OUT, DEAR, AS I DIDN'T KNOW HOW LONG YOU'D BE. I DIDN'T LIKE TO SEE IT WASTING, AS I KNEW IT WAS A GOOD ONE."

# CAMP QUARTERMASTERING.

THE worst of Adjutants is that they have so much time on their hands that they can go about asking silly questions. I was busy at something or another when our Adjutant asked me if I would quartermaster our summer camp, and I daresay that I did, absentmindedly and in accordance with military etiquette, answer in the affirmative. Anyway, I thought no more about it until the middle of July, when the Adjutant came along and asked what I was doing about the camp.

"What camp?"

"The summer camp."

"Is there going to be one?"

"Yes, and you've been appointed Camp Quartermaster."

"Very interesting. Any men going?" "That's what I was going to ask you. It's your business to find out."

"All right, I'll ask the Company Commanders. Do I have to do anything else?"

"Not much. You have to provide tents for the battalion, and see to the Quartermaster-Sergeants, who worried we had decided to hold our camp. This

food and things, and just run the camp. the Platoon Sergeants, who worried the That 's all."

"That sounds easy."

"Yes, but you may have trouble things began to move. " about the tents. I hear there aren't any to be got.'

"Perhaps we'd better not mention that to the men until they get there."

"No, especially as there's no chance of billeting them.

"How long will the camp last?"

"About a fortnight, and if there aren't enough men we can stop it sooner.

"That's a most satisfactory idea and will make it easy for everyone to make their arrangements—especially me."

"Well, you must do the best you can, and I think you'd better begin to see about it.

I saluted, and that's how I became one sensible idea was about beginning to see about it, and I accordingly started to worry the Company Commanders, who worried the Seconds-in-command, who worried the Company Sergeant-Majors, who worried the Company

men, and, as that's the only way that things begin to move in the Army,

I found that the Adjutant wasn't as wrong as usual about tents being unprocurable. It seems that the War Office had decided to use tents in connection with their war, and that several other people were thinking of holding summer camps. These things had been told to the tent-makers, who are pessimistic people, and, if I had believed the first half-a-dozen firms whom I approached, I should have come to the conclusion that there wasn't a tent to be procured in the country. However, by a process of pretending that I didn't really want tents but was writing an article on the lack of enterprise in British industries and in tent-making Camp Quartermaster. The Adjutant's in particular, I got the offer of quite a number of tents at more or less reasonable prices. To the surprise and annoyance of the tent-makers I accepted some of these offers and directed them to despatch the tents to the remote and inaccessible part of the country where



THE MORNING AFTER THE ZEPPELIN RAID IN OUR VILLAGE.

put fresh heart into the tent-makers, as | they were able to assure me that no railway company would carry tents, and that the War Office had bought up every available motor lorry. They were right about the motor lorries, but I discovered a railway company that was willing to carry tents if and when they had time, and if they could find the necessary trucks and the men to load them. When it got round that I had secured tents, about ten members of the battalion assured me that, if they had known that I wanted tents, they could have obtained them for me for nothing. I effectually stopped this kind of talk by telling them that I wanted lots more tents and eagerly accepting their offers to get them.

Having more or less settled the tent problem I turned my attention to the food question, and sent for the battalion Quartermaster-Sergeant, who incidentally was once a real Quartermaster-Sergeant. He said that he knew all about feeding troops, but couldn't tell me accurately how many stones go to a pound of plum jam, or how many raisins

plum duff. He was willing to hazard month of August, which Matilda assured an opinion on relatively trivial details like meat, but on important questions like pâté de foie gras and turnips and the service allowance of pepper per man for breakfast, and whether an infantry man was entitled to one pickle and a cavalry man to two pickles for tea he was hopelessly uninformed. The best he could do was to offer to look up a book of army regulations which had been issued to him in 1856, and which he thought still held good.

On inquiry I ascertained that our last Camp Quartermaster, after feeding the battalion on a consistent dietary of pork sausages for four days, had retired to a private home for the feeble-minded, where he was passing his time calculating how many sausages it will take to feed a battalion of uncertain number for a week on the basis that pork sausages go bad in geometrical progression, starting at one-eighth of a sausage the first day and going on at the double. I felt certain that mutiny would be the result of attempting to feed the battalion on pork sausages for a fortnight in each man is entitled to in a ration of a year when there was no R in the with a view to holding a camp.

me is the sole test as to whether or not pork is fit for human consumption.

Obtaining no assistance from the Army or our own past experience I turned my attention to marine records, and found that the staple food of the sea is vinegar. As the weather looked wet and stormy I decided to adopt a vinegar diet, especially as vinegar is easily bought and, being wrapt up in barrels, can be handled with facility.

Both Matilda and the Battalion Quartermaster-Sergeant thought that the men would expect meat either as a relish or an alternative to the vinegar, as some of them at least would be landlubbers and not entirely attuned to the vinegar diet, and I accordingly agreed to risk the expense of adding meat to the cuisine.

Subject to the state of the Editor's digestive organs I will tell you some other time how to buy meat for the Army and the kind of things that the War Office do by way of intervention when they find out that you have laid in stocks of tents, vinegar and meat

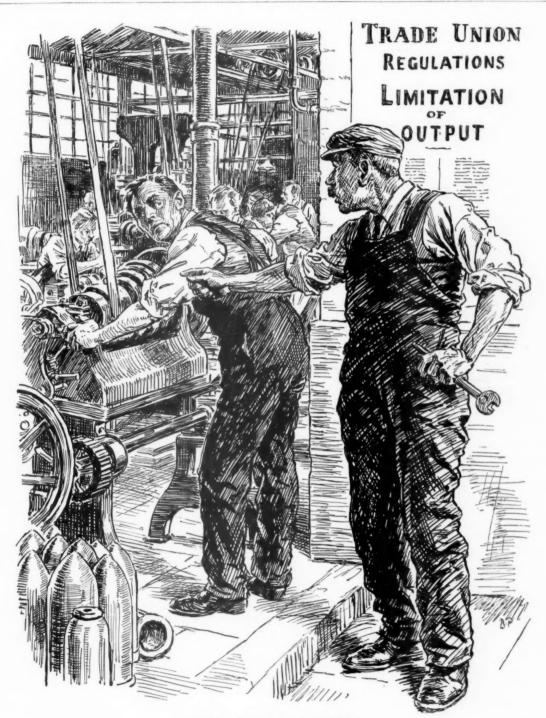
he I ls, he ed

in on at a

ed to

ie

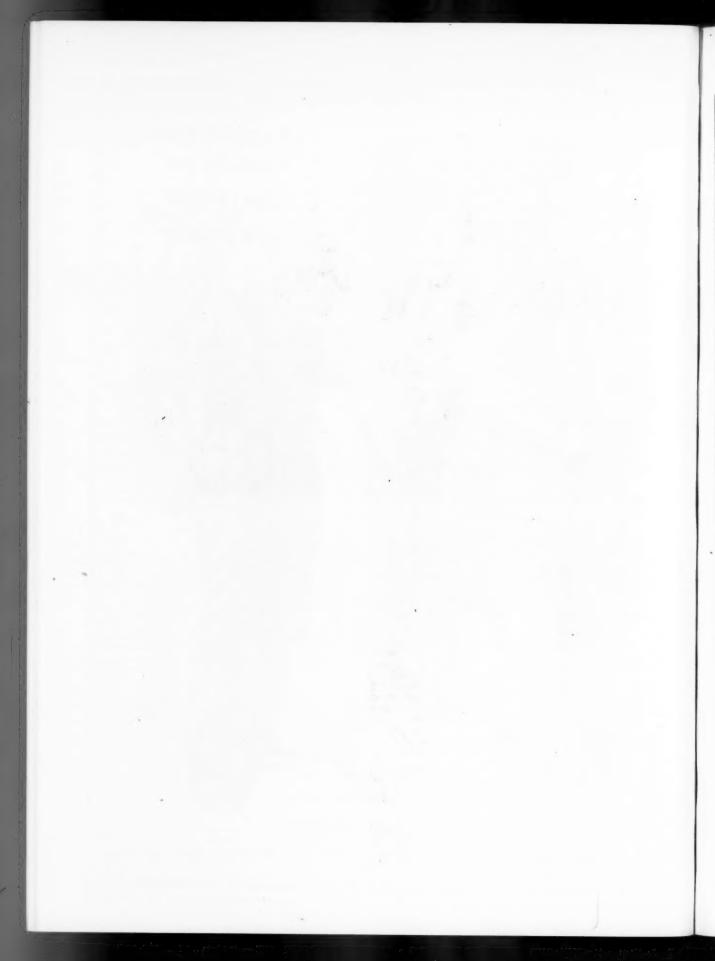
e



THE LAST WORD.

FIRST MUNITION WORKER, "LOOK HERE, MATE, YOU'RE WORKING TOO HARD, YOU'RE A TRAITOR TO YOUR UNION."

SECOND DITTO. "WELL, I'D SOONER BE THAT THAN A TRAITOR TO MY COUNTRY."



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.) House of Commons, Tuesday, 14th September.—On prorogation of Parliament elected in January, 1581, adjourned in March same year, QUEEN settles stupendous problem.

ELIZABETH, with that affability in conversation that marks royalty, asked the SPEAKER what had passed in the House of Commons. "If it please your Majesty, seven weeks," answered Speaker Popham. To-day Parliament resumes the Session. If our Mr. SPEAKER were asked by the Sovereign what had passed in the interval since the adjournment he might make answer, "If it please your Majesty, nearly seven weeks."

Poignant remembrance of how, towards end of July, we parted distraught with apprehension. Something over six weeks' adjournment of Parliament! And what meanwhile was to become of interests of the Empire at home and abroad? How would the Cabinet get along, deprived of daily counsel from supporters seated below Gangway? haps more precise to say standing, for they were generally on their

somehow, for here we are again, once grinding of HANDEL BOOTH, the warthe jocularity of Joynson-Hicks.

The hyphenated Member for Brentford contributed to debate a remark that uplifted cloud of war and made Members momentarily merry. What Premier aptly described as "a sporadic desultory discussion" on question of conscription versus voluntary enlistment had occurred. John Dillon introduced subject in passionate speech greeted with continuous cheering from Members opposite. Remembering old times when he was accustomed to be shouted down from same quarter, reception must have given him pleased

Irrespective of Party lines House divided into two camps, one demanding day for discussion of the question, the other insisting on leaving matter to decision of Government, who alone are in possession of information upon its full bearings. It was here Joynson-Hicks rushed in and settled matter.

"On the question of conscription," he said, "I should myself prefer to be guided — very largely — by Lord KITCHENER."

to certain point, loosely but generously flag of truce. defined, WAR MINISTER is to be trusted for guidance. That limit reached, rather of sorrow than of anger, "lest,



Well, we muddled through AND THE WARBLING OF WEDGWOOD."

more counselled and comforted by the easy time. Guest (in khaki) jumped Parliamentary discussion.' up from his side and, with pistol held bling of Wedgwood, the denunciation at head of Premier-of course in Parof Dalziel, the prattle of Pringle and liamentary sense of the words—insisted Lords thirty-five. upon day being given for discussion of recruiting question. When he sat down his esteemed Leader solemnly rose, his



THE PRIME MINISTER MARKING TIME, WITH AN EYE ON THE CLOCK.

House by spontaneous burst of cheer- white cambric handkerchief profusely ing appreciated subtle distinction. Up streaming from breast coat-pocket like

JOYNSON-HICKS interposes and finally sitting on the same bench as the honourable and gallant gentleman, my

silence might appear to give consent to views expressed by him."

Strangers in gallery, chiefly men in khaki, puzzled by peal of laughter that followed this remark. What were they laughing

Preserving best traditions of Front Opposition bench, CHAPLIN chivalrously declared his full trust in the Government to decide if and when compulsory service might be needed in best interests of country.

Only person House really cared to hear on subject was the PREHIER. Of the hour allotted to discussion just nine minutes left to him. More than sufficed. Indeed, last half-minute served for reply that for the time settled

everything.
"When," he said, "the Government, without undue delay, with as much deliberation as the gravity of the subject demands, arrive at their conclusions, they will present them to the House,

Leader of Opposition had rather un- and they will become the subject of

Business done. - Parliament re-assembled. Commons sat eighty minutes.

House of Lords, Wednesday.—House wore gala aspect. Exceptionally large attendance of Peers. Steps of Throne thronged by Privy Councillors. Galleries garlanded by ladies in summer frocks. Atmosphere of intense expecta-

Explanation forthcoming in announcement that WAR SECRETARY would make important statement on progress of War and present position of campaign. Now would the veil persistently spread by Press Bureau be lifted. Now the public, who really have some concern in the matter, would be taken into full confidence. Gossip and rumour, idle or vicious, would be dispersed.

K. of K. in his place on Ministerial Bench with soldier-like punctuality. On stroke of half-past four rose from side of Crewe. Laid on Table packet of type-written MS. With head bent over it proceeded to read at rapid pace in level voice. Chamber at best a bad one to speak in even for a Peer who stands upright, with head thrown back, talking in measured and sonorous tones.



Elderly Caddie (discussing with golfer the very indifferent exhibition of another member). "You know, he don't really enjoy hisself. It's more of a religion with him than a game, so to speak."

This rapid, unpunctuated, unemphasized reading of a paper hopeless.

Noble Lords sat in attitude of strained attention waiting for disclosure of something new, striking, peradventure cheering. What they heard was a bald summary of com-muniqués from Headquarters with which the newspapers had long made them familiar. Only new thing of any importance was expression of opinion that on Eastern front "the Germans have almost shot their last bolt." From so high authority, abnormally averse from taking sanguine views, this opinion was welcomed with muffled cheer. Standing alone it scarcely satisfied high-strung expectation.

When K. or K. sat down a strange thing happened. Noble lords sat in mute surprise looking at each other. Was this really all? Was the tale ended? Surely something must follow. LORD CHANCELLOR sat motionless on Woolsack, looking round silent benches. Nobody rose. After awkward pause, it seemed a full minute's duration, but was probably only a moment, he remarked, "The House will now adjourn."

Which it forthwith did in dazed condition.

PREMIER moved Vote of Credit for 250 millions, the seventh since outbreak of the War, reaching in the aggregate the taking part in conversation. once fabulous sum of £1,362,000,000.

Thursday.—News from the Front. It comes in a letter from a young soldier writing to his father from Gallipoli. Describing the brilliant charge of the Yeomanry on Hill 70, which took place on August 21st, he says: "Wedgwood Benn was simply a marvel."

He was always so regarded whilst with us in the Commons. House will be glad to hear that in new circumstances he is maintaining his reputation; and his many friends will take a personal pride in this tribute from a comrade who was with him in the same gallant charge.

Long, occasionally lively, sitting, extending to full time limit of eleven o'clock. Occupied with talk about relative merits of conscription and Colonel ARTHUR voluntary service. LEE, home from the War, opened fire under former flag. Some sensation created by deliberate statement made by J. H. THOMAS, authorized exponent of views of railwaymen throughout the

Business done.—In the Commons country, that if conscription be decreed they will straightway stop work.

Ministers significantly abstained from

Business done.-New Vote of Credit passed Report stage.

# Our Experts.

"It is always a matter of amour propre with every commander to keep his adversary ignorant of his dispositions, and let him find them out for himself rather than supply the information from his own side." Military Correspondent of "The Daily News."

From Training Manual Signalling, Part II., in regard to making permanent joints in a broken cable:

"Dip the joint into the liquid solder until a sufficient quantity has been absorbed, and then wipe it with a rag. Wash the joint with water to remove the remains of the flux, dry and serve with india-rubber tape and solution. We have often observed some such dish as this at the Mess, and wondered where the cook got the recipe from.

#### A Good Catch.

"FISH—Rodd.—At St. Paul's Church, Grangetown, September 8th, by the Rev. D. Fisher, John Fish, of Newcastle, to Emily Mary Rodd, of Cardiff (by licence).

Western Mail.

eed

om

dit

pre

the

8. 17

ig,

er-

nd

th

ry

eh

ed



Auctioneer (reproachfully). "What! No advance on three shillings? Why, the picture by itself is worth that!"

#### INDECISION.

(From the War Musings of a dyspeptic Pacificist.)

Is the time to eat an apple after "brekker,"

Or before?

Will it mitigate the keenness of my pecker,

Or, perhaps, a jaded appetite restore, If I eat my apple first?

Will it spoil my coffee thirst? After all, I think it wiser to refrain Till the forenoon is a little on the wane.

Is the time to eat an apple after lunch, Or before?

Now my lunch is quite a simple meala hunch

Of bread - and - butter, cheese, and To the League of Gastronomical Control. nothing more.

If I prelude it with fruit, And my gastric juice dilute,

of tune-

Oh, I'd better wait until the afternoon!

Is the time to eat an apple after tea, Or before?

Here's a problem that acutely int'rests

As a student of high dietetic lore; For the flavour of Oolong Is delicate, not strong,

And the chances are the two will never mix;

So I think I'll hold my apple up till six.

Is the time to eat an apple after dinner, Or before?

Though it won't determine who 's to be the winner

In the present sad and fratricidal war,

The choice for me is serious, Any error's deleterious,

So I think I'd best refer it, on the whole,

Is the time to eat an apple after supper, Or before?

I may throw my whole digestion out I have searched in vain the works of MARTIN TUPPER

For proverbial instruction on this score :

And, having failed to find Help from that colossal mind, A wrinkle from the wise old Snark I'll borrow.

And always eat my apple on the morrow.

## "For this relief much thanks."

Mr. Punch begs to acknowledge gratefully the anonymous gift of his own and Toby's counterfeits admirably done in relief out of local chalk by officers in the trenches of France.

# Things "The Times" would have expressed differently.

"The fact that Dr. J. W. Mackail is responsible for the introduction to the collection of 'Modern Essays'—a volume made up from a selection of leading articles in *The Times* during the past five years—gives both authority and value to the book."

Westminster Gazette.

News from Constantinople:-

"The munition factory at Makrikions has suspended work, owing to the want of row material."—Newcastle Evening Chronicle.

That is not what stops munitions factories here. Quite the contrary.

# STOOPING TO CONQUER.

I can't tell you where it was, because that is an official secret, and if I divulge an official secret the penalty is-well, that's an official secret too, I suppose. with it.

saw at the gates. "Good afternoon," I began, waving my blue paper about; "I've come to make high explo-

the right, first on the left, and keep secret) . . . and then to

straight on till you come to a——"
"Thanks," I interposed. "That's a first instalment. Second on the left, I think you said?"

"Second on the right, third on the left-

He was still going on with his recitation when I passed out of earshot.

By dint of asking seven more policemen and brandishing my blue paper in "I've come to make a high explo-

Someone took my blue paper away from me as I was in the act of describing a peculiarly effective parabola with it, and summoned me up to a desk. cross-nibbed Government pen into my hand and passing me a piece of that charming Government blotting-paper

book of rules and a spade-guinea.

"No, really," I protested. couldn't dream of accepting-

Then I found it was only a brass disc with a number on it. "That is your metal pass," the clerk explained. "It must not be taken home as a souvenir or worn on your watchchain, but must be dropped into the box provided for it when you leave the works to-night. You will commence work in the Cartridge Factory this burrowing in our tea-baskets. afternoon.'

"Where's that?" I asked.

"Second on the right, third on the left-

"Thanks; I know that piece," I remarked hurriedly and left the office. With the assistance of a friendly professional munitioner who didn't seem to know what to do with a trolley full shabbiest tramp juggler to shame.' of brass plates I at length found my shed and duly presented myself to the assistant-foreman. "Good afternoon," I said; "I have come to" (and here I tennis flannels and a blazer embroidered made a twiddling motion with thumb with the arms of the Thornton Heath and forefinger) "roll cartridges."

The look of relief upon the man's

face when he saw that the munitions is an official secret. If you read the problem had been solved at last was good to behold. He beckoned me to follow him, and, making our way amid a perfect maze of wheels and belts, and cylinders going up and cylinders com-Anyhow, boiling oil is a fool compared ing down, and pistons making drives to the off and pistons making hooks to I went up to a policeman whom I leg, we at last reached a machine that was half mangle and half copyingpress. On a ledge in front of it was a boxful of brass thimbles. These were "Second on the right, third on the embryo cartridges, my companion exleft, second on the left again, fourth on plained, and my job was to (official secret) . . . after which, I had to "Thanks," I interposed. "That's (official secret) . . . He also showed about as much as I can remember for me how to switch the engine on and off, cautioning me at the same time not to put the thimbles in upside down or I should break the punch. He then started the machine and left me . .

A noise like a salvo of artillery nearly startled me off my stool. My machine had stopped. It had "downed tools." I issued my first complete high exa conspicuous manner, I at length plosive. "You've put one in upside reached the office of which I was in down," chuckled a ribald youth on search. "Good afternoon," I said; the next machine. "Your punch is broke."

I heaved a sigh of relief. From the noise I judged that I had broken the whole factory, and that I should have to go and explain to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE "Sign the register, please, here—and that in consequence the War couldn't here," he said, thrusting the usual go on, and that the Government had better see about obtaining the best Peace terms possible.

The assistant-foreman came up. I which blots in very truth. I did as he quite expected him and was consumed requested, and then he handed me a with curiosity to know which of my ears he would elect to box. However, he merely grinned, told me I had done nothing startlingly original, and put me on to another machine.

Then I got to work in earnest. For three hours-and-a-half I stuck to my job, and then the referee blew his whistle. My machine kindly stopped without any assistance from me, and I heard someone say "Tea." In two minutes we were all out in the yard

I was in the middle of my eighth bloater-paste sandwich when I casually looked up and saw the only man of the V.M.B. I knew who was on the Saturday afternoon shift-Peter Travers. We exchanged greetings. "Your costume," observed Peter, as he helped himself to my cake, "would put the

"My oldest clothes," I said, "as per advice from headquarters. What, may I ask, are you doing in last week's

Official Secrets Act of 1899 you will find that-- By the by, what's your job?"

I drew myself up proudly. "I am making cartridge-cases longer," I said.
"Good heavens!" exclaimed Peter. "My job is to make 'em shorter! We're

merely undoing each other's work. Do you think LLOYD GEORGE is aware of this scandalous waste of energy? Let's

go home.'

We were still debating the matter when six o'clock arrived, and we (official followed the stream of workers back to our respective sheds. Two hours later, with several thousand others, we attempted to board a motor-bus that normally carried thirty passengers.

"It's all right," said Peter, as we scrambled on top, "I'm a trimmer. I'm merely taking the rough edges off

your slovenly work.'

"Anyway," I answered, "whatever else I've been doing I've most certainly contracted permanent curvature of the spine in my country's cause."

"And my back aches infernally," said Peter. "I wonder if there's such disease as munitions-back - like tennis-elbow, you know?"

"We're merely suffering," I said, "from a little unaccustomed strain upon our sinews of war.'

# TO AN ALARUM.

Timepiece whose tinkling clatter With sudden fears untold Has daily sought to shatter My slumbers from of old, Seeming to say, "Awaken! That bed must be forsaken! Be off to where the bacon And eggs are getting cold!"

Though, ere these days of battle, Each morn at 7.10 He hailed your poignant rattle With words one may not pen, The author of these verses No longer now rehearses Those matutinal curses He cast upon you then;

But, leaping up and scorning To snooze again and snore, "Old chap," he cries, "good morning!

(And foots it round the floor). "Rejoice, for we're in clover! Another night is over, And lo, the Hun sky-rover Has missed us both once more."

# Another Quiet Wedding.

with the arms of the Thornton Heath
Chess and Draughts Club?"
"I am sorry," said Peter, "but that
"The service was conducted by the Rev.

"The service was conducted by the Rev.

"M.A., the bridegroom. The wedding was of a quiet nature, owing to the recent death of the bride."—Blackpool Times.

15. ===

will

your

am aid. eter. Ve're Do re of Let's atter we atter, we that we mer.

ever inly the lly," such like said, rain

ter

le,

1,

rn-

Rev.

the nes.

## MESSRS. HOPEFUL AND BOOMAGE,

WHERE GROW THE ARTS OF WAR AND PEACE. OUR "BUSINESS AS USUAL" CATALOGUE, WITH NEW DESIGNS FOR THE AMELIORATION OF LIFE IN THE TRENCHES.



Floral Painting Outfit, with attachment which converts rifle into easel. Complete in paperette case,  $12s.\ 6d.$ , post free.



Our Little Pet Vacuum Cleaner. Removes the dust from all the corners, with full directions. Carriage free, One Guinea.



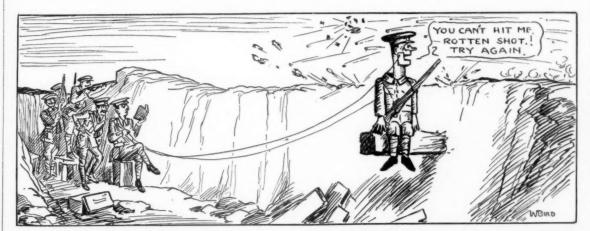
Roller Skates as presents. Neatly packed, with your card enclosed, if desired. From 10s., post free.



The Old Château Exercises. Do not let your muscles relax. 15s., post free.



Lives of the Lustrous. In ten volumes. Delivered in the trenches for a first payment of 5°



Lifelike Ventriloquist's Figure. Natural movements of eyes, nose and mouth, with book on the art. Can be used to entertain your comrades in the evenings, and during the day to draw the enemy's fire. 32s., postage 8d.

## ANTI-AIRCRAFT.

I HELPED myself to the last piece of toast, munched it thoughtfully and these inspections." turned to Henry.

"What are we going to do to-day?"

Henry stroked the thing he calls his moustache.

"To-day. Well, I shall take the bike to pieces.

"Yes, but what are the men going to do?"

Henry stopped stroking his mousall they can clean the rooms, then they can clean the gun, then they can clean-er-

"Themselves."

"Yes. By the way, you're off this afternoon?"

I smiled. "I am."

"Right," said Henry. "Well, I'll start on the bike now. Er—you might look at the rooms." And he went out.

Henry of course is my senior; we obtained our commissions on the same day, but his surname happens to begin across it (9 feet). I thought of the with a B, whereas mine begins with a night when I had nearly shot at a Y. He is therefore my senior by some cloud and how Henry had restrained twenty-three letters, and on parade I call him "Sir." I also inspect the rooms.

At eleven o'clock, acting on my instructions, I put on my belt, took up my stick and inspected the rooms. They were clean. At twelve o'clock I inspected the gun. It was clean. At twelve - fifteen I inspected the men. They were clean. At twelve-thirty I inspected Henry: he was black and

oily.

Tired out with my morning's work I returned to the mess, threw myself into the comfortable chair and fell into a light slumber, from which I was only wakened by the enthusiastic mess waiter distributing the lunch on the unofficially, at least five times. Incifloor.

It was just as we were finishing lunch | Sergeant. It was my first inspection. that the telephone bell rang.

I got up and answered it: it was the Adjutant.

"Hullo," he said. "The Colonel is coming over to inspect you this after-

I turned to Henry-the senior. "Colonel coming over to inspect this afternoon," I said.

"Help! Tell him we shan't be at

I turned to the instrument.

"Very good, Sir," I said to it. "About what time?"

"Oh, during the afternoon."

We rang off.

Henry stroked the thing he calls his moustache. "Dash," he said. "My bike is all to pieces.'

the gun," I assured him.

Henry laughed bitterly. "I hate

"I don't mind them," I said airily. I don't; on such occasions I walk behind and listen to Henry saying, "Yes, Sir, it shall be altered.

"I don't mind them," I repeated. "After all, it isn't the General."

"Very well, then, will you stay in this afternoon? I hate them, and you inspected this morning."

I began to alter my point of view; tache. "Clean," he said. "First of it is one thing to trot behind and watch Henry with the Colonel; it is quite another to trot in front and be watched by the Sergeant.

"Henry," I said, "be a man."

"Look here, old thing, you might-"Of course," I said, "you are my

Henry is very sporting. "It isn't a question of seniority, and of course you take to-morrow afternoon off.'

I walked up and down the room (20 feet the double journey) and then me, swearing it wasn't a Zeppelin.

"Henry," I said, "I'll do it." He looked very relieved. "Sportsman," he said, "I'll have to borrow your pushbike.'

"Do," I agreed; "and now I'm going to inspect the gun.'

"But you did that this morning." "Yes; but this time I am inspecting from a Colonel's point of view.

"During the afternoon" is a most elastic term. I am not by any means nervous, but I must admit that halfway through the afternoon I had inspected the gun no fewer than ten times, and the rooms and the men, dentally I had had a long chat with the

At four o'clock the Colonel and the Adjutant arrived. I explained that it was Henry's afternoon out and he had unfortunately gone before the telephone message arrived-a very permissible lie.

Then we inspected the gun. There was just one slip; it was when the Colonel pointed to a new lighting arrangement, an idea of Henry's.

"That lighting," he began.
"Yes, Sir," I said mechanically, "I'll have that altered."

"I was going to say I thought it distinctly good," he continued.

I tripped over the box of spare parts and apologised. The rest of the business was uneventful.

Just before they left the Adjutant breakers.

"The Colonel will only trouble about took me on one side and spoke confidentially for a few minutes.
"You see?" he finished.
"Very good, Sir," I said. I went in

smiling and waited for Henry's return. Eventually he came back, sleepy and

"Everything all right?" he inquired. "It was an excellent show," I replied modestly. "But they 're horrid things, inspections."

"Horrid," he agreed. "Well, I think I'll go to bed now. Wake me at two." He yawned and murmured something blatant about night watches. "Good

"Good night," I said. "Oh, by the way, Henry, the Adjutant took me on one side before they left. It appears their inspection had-er-a particular significance."

Henry looked surprised. Nothing doing to-night?'

"No, not to-night," I said. "Tomorrow afternoon.

"To-morrow afternoon. What?"

"The-er-General is coming over with Major Smith, the air-craft specialist. "Lord!"

"He will probably ask you to run through some drill. He doesn't want it known, though. Everything to go on as usual." I paused. "Everything to go on as usual, Henry. I was wondering if you would lend me your motor-bike," I added.

Henry stroked the thing he calls his moustache.

## A Sham Dum-Dum.

Mr. Punch has been requested to warn the public against a man who has for some time been fraudulently impersonating Captain John Kendall, R.A. ("Dum-Dum" of Punch). Anyone receiving a begging letter or a visit from this impostor should communicate with the police, to whom he is known.

"Along the line Nowi Troki to Mejszagola and Podberezie, the latter not to be confounded with Podbrodzie, the Germans strongly entrenched themselves weeks ago.' Morning Paper.

We regret to say that for many years we have been guilty of this confusion, just as the Editor of the Novoe Vremya has found it impossible to distinguish Llanfairfechan from Llanfrechfa.

"There is being raised in the neighbourhood of Westminster Palace a group by Rodin, the illustrious French sculptor, of the burglars of Calais, with halters round their necks, coming to implore the pardon of King Edward." Scotsman.

New Scotland Yard would appear to be the place for these historic house-

Recruit. "YES, YES! BUT DON'T TALK TO ME NOW, THERE'S A GOOD GIRL. I'VE GOT TO GET READY TO SALUTE THIS OFFICER."

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE appearance of a new novel by Mr. Compton Mac-KENZIE is always, even in these days, something of an event. Therefore I opened Guy and Pauline (Secker) with a lively expectation, which-let me add at once-was by no means disappointed. But having said this I must also say that Guy and Pauline is not in the least the kind of book I was prepared to find it. It reveals Mr. Mackenzie in a quite new manner, as far removed from the passionate vitality of Carnival as from the realism, perhaps a little aggressive, of Sinister Street. Here is miniature painting, most exquisite and delicate in workmanship, devoted entirely to the portrayal of an episode in the lives of two persons. Guy and Pauline is the love-story of that friend whom Michael Fane (you may remember) left to rusticate in an old-world village, while he himself pursued the more strenuous life. I have called it a love-story, and the description was surely never better deserved, for Guy and Pauline is about love from beginning to end. Had it been written fifty years ago it might have had as sub-title "or, The Long Engagement." Mr. MACKENZIE has, in fact, set himself as hard a task as could well be imagined: to recount the gradual waxing and waning of attachment between two young persons, both charming, solicitous for each other, and—as is the habit of modern youth-somewhat too introspective to be able to of a drunken lunatic, or the incident of some old maids at a grasp happiness for thinking about it. Guy Hazlewood tea-party unwittingly swallowing a powerful emetic, or a delightful a family, by the way, as any in fiction. But trate in a rowing boat in a heavy swell, can be made

with their engagement began Mr. MACKENZIE'S difficulties. He had to show how from day to day the small restrictions and uncertainties of their position (since Guy could not do the obvious thing and marry Pauline out of hand) gradually undermined the devotion of each, changing adoration at last to something like antipathy. I doubt if any other writer could have displayed his hero and heroine getting thus on the nerves of one another without producing that effect upon the reader. As it is, the story is so steeped in external beauty (by a happy inspiration its progress is marked only by the names of the passing seasons) that not till the end does it reveal itself as tragedy. Guy and Pauline, in short, is a book that, while it may exasperate the impetuous, will be hailed by the reflective as an achievement.

Whether the dialect in Journeys with Jerry the Jarvey (SMITH, ELDER), by ALEXIS ROCHE, is authentic or not is a question that must be left to experts. I am content to think it sound because Mr. Roche seems to know his jarvey. But a Saxon may well find three hundred consecutive pages of Jerry's idiom a little trying. This particular Saxon confesses as much quite frankly, and furthermore that he has the impression of but a poor pennyworth of wit to an intolerable deal of whisky. It is a simple fact that the alcoholic joke in all but the subtlest hands is dangerously liable to pall. Whether the vagaries was the man, and the girl was Pauline, youngest of the squireen at a shoot followed over hill and dale by the three daughters of the Wychford Rectory, as wholly mother of his illegitimate offspring, or Jerry himself pros-

confivent in

return. py and

915.

quired. replied hings,

think two." ething Good ' by the

me on pears icular Why?

"To-?" over - craft

o run want go on ng to ndernotor-

ls his

ed to who ently DALL, vone from

with

agola conmans 0." per. rears sion. mya uish

hood , the ers of ming

o be use-

sufficiently diverting by tactful treatment is a speculative their conclusions. To my own thinking, Three Gentlemen question that may be left to the curious. Myself, I am From New Caledonia is by no means a specially disconscious that Jerry's painstaking chronicler leaves me tinguished example of detective fiction. Its joint authors, strangely cold, and I rather imagine that this is just the kind of book that lovers of Ireland don't particularly care to see published.

You may recall how MARGARET BAILLIE-SAUNDERS had the singular good fortune to publish a novel of Belgian life, called The Belfry, at the very moment when the attention of the world was focussed upon the scenes it described. She from what seemed to me an exasperating confusion of has now followed up this chance topicality by a deliberate attack. Instead of going straight ahead on any one point, one. Captain The Curé (Hodder and Stoughton) is a they indulge in so many nibbles here and there that story of Belgium in the agony of invasion. It is a fine one is never sure what they would be at. Perhaps it

feels deeply for, the people about whom she writes. Its main theme is the effect produced upon a young priest of Louvain by the martyrdom, by death and worse, of two Belgian girls. Marie and Ottile were two sisters of contrasting natures; the one, all purity and devotion, is done to death in the first hours of the German orgie; the other accepts life at a price, becomes a campfollower of the Huns, and subsequently, under torment, a spy. Meanwhile the death of Marie has so worked upon the priest Van Susterens that he renounces his vows and all religion except that of vengeance, and becomes a soldier. What happens afterwards to him and to the unfortunate Ottile is the matter of the tale. The setting of it is perhaps even more impressive than the action. There is something almost like inspiration about the fury with which the author speaks of infamies which by now we are becoming in some danger of taking for granted. I should like to prescribe this story for an early stage in the treatment of those well-meaning imbeciles who still try to "make allowances" for Germany's crimes. A book, in short, for the lending-shelves of "And how much, pray, Sir?" "Oh, quite a lot, please."

anyone with pro-German acquaintances.

This appears to be an era of competitive fiction. I am becoming quite used to the appearance of the novel that arrives bearing upon its cover the trophies of success in some contest for publication. This indeed is all very well. Quite probably the statement (to give the particular instance I have in mind) that Three Gentlemen From New Caledonia (STANLEY PAUL) carried off a prize of three hundred pounds may stimulate public curiosity and consequent sales. What, speaking as a reviewer, I could wish is that when the distinguished judges, "specially selected to represent a variety of tastes," have made their award they would retire and leave me to my own unprompted opinion, instead of suggesting the excellences of the volume in enthusiastic paragraphs on the cover. I am the more

Messrs. R. D. Hemingway and Henry de Halsalle, start indeed with a promising situation, the escape from a penal settlement of three convicts, a gang of thieves who return to civilisation burning to revenge themselves upon the man who betrayed them. They continue with some pleasant, if familiar, thrills about rogue-life in Paris and the bootybuyers of Amsterdam. But their whole method suffers story, written with passion, by one who clearly knows, and was my own fault. The publishers anticipate that the

story's appeal will be "almost universal"; so I can only suppose that I represent the qualifying adverb, and leave it at that.

Mr. THOMAS COBB is an indefatigable producer of artless tales for the mitigation of the boredom of the entirely unexacting. The Busy Whisper (CHAPMAN) is the chatter that followed Humphry Fortress's fickleness in getting tired of the much too good and virtuous Gertrude and becoming interested in Jacintha, the more human and winning. Also, Jacintha's father, growing unduly interested in a married lady, and having to pay two thousand pounds "within a fortnight" as a result of the action Ranking v. Ranking and Barnard, the busy whisper occupies itself with that. . . . What I really liked best was Bobby, the red-headed, who eventually bagged Jacintha, being so sure of his commission that "What's more, I've ordered some service uniform on the strength of it." I can imagine the courteous Snipps, "And what can we do for you this morn-

And so forth. And I also liked a man who drank a glass of whisky and soda-water. I appreciated the classic precision of the phrase. And still the secret of Mr. Cobb's art escapes me.

#### Words or phrases not required may be erased.

At the Front-Somewhere in England.

I am quite { well. ill.

My windows are \ intact.

I have  $\begin{cases} a \\ no \end{cases}$  crater in my  $\begin{cases} front \\ back \end{cases}$  garden.

 $I\left\{ egin{array}{l} saw \\ missed \ seeing \end{array} 
ight\}$  the Zeppelin.

 $I\left\{ egin{array}{l} slept \\ did \ not \ sleep \ a \ wink \end{array} 
ight\}$  the whole night.

Grandmother behaved  $\begin{cases} likz \\ unlikz \end{cases}$  a brick.

Letter { follows. does not follow.

Signature only

Date

MR. PUNCH'S SUGGESTION FOR A ZEPPELIN POST-

#### Strange Craft.

I .- THE ADAPTABLE LINERS.

"Almost all liners at times carry passengers, and, not infrequently, tramp steamers as well."—Sunday Paper.

II .- THE AMPHIBIOUS SUBS.

"It is reported from Mytilene that after sinking the Barbarossa gunboat and transport, the two submarines went on shore and shelled a column of troops marching towards Gallipoli."—The Briton.

# Another Impending Apology?

in enthusiastic paragraphs on the cover. I am the more inclined to cavil at this practice because, with the best will in the world, I found myself hopelessly at variance with needed thinking and reading."—The Scotsman.

15.

emen

dis-

hors.

start

penal

eturn

man sant,

ooty-

ffers

n of

oint.

that

ps it the

most

sup-

lify-

at.

nde-

tales

dom

The

the

phry

ting

and

ning

nore

Also,

duly

and

sand " as

king the

with

iked

ded,

tha,

sion

ered

the

gine

vhat

orn-

atly,

orm,

ps:

se."

lass

pre-

BB'S

ntly,

elled

hree

uch-

#### CHARIVARIA.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. on learning that the enemy's attempts to cross the Save had been repulsed, was heard to murmur:-

"This paradox, prithee, engrave On the door of H.M.'s Treasuree, 'The longer we stay on the Save The sooner we go on the Spree.'"

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S controversial methods are mellowing. There was a time when he would not have hesitated to accuse his critics of emitting poisonous gas. Nowadays he contents himself with the remark that they have wasted "whole cylinders of fervour and ferocity."

up. A cargo of sugar which arrived in Glasgow recently was found to be on fire. The secretary of the local branch of the Refined Sugar Association thought it his duty to telegraph the news to the Sugar Commission, and promptly received the following helpful reply: "Call out Fire Brigade; inform the police."

Surprise has been expressed as to the means by which the two officers who escaped from Donington Hall managed to excavate a tunnel 220 feet in length underneath the main boundary fence. But the police have a clue. Another escaped German is described as having "a mole on his cheek."

A Danish correspondent with the roads are bottomless swamps and that sador at the first attempt. "automobiles can make no progress unless drawn by six horses each." The purists who always objected to the

"Smallest plots should be cultivated" was the headline attached to a recent speech of Dr. Macnamara. But you are not to understand that the Secre-TARY OF THE ADMIRALTY approves con- action against the illustrious offender.

Certain gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street were greatly perturbed on Budget day by a rumour that War-prophets were to be specially taxed, and a reminder that they had been for some time past subjected to a considerable discount seemed to bring them little

General Russky's parting message to Field-Marshal von Hindenburg:— "He that Wilna when he may . . . ."

An officer in Flanders writes :-

HB

MEMBER THIS IS THE BRITISH ARMY. WE DON'T WANT NONE O' YER PATRIOTISM HERE."

balds'-missing the 'planes not once, describing the closeness of our trenches

On the retirement of a Windsor postman it is revealed that he often "auto" are now on firmer ground than came into contact with members of the Royal Family, and that on one cccasion a Princess asked him to deliver a message for her. This breach of the postal regulations has been reported to the POSTMASTER-GENERAL, who has, however, mercifully decided to take no

the Budget. But if "R." stands for pipe which was to exhaust Germany

are not at all pleased with his new film- | Happily, the other implement seems to be still going strong.

> The same paper declares that "the shadows of poverty and want" in Britain will be finally dispersed "by the all-potent and flashing sword-thrusts of the all-highest Emperor himself." We note with interest this confirmation of the belief that the KAISER fights with shadows.

A correspondent of the Vossische Zeitung just returned from London says that respectable male citizens of London on Sunday mornings dress themselves in their Sunday best, and "You can always spend a pleasant hour watching the anti-aircrafts—for Our public departments are waking some unknown reason called 'Archi-Stock Exchange) repair to a crowded

gambling and drinking club in the neighbourhood of a church, where they pass the hours of divine service. They then return to their homes, where they discuss with their wives and children the points of the sermons they are supposed to have heard. Where do they pick up these secrets of our national life? It seems that the spy-peril has not been exaggerated.

The cow which walked down twenty stairs into the basement of a shop at Reading is believed to have mistaken the cellar for a

A Tommy writing home from the Dardanelles, after

but twenty times a minute." In to those of the enemy, concludes America the air is clearer, and an thus:—"The other morning I was Austrian army says that the Galician Archibald brought down an Ambas- using a periscope as a looking-glass for shaving, and when I had finished found I had shaved a Turk."

#### Agricultural Chemistry.

Extract from an Indian landowner's letter to a Government adviser :-

"And in order to use the improved system (of cultivation) I beg you very kindly to suggest a book on Pharmacy."

"There are few families who can boast of such a patriotic record as Mr. and Mrs. Clark, of Woodhead Street, New Ferry, who have no fewer than six sons serving their King and spiracy against the Government.

"A month ago," the Neueste Nachcountry. With the exception of the eldest son James, who has 131 years' service in the pleased," said an "agony" in The breath of the fearful Russian suctionwhen the succession of the succession o

Although the War is dragging a bit, it REGINALD McKenna we regret to have to inform him that American "pictures" The Russian hammer is smashed." James's record will remain unbroken. is hoped, with some confidence, that

## TO MR. McKENNA.

After Swinburne's "The Oblation."

[Duty has been proposed on cocoa, tea, clocks, cinema films, musical instruments, etc.

> Ask something more of me, please; All-that you mention I'll do; Bless your dear heart, were it more, More would I give at a squeeze-Gold for our worrying through, Notes for the sinews of war.

'Tis but a trifle to raise; So I may gladden your eyes, Willingly up will I stump, Watching with patriot gaze Cocoa and clocks as they rise, Films and bassoons on the jump.

I that have nothing to spare Cheerfully part with the same; Little I envy their pile, Misers that grudge you your share; His is the joy of the game, His who can pay with a smile. O. S.

# ONE, OF THE BULLDOG BREED.

["An indent is a wondrously perfected device for whitening the hair of the officer involved."—Mr. Arnold Bennett in "The Daily News."]

Lieut, and Acting-Quartermaster Denton-Smythe sat in his office prepared for the nerve-racking process of filling in the daily indent. Summoning up that courage which is instinctive in the British officer, he opened Army Book B 55 and wrote the name of his unit, "H Bty. 999th Bde. R.F.A." on the top line. Without resting after the mental strain involved he filled in the word "One" in the space for "No. of day's rations required;" and again, without pause, filled in the date, "Sept. 20th," in the space for "Date when rations are required."

Many men would have taken a rest at this point, but Lieut. Denton-Smythe was made of sterner stuff. only paused long enough to dip his pen in the ink and then entered the number 112 in the space for "No. of officers, warrant officers, non-com. officers and men," and the number 112 in the space for "No. of rations required."

The unflinching sense of duty which characterises our officers was never better exemplified than in the case of Lieut. Denton-Smythe. Even after the exhausting mental effort required to calculate that 112 men would require 112 rations he would not yield to exhaustion.

Again dipping his pen in the ink with the same determination with which he would have thrust a bayonet through a German, he put the number 126 in the space provided on the form for "No. of horses;" and again, with no outward sign of brain fatigue, he calculated the number of rations required for 126 horses and entered the number 126 in the space provided.

Then, gathering together what remained of his superb energy, he signed his name at the foot of the document and laid down his pen.

Here one would like to be able to say that he was free to rest-to go on leave for a week, and, attended by loving members of his family, or by one even dearer than they, to recuperate his jaded brain and shattered tissues.

But the Army regulations are callous, and no such happy ending is possible, unless we tamper with truth.

The gallant officer had laid down his pen, but his task the War."

was still incomplete. He had yet to detach the indent from the book. This done he rose and, with a supreme effort, opened the door and said, "Corporal, send this to the Supply Office." Then he collapsed.

### THE SIGNAL.

Concerning the multitudinous charms and stately sweetnesses of Audrey, much might be written, but as this is to be an article, as opposed to a book, and as young goddesses, being but human, may be spoilt by a too candid worship, I will here confine myself to her single fault. Audrey is romantic, nay more, she is mediæval. When recently I approached her with a certain momentous question, she was fresh from half-a-dozen versions of the "Tristram and Iscult" legend, and to say that she was full of it is to put the case feebly. The sick lover was to infer, you remember, from the white or black sail on the good ship Swan whether his affaire was going smoothly or quashed for ever; and Audrey proposed to tell me my fate by a modernised treatment of the idea. After a clear week for reflection, she would meet me by appointment, and if she came clad in brilliant hues I might go to the jewellers' at once for the ring; but if the tints of her attire were "neutral" all would be over, and I could interview the chemist, with an order for strychnine, at my earliest convenience.

The fateful night arrived, and Audrey's ensemble flung me into mingled triumph and despair. Even to my dull masculine eyes the run of her tints was appallingly neutral; but there was one solitary gleam of hope. She wore on her breast a screaming red rosette which would have spoilt the beauty of any ordinary girl. Poor tongue-tied coward, I lacked the nerve to insist on an answer outright, and we proceeded with the agenda of the evening, which consisted of a theatre, a modest War-supper, and a taxi home. I trust never again to pass through such torments of doubt and suspense. At last, as we stood on the steps of "The Lindens," where Audrey dwells, I could no longer silence my anguish.

"Tell me, dearest," I whispered, hoarse with emotion, "tell me, and put me out of my pain. Are these tints to be taken as brilliant or neutral?

"You silly boy," she replied, "as if I could dress in bright colours now-a-days! Why, you can't get anything in that line fit to make up for love or money!

A great wave of hope surged over me. "But this thing," I cried, pointing to the scarlet abomina-

tion on her breast, "it means?"
"Sh—h—h!" she whispered. "It's a dead secret, and papa would disinherit me if he found out. I stole his Civic Volunteer brassard and made a temporary rosette of it.

That seemed the handiest way to show what I mean! My memory has as yet failed to reconstruct fully the next whirling moment, but it is thought, from the undeniable dustiness of my knees on the following morning, that I behaved in the best sixteenth-century style. Audrey informs me that a special on duty outside "Menaggio," four doors away, paused as if in doubt whether to arrest me or not, and at last gave a furious stamp and strode off in disgust. It may be that long years had dimmed the memory of his own youth. Or possibly his feet were cold.

## Clear as Mud.

"Mr. Withers knows all the machinery of the money market, and he has a lucid style which makes matters plain normally very mysterious and technical to the layman."—Advt. in "Cornhill."

The right answer to the hospitable "Say when" is "After



# THE BALKAN QUESTION.

ROUMANIA. "COMING IN, FERDIE?"

ent me to

ses, ip, is is independent out the independent in the independent in the interest in the inter

ull al; on we led ht, ch axi ots ps ger

in ng

ıa-

vic

lly he ig, ey o," est off he ld.

nd

ery

er

BULGARIA. "WELL, I'M NOT SURE THAT I SHAN'T. I'M FEELING A BIT LESS NEUTRAL JUST NOW."

.



V. A. D. Nurse. "Oh, Dear! What shall I do? A light diet has eaten up a full diet!"

# DOING HIS BIT.

MINISTERS prate of economy;
Threats of compulsion are rife;
You still preserve your autonomy,
Lead a luxurious life.

Daintiest footwear to tread upon, Raiment of glossiest silk, Downiest cushions to bed upon, Diet of creamiest milk.

Must we convict you of vanity, Gay little dog of Pekin; Deem you a whelp of Inanity, Crossed with Original Sin?

Can you be deaf to the clarion Call of a nation in arms? Are you contented to carry on Wrapped in effeminate charms?

Aping the tricks of Society, Pitiful slave of your maw, Begging, though gorged to satiety, Giving a dandified paw? No; for, though sprung from another

Freely you serve in your way, Eager to "Die for the Motherland" Dozens of times in a day.

#### The Repentant Murderer.

Extract from the letter of a girl to her friend:—

"... We have had two Zeppelins over here this week, one last night which mother saw going to church, and one on Tuesday . . . ."

"Lady would like to meet occasionally elderly lady living alone for companionship."

Glasgow Herald.

This type of occasionally elderly lady is only to be found in Ireland.

From an essay on the Press Censorship by an L.C.C. scholar aged nine:—

"When a man prints something that the Government don't wish the people to know the newspapers leave a blank. It is called stop-press news."

## Vestments for the Church Militant.

From a Parish Magazine:-

"We have also been presented with a red cope, which is very nice, but unfortunately the boxing gloves for which an appeal was made have not yet appeared."

From a German description of the fighting in the West:—

"With faint shrieks, like scared little birds, the French infantry whizzed over our heads." Vernon News (British Columbia).

Hence the name "piou-piou."

"If the airship is near or overhead, lie down and get on the lee side of a wall, which will break the blast, should a bomb explode near at hand, placing that wall between yourself and the window or windows."—Daily Mail.

We fear the portable wall will present some difficulties.

"Wanted, cellarman, one illegible for military service, live in preferred."

Yorkshire Post.

Whilst living in his subterranean retreat he might try to improve his handwriting.

#### THE SHIRKER.

I HAD never beaten Petherby; not that he is a billiard expert, but merely that I am a rabbit. A masterly series of two nursery cannons, varied sometrith is that I do not possess the a loud report was heard, followed discriminating eye of a Diggle for the niceties of angles. But I have one "Zepps!" cried Petherby. "Where's "Sorry," said Petherby, edging off,

that he beats me by a mere 150 or so in 250 up, instead of by the more customary margin of 200 or more. But on the night in question Petherby was playing so shockingly and I so brilliantly, (on two successive visits to the table I had played for safety and scored a clear board each time), that at length I was 240 to his 247. It was my turn to play.

My first stroke, though not exactly yielding the result I had in mind, was nevertheless a most satisfactory and comprehensive one. I made a cannon off the red, and then my ball and Petherby's mysteri-

ously disappeared down different the pocket. Petherby applauded with joyfully. "Game to me!" pockets. the butt of his cue upon the floor.

"Oughtn't the red to have done something-gone down a pocket, for the balls click?" instance? Then you would have won the game. As it is-

"Petherby," I said sternly, "remember, please, that there are three see me miss?" balls, six pockets, and certain laws of coincidence which must operate at answered testily. times. In that stroke I distinctly see the finger of Providence. You are you couldn't see. As you maintain not intended to win this game. Just that the red hasn't moved, the fairest look at the position of the red."

left cushion. To pot it was an im- candle on you?" possibility as far as my limited tech-

nique was concerned, but I felt that by the servant entered. "If you please, careful aiming (so as to hit the paint Sir," she said, "the police sergeant has without disturbing the ivory, as I expressively put it when narrating the once at the station." incident to Pilkington) I could manage to run in. So I took a deliberate aim Petherby, struggling into his jacket. times by (and very occasionally coupled and pressed my cue gently forward. "What a nuisance these Zepp raids with) a hazard is all I aspire to. Peth- Slowly, slowly my ball trickled up the are, interfering with one's amusements erby, on the other hand, can generally table, straight as a die all the way. It in this way! Really, Imanage to score something every time, and not infrequently runs into some still running true when the electric moved to the door. "Wait while I play



"Get back Belgium? Get it back? You wait till yon chaps campin' on the 'ill gets out there! If they can't get it back no other way they'll pinch it!"

"Hurrah!" I shouted

"Good shot, Sir!" he remarked sar-castically. "What a pity it didn't all "it's my game. You've given three lief. "Thank goodness!" I exclaimed. away! That red's payer budged a "Percelular goodness!" I exclaimed. "On the contrary," said Petherby, away! That red's never budged a

"Of course not, you ass," I replied. "How could I through that beastly firing? On the other hand, did you

"How could I in the dark?" he

thing will be for me to play the shot The red was up the table close to the again. Do you happen to have a

There was a knock at the door and boots off.

"I must go immediately," said

of the humbler double figures. The lights went out. At the same instant that shot again. Anybody would think

the niceties of angles. But I have one facility of which I am proud and to which I shall allude later.

"Zepps!" cried Petherby. "Where's "but duty is duty. Where would my "There's other game afoot," I cried, crest of five oysters rampant gules on A few weeks ago, at Petherby's house, as I fumbled for my cigarette-lighter. | a plat du jour argent be if my knightly I found him in one of his rare off moods. The wick flamed up. I hurried to ancestors had preferred billiards to These off moods of his generally signify the top of the table. My ball was in duty? So long!"

"There's a precedent for it." I retorted. "How about DRAKE's game of bowls?

But Petherby was halfway down the staircase. "Shirker!" I yelled after him as I realised that the issue must remain undecided. But stav-

"Mary," I said, "would you take this lighter and hold it close to the red ball—so? Now, I want you to watch the red ball carefully and tell me if this white one, which I am going to play, touches it."

I placed my own ball back in baulk, took a long and careful aim, and then . . . somehow I managed to miscue.

"No, Sir, it didn't hit the red one," said Mary, as my ball stopped a few inches from the baulk-line.

which you would probably not real when the distance of the red when the limit stroke which you would probably not red when the distance of the red when the limit stroke which you would probably not red when the limit stroke which you would probably not red when the limit stroke which you would probably not red when the limit stroke which you would probably not red when the limit stroke which you would probably not red when the limit stroke which you would probably not red when the limit stroke which you would probably not red when the limit stroke which you would probably not red when the limit stroke which you would probably not red when the limit stroke which you would probably not red when the limit stroke which you would probably not red when the limit stroke which you would probably not red when the limit stroke when the limit stroke which you would probably not red when the limit stroke which you would probably not red when the limit stroke which you would probably not red when the limit stroke when the limit str stances, you had better not mention to "Can you solemnly affirm you heard Mr. Petherby that I required your assistance. He might consider it an abuse of his hospitality.'

"Very good, Sir," said Mary as she exchanged the cigarette-lighter for half-a-crown.

Sir Joseph Lyons on the Budget:-

"The British people have given their sons and their fathers and their brothers to carry on the war, and they are not going to kick even if they have to give their boots to help to support them."—Etening News.

We ourselves never kick with our

se,

as

at

id

et.

ds

ts

ık

ly

ff,

ny

n

ly

to

nt

w

of

If-

e.

er

n-

ld

d

ed

o t

11

is

m

11

g

d

W

9-

d

d

r-

0

n

e

r

## ON BELLONA'S HEM. THE MISTAKE.

THERE is no need to specify the restaurant. It is famous for its English joints, and is just now much visited by officers on leave who wish to eat together, just as a certain subterranean grill-room is the favourite resort of officers on leave when, as not infrequently happens, they entertain the other sex.

To one of the tables, thoughtfully provided with so many chairs that secrets have ever been out of the question here, came two lieutenants, very obviously off duty for a brief season and rejoicing in their liberty; and he who was acting as host, and had long since settled all doubts as to what their meal was to consist of, flung out the order for roast beef almost before he was seated; flung it out too as though expecting as instant a response from the staff as he gets from his men, all unmindful that this restaurant has leisurely processes of its own, carefully acquired and perfected during many, many years.

Meanwhile the saddle of mutton was wheeled to my side and some unusually attractive slices were separated from it by a knife like a razor and laid before me.

I saw the lieutenants eyeing my plate with ill-concealed envy; but beef was in their minds. Beef had been in their minds for toilsome weeks, and they did not betray their friend. At least not wholly, but I fancy the host wavered

"I wonder," he began, and said no more, for the beef arrived on its little wagon, and their plates were soon covered with it.

It was not one of the most successful of the house's joints, and again I caught their eyes directed towards my saddle. Was it too late? their expression silently asked. Yes, it was. Besides, they had come there to eat beef. Nothing like beef!

The lieutenants attacked with vigour, but they still glanced muttonwards now and then, meditatively, between bites.

Then the host spoke. It was in an undertone, but I heard, because at this restaurant, as I have said, there are no secrets. "I wonder if we oughtn't to have had saddle," he murmured.

"It looks jolly good," said the other. They ate on.

"Do you think the beef is absolutely top-hole to-day?" the host asked.
"I've known it better," replied the

other.

"I rather wish we'd had mutton," said the host. "After all—saddle, you not disdain.



Policeman (cautioning Impostor), "An' not so much of the 'old soldier' stunt. There weren't no Bantams when you was flourishin'."

know. It's not too common. Beef we can always get in some form or other -not like this, of course, but beefwhereas saddle, saddle's rare. I wish you'd reminded me of the saddles here.'

"We'd settled on beef long ago," valour with his knife and fork.

"I know; but it was foolish not to look at the bill of fare. I should have thought of it then."

They still ate heartily.

"No chance of getting here again for goodness knows how long," said the host.

The other dismally agreed.

"Could you manage a slice of saddle after this?" the host asked after a busy interval.

"Sorry I couldn't," replied the other,

"I don't believe I could either," said the host. "What a bore! I shall always regret not having had mutton.' "So shall I," said the other.

At this moment the empty seat next to me was filled, and to the enquiry of the head waiter, whose duty it is to ask said the other, performing prodigies of these questions and then disappear, the customer replied, "Saddle, of course. That's all one comes here for."

Both the lieutenants groaned audibly. Full though they were, their lunch, already ruined by me, was ruined once more.

"THE TYPHOON AT SHANGHAI.

Most of the German-owned yachts were lost."-Overland China Mail.

Doubtless the German Ambassador at Peking has demanded compensation through a mouthful which a lion would for the non-neutral behaviour of the typhoon.

## CAMP QUARTERMASTERING.

question of buying meat. She said that there was no particular trick about it; that all you have to do is to go to a place where they sell meat and buy it, taking care that you get the right weight and that the man does not throw too much bone and bits of sheep's head and cow's feet on the scale. She said that a purveyor of meat is easily identified because he wears a peculiar blue costume and that the only other person you can possibly mistake for him is a wounded soldier.

I got into the right kind of place first time and said, "I should like to

see some meat."

The man didn't take any notice of me until he had finished cutting off and wrapping up in newspaper a lump of meat for a ready-money customer. Then he said, "What kind of meat?"

"Beef and mutton and such like

things.

The butcher affectionately slapped the piece of meat which he had been carving and said, "That's a nice piece of steak.'

"How much meat have you got there?" I asked.

"About five pounds; I'll weigh it for you.'

"I think I shall want rather more than that.

He fetched down quite a large piece of meat off a hook, weighed it, and said it was twenty-two pounds.

"I was thinking of buying a larger piece than that," I said.

"How much was you wanting?" "The piece I had in mind should weigh between three and four thousand pounds." The eager look which came into his eyes was quickly succeeded by something akin to fear as he went to the door to make sure the policeman the balance. was taking his usual afternoon nap in the neighbourhood.

"If you was wanting to buy meat, I can sell it you, but if you was looking for a flock of sheep or a herd of oxen,

I admit I haven't got 'em in stock."
"I don't necessarily want to take it all with me," I said.

"What with my boy leaving me and my assistant joining the Army, I haven't got time to waste joking. Perhaps you was thinking of giving a party?"

"No I wasn't; I just wanted some meat, but I see you aren't accustomed to serve large families and I'd better try elsewhere. I suppose it's possible For myself, I took no such risk; and to buy meat for a battalion somewhere in this town."

Army you'll have to go to the meat anyone but ourselves, and we only

The meat market is a dull place; Matilda rather misled me on the the mention of thousands of pounds of meat doesn't excite the inhabitants in the least, and they were rather bored with my little order; however, they condescended to deliver the stuff for me after totting it up in sheep and oxen.

> In spite of the fact that I had the vinegar and more than one kind of meat, both Matilda and the Quartermaster-Sergeant thought that the men would expect a still greater variety, and under protest I added a few things like bread, jam and cheese. I avoided small tradesmen in making these purchases, as they are so suspicious, and only dealt with people who had the capital to carry a decent-sized stock.

When the War Office heard about the things that Matilda and the Quartermaster-Sergeant had persuaded me to buy they naturally got jealous and started sending out circulars to say that they weren't going to put up with any competition with their camps and that all camps without their name on were spurious and contrary to law. Of course I didn't worry about the War Office because I know that their printed circulars don't mean anything and are only sent out to do the printers and the post-office a turn, but the Adjutant and our Commandant (who is in the regular army and doesn't understand War Office humour) seemed to think that we ought to scratch the camp. They got the idea that I had let myself into some kind of a mess by what they were pleased to term my premature purchase of goods, and the idea seemed to amuse them until I explained that I had bought all the goods in their names and that when the Corps funds were exhausted they would be personally responsible for

So they went to talk to the War Office about it, and met all the other Volunteer Commandants and Adjutants up there on the same errand. When the War Office found how unpopular their circular had made them, and how they couldn't move about without falling over Volunteer Commandants and Adjutants, they said they didn't object to camps being held if the G.O.C.'s of the various districts didn't object. Some people, who took the War Office literally, wrote to the G.O.C.'s of the respective districts where they proposed to camp and got leave, which was then cancelled by the War Office. as neither the War Office nor the By which time, we trust, some means "If you want to buy meat for the our camp we didn't do any harm to fluency of these holy men.

caught little things like rheumatism and indigestion. If anyone does find out about it I shall apologise for my mistake and trust to his being too busy to do anything further in the matter.

The camp was rather a success; we got most of the tents to stand up and some of them kept the rain out, including those that mattered (I mean, of course, mine and the Commandant's and the Adjutant's). By marking all the things "Goods for Troops" I persuaded the railway company to deliver most of our provender in the belief that they were helping the Government, who are among their best customers in these days. I showed the Government mark on the tents to the railway people, and they weren't to know, any more than I was when I bought them, that it was the condemned mark.

The vinegar didn't go so well as I had expected and I had a good deal left on my hands in spite of the fact that I got quite a lot off in the shape of claret-cup, which I retailed in the canteen. Some of the meat rounded on me and was accorded a military funeral, but not enough to make a fuss about. I had to pledge locally what was left of the Commandant's and the Adjutant's credit to make up for the unused vinegar and defective meat, but there has been no trouble on that score up to now as they won't know about it until the bills come in, and by that time I shall either be on permanent leave or else have enlisted.

#### "PACIFIST."

LATE produced upon the scene, Mean as what you're meant to mean, Manufactured and absurd, Maimed and miserable word, While I live you shan't prevail, Mongrel docked of half your tail. Mongrel with a Latin head, Disappear, avaunt, be dead!

## More War-time Economy.

"In the drawing-room the two women, huddled together in the big chair, wept into one another's eyes."—London Magazine.

"A LADY highly recommends bright, capable gentleman as USEFUL COMPANION. Domesticated, nursing experience; can cook; musical. Age 35."-Church Times.

We know of a vacancy that would just suit him. It is "Somewhere in France."

"The really bad weather, the heavy winter rains, when all the mullahs on the peninsula will be carrying rushing torrents to the sea, does not begin until the end of November. Evening Paper.

G.O.C. of any district found out about will have been found of diminishing the

5.

only tism lout misbusy er. we and eludi, of and the aded st of they are hese nark and an I was as I deal fact ape the ded tary fuss vhat the the but core

out that

ent

ean.

nen.

into

able

ical.

ust

ce.

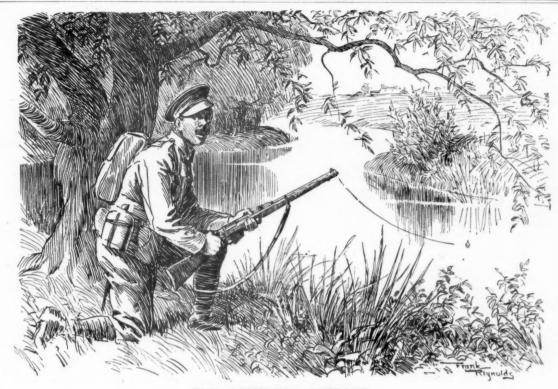
nter

sula

sea,

ans

the



THE COMPLEAT OUTPOST.

### LIQUOR CONTROL.

Scene. - Clydebank Car at Queen Street, Glasgow; upstairs.

TIME.—Approaching midnight.

Cheery Fellow (O.H.M.S. badge in buttonhole). Gees! I walkit up the stair without a grup, an' I've the sweeties for the weans in ma pouch. They'll be pittin' a ribbon across ma chest sune like the high head bosses in the sojers. A blue ane! Man, it's great!

Dazed Companion (a bowl of goldfish hanging from a string). Jist like gaun tae a funeral wi' yer umberel' an' comin' hame withoot it, an' no' jist sure whit ye've lost. Jist a something an' back. like!

Dismal Friend (a shock of red hair protruding from under his cap). I'm fed up.

Cheery Fellow. Be a sport, Pate. Ye've been grousin' a' nicht. I heard ye tearin' the rag wi' the lang fella ahint the coonter.

Dismal Friend (with a great air of candour). No' kennin' muckle aboot saft drinks, mine aye bein', as ye ken, boys, a glass an' a pint, I ses tae the lang chap quite ceevil-like, "Whit wid ye recommend?" ses I. "Dry ginger,"
says he. "Dry?" ses I; "af coorse
I'm dry. I'm a chap that's aye dry.

Jazed Companion. Ay, aboot halfpast five when papaw is gettin' hame
for his tea.

Bit ma name's Pate, an' if ye ca' me Hoo wis I tae ken the silly names o' their silly drinks?

Lady Conductor. Fares, please. Dazed Companion (in an undertone) Is it a wumman? Pate, I'm sayin', is it a wumman?

Dismal Friend (viciously). If this wis a Seterday nicht worth ca'in' a Seterday nicht it would tak' twa men.

Cheery Fellow (with an ingratiating smile). Three, miss. A' the road. wid gang tae Balloch jist tae be on the same caur wi' ye.

Dazed Companion (waking up). Ay,

[Lady conductor passes on with heightened colour.

Cheery Fellow (pushing his ticket behind his ear). I aye likit ma bit joke. [Silence falls on the car.

Dazed Companion. I canna jist bottom this, Tam. It's Seterday nicht an' this is the Clydebank caur, an' there's naebody singin' an' naebody fechtin' wi' the conductor.

Cheery Fellow (a trifle awed). It's like gettin' intae a first-class cairriage wi' a workman's ticket.

Dismal Friend. I wantit tae ask the Ginger again I'll gi'e ye a bat in the lassie wi' the tickets whaur wis the body. Like a daith in the hoose. I'm

The car proceeds on its temperate way

Another Impending Apology. "WOUNDED MAN'S TRYING TIME.

WASHED BY A DUCHESS." Evening News (Sydney, N.S.W.).

"The Simla Choral Society will give two performances of Bleat pair of Sirens by Sir Hubert Parry."—Pioneer.

The temptation of Ulysses was greater than we thought. They probably made sheep's eyes at him.

"Truly the figures in the annual report of that virulent Bank provide veritable Jack Johnsons of optimism."

Hamilton Advertiser.

This is what happens when the War expert is switched off to finance.

"The Spanish Royal family is now at the seaside, and King Alfonso takes sea bathes. He has a little pavilion in the Royal garden, which is on rails, and is run down to the sea when he is ready for his dip. All the time the King occupies this elaborate bathing box the Spanish Royal standard floats overhead.' Sunday Chronicle.

And when the King has finished they dip the ensign.



Dame (from the provinces, with hazy ideas about the defences of London). SIR PERCY WHAT'S-'IS-NAME A-STANDIN' BY THE CANNON." WELL, I NEVER! AND THAT MUST BE

## AT THE BACK OF THE FRONT.

home seas may be regarded as a front. exactly what you might call frontal. Though correctly swathed in a ceinture martial, nor amphibious. I defy anyjacket, martial in a life-belt, or amquay, under orders from one race of it to report to them this morning, and can do is to write the word "Later." forbidden by another race of red-hatted men on the spot to proceed anywhere if you should ever, in a military town, until I have given an account of my- fall upon the rôle of the Man who Reself; which just happens to be one of quires Explaining and are told to report do. My blind pig is considered one of he lunches. When we landed, I went drawing-room ballads with my eyes outpost the news that the officer usually shut and my left hand open; but not went out to lunch at 12.30 exactly. I

forward eyes at their widest can I hope his watch the A.B.C.D.E. held out the It is true that in a sense all the to convince Q. R. S. T. U. and other gentlemen with alphabetical occupa-And yet inwardly I have doubts as to tions that I am not a deserter creeping papers—movement order, and all that." whether I really am at the moment and intruding and climbing into the War.

They will begin by saying, almost de sauvetage I feel neither nautical, apologetically, that they don't doubt my bona fides (with four false quantione to feel nautical in a service dress ties) for a moment. They will then doubt it exhaustively for three-quartersphibious in ammunition boots. Martial of-an-hour, by which time my train is my short suit at the moment. For one will—as happens eventually even to thing, any front there is is underneath. trains in France—have gone. I shall For another, I have lost my leave arrive at dawn to-morrow just in time papers—if indeed I ever had any. In a to be shot. It is true that the last few hours, barring accidents, I shall time I was shot at dawn I got up and be turned off on to an unsympathetic walked away. But this is not a reliable precedent, and I regard the future with red-hatted men eighty miles away from the most perfect despondency. All I

Later it is. Let me give you a hint; the few insignificant things I cannot to the A.B.C.D.E. find out what time the finest outside the Central Powers, straight to the A.B.C.D.E.'s office and and I can play selections from several there extorted by intimidation from an for the last 230 years.

even with both my honest straight- returned at 12.28. With one eye on other hand. I shook it warmly.
"No, no," he said, "I want your leave

It was 12.30 exactly when I began my explanation. At 12.35 I had reached its crowning feature. At 12.40 he realized that it was I who wanted a movement order. By 12.42 I had it in triplicate, with permission to travel by any train that day. I believe that if I could have hung on till 12.45 I could have got another seven days' leave. Even as things were I have the pleasantest recollections of the A.B.C.D.E. I reported everywhere to everybody's satisfaction, and have not been shot at all to-day so far. And I have spent the morning wondering who put my leave papers at the bottom of my haversack.

"FINEST QUALITY GREY-FACED LAMB:-FORES, 11d. per lb. Lions, 1s. per lb." Advt. in "Bermholme News."

A foretaste of the Golden Age.

"Join the regiment that has guarded you Advt. of the 3rd E. Yorkshires.

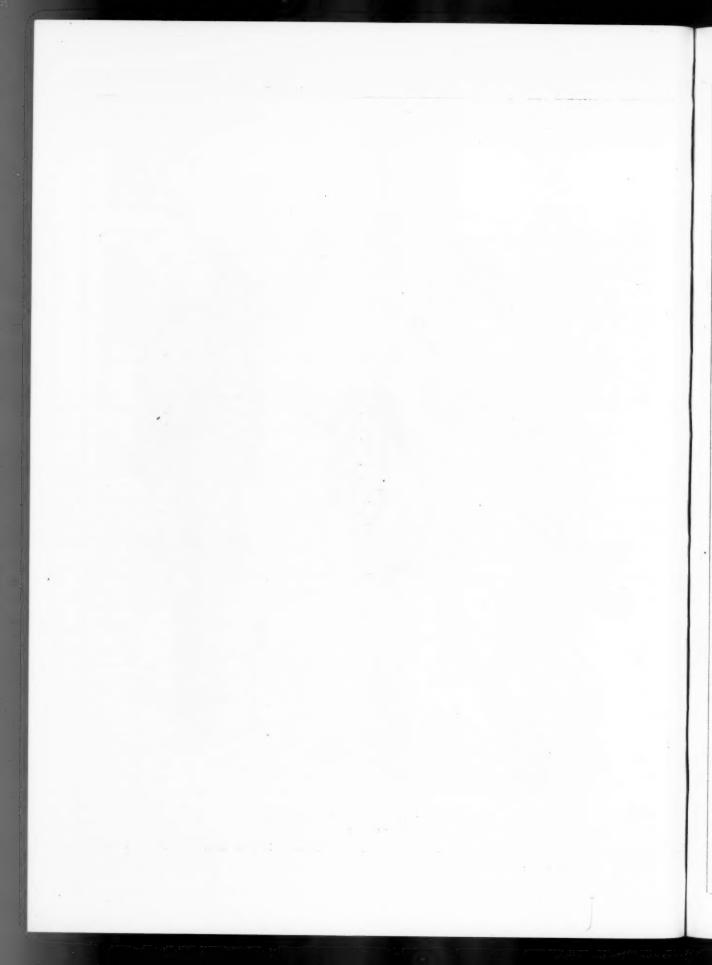
Now then, step up, Methuselah.



# THE RECORD-BREAKER.

McKenna (The "Try-your-Strength" Man). "NOW, GUV'NOR; LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN'T TOUCH THE 1590 MARK."

John Bull. "RIGHTO!" (Does it.)



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)

House of Commons, Tuesday, 21st
September.—Introducing his first Budget McKenna scored a double record.
In respect both of income and expenditure he had to deal with the biggest of a long list. The speech expounding it was the briefest.

Marshalling a multitude of figures, from the extra halfpenny in the pound in the price of sugar up to the 1,590 million pounds representing estimated expenditure of the year, his mastery of facts was so complete, his explanation so lucid, that the story was as easy to follow as an ordinary nursery tale. Time was during the prime of GLADSTONE at the Treasury, and with his successors in later years, when exposition of a Budget was regarded as opportunity for a great oratorical feat. Mr. G. thought nothing of occupying five hours, finishing up with a peroration almost worth an additional penny in the pound on the income tax.

No self-respecting Chancellor of the old school would think of omitting to deck his business statement with a classical quotation, much appreciated below the Gangway. This habit led to first step in downfall of Bob Lowe. Allured by the tag, Ex luce lucellum, he invented a tax upon matches with intent to label the boxes with the motto. In the end, as everyone knows, he had to remodel his Budget, leaving out the obnoxious tax, label and all.

McKenna's speech began without exordium, finished without peroration, and no single sentence rose above the Spartan simplicity of the Multiplication Table. Only approach to departure from this level was when he mentioned the dizzy height at which expenditure now flies. He thereupon declared his confidence that House and country were prepared to support the Government in bearing whatever measure of taxation is deemed necessary now, "and," he ominously added, "in the future," for the successful prosecution of the War.

A hearty cheer confirmed this assur-

Cheerfulness was indeed the prevailing note of historic occasion. Fresh burden of taxation imposed enormous. Affects every class, from the consumer of half-ounces of tea and quarters-of-a-pound of sugar to the hapless millionaire who out of his modest income of a hundred thousand pounds a year will be called upon to contribute to the State the sum of £34,029—more than one-third of the whole. This, of course, in addition to his share of indirect taxation.

As the Member for Sark says, Lloyd George chastised the taxpayer with whips; McKenna lays on with scorpions. And yet no murmur is heard. In November last Lloyd George imposed fresh taxation estimated to bring in a revenue of 68½ millions. On the top of that McKenna levies new taxes, which in a full effective year will increase the revenue by little short of 78 millions.

A big bill, but it will be met uncomplainingly, with any further charges that may presently be necessary for carrying on the War to its inevitable end.

Business done.—Budget brought in



A STAR TURN.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

showing expenditure for the year of 1590 millions and revenue from taxation of 305 million. When full effect is given to new imposts, the latter will be raised to sum of 370 million.

#### A Flying Squadron.

"Among other noteworthy aviation feats, the cruisers Varese Francesco Ferruccio, Giuseppe Garibaldi, and Vettor Pisani bombarded the railway at dawn on the 18th near Cattaro." Sydney Morning Herald.

#### Phrase to be avoided.

When seeing off a friend who is going to the Front:—"Well, good-bye, if you must go; and we hope soon to see your name on the Roll of Honour."

Letter of thanks from a small boy:—
"Dear Auntie,—Thank you so much for
the steamship; we have looked at it well and

I am sure that there is something wrong with it. Best love, Anthony."

#### THE WITNESS FOR THE DEFENCE.

[The Daily Chronicle's "Office Window" advances—or quotes—the theory that as long as a man retains a zest for apple tart his childish innocence is unimpaired.]

They haled him up before the beak,
Within the dock he stood unflinching
And heard the leading witness speak
The tale of his nocturnal pinching:

Policeman X proclaimed the fact
(It marked in his career a sure step)
Of how he caught him in the act,
Or, more precisely, on the doorstep.

They told the Court the total gain
Achieved by his illicit cunning,
The household purse, a watch and chain,
A cup that father got for running,
And how (which broke the housewife's

heart
And stamped him as a cool offender)
He 'd gobbled up an apple tart

Of more than normal bulk and splendour.

It seemed that he would have to pay
The heavy price that those who've
sinned owe;

But no, the magistrate that day
Was one who loved his "Office
Window"

And put its precepts into use
(A man should profit by his reading);
He bade them set the felon loose,

Saved by a pie's impassioned pleading.

## "Put it down a Wee, my Lud."

"Vernon.—At 14 Cavendish street, Geelong, the wife of Hugh Vernon (late Chief Scout, Field Intelligence Department, South Africa)—a daughter ("Veni Vidi Vici" Vernon). Another little Briton! Now then, boys, enlist, and keep her so."—Melbourne Argus.

With another "V" for Victory.

## From The Burma Sunday Times:-

"Missing.—My son Sudhamadhab Bannerjee, aged 12 years is missing since Monday the 5th instant. His colour is blackish and is thin in appearance, height 4 ft. 7 inches. He has sore marks on both the legs and has a black spot or (Til) on his left cheek close to the ear, narrow forehed covered with hair in circular form, slender neck floating eyes. He had blue Kashmere Ulster over a Cananore green coat, a pair of black brushed shoes and a Dhutee bordered with black line. If any one can trace him out he shall be rewarded adequately. Nundolal Banerii, of Joynagort, at present 21 Ramtonu Bose Lane, Calcutta."

Mr. Punch gladly gives further publicity to this announcement.

## The A.S.C. again!

"Rev. Z. Lawrence delivered a lecture on the 'War' to a crowded audience in the Bloemfontein Synagogue last night. The lecturer's remarks were followed with the keenest interest, especially the part played by the Jaws." The Friend, Bloemfontein.



Lady (to prospective Charwoman). "WHAT DO YOU CHARGE PER DAY?" Charwoman. "Well, Mum, Two-and-six if I eats meself, and two shillings if you eats me."

## JIMMY'S UNCLE.

Jimmy's Uncle is coming. perhaps you know. The telegraph boy told Jimmy as he was bringing the telegram; he was coming by the three o'clock train the telegraph boy said.

Jimmy's Uncle is a Colonel-didn't I tell you? -- and Jimmy's mother hadn't seen him for years and years, and longer than that, Jimmy says-not since she Jimmy says. was in India.

father quite well, because you see they knew all about Jimmy's father winning haven't got to talk about that or Jimmy will fight you—really, I mean, not pretend.

Jimmy says his Uncle has got a piece of shrapnel in him, and they won't let him stay at the Front, because it hasn't burst yet, and that's why he is coming to see his mother.

Jimmy says the shrapnel might burst at any time, and then it would blow a hole ten feet deep in the ground, but it would ease his Uncle because he has to walk very quietly and not get excited now.

put in them, Jimmy says, and you can hear it ticking. It makes his Uncle very wary, and he has to avoid certain things at mealtimes which are not easily digested because the doctor says the shrapnel is quite enough.

Jimmy has seen the porter at the station, and he has promised to stop the train; you do it by the by-laws,

Jimmy told the porter he expected Jimmy's Uncle used to know Jimmy's his Uncle would give him some rupees if he looked after the luggage well, and had been brothers, and Jimmy's Uncle the porter took Jimmy to see his; he grew them in a plot of ground quite the Victoria Cross in India; but you close to the line when he wasn't busy cleaning the station lamps. He asked Jimmy if his Uncle soaked his in paraffin before sowing-you do it because of the sparrers.

The porter knew all about India; he told Jimmy that the Hoodans out there lived on rice pudding, and it was very hot there because of the degrees of longitude, which were very warm in those parts.

The porter hadn't been there, not himself, but he had read a good deal when he wasn't busy cleaning the station lamps. He said he'd often in good time, and they had read all the

It's because of the time fuse they thought about India because he couldn't abear rice pudding. He said Jimmy might safely leave his Uncle to him.

Jimmy went to bed early so as to give the next day a chance. His mother nearly spoilt the day before it came because she put out his best sailor suit for him to wear and gave him three pennies to have in his pocket but not to spend. He said his Uncle would think it was Sunday, and he put his head under the bedclothes to show what he thought of her. However, he let her hold his hand tight for an hour and ten minutes before he went to sleep, and when she came to look at him some time later he only smiled in his sleep when she gently removed his feet from the pillow and placed his head there once more.

It took the day a long time to break, and Jimmy was glad when he heard the birds tidying up to get ready for it. He looked out of the window; the day seemed very damp and as if it wanted airing, so he got back to bed. It was eight o'clock, and the day was up and dressed and being busy when he next awoke.

Jimmy had his mother at the station



"The umpire says you're to stop for ten minutes, as the enemy has taken up the wrong position!"

train came in.

Jimmy says his Uncle looked very and saw his mother. him, and that only made his Uncle grow and he couldn't. fiercer and redder in the face. Jimmy and glared at him and asked him what hurt. the dickens he meant standing there

Jimmy says he clenched his fists and turned away. was going to give his Uncle the coward's blow when his Uncle turned his back Jimmy says the porter was only saluting all the time but he wasn't set out to do and scratched his head and they got on better after that.

Jimmy says they drove home in a cab, and neither his Uncle nor his mother he thought of him. He asked that his said a word to each other all the way, they were so cross.

and kept blowing his nose, and every "Amen to that, old chap!"

by-laws several times over before the time he did it the cab-horse gave a jump.

Jimmy says his Uncle behaved better fierce when he arrived at the station after tea. He wasn't so fierce, so he It made his asked him to show him his wound, but mother cry, and she wouldn't speak to his Uncle said it was under his binder

After the tea-things had been put says he thought the shrapnel was going away they all three went into the drawto burst. Jimmy says his Uncle didn't ing-room to look at the large framed take any notice of him, although he photograph of Jimmy's father. Jimmy kept on saluting him as hard as he says they each held one of his hands, could. Then his Uncle turned on him and he had to bite his lip because they

Jimmy says his Uncle didn't think looking so much like his lather. States said it made his mother very angry, and she said, "Don't, Tom, don't," and cried he went very annoyed in the face, clicked his heels, saluted very hard and

Jimmy says it made him feel quite angry with his Uncle, and he went and on him and told the porter not to climbed up on the top of the coalhouse stand scratching his head like an in his best clothes on purpose; and he wouldn't come down until his Uncle had promised to be good and not to used to it, and every time he got his make his mother cry. Jimmy says his hand to his head he forgot what he Uncle gave him his word as an officer,

Jimmy said his prayers to his Uncle that night, and he let him know what Uncle might be made a better man. His mother said, "Oh, Jimmy!" but his Uncle understood, for he said,

## THE NEW SMOKE.

(The newspapers have published accounts of the satisfactory results of planting tobacco in Hampshire.)

Good people, give hearing attentive, Dismissing the havoc of Mars, While I sing of the newest preventive

Of public and family jars; It has proved the most potent incentive

To pithy and popular "pars"; Tis the latest result of the Nicotine cult-

The Hampshire cigars.

I'd like to describe, but I canna, The scent which this product exhales; It blends the bouquet of Havannah

With that of the rabbits of Wales; 'Οτοτοί, wirrasthrue and alannah! It could throw an express off the rails, And its potent aroma induces a coma When laudanum fails.

It acts as a perfect specific Against the most violent cramps; It wholly defeats the morbific

Effect of malarial damps, Diffusing a balm soporific On rival political camps;

In short it's a blessing beyond my expressing,

Tobacco from Hamps!

#### The Rendez-vous.

"In cases of emergency Sections fall in as follows:—No. 1, The Fountain, St. street."—Lymington V.T.C. Orders. -No. 1, The Fountain, St. Thomas-

## FEEDING THE NATION.

"UP with that lawn! Over with those flower-beds!" Such were the clarion cries of last March, and the family flung themselves into the work of destruction with genuine patriotic ardour. In a couple of days we, the Medhurst family (well known in this suburb as "the people who hire motorcars"), no longer possessed a garden. We had a house and a frightfulness.

Still it was grand work. I appointed the two youngest children Worm Gatherers in Ordinary (with the occasional rank of Earwig Squasher), because, although I can plant seeds

the one profession which I did not include in the list of my side-accomplishments for the National Register.

My wife, Mrs. Medhurst (known as "the woman with four hats"), was given a rake. Let us leave it at that. I fell over it often.

Jacqueline Medhurst, who is now three and can say "J for Jacqueline," gathered weeds and sang at her work. Yes, yes, I know that it was charming of her, but it must be pointed out that she is acquainted with but one song and knows but two lines of that.

They go like this :-

"I've got a ripping little motor car, And I've got a yacht!"

Pay someone to sing those two lines into your ears for six hours on end. Everyone ought to try it before reading any further

Tried it? Yes, isn't it?

Well, we got the seeds in. only cost two shillings-"Somebody's Monster Gift Parcel"—but I had to pay one shilling for postage as the potatoes made the parcel heavy. Still I didn't grudge that as there seemed to be an astonishing number of seeds. In fact when we had filled our garden there were a packet of "Early to Come" peas, another of Dwarf Kidney Beans, and yet a third of Dobbie's Champion Leeks left over. I mention this in case anyone would like to buy the surplus. They're still all right, except the peas, which have been "played with" by Alastair Medhurst, and the bean bag, has unquestionably depreciated (I will allow for this).

Nothing came up, but I kept on looking, despite a certain scornfulness in the home circle. But I had the laugh of everyone in the end. The seeds came

My pride and joy in the little seedlings was, however, not long-lived. The critics arrived. Always in life everyone is happy till the critics appear. The first of them in this case was my ridiculous and pompous father-in-law, who, after mumbling coarsely about "greengrocery," burst into rude guffaws because, said he, my celery (the well-known garden esculent) should have been "pricked off" long ago. I sneered rather hotly, and said other holiday by the sea. It was a wrench, with anybody, the handling of reptiles people had other views about the correct but I consoled myself with the reflection

PROPRIETOR OF BOOT SHOP TRIES TO BOOM STOCK WHICH THE WAR HAS MADE UNSALEABLE.

might be); that, anyway, mine was a noble exception, nothing was eatable. new variety, and I had arranged to The greenstuff was overrun with caterprick off that day if not interrupted pillars and slugs, the roots were rotting, by callers. And when he'd gone I the beans were tough and coarse, the pricked them off because I remembered you don't eat the green stuff at the end. But then they stopped growing.

There followed an attack upon my onions. The solicitor next door caught They proved my only stand-by. There sight of them one Sunday morning and, putting his head over the wall, asked if they really were onions. I said they were hardly onions, but had the side-entrance I have hung an unoba certain onionimity. I expected atavistic tendencies, however.

a public school, and said that I ought I am known in our suburb as "the man to have asked him before trying onions. which is frayed along one edge. No I apologised and offered to dig them out beans have escaped, mind, but the bag and begin again. He told me that he was only trying to be friendly and that I'd never get an onion if I couldn't After the seeds were all in I used to take a tip. And then he went indoors look at them a good deal, that is to say to his wife (well known in our suburb I looked at the soil which covered them. as "the woman who whistles").

I forget what was insulted next, But they nearly all caught it. My wife's brother damned the broad beans and was foolish enough to offer himself for slaughter by inquiring if I'd ever heard of "blight." Then a near relation of mine, I'm sorry to say, fell fiercely upon my cauliflowers, which, he bitterly complained, were cramped. Broccoli caught it too, so did the parsley, and even the radishes did not go scathless. I was ashamed, of course, but, having created my vegetables, I swore I'd stand by them come what may.

is simply not my sort of work. It was period for pricking off (whatever that that my plants would do their best for

me in my absence. They as much as whispered it to me when I gave them their fare-

well watering.

The weeks passed away wearily. I got everything that I could for the nation out of the sea - shrimps (several), prawns (two), eel (one), miniature dab (half), and, on one glorious day, seven mackerel (hire of boat, man, lines, hooks, worms, the thing you wind the lines on and a piece of string to tie fish up coming to 5s. 6d.). Still it wasn't like growing things, and the day of our return was der Tag for me.

Frankly I was knocked. You ought to have seen that garden. Everything had grown furiously; everything was much bigger. Nothing had stopped.

But here I must strike a note of sorrow. With one brave

peas were hard peas, and the radishes were huge and woolly.

What remained? My potatoes! My brave, plucky, persevering potatoes! are plenty of them, and the family is good enough to approve them. In fact we have more than we can eat. At trusive board bearing the legend, "Med-hurst's Middlings," and I charge one He grinned, because he has been to halfpenny under market price. So now who sells potatoes!"

> "He accepted another cigar, lit it on the door-step, and walked away . . . For the moment, Ilkley's studio was too hot." Premier Magazine.

The door-step seems to have been rather warm too.

in whi A Wanis Mills isis.

THE RIVAL JOBBING GARDENERS.

A TRAGIC COMEDY IN FOUR ACTS.

My eans self ever elafell ich, ped. sley,

athbut,

5. ext.

vore nay. er. nual nch, tion for y as me are-

way that t of ral), niaone cerel ines, you oiece ning

y of me. ked. that own nuch ped. note rave able.

like

iterting, the shes My oes! here y is fact At

nob-Medone now man

the the ne. ther

## "MY DEAR SIR."

HE was a small stout round man, with bulging eyes and loose moist lips, evidently an inquisitive gossipy fellow, and he had been talking (very optimistically) about the War and (very pessimistically) about the taxation, fortifying himself, as he proceeded, with quotations from the daily papers, of which he had purchased every available specimen. I could see that he was dying to tell me all about himself, and at last out it came. He looked furtively round the railway compartment, as if to assure himself that nobody was lurking in the rack or under the seats, and spoke.

"I presume," he said, "that you don't know who I really am?"

"No," I said, "I don't. I haven't got beyond classing

you as a friendly traveller.

"Thanks," he said; "but I didn't mean that. Of course I don't want to push it on you. I only wondered if you'd got any idea of what my work in life is. It's a unique business and keeps me hard at work, I can tell you. Look here"-he produced one of his papers and pointed out to me Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's letter-" what do you think of that?'

"Very telling," I said; "distinguished by all the fire and eloquence and innocence for which L. G. is famous.

"Yes," he said, "it's a pretty thing. Well, that's me."

"How do you mean 'that's me'?"

"Don't you see it's written 'to a constituent'? Well,

I'm the constituent."

"My dear Sir," I cried, "I congratulate you. To be a Welshman is a great thing; to live in Carnarvon is a gift from heaven; and to be a constituent of the MINISTER OF MUNITIONS must be the summit of earthly felicity," and I

seized his hand and shook it warmly.
"Lord love you," he said, disengaging himself, "how you do jump at conclusions! I'm no Welshman; I've never been near Carnaryon; and of course, in a technical sense, I'm not a constituent of LLOYD GEORGE'S. I'm an accommodation constituent, that's all. Generally I'm 'a correspondent'-I've done a lot of work for A. J. BALFOUR in that line-but this time I thought I'd try a new touch and so I turned myself into a constituent. It's gone off splendidly, hasn't it?"

"Ye—es," I said, "but I don't quite——"
"Don't you see?" he said. "When one of these big bugs wants to explain something or have a whack at somebody and there's a hurry about it, he doesn't wait until his next speech. He just gets down and writes a letter. But the letter must be written to somebody—you can't sit down and begin 'My dear Sir' with any conviction unless there's a real 'dear Sir' somewhere at the back of it all, and that's where I come in. I lend just the necessary amount of reality to the whole thing."

"Have you been at the business long?" I said.

"Ever since I left school. It's been handed down in our family from father to son for years and years. My own youngster's just started in the Midland Members of Parliament department. He's showing a lot of promise. Mr. Austen Chamberlain thinks a good deal of him; but of course, being in the Cabinet, Mr. Chamberlain mostly works through me. His father was a regular gold mine to us, especially during the fiscal controversy; but there was no end of explaining going on then and we were kept very busy.'

"I don't quite see," I said, "where you make your

profits."

"Oh, that's easy. We get the originals of the letters, and after a time we sell them, mostly in America. There's a big market for that sort of thing there. Of course the

prices don't run quite so high since type-writers came in, but it's fairly steady all the same. Anyhow, it keeps me in beef and beer and pudding, and you can't want more than that, can you?"

Actually, of course, I could; but at this moment we

drew up at Paddington and I left it at that.

# A NEW WAY WITH OLD CLOTHES.

["Men can save by having fewer changes of costume and by spending less on golfing or holiday suits, or other clothes for occasional wear; by having their suits and overcoats cleaned and repaired instead of buying new ones; by spending less on gloves and ties, and by having still serviceable boots mended instead of buying new ones."—"Why we must Save, and How." Parliamentary Savings Committee.]

In tranquil ante-bellum days, when ordering a suit Involved no fiscal problems that were serious or acute, My wardrobe was a constant source of family dispute.

Against my passion for old clothes my estimable wife, Supported by my daughters, waged a never-ending strife; It was, indeed, almost the only worry of my life.

They used to hide away my old unfashionable tweeds, Oblivious of my comfort and regardless of my needs; They banned my pipe, but never once objected to my weeds.

My ancient ties of faded dyes excited their disdain; My threadbare dinner-jacket caused them veritable pain; And they criticised my boots in language less polite than plain.

They heaped sarcastic obloquy upon my caps and hats; They made me birthday presents of the most expensive spats, And the latest thing in handkerchiefs, in collars and cravats.

In short in half-a-dozen ways they diligently "biffed" My laudable intentions to promote domestic thrift, Until the struggle threatened to produce a serious rift.

But War, though vilely fruitful in sorrow and distress, For one small salutary change I am inclined to bless; At last I am allowed a perfect latitude in dress.

My ancient clothes, misshapen boots, disreputable ties No longer find disfavour in my wife's and daughters' eyes, But, on the contrary, evoke their warmest eulogies.

Nay, better still, themselves released from giddy Fashion's

They follow me with docile steps along the frugal road That leads to perfect freedom from the tyranny of Mode.

## Retreats for Army Chaplains.

"The value to the spiritual work of chaplains with the forces in the fighting line of a day spent in retreat must be obvious, as also are the difficulties of arranging such opportunities."—Church Times. Surely the enemy, if they knew, would oblige with a little extra pressure which might produce the desired retreat.

"The King and Queen slept in a saloon railway carriage at Bishop's Lydeard the day before they entered Exeter. The royal train remained at a railway siding during the night, and took a walk next morning before proceeding to Exeter.' Impartial Reporter (Enniskillen).

Trains are very human things and after standing motionless all night they find these little early constitutionals very useful for taking off the morning stiffness.

#### After the Collision?

"MOTOR-CYCLE, new; cheap or will Exchange for good Bathchair." Liverpool Echo.



THE MORNING AFTER AN AIR RAID.

Affable Member of Crowd (surveying broken windows). "Exciting times, Sir! Exciting times—eh?" Proprietor of Cinema. "Yes! And my business ruined by these Huns giving a free show of their own."

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I TAKE it that Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT designed his new novel The Little Iliad (Heinemann) frankly as a grotesque, an opinion in which four exceedingly quaint illustrations by Sir Philip Burne-Jones distinctly confirm me. The story is in quite an original vein, the interest and mystery very adroitly sustained. We are given a gruesome picture of a physically wrecked but still indomitable sensualist, deplorably dragging shuffling feet—a Baron von Broderode, married to a very beautiful and gracious woman who had been caught young from out a convent. Enter Hector Malleson, an egregious sentimentalist, heir incidentally of a Highland chieftain. He diagnoses an Andromeda-dragon situation, a thought which apparently had not occurred to the Baroness, who however cordially accepts the suggestion and is made profoundly miserable. Eventually she flies and finds asylum at the head-quarters of the Malleson clan, where three other sons of the house, as also the old chieftain himself, fall hopelessly in love with her. Comes the relentless Baron in pursuit; and how this modern Menelaus first wins, then loses the game, and where the fair Helena finally bestows her widowed hand, I must leave Mr. Hewlett's entertainment; and though, as I have hinted, the thing is

very new version of the strong silent hero, and may fairly be considered a sport. What I refuse to believe about him is that, even though he shot from a pony cart, he "got his gun up like lightning and fired at the instant," considering the painful struggles he had to get his wine-glass or cigar accurately to his mouth—pathological details that Mr. Hewlett has been at pains to rub well in.

Something will really have to be done about it. If many more of our novelists take to turning out these prodigiously long stories, we reviewers will have to agitate for payment by piece-work. The latest exponent of the gentle art of garrulity is Mr. E. Temple Thurston, with his new novel, The Achievement of Richard Furlong (Chapman and Hall). There are seven hundred and twenty-eight pages of it, so that when you have turned the last of them you may perhaps feel that the achievement is not exclusively confined to the hero. Richard Furlong was a painter and etcher, and the object of Mr. Thurston is to trace his progress from obscurity to fame; but, though he is represented as doing a lot of artistic work in his spare time, it would be more fair to say that the real successes of Richard were gained in the domain of what I might call (wishing to put the matter as delicately as possible) unceremonious diverting little Iliad to inform you. I can promise you good polygamy. From the moment when he runs away from the paternal mill, and joins the company of Mr. Thurston's planned in a freakish mood the author has not let himself other heroes in a picturesque slum-existence round about off the honest labour of construction and polish. His Drury Lane, his career becomes a sentimental journey from sympathies are throughout with his wicked Baron, who is a one affair to another. I don't want to say that there are

jollity in a tale of success—but I do think that justice faults and its less obvious merits. "We must be Bigger! could have been done to the theme in a smaller compass.

Bigger! Bigger! Get people here! Coax them here! Swindle In his preface Mr. Thurston tells how he came to abandon them into coming! Deafen them into coming! Any kind of his intention of publishing three separate books about people! Blow! Boost! Brag! We must be Bigger! We Richard Furlong's history, and to bind them instead into want Bigness!" That was the motto of the town in which Richard Furlong's history, and to bind them instead into one volume. My only comment on this is that it remains true that three of his furlongs make at least a mile.

written a dozen novels. At such a stage fancy is accusthe rest, until at length there came to hearten him the tomed to flag, and kind-hearted friends are apt to regret that realization that, hidden beneath all the boosting and bigness, the author has "written himself out." This makes more there was a certain something that was also poetry of a pleasant the discovery that in The Money Master (HUTCH- kind. In the United States, Turmoil has had a vogus that INSON) Sir Gilbert surpasses himself. The story opens with recalls the days of the old best-sellers, those strange pro-

the introduction of Jean Jacques Barbille, miller and money master, a commonplace man inclined to vanity, buzzing with consciousness of worldly prosperity built up by himself. On a voyage homewardbound from Europe-where he was disappointed when he entered Notre Dame, or a great building like the Law Courts at Rouen that people didn't whisper to each other, "Here comes Jean Jacques Barbille"—he made the acquaintance of a Spanish beauty, "a slim and long-limbed Diana." He slim and long-limbed Diana." married her, or, to be precise, it was she who married him, for a comfortable home and relief from penury shared with a scamp of a father. The Reader, a student of human nature with mature knowledge of its frailties, knows at once what will happen. The beautiful sensuous Carmen, bored with the dulness of daily life in company with Jean Jacques, early succumbing, will go off with another man. The Reader is right. What he does not yet know, but should take the earliest opportunity of learning, is with what masterful skill, with what touches of pathos, the dull man, miller and general

dealer, his dross purified in the fire of adversity, is slowly, step by step, transformed into a hero of sublime unselfishness. Nearly every page of the story, certainly every chapter, reveals the inventive resources of the author. These never fail, and the reader is, with growing interest, hurried on to the unexpected denouement. The world of Jean Jacques, a village which the censor may permit reference to as "somewhere in the neighbourhood" of Quebec, is peopled with a diversity of characters whose acquaintance and environment are refreshing after a long course of ordinary novels.

A grievance that the American has against Englishmen is that they pay visits to his country and then try to put large a thing to be put into a single book. Yet in Turmoil (Hodder and Stoughton) Booth Tarkington has come very near succeeding in this feat. Turmoil, for all that it has only three hundred and twelve pages, covers the whole nail."-China Mail. of one side—and that the most characteristic side—of The other story of how poor Sisera had his hair cropped American life. It puts into words better than anyone has is just as good.

not pleasant passages in the book—there is always a certain ever done before the American ideal of Bigness—its obvious Bibbs Sheridan lived, and it was the motto of James Sheridan, his father; and Bibbs, by nature a poet and a dreamer of dreams, found himself forced by circumstances to kill his During the last twenty years Sir Gilbert Parker has dreams and plunge in and blow and boost and brag with

ductions which it resembles only in its popularity. It is easily the best novel that Mr. TARKINGTON has written. There are flashes of the humour that illumined his Penrod stories, but for the most part the author is grimly in earnest. as befits his theme. It is a story to be read by all who would understand the soul of the country that has produced sky-scrapers and Pittsburg and the Chicago slaughter - houses. "Man alive! this is God's country, and a blind man couldn't help seein' it! You certainly stand up for your own town, if you stick to sayin' you'd rather live there than you would here. You sure are some patriot to say that-after you've seen our city. I'll show you something now that'll make your eyes stick out." Thus Mr. James Sheridan to a European visitor, and that is America in a nutshell.

There is real stuff—as opposed to stuffing-in Miss M. P. WILL-COCKS' Change (HUTCHINSON). In truth her material is better than PEOPLE WE NEVER MEET. her pattern, which is rather casual and formless. She leaves loose POSSIBLE AUTHORITY. threads, abandons even promising

beginnings, certainly crowds her embroidery frame with too many figures. But you read her story and comment without skipping, get pleasure of her characters, who really seem to be alive and doing, and (I'll answer for it) you'll be willing to put up with little defects of form for sake of such fine substance as the patient and indirect wooing of little brown Bess Latimer, the orphan, by the Professor—a charming piece of delicate romance. There is a background of Starrs, folk whose blood was older and bluer than their purses were long, and who were a little too conscious of other people's essential inferiority. It is part of the defect of Miss Willcocks' method that one can't make out just what the "change" was which one supposes from her title to be the motive of her work. She gives me the impression it all into a single book. He holds that America is too of not having quite found herself even yet. But she will; and meanwhile she has the heart of the matter in her.

"We are told that Delilah punctured the head of Samson with a



THE MAN WHO SAYS, "I HAVE IT ON THE WORST

).

ous

ger!

idle

d of

We

ich

lan.

r of

his

rith

the

ess,

of a hat

ro-

nly

the

CON of

his

ost

est,

ory

ın-

try

ers

ago

ve!

ind

ou

wn

i'd

uld

iot

ur

ng

ick

an

is

ed

L-

In

an

ial

se

ng

th

nt

lly

'Ìl

of

of

-a

nd

eir

of

ect

st

tle

on 11;

ed

## CHARIVARIA.

that the latest German Loan should frightfulness. have just topped the figures for our own War Loan, will be pleased to have their arrived at by arithmetic."

returned to the Exchequer the amount of his parliamentary salary received three thousand Etonians at the Front, during the War, explaining that he he is beginning to be sorry he spoke

felt uncomfortable in accepting it under present conditions. Now he is "Happy Starkey" once more.

Some elderly members of a suburban V.T.C. who attended a special service at the parish church the other day are still wondering why the preacher chose as his text, "Can these dry bones live?"

With surprising unanimity the German newspapers declared last week that the King of BULGARIA and his Prime Minister had finally decided to throw in their lot with the Central Powers. Later news suggests that they had forgotten the old proverb that "a Ferdinand is worth two in the bush."

We deeply sympathise with the elderly man who asked the Willesden magistrate for a separation-order on the ground that his wife was always throwing knives at him, and he could not dodge them so easily as when he was younger. It is a penalty of advancing years that one takes longer to see the point of anything.

Butter cards, similar in principle to the existing bread-cards. are shortly to be introduced in Germany. But that does not justify us in boasting of our superior position. There is a large demand for Tuck-cards in this country also.

The Kaiser, like the humblest of his subjects, has had to part with all metal possessions, such as door-knobs, in order that they may be made into brazen front has now disappeared.

The Hamburger Fremdenblatt, which firmed. speaks of the German official communiqués as being distinguished by their "monumental simplicity, was probably referring to the wellstone."

The Italian poet, D'Annunzio, has SCEPTICAL people who thought it odd plane. We deprecate this campaign of German Fleet. They are executed in

doubts confirmed by the Lokalanzeiger, 1891, he told the Eton College Volunwhich observes that "The twelve teers he was glad to see so many of milliards of marks are no modest figure them taking an interest in the study of arms, and hoped that if ever they had Mr. John R. Starkey, M.P., has would use them to some purpose for

Supporter of the Budget. "So I'M A-ARSTIN' YOU TEB DO WOT I'M A-DOIN'—AN' THAT 18 PAY UP AN' LOOK PLEASANT."

Street recently with being drunk, offered to read a newspaper upside-down in order to prove that he was sober. This is no test at all. He should have offered to read the predictions of some of our war-prophets the right way up.

The report that Mr. Forp, the American motor-car maker, who has shells. It is believed that even his become so violent a pacificist, is going to set up a factory in Brazil, "where the nuts come from," is as yet uncon-

Extract from a Tommy's letter, written in Egypt:-"It is terribly hot out here, so hot, in fact, that they feed the known expression "to lie like a tomb- hens on ice-cream to stop them laying hard-boiled eggs.'

A young Berliner has been permitted been throwing his poems from an aero- to make a series of pictures of the pastels, as it was felt that water-colours were hardly suitable, and will When the Kaiser was at Windsor in be entitled "Studies of Still Life in the Kiel Canal."

History doesn't always repeat itself quite correctly. Moore's Veiled to draw their swords in earnest they Prophet of Khorassan was Mokanna. But the unveiler of war-profits is

> "The following," writes a soldier, "was actually heard by myself while in charge of a guard :-

Sentry. 'Halt! Who goes there?' Voice. 'Chaplain.'

Sentry. 'Pass, Charlie; all's well.'" In case any reader should doubt the veracity of the above conversation, Mr. Punch begs to say that it must be true, as he has heard it from at least fifty separate sources during the past fortnight, besides seeing it last week in an illustrated paper.

Some of the German newspapers are suspiciously well informed about our plan of campaign. The Neueste Nachrichten, describing the bombardment preceding the Allies' attack, says it was "as if they wanted to batter down the gates of hell."

The pickpocket's motto: "There is a silver lining to every crowd."

#### Cruel only to be kind.

"ACCIDENT. — On Friday, Cyril Thornett. aged nine, whilst at play in the schoolyard slipped down and broke his left thigh-bone. Fist-aid was rendered by the teachers."—Oxford Times.

A taxi-cab driver, charged at Bow the East and West will have to be broken through before Germany's vitals are so much as threatened."—Egyptian Gazette.

We rather deprecate these gastronomical metaphors.

"Sublime Porte literally means 'lofty gate.' It is the principal entrance to the Scraglio at Constantinople, and is the place from which the imperial edicts are issued.''

Los Angeles " Evening Herald." The Scraglio is also the place where the Imperial bow-strings are kept.

"BELGIAN Success .- On Saturday evening our troops captured a German telephone post on the right bank. They have taken the garrison, consisting of 15 men and 1 non-commissioned officer, prisoners."—Morning Paper.

The Germans no doubt were "up the pole."

# THE LIMITATIONS OF THE KAISER.

I EVER regard his case as odd Who ventures to doubt that I'm a god; Few, in fact, can distinguish me From my friend and double, the Deity; Yet I cannot behave like a fowl in air. I cannot at once be everywhere.

Limited thus, I must needs decide Where I would spend last Christmastide; Various pleasant schemes I had-Paris and London and Petrograd-But I couldn't have painted them all three red, So I finally stayed at home instead.

Now Yule is on us again and I'm Still bound by the laws of space and time; My heart, like a common man's, is torn Between the above and the Golden Horn, With matins under a Moslem dome; But how can I do all four-(and Rome)?

Meanwhile it's bad for my beauty rest (East being East and West still West) If I'm expected to bear the brunts Arising out of a brace of fronts, Neither of which-from a distant view-Is doing as well as I told it to.

I find the travelling most severe, Though I only do it from rear to rear; And often enough has the wish occurred That I could arrange to be a bird; And it's "Oh!" I cry with my godlike voice, "Oh! for the wings-of a dove, for choice."

O. S.

## ADMIRAL POST.

"You've heard of 'General Post,' haven't you?" said Jack to Cheeks, the marine. "Well, the Kaiser has invented a new game called 'Admiral Post.' In the first place let me tell you what I been reading in the paper about Admiral VON HOLTZENDORFF, followin' on the sensational departure for other scenes of Admiral von Tirpitz. Now to be quite frank with you, you being only a marine, I'm gettin' qualms about the German Navy. They're threatened with a certain liveliness, Cheeks, they are.

"You see this von Holtzendorff used to command the High Seas Fleet just before the War. He was a fair oner for paint work and leadin' the line at reviews. For the pipin' days of peace he was absolutely It. But when the War broke out the Kaiser gets a sort of grouch on von HOLTZENDORFF and drops him for another feller called von

"'Ow do you come to know these names?" asks Cheeks.
"I was just reading them in the paper," says Jack. "Well, all the world knows now what you INGENOUL did. For months and months there was only one navy in the world, and von Spee's little lot and the Emden and the Bloocher and all the other victories was celebrated in Berlin in the correct style, all school-children being ordered to get hoarse by compulsion. But one day, when the Kaiser was counting his ships, he says to von Ingenoria, he says, 'Where's my Bloocher?' And the gallant Admiral replies that the Bloocher has been converted into a Dreadnought submarine. Which is what they call a half-truth, and not bad for a German. Then the Kaiser gives von Ingenohl a nasty look, and says to him, 'You can slide it. I'm going to give the command to von Pohl.'"

"You're making it up," says Cheeks.
"Gospel truth, I ain't. I just read it in the paper." "'Ow do all these blokes' names come to begin with a

von?"

"If you wasn't an ignorant marine you'd know that von is German for O'. I was once in a destroyer and we had eight O's on board, Irish all of 'em. There was O'Flaherty, O'Connor, O'Hara, O'Donovan and O'Reilly, and so on. If they'd been Germans they'd have been von Flaherty, von Connor, von Hara, etcetery-see? Where was 12 We'd got to von POHL.

"Well, von POHL turned out to be the very man for the job, and the Kaiser was fair off his nut with joy about him. He'd got the High Seas Fleet in grand order, and there it was dashin' up and down the Kiel Canal, grittin' its teeth, firin' birthday salutes and waitin' for the Day.

"The Kaiser went down to Kiel for all his week-ends so as to give away the iron crosses to the submarine crews before they go West, and they say, Cheeks, as his admira-

tion for you Pohl had no bounds.

"Well, the last time he was there, musin' to himself on the shore and wavin' his hand to the barges goin' down to Wilhelmshaven for more anchors, he had a happy thought. His active brain turned in the direction of Admiral von HOLTZENDORFF.

"Now you got to understand that von Holtz, ever since he got the push and his pension, had been livin' the life of a simple German gentleman in Berlin. As far as can be gathered, he behaved no different to nobody. He planted taters in his window-boxes, he wrote to the papers, signing himself 'Too old at 84,' and he sung the 'Hymn of Hate' before and after meals, just like everybody else who has to subscribe to the War Loan.

"One fine mornin' he gets a wire from his Imperial Master: 'All is forgiven. Can find you a new job.' That was at 9 A.M.; and you can bet, Cheeks, that, grabbin' up his telescope and pack o' patience cards, he caught the 9.40

"The Kaiser was all affability. He sends for Admiral BACHMANN, who's the head of the Naval General Staff.
'BACHMANN,' he says, 'you thick-headed numskull, what's
this I hear about your plannin' another triumphant attack
on the fortifications of Scarborough?' 'It's not me,' says BACHMANN, 'it's my fool of a vice-chief, BEHNCKE.' 'Then you both take the push,' says the Kaiser. Whereupon turning to our old friend, von Holtzendorff, he says, hardly able to keep the tears gushin' from his eyes, 'You're about the biggest back number in the country, HOLTZEY, and it's up to me to give you the softest job that's going. You're appointed Chief of the Naval General Staff, he says; 'and you can name your own Vice-Chief,' he adds, 'vicey that reckless feller Behncke.' Well, Holtzey votes for VON KOCH, who was friends with him in the old days when the German Navy used to have Cinderellas on the quarter-deck and knew nothin' of the horrors of war. And that's how it stands now, Cheeks."

"It don't give me no qualms, Jack," says Cheeks.
"Well, I dunno. Here's this von Holtzendorff, who used to command the Battle Fleet in the days when there were no battles, succeeded first by von Ingenohl and then by von Pohl, and then as a crownin' disgrace shoved along with his pal von Koch into the Naval General Staff vicey BACHMANN and BEHNCKE. It may not be lettin' loose the dogs of war, Cheeks, m'lad, but it looks very much to me as if the German fleet is goin' to hold a regatta!

Tennyson on the new Budget Duties.

'Not once or twice in our rough island story The path of Duty was the way to Glory.

ht y, n.

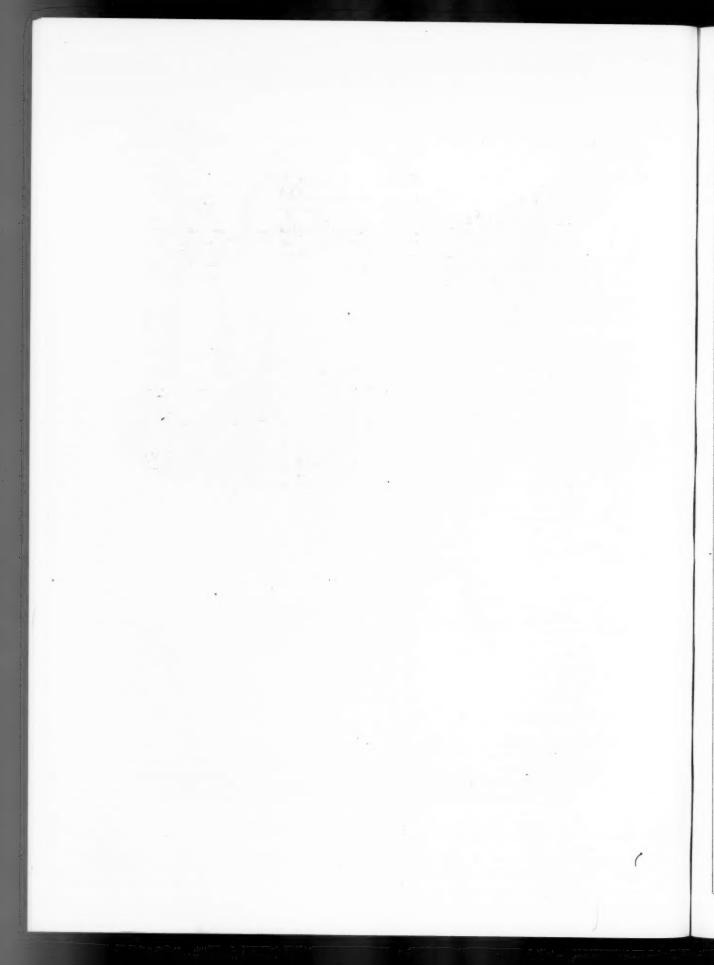
ne ut nd n'

n t.



# GANYMEDE AND THE GERMAN EAGLE.

SULTAN. "OF COURSE I KNOW IT'S A GREAT HONOUR BEING 'TAKEN UP' LIKE THIS; STILL, I'M BEGINNING ALMOST TO WISH THE BIRD HAD LEFT ME ALONE."





Youthful Officer, "You really must send my new breeches to-day. I'm off to France to-morrow, and I believe my REGIMENT HAS A BATTLE ON FOR THE WEEK-END."

#### ON BELLONA'S HEM.

#### THE RULING PASSION.

WE were crossing from Portsmouth to Ryde. The almost horizontal rain from the indigo cloud drove us all under cover, and I found myself beneath the captain's bridge, packed hard against two lieutenants. Hence if I became a listener to their confidences the offence must be charged not to any wish of mine to eavesdrop but to the vagaries of the English August.

Yet no secret of warfare did they unfold. In fact, but for their khaki and their puttees and their canes, they might still have been conversationalists in the piping times of peace.

Having dismissed the weather with their best but inadequate adjectives. they turned to the real topic of interest for the young and spirited officer-the on the island and was going to fetch it back; the other had a mo-bike on the mainland, and was, for the day, being

the first instalment of the new one ran concurrently with the last of the old.

It was wonderful what resources each had extracted from his jigger. A tragedy, however, hung over the one whose jigger was on the mainland; for, would you believe it, that young ass Soand-so (I know his name, but mercifully suppress it) had missed parade so often owing to his smash-ups that anyone else who defected from a similar cause was to be forbidden to ride one again. whole the speaker could not deny that found them! It was between . . their crowd was a jolly decent one. Still, it would be a foul thing if mobikes were stopped.

But for some trouble once with the carburetter, the other speaker's mo-bike had never let him down yet, and it was second-hand too. Nor had his mo-bike. One of them had a mo-bike friend much fault to find with his, except that it was such a whale for oil. the Boer War, enlisted as a private, It was jolly decent of the police, they both decided, to be so careless about As an artist he had won a wide repudragged sadly from it. Each had had the speed limit now, but then of course tation, and his strong, fresh work was astonishing experiences which they re- they never know whether or not one is familiar in Punch. We join with his lated so eagerly against the other's that on duty: one of the good points about large circle of friends in the earnest neither story was ever quite finished, khaki. Had the other ever clapped hope that a career of such high promise or rather, as in some of the magazines, eyes on old Blank (I have his name has not been cut short.

too) on his Regal? Talk about a flyer. Never stopped for anyone, even in the town. A bit rotten, the speaker thought that. One ought to have some con-sideration, dash it all! Yes, the other agreed, of course one ought. But out in the country let her rip. "Absolutely," said the other.

"Last Sunday," said the first, "I went to see my people. Forty miles an hour or over if I was doing an inch . . .

"Forty-two I was doing for a bit on It was a pity that asses like So-and-so ever got into a regiment; but on the of A.S.C. lorries pulled me up. Con-

> But here the sun came out and I returned to the open deck.

# punch's Roll of Bonour.

PHILIP BAYNES, Acting Sergeant, 1st Rifle Brigade, reported missing. Mr. BAYNES, who had been through and went out to the Front last October.

#### A BEST SELLER.

rather seedy-looking individual who woman who keeps my rooms tidy." had invaded me, but he was very insistent.

"Well, Sir," he said, "you may think you might say." you don't, but you do, if I may say so. It's specially prepared for the use "Well, you're very persuasive. I'll going up to see you." of litery gentlemen. Gives a lot of try one, just this once. information not contained in most ment, Gov'ment officials-and their exactly in what year Lord Loreburn "that and a brown bowler hat."

salaries, leading events in 'istry, rank and pay in Army and Navy, dates of important battles-

"Does it say definitely when the War will be over? I asked.

"Tables of weights and measures, rates of post-

I saw it was no use interrupting his parrot stunt. He'd learnt it and had to get it off his chest.

"Leading authors and artists, playwrights, actors, insurance companies and rates-

"Including Zepp rates?"

I pushed in.

"Names of leading clubs, churches, banks - in fact nearly everything you want to know."

"Except," I said, "when this confounded War will be over."

"Ah," he said, "a book as would tell you that would be worth its weight in gold, Sir, whereas this useful little volume is only a shilling."
"What's it called?" I

said.

"'The Litery Man's Diary and Vade Mecum." As he pronounced it "Vade" WHEN THOSE GERMAN MINES MAY GO OFF!

had evidently left this bit out.
"I know," I said, "about as many

as I can carry in my head already.'

"You don't need to remember them, he said, "with this book. It remembers them for you.'

"But I couldn't think of carting it

about with me," I said.
"Why not, Sir? It's very small." "But think," I said, "what I have

to carry as it is. Card-case, tobacco pouch, pipe, matches, knife, keys, money, cheque-book, letters. My tailor wouldn't hear of such a thing."

"Then why not keep it on your desk, Sir?

"Put it on my desk, you mean," I

"That's the beauty of the cover," he you weren't in." said. "If it's mislaid, it finds itself, as

"It certainly is noisy," I said.

diaries. List of all the Lord Mayors, when the man had gone I glanced a red bow tie?' City Comp'nies, Members of Parli'- through the book. I don't remember

Anxious Mother. "Come away, Willie! You never know

rhymed with "wade." "Gives the gave up office, but he was still Lord cost of dying.

name of every street in London." He Chancellor when the diary was compiled, and a good many other matters appeared to have been dealt with from the standpoint of the early part of the century. In disgust I flung the book across the room, and only just in time to miss Arthur, who happened to look in on me.

"Hallo," he said, "I thought you were out.'

"Then why did you come up?" I said.

"To leave something for you," he said.

of my movements?" I said. "You take the usual route from Waterloo, but haven't been near me for a week or two." travelled from St. Paul's.

"I know. But as I was coming up said. "No power on earth could keep I met a man at the bottom of the "I DON'T want one," I said to the it there, what with my typist and the stairs who said he knew you. He told me he had been calling to see you and

"But I am in, as you see. How did he know who you were?

"He didn't. He asked if I was

"Did he happen to be a seedy-He needed no second invitation, and looking ruffian in a black tail coat and

"That was the disguise," said Arthur,

"Now I wonder," I said, "why he told you I was

"Don't know. He told me you had asked him to call with a copy of a book he had with him.

"The sort of thing he would say. Was it," I asked,
"a book about ships and shoes and sealing-wax, and cabbages and kings?"

"It seemed comprehensive," said Arthur, "so I bought a copy for myself."

"The old villain!" I said. "So did I. There's my copy. No, there, behind the coalbox."

"That's cheerful," he said. "You owe me a bob."

"Why?" I asked. paid him for it."

"Yes," said Arthur sweetly, "but not for the copy that he said he had brought for you. I paid for that.'

From an undertaker's advertisement:-

"No advance in Prices for the next Six Months, having large stock of materials."

Wolverhampton Express.

This will comfort those who are appalled by the increased

"SIMLA, INDIA, Sept. 7 .- The Gaekwar of Baroda has contributed five lackys of rupees for use on the British front."

"Daily Gleaner" (Jamaica).

His Highness has apparently followed the example of our own magnates who have "put down their footmen."

"In 1861 the London Irish Rifles figured among the Volunteer corps which were reviewed at Wimbledon; this review forms an interesting link with the past, for the Duke of Wellington was one of the Generals present." Evening Paper.

"How should you know anything On this occasion His Grace did not

up

the old

and

did

vas

dv-

and

ur.

id.

vas

old

all

ad

he

ed,

nd

nd

en-

I

id.

al-

id.

· I

y, he

u.

d-

he

ge

10 ed

of

he

10

ıt

# A TERRITORIAL IN INDIA.

My DEAR MR. PUNCH,-A few men from the detachment have of late been transferred to the hill station and substitutes sent down. Among the former was our popular Company Sergeant-Major, who received a pleasant surprise in the shape of a procession, which escorted him to the outer gate of the Fort, bearing banners of very strange devices and accompanied by a band. The band rendered the Regimental March on three mouth-organs, an entrenching tool and twenty-two washing basins. The whole procession sang a chorus written specially for the occasion and set to the tune of a popular hymn -simple and haunting words which must have brought tears to his eyes:-

Sergeant - Major's going to the mou-ouountains Sergeant - Major's going to the mou-ou-

ountains Sergeant - Major's going to the mou-ou-

ountains,

He couldn't stick the summer on the Plains. This unaccustomed excitement over, we resumed our normal dull existence, under conditions which render it practically impossible for us to do any military training or to acquire any soldierly qualities beyond a prodigious development of language. One wonders what will happen in respectable British homes after the War, when moments of excitement lead to lapses into army speech.

Our Company Quartermaster-Sergeant did, a short time ago, foresee this danger, and seriously contemplated making a vow to refrain entirely from swearing. A day or two later he was heard passionately declaring that he - thankful he had not decided to do anything so ---- foolish and was still at liberty to express himself on the subject of this - prickly heat. The regimental dhurzi, who overheard him, has not since been seen.

But, apart from the ills of the flesh peculiar to a tropical climate, I think much will be forgiven to a Quartermaster-Sergeant on detachment duty. Many and excessively difficult are the problems with which he has to grapple. will give you one authentic example. Picture him faced with a peremptory demand from headquarters for extra duty pay due to a certain corporal for looking after a fire-engine, with no details of the case beyond the knowledge that while he is sitting in a fort in the Punjab the fire-engine is away in the south of the United Provinces and the corporal is in a hill-station up on the borders of Nepal, and that he has no money to send him. This sort of thing is of daily occurrence.



ECONOMY.

"BY THE WAY, CAN YOU THINK OF ANYONE ELSE WE COULD SEND A WIRE TO? THE PRICE IS GOING UP SOON.'

situations for others besides C.Q.S.'s. I have these right. One of our N.C.O.s, who was Company take up the additional rôles of the in the shape of wounded Indian soldiers then repeated the process as D.O.S., in A wounded Garwhali, who was wearing each case carefully addressing himself trousers of English and tunic of Indian as "Sir." Then, at the instance of the khaki, was at pains to explain that reproved himself as C.O.S. for being English—trousers, kurti [coat], yes, himself D.O.S. instead of having apart and pukka chapeau too—très chic!" pointed a deputy for the occasion . . . I spare you the further complications

Detachment duty brings about strange which ensued. I am not sure whether

We still get indications that there is Orderly Sergeant for the week, found a war going on somewhere in Europe himself one evening at the Staff Parade which seems likely to continue. Occaobliged by force of circumstances to sionally, too, we have concrete evidence Sergeant-Major (on leave) and the De- returned from the Front. They are full tachment Orderly Sergeant for the day of their experiences; and their visits to (sick). As C.O.S. he gravely reported France, and in many cases to England, himself present to himself as S.-M. and have given them a new gift of tongues. Officer of the day, he, as S.-M., formally in France "sabchiz [everything] was

Yours ever, ONE OF THE PUNCH BRIGADE.

#### BUNGAY LOWE AND THE BOOKSTALL-MAN.

I CAME upon them at that hour when one is most sensitive to the uncongenial; just before the day's work. To the bookstall-man I daresay I am even more irritating than he to me. Since the War began and brought with it the minor blessing of the truce to one's political passions, I have been a casual instead of a regular customer, buying varieties of newspapers I would not have been seen dead with in times of peace. Moreover I think the bookstallman has begun to suspect that my slender purchases are largely made with a view to providing myself with the supply of coppers that come in so useful at odd times of the day; and he hates being asked for change. At any rate he's always rude to me if an opportunity occurs. The other day I thought to find favour with him by asking for a book. I said, "Have you Candytuft—I mean Veronica?"

It was a real name, but unusual. He made me repeat it, and then said roughly, "When you know what you do mean, I'll see if I've got it;" and I retaliated by making him change me a half-crown for a halfpenny paper.

Parenthetically, I wonder why authors sometimes let their progeny go forth with such tormenting names. That otherwise undeniable classic, The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, is a case in point. Good serviceable hard-wearing titles, ready shrunk, requiring just a medium education to understand, and not too much moral courage to ask for, ought to be easily procurable. Facility in putting them together is not hard to acquire, and may be a most useful accomplishment, as I found in dealing with Bungay Lowe.

Bungay Lowe as often as not travels up to town with me. If he would only talk about the weather I could stand it, but he is one of those fatuous people who consider that English weather is a threadbare topic. He reads, it is true, things as letters he himself has written admirably upon your purpose?" I pleasantries of Mr. Bertrand Russell. speeches in his ordinary converany of my readers can possibly wish, worth of Manners; that's an open

platform awaiting me, I took temporary refuge at the bookstall, where my other enemy was in a particularly curt and uncivil mood and muttered curses over was incontinently caught.

Bungay Lowe's breast-pocket was bulging with manuscript, and I was soon fated to know that he had on him the notes of the speech that he was to deliver that evening. I must let him read me some extracts on the way up; I might make some valuable suggestions and perhaps help him out with a quotation or two. What was the always suggests a hidden intention motion to be debated? Oh, well, it of sarcasm, the three enquiries I had, I wasn't a debate exactly; he was giving flatter myself, so ingeniously framed them a paper entitled, "Are we quite fair to the Germans?" There would be a discussion, perhaps, but no division.

I have a somewhat confused remembrance of what followed in that walk up and down the platform with Bungay Lowe. I recall that he asked me if I did not think it was our sacred duty as Englishmen to try honestly to arrive at the point of view of the Germans; and, assuming the German point of view to be somewhere the other side of the Rhine, I cordially agreed, adding, "By whatever way round," a phrase which he immediately jotted down. He then knew anything of Germany could credit half the stories of atrocities in again and said that there was no single authentic recorded instance of German or at least my end of it. soldiers having cooked and eaten an enemy civilian. That, I added, was a proof of truly remarkable powers of self - restraint. All this was duly recorded and no doubt worked up into a point. We were getting on finely, but I doubted my power to keep it up during the impending journey, which I much dreaded. Suddenly an inspiration came to me. The train was not yet quite due, but no time was to be lost.

"Of course you've read those little but he cannot refrain from reading passages aloud. They are generally such nym, as you will guess—that bear so to the newspapers, or the academic asked. "No? My good man, they're full of what you want. Quaint bits of He runs a debating society somewhere | Shavian philosophy expressed in won-Hampstead way, and is more than derful sentences. Not read them or even suspected of rehearsing bits of his heard of them? Get them at once. Let me see, there are three in a definite sation. When I say that since the war began his debating activities have apparently doubled, I think I am case for democratic control could not be delineating his character as fully as more admirably presented. A Pennyso when, a few mornings ago, I letter to a diplomatist, who with a arrived early at the station and saw ha'porth more could have saved the Bungay Lowe at the other end of the situation. And, lastly, A German best bridal leather."

Mother, a wonderful picture of the domestic virtues of the enemy we are so ruthlessly waging war upon. Our friend at the bookstall might have one fivepence-halfpenny. I then advanced of them—you can but try. Remember under cover of The Daily Screen and the order: Change for a Sovereign; A Pennyworth of Manners; A German Mother."

The signal went down as Bungay Lowe sought the bookstall. I watched. He had to wait a minute or two, and then I could see his irritating profile as he enunciated with the ghastly distinctness which I have always found to be so exasperating, and which with inferiors for him.

The first two evidently drew blanks. At the third there was some sort of upheaval in the bookstall. Bungay Lowe stepped suddenly back and a small but interested crowd gathered. What followed appeared, as far as I could see, to partake of the triple nature of a debate, a discussion, and a dogfight. I imagined Bungay Lowe to be pointing out that there is no disparagement in imputing Teutonic parentage to any man, and he would infallibly do so, if I know him at all, to his own country's belittlement. He would urge asked me if any rational being who the propriety of seeing ourselves as others see us, and this would give the bookstall-man an obvious opening, At Belgium and France. I waxed eloquent any rate my immediate point was gained. Bungay Lowe lost the train,

# WHEN THE HEROES RETURN. LEST WE FORGET.

Mother England has been forgetful before; Mother England has been forgetful. I wonder if she will be forgetful at the end of this War, when the heroes come back. I am thinking, I admit, of certain heroes in whom I take a particular interest.

Before the War they were in London and threw up, some of them, their positions unasked.

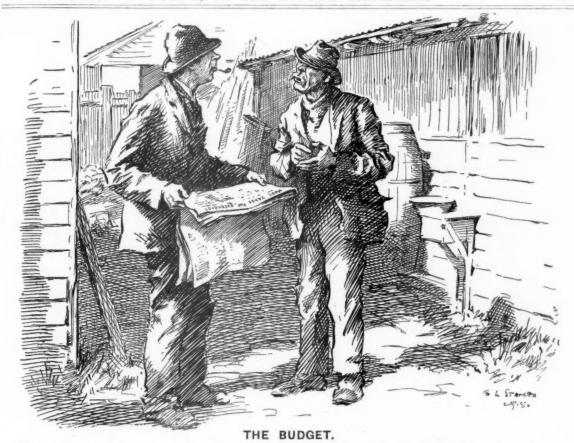
Their places now are filled. Will they be kept open for them against their return? Belgium and France know their worth if England yet does not. Let Belgium and let France speak.

Let them speak. I cannot—the subect moves me too strongly. But let England answer, and let her answer soon. What will she do when these heroes come back to her? What will the hostelries of England do when Hans and Fritz and Carl return?

# Military Wedding Equipment.

"Sam Browne belt, single brace and frog,

d



"Well, look 'ere. Fer the sake o' argyment, suppose your income 's a hundred and fifty pounds a year-"NOT ME. I AIN'T SUPPOSIN' NOTHINK. YOU'D ARGY ME INTER THINKIN' IT IS A HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS IN ABAHT TWO MINUTES, AN' TOUCH ME FOR A QUID AFORE I'D LAID 'ANDS ON IT."

# BUTTONS.

grasp there was a war, and, instead of joining the little group of bent-backed though he meant business. cronies outside the village estaminet, he would sit at his window, mumbling and grumbling. Standing arms akimbo, in her check-patterned apron, his daughter shouted herself hoarse. Now she pointed to me, sipping delicious coffee, belt unfastened, at the parlour table; now she nodded towards the eight-years-old grandson drilling his squad of grimy-faced gamins outside in the sunlit street. Grandpère merely gaped at her; with his patched linen blouse, felt slippers, and a beard like Rip Van Winkle's, he was half blind, deaf, and—as far as I could make out -dumb.

week, going forward in working parties before sunset this white-capped bustling daughter had beckoned me hospitably indoors, calling my attention, as she ness knows what crowding memories later on.

They couldn't make the old chap her husband, who was a corporal in nificant jerk of his head towards the a machine-gun section and looked as window: "A Berlin! A Berlin!

" Coquin!" cried she and, hastening suddenly into the road, rescued the snub-nosed, straight-fringed grandson from the wheels of an A.S. motor lorry. Leaning back, I was whistling under my breath, mechanically rubbing up a tunic button, when, from the chair by the window, a slow deliberate movement caught my eye, and-well, believe it or not as you choose, I had wakened Rip Van Winkle back to life. First (though I never could convince his daughter of it) he winked his right eye; next, chuckling so that he showed his toothless gums, and holding his head an inch or two higher, he drew We were in support billets that down the cuff of his blouse, polishing an imaginary button. Screwing up for night-digging; but about an hour his dim old eyes, he rubbed patch after patch on that faded blue linen, and, as if the familiar action called up Good- the rhythm breaks down rather badly

poured out the coffee, to framed photo- of youth and war, of chausses rouges graphs of her three soldier sons and and kepis, he muttered, with a sig-

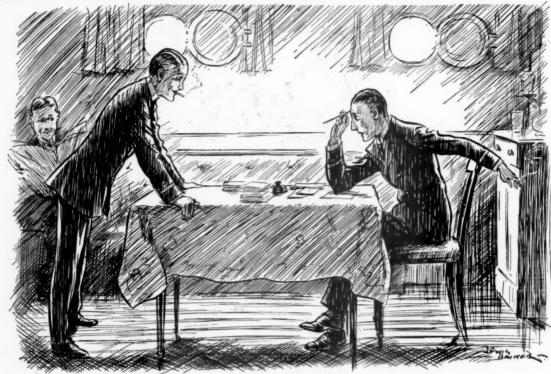
#### Biblia abiblia.

"Another reason why the more prominent lawyers do not have a fair understanding of accountancy fundamentals, is the growing practice to employ a qualified accountant—this practice we heartily commend—to look after the bokos."-Mercantile Gazette, N.Z.

Extract from a school-girl's essay on "Women's Work in War Time":-"Women are now driving tram-cars instead of their husbands.'

"Wanted for me, and for me alone, and only a young Girl or a young Woman who is a real and a willing servant. Apply to me, and to me alone, and only upon this Saturday, between the hours of half past three and half past five p.m., and on the next Sunday between the hours of one and two p.m.; wages 10s. each week."—Advt. in "Irish Times."

We like the opening of the poem, but



A NAVAL DISASTER.

Sub. "Dash it all! I've clean forgotten the name of the girl I'm writing to!"

#### THROUGH THE GATE OF HORN:

A DARDANELLES DREAM.

In that dark hour before the dawn comes thronging, When people die and soldiers stand to arms,

I lay and wrestled with a wicked longing To yield ungrudgingly to Letho's charms. I weighed it well; for in Battalion Orders

I weighed it well; for in Battalion Orders
High powers had registered their awful aim:

All subalterns to be unwinking warders

All subalterns to be unwinking warders
Throughout that period. But all the same
There are some times one simply has to keep
For certain things. This was the time for sleep.

I said, "There stands a great unwrit tradition, Which kills off Colonels and makes Generals grey,

That none who holds His Majesty's Commission Shall nod by night or be at rest by day; But in this middle time, when all is quiet,

When shells are silent and no flies intrude, When no sun scorches and no rifles riot,

And even my platoon requires no food, Shall I not slumber and the King forgive? The answer is in the affirmative.

"And, if the Staff suspect the man von Sanders Of swift offences and the use of gas,

I might remind them we are not in Flanders
(Where one, it seems, may be that sort of ass),
But nigh to Troy, where men employed no vapours
Nor made attacks at this unnatural time,

And Troy's traditions shall forbid such capers
While cultured Turks possess the classic clime;
These haunts of chivalry shall still condemn
The least activity at three A.M."

But anyhow, I slept. And then like thunder Big clouds of battle burst about my head.

Methought a sentry made some hideous blunder;
The Turk came creeping and the ground was dead;

Soft over Dardanus the sun stood staring; On Achi Baba paled the startled moon,

When Islam's gallantest, with sounds like swearing,
Drove back the pagans of the tenth platoon.

A man called Ismail, in dirty blue,

Stood kicking me. I woke—and it was true.

The time is tedious in Constantinople;
Meanwhile I pen this melancholy screed

To friendly neutrals, and perhaps the Pope 'll Be touched and intervene and have me freed. Haply my lines, like some distressful pennant,

Shall flutter forth to that embattled Strait
And reach and teach some drowsy Sub-Lieutenant
To be more dutiful, At any rate

The British Fleet will know that I am there, And not bombard without the greatest care.

Another Injustice to Ireland.

"Despite the protests of public boards in the County Roscommon, the police barracks at Frenchpark was closed yesterday by order of the Inspector-General."—Irish Paper.

"A general experimenting with cheaper tobaccos is going on throughout the country."—Morning Paper.

We hope the intrepid officer will not go too far with this deadly work,

Precision.

"The funeral was the Hargest witnessed in the district for many years."—Glasgow Herald.



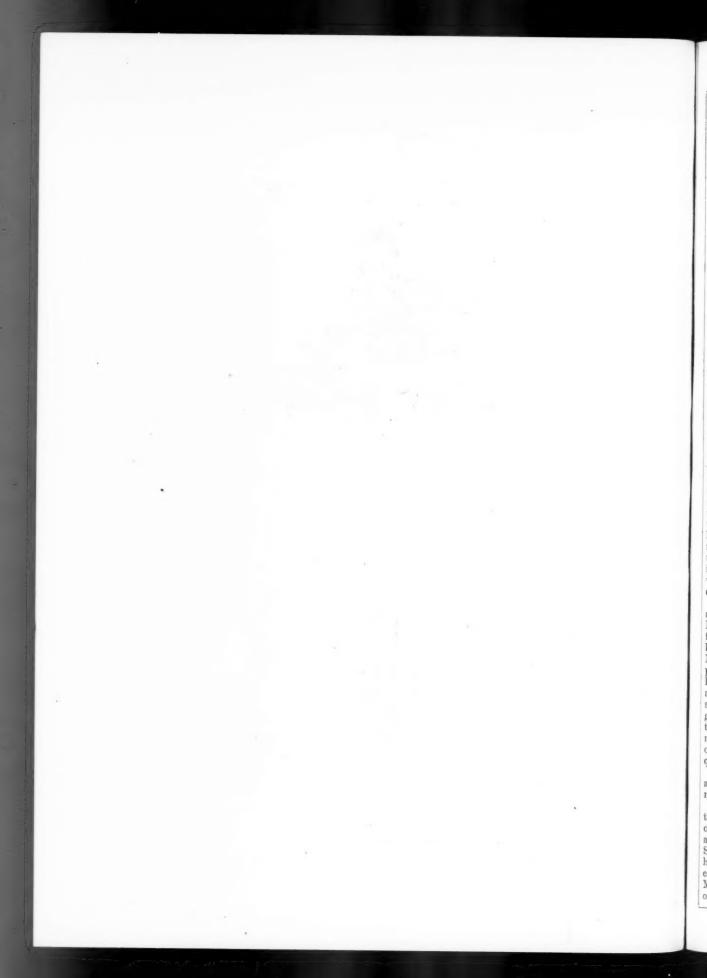
d;

his

any

# THE NEW DEPARTURE.

THE CROWN PRINCE. "YOU WERE COMPLAINING THE OTHER DAY, FATHER, THAT YOUR GENERALS ON THE WEST FRONT WERE STUCK FAST. WELL, WE'RE ON THE MOVE NOW."



### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.) resisting. House of Commons, Tuesday, September

scanty that, had Standing Order permitted an immediate count, House must necessarily have forthwith adjourned for lack of a quorum. Chaplin as usual punctual in his place bearing with the ease of Atlas the load of Leadership of Opposition. As GUEST had not yet arrived, he had Front Bench all to himself, Ministerial Bench being scarcely more populous.

Reasonable to suppose that, glorious news brightening Sunday morning being fully confirmed in to-day's telegrams, there would be thronged attendance and prevalence of high spirits breaking out in ringing cheers when perchance events of preceding forty-eight hours were alluded to. The House, in this respect true repre-

sentative of the nation, was to all appearance absolutely unmoved by sudden turn in tide of war. Doggedly meaning to go on with the business to the end, it was no more elated by sudden victory than it had been depressed by long continuance of monotonous firing from opposite trenches. It was all in the day's work, and till the day's work is done the nation is not disposed to waste time or fritter away strength in emotional outbursts.

EDWARD GREY made his weekly appearance on the Treasury Bench. Brought with him momentous message for Bulgaria. Couched in that courteous but firm language of which he is master. British sympathy with the Bulgarian people is warm and sincere, but if the little kingdom, egged on by Germany, assumes an aggressive attitude on the side of the enemy "we are prepared to give to our friends in the Balkans all the support in our power, in the manner most welcome to them, in concert with our Allies, without reserve and without qualification."

Loud cheer from the now gathering audience greeted an unmistakable ultimatum.

Never was ultimatum delivered in the same fashion. With elbows resting on the brass-bound box, with body bent and head hung down, the FOREIGN SECRETARY, in level voice, read the historic document as he might have cited a weekly report on the Dead Meat Market. This habit of lolling over the Table when replying to a

BUTCHER usefully called attention to 28th.—The few strangers who strayed fact that the Government pay German made perfunctory reply. British taxinto Gallery over clock looked down on officers, prisoners in this country, from payer, freshly burdened, would be desolate scene. When Questions were one - third to one - half as much again obliged if Mr. BUTCHER would sharpen



SIR EDWARD GREY ON BULGARIA.

of war of same rank. Wanted to Fund Bill read a Third time. know whether, in view of fact that German Government have by the murder of non-combatants on sea and on land, by bombardment of unfortified towns, and by numerous other acts of barbarity, systematically violated the Hague Conventions, the British Government will in future pay to German officers who are prisoners of war in this country the same daily or monthly



Pleading for retrenchment in the salaries of German prisoners.

MR. BUTCHER.

question comparatively new but increas- sums, and no more, as are paid by ingly overmastering. Well worth while German Government to British officers who are prisoners of war in Germany?

FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO WAR OFFICE called on, attendance of Members so as Germany pays to British prisoners his knife and hack away at this subject

till it is reduced to sensible businesslike shape.

PRIME MINISTER made urgent appeal for abstention from pursuing at present juncture question of comparative merits of National and Voluntary Service. General cheer backed up appeal. GUEST, however, having prepared speech on subject, not to be put off. Endeavoured to open debate on motion for Third Reading of Consolidated Fund Bill. House not disposed to follow the lead. Conversation collapsed in time for adjournment at five minutes to seven, with time found for discussion of interrogatories administered to incumbents of Welsh Church by the Commissioners appointed under Welsh Church Act.

Business done. - Consolidated

#### THE ANGELS OF MONS.

IT may be just that folks have flocked To glorify a pretty tale;

It may be truth that Something blocked

That desperate battle trail, And, anyhow, the story's growing stale.

But, true or not, there's this is right, Sure as man lives and murder's

Fate never mixed another fight Since wars were first begun With so much Freedom to be lost or

And swearing Tommies, beaten back, But rallying still their broken line Against the howling Prussian pack, May not have seemed divine,

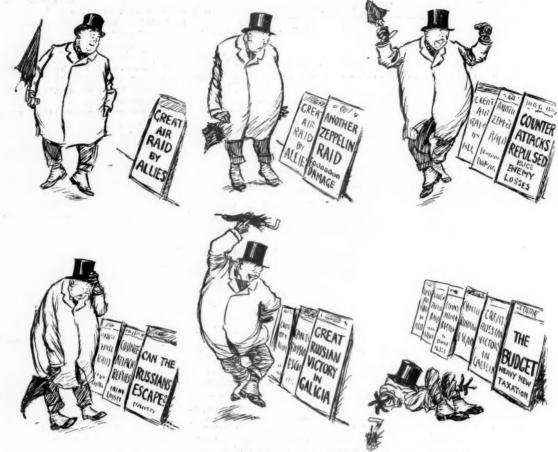
But still did heroes' work and did it fine.

Whether they saw the shining crew, ST. GEORGE and all the rest of it, Or only found a job to do

And meant to stand their bit, Something or Someone gave them grip and grit.

"The Zeppelin says the report was probably accompanied by several others. Morning Paper.

The Zeppelin may have said so, but you can never believe a gas-bag.



# THE TESTING OF A PATRIOT.

#### THE NOVELIST ASTRAY.

(Vide "Fiction in War-time."-Times, September 25.)

A SAPIENT Writer in The Times Defends from malediction Writers of note who now devote Their energies to fiction.

The novel, in the writer's view, Is not alone the medium

Of entertaining me and you By dissipating tedium.

It has a higher, nobler side, A more exalted mission-That of diffusing, far and wide, Ethics and erudition.

All science comes within its scope; Social reform it teaches;

It brings to the despairing hope; Consoles, exhorts and preaches.

So far The Times, which has once more Performed the easy function Of "breaking in an open door

With much superfluous unction.

No reasonable person kicks Against the novel-writer

So long as to his last he sticks Or leaves it as a fighter.

But indignation fills the soul And makes the tongue mephitic When he usurps the tiresome rôle

Of military critic.

"Sir George Askwith to-day met at Old Palace Yard representatives of the wood-workers on Government work who are on strike at Barnstaple for an increase of 1d. per hour." Evening Paper.

"Wouldn't workers" is what we should call them.

Heavy rains again fell in Khartum and rienity last Saturday night and several lakes have been formed in various parts of the town, some of which are still navigable. Mosquitoes are not allowed to breed in them, under penalty of a heavy fine; and notices to that effect will undoubtedly be posted at each lake before long."-Egyptian Mail.

The success of British rule in the Soudan has not been exaggerated.

# After the Raid.

"Essex.—Bungalow, furnished; near sea, shell beach."—Morning Paper.

"The result of the tax would be to raise the price of sugar a halfpenny in the £."

Edinburgh Evening Despatch.

Scottish grocers are notoriously less grasping than their English brethren.

"Lieutenant, Regular Forces, requests small assistance for wife 15,000 miles away."

The Times.

As the circumference of the earth is only 25,000 miles, we infer that the advertiser is in the Flying Corps and pretty high up.

"By ordering 'The Star,' and signing a similar receipt form inherted in it, Your Life will be insured against Zeppelins. Therefore YOU ARE SAFE if you sign the free insurance forms in 'THE DAILY NEWS' and 'THE STAR.'"

Daily News.

It is rumoured that Count ZEPPELIN on reading the above notice realized the futility of his efforts and sent in his resignation.

915.



Artist. "HERE, I SAY! WHAT ARE YOU UP TO BEHIND MY EASEL?" Fugitive. "It's all right, Sir. It's my big bruvver tryin' ter cop me wiv a stone."

#### A ROBIN AT THE FRONT.

It didn't take Jules long to flutter his way into the heart of every Tommy in the trench, for there is much that is common to the methods of English and French robins. There wasn't a man in the whole platoon who would have hurt one feather of that tiny body; and Jules knew this perfectly well, and traded on his knowledge in the most shameless manner.

No dug-out however secluded was sacred from his little inquisitive presence, if he wanted companionship; his 'cheep, cheep" was too persistent to be ignored, and every occupation had to be thrown aside if Jules demanded

He had lived among quiet peasants, but one night the great change came, and Jules woke to find the farm desolate and abandoned.

It was unspeakably dreary. two days and nights he was desolate, but on the third night the soldiers

He had never dreamed there could be so many men in the world, and he was afraid. The soldiers were noisy. They sang and laughed and swore, and Jules did not understand English and hated it all in his little heart.

that.

Digging meant worms, and worms trouble. So he took courage, and gradually edged himself nearer to the busy men, his little head first on one side, then on the other.

The Tommy nearest, happening to catch sight of him, carelessly threw him a small worm. It was very pink and it wriggled irresistibly.

Jules hesitated. Should he? Did he dare? Yes! With a quick darting movement he was upon it. The next instant, at a safe distance, he was boltbetween Jules and the soldiers began. He was soon entirely one of them, as British as the most British of them all, his gay cheery little presence, in his suit of monk brown with the red waistcoat, bringing an air of gaiety to the boredom of trench life.

The men used to watch for his coming and beguile him to stay. His special friend, Private Delarey, taught him several engaging tricks, and Jules-for he came of true French stock-loved showing himself off.

But the end of his good time came look arter Jools."

But suddenly his interest was aroused quite suddenly. Snugly tucked away They began digging trenches-good for the night, he knew nothing of the honest digging; he could understand brilliant attack, and counter-attack delivered with such swiftness. If he heard the sharp rattle of rifles and spit ready dug save a robin a great deal of of machine guns, it was drowsily in his sleep, and he was not disturbed, for he had grown used to these noises, so that when morning came he could not understand why the men in greyish blue uniform now occupying the trench where he lived were not the friends he had played with overnight.

It puzzled him, this thing. Where was Delarey? Why did no one offer him food?

He wandered drearily from end to end of the trench, seeking some solution. ing it greedily, and the friendship Ah, at last one of the men had thrown him something! He inspected it delicately, head on one side. Surely some mistake: it was a stone!

The next was better timed and aimed. This hit him fairly and hard, and, with just one tiny choking gasp, Jules gave up his little ghost.

And Delarey, in a small field hospital, miles away, with a piece of shrapnel in his side and a raging head, muttered feverishly at intervals-

"Pore little Jools! Wish we'd 'ad time to fetch 'im along. 'Ope they 'll

r sea. se the

tch. less ren. small

nes. th is the and

ing a LIFE refore rance

ws. ELIN d the n his

WILHELM I. ET R.

### A BALLAD OF BULBS.

For several months I've striven hard to curb undue expense; I conjugate the verb "to save" in ev'ry mood and tense; And when Extravagance allures I sternly bid her hence.

I walk into the City, ay and back, on my ten toes; Unhailed by me in rain or shine the flying taxi goes; No more the merry motor-bus my solid presence knows.

I've laid a drastic ban upon the winsome cigarette; Against the early morning tea my face I've sternly set; I wear goloshes unabashed whenever it is wet.

Pursuing the example set by the King and Court, I have abjured my single after-dinner glass of port; I stick to barley-water, and I drink it by the quart.

But in the strongest bodies there's a vulnerable spot; ACHILLES had it in his heel, and in his heel was shot; I thought I was temptation-proof, but found that I was not.

For six long months so tightly and unflinchingly I drew My purse-strings that on luxuries I never spent a sou; And then bang went five shillings like a bolt from out the

It wasn't for the War Loan mill that they provided grist; No, the mischief was accomplished by a seedsman's fatal

And they were blued on bulbs, for bulbs I never could resist.

# UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XXVIII.

(From the GERMAN EMPEROR.)

MY DEAR WILLIE.-When you receive this I shall be quite dead. Even before the outbreak of the War I had been ailing. On August 1st, 1914, I took to my bed and was definitely separated from you. I did not feel the separation much; it was no great wrench, for latterly, as you know, I had had but little chance to distinguish myself by any useful activity. Though we still kept up a show of living together the strain was obviously becoming too great to continue much longer. Then came the break, and now, as I say, I am going. Even had the War by some miracle been avoided I doubt if our companionship could have been maintained. To be bullied and neglected is never pleasant, and that was evidently the fate which you had marked out for me. The lesson is a bitter one. Would that I had learnt it sooner. I should have saved the Miss Margaret Battalion of the Royal Scots. myself much pain and many harsh disappointments.

As I look back upon my chequered career I ask myself whether I was at any time sufficiently real and convincing for the task I had undertaken to perform. Our articles of association (if I may put it in that way) laid it down that I was to be the good, kind, gentlemanly chivalrous family-Emperor whose only fault was to be a taste for practical jokes of a simple and innocent sort; while you were to play your part in shining armour as an Olympian War-god or in diplomatic intrigues as a modern reincarnation of Machia-VELLI. I was to discuss the merchant marine with Herr Ballin at Hamburg, while you were to plan Dreadnoughts with von Tirpitz at Kiel or at the Vulcan Works at Stettin. KRUPP was to be in your department; I was to listen to Dr. Dryander's sermons and talk peace-talk to the American Ambassador. You were to review the Berlin garrison on the Tempelhofer field and to tell recruits to shoot down their fathers and mothers at your order; and I was to gain pulling away the chair on which some portly industrial objurgation.

magnate was about to seat himself. This may have been slightly vulgar, but it was undoubtedly very funny. At any rate the whole Court laughed most heartily whenever I

Then again there was my visit to Lord Lonsdale with the object of persuading the simple English that we were, after all, a true English gentleman, fond of grouse-shooting and all other English sports. Really I almost wished you had yourself been present instead of me when we drove through Cumberland with outriders and postillions, and an escort of splendidly mounted British Yeomanry prancing and clattering all round us. The whole affair went off most successfully, and had excellent results. Unfortunately the same cannot be said of the interview in which I laid bare our heart to the London Daily Telegraph. That was meant to please the English, but for some reason it had the opposite effect, and besides all the Germans became furious about it too, and the throne rocked in the storm. The Tweedmouth letter was no more successful, but that was yours, not mine. Nor had I anything to do with the theatre parade to Jerusalem or with the foolish Morocco adventure. These enterprises, like all the other insanities of which I have not strength to write down the list, were hatched in your brain, and, though I protested against them, I was overborne. Can you wonder that I hailed our separation as a release from an intolerable position?

Well, you now have the War on which you were bent, and all I can say is that I hope you like it. I, at any rate, have had no part in it, and cannot be asked to bear any of the responsibility for it. That is yours and yours alone. You have the satisfaction of reflecting that you have put in peril that great structure for the foundation of which thousands of Germans gladly gave their lives. And you, and those who have urged you on or followed you, now stand forth before the world as men who have ruthlessly trampled under foot all laws by which mankind sought to mitigate ferocity, to protect the lives of the innocent and

to hold tyranny in check.

(Signed)

A Mixed Marriage. From The Glasgow Bulletin, under heading "Edinburgh Military Wedding":

"Lieutenant Nicol Bruce, 7th Prov. Stewart, daughter of Dr. Stewart Bruce, Banff, and Miss Margaret Battalion R.S., son of

Mr. Punch's best compliments to that fine body of Amazons,

"MR. BALFOUR'S STRIKING NEW BOOK. By ARTHUR MACHEN. Published To-day."- Evening News.

Although Mr. MACHEN, on his own showing, is responsible for The Angels at Mons, we decline to believe this latest claim for him. Mr. Balfour as a writer needs no ghostly assistance.

"There were two charges against an eleven-year-old Cadoxton boy named John Lake, of selling newspapers under the age of twelve years, and of shouting newspapers on a Sunday."—Barry Dock News.

If the newspapers had been above the age of twelve years we could have better understood the reason for the prosecution.

"BLOW THAT CRIPPLED RUSSIA."-Evening News.

a reputation for harmless levity and Imperial bonhomie by Even a Pressimist might refrain from such an ungenerous

### THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT.



Judge (before sentencing prisoner to penal servitude). "You will all be grateful to hear that the Prussian Guard HAS BEEN SEVERELY PUNISHED BY OUR BRAVE TROOPS.



Master. "Your punishment, Jones, won't feel so severe WHEN YOU HEAR THAT WE HAVE JUST GIVEN THE ENEMY A TREMENDOUS THRASHING."



Dentist. "IT WILL EASE THE PAIN OF THIS EXTRACTION, SIR, WHEN I TELL YOU THAT THE RUSSIANS HAVE EXTRICATED THEMSELVES FROM A VERY AWKWARD POSITION."



Garotter. "YOU WON'T FEEL THE LOSS OF YOUR WATCH, SIR, ON HEARING THAT WE'VE CAPTURED SEVENTY-NINE OF THE ENEMY'S GUNS."

# BOSCH HUMOUR.

[The German paper, Kladderadatsch, gives its readers a dialogue between the captain and first officer of an English liner. After talking of hidden captains.] of hidden cannon and machine guns in the doctor's cabin, it goes on :-

Captain. And the papers?

Officer. The false papers are on your desk.

Shall I falsify them a bit more?

Captain. Not yet. Where are the soldiers?

Officer. In the coal-bunkers disguised as niggers and sitting on baskets drinking whisky.

Captain. Are the Americans on board?

Officer. There is one on every deck spitting

all round.

Captain. Then in God's name forward].

I have seen a rhinoceros romping, I have seen hippopotami fight,

I have watched a giraffe sprint a mile and a-half

(The film was exciting that night); I once saw a bull-pup give chase to a

And that was a ludicrous scramble, And I witnessed an even more clumsy

I have noticed a motor-bus skidding, Seen amateurs fix up a shelf;

I have watched a bargee having after-

I have danced in the Lancers myself; But not till the War, when a moment of mirth

Inspired this irreverent lyric, Had I met with the clumsiest thing upon earth,

An Allemand being satiric.

#### The Cautious Touch.

"From Bruges the Telegraaf learns that on Sunday evening and Monday evening, about 9.30, an alleged airman appeared above the town, dropping bombs."—Exeter Express.

"Stephen Phillips' great love tragedy, under the title of 'Paolo and Francesca,' made a pleasant break last night in the Shakespearean plays which are being produced this week at the Exeter Theatre Royal."

Exeter Express and Echo.

Author: "But why drag in SHAK-SPEARE?"

affair
When a porpoise indulged in a gambol;

"The first contracts for 'The Daily News' Christmas Pudding Fund have now been placed . . . Roughly speaking, it may be said that sixpence will amply cover the portion of one man."—Daily News.

Yes, but what portion? The tongue or the tummy?

# CONCESSIONS TO THE VOLUNTEERS.

[It is reported that the War Office is prepared to consider the question of allowing Volunteers to go to the Front to dig trenches. No payment will be made, and no uniform, arms or ammunition provided.]

In case of being gassed at the Front, Volunteers must deposit a sum in advance to cover all hospital expenses. They will, however be buried without charge. The applications of members wishing to offer themselves as subjects for vivisection or other dangerous experiments at the hospitals will be considered in rotation.

The War Office will consent to accept men of good character from the Volunteer Corps to act as live targets for musketry practice; also as cover to save the expense of sandbags. Public School and University men preferred. Entrance fee: two guineas.

"MAD MULLAH OF BRITISH POLITICS.

De mortuis nihil bonum. But it is a little difficult to observe the rule in the case of Mr. ——."—Nottingham Guardian.

The journal appears, however, to have made a strenuous attempt to carry out its own maxim.

een any r I vith

ere, ing you ove lan eing off

tely laid was had ame

orm. that the occo ities vere inst

OHE ent. rate, y of

one. put hich you, now

essly it to and R.

urgh f Dr.

on of zons

isible latest ostly

years, welve n for

n boy

erous

# TOMLINSON'S PROGRESS.

sons had taken "Rosedene" in our difference to public opinion that could road Miss Withers summoned a Council not have been more complete if they of War. The Vicar's wife had of course had been inhabiting a desert island, the path to her front door, called on the Tomlinsons, but, as all Miss Withers was very bitter about it. the world knows, vicars' wives are "This," she said, "is what comes of nothing to go by; they have to look providing the masses with cheap edu- the end of July he was a major; in up everybody, making no distinction cation. between the sheep and the goats. At I often wondered exactly what she home with a bullet wound in his leg. the Council it was unanimously decided meant by this remark, which struck me And when he returned to us it was not that the Tomlinsons were quite im- as irrelevant to the situation; but she merely as an officer. Tomlinson came

noticed several unpleasant features in it.

perhaps no more distressing than hundreds of others that one encounters in the City and elsewhere. No, it was not so much his appearance that was at fault as his general social tone. In the first place, he made a practice from the very beginning of rolling the grassplot in front of his house every evening in his shirt sleeves and with a pipe. It has always been tacitly agreed in our road that personal gardening should be strictly confined to the backs; fronts are done by a professional, who visits us in turn. In the second place, it soon became painfully apparent that he was addicted to the clarionet. There are, no doubt, circles in which this instrument is regarded as correct; ours is not one of them. The piano we know, also the violin, and Miss Withers herself has confessed to some acquaintance with the mandolin; but

thanks; how's yourself?

went on with his rolling and his wife opposite. "I suppose you have heard continued to hang out her washing about him?" ABOUT a fortnight after the Tomlin- all down the back garden with an in-

repeated it so many times that at last home a V.C. I was not surprised: I had myself I felt sure there must be something

about Tomlinson. In saying this I One day last January I met her at the road had been filled by an excited am not alluding particularly to his bottom of the road. "Have you heard?" crowd, and when at last Tomlinson face, which, though unattractive, was she said. "The man Tomlinson has appeared in a motor-car with his wife

NOTE (266

BREAKING THE NEWS TO A FAVOURITE TEAPOT, THAT IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE NEW TAX THERE MUST IN FUTURE BE ONLY ONE SPOONFUL OF TEA FOR EACH PERSON, AND NONE FOR THE POT.

further than this we have never gone. enlisted." It was true. Though slightly think, she was waving in one hand I think, however, that what really more over military age, he had prevailed a handkerchief, in the other a small than anything else turned the scale on the authorities to accept him, and Union Jack, and with her foot she was against our new neighbours was a had left us to serve his King and beating time to the crowd's enthusiastic discovery that Miss Withers made about Country. I admired his spirit and said rendering of "He's a jolly good fellow." them when they had only been amongst so, but Miss Withers refused to share Then I did a foolish thing. A very us for a few days. She found out (how, my enthusiasm. "It is a pity they stout, phlegmatic-looking man was I know not) that Tomlinson was in the can't take his wife too," she said. A standing immediately in front of me. habit of allowing his wife to address little later we heard that he had gained I took off his hat and flung it high him as "Sid," You will now be in a a commission. This time it was I who into the air. It was an act which subposition to grasp Tomlinson. He was, broke the news to Miss Withers. It sequently cost me half-a-guinea. But you will see, quite beyond the pale, the sort of man, in fact, who, if you met took it well. "The Army is not what that afternoon. him and inquired after his health, would it was," she remarked sententiously, be nearly certain to reply, "Nicely, and changed the conversation. Weeks passed, and then the gazette announced road any day about 4.30 P.M., you may I confess I was a little sorry for the that Tomlinson had been promoted to possibly catch a glimpse on the lawn Tomlinsons. It is never pleasant to the rank of captain. For several days behind one of the houses of a small feel that one is not wanted. Yet it I avoided Miss Withers, and when at lady, rather past middle age, and a must be admitted that they bore up length she overtook me one morning I short, thick-set man in khaki, who very bravely, so bravely, indeed, that it carefully kept off the subject. As we smokes a pipe and walks with a slight almost seemed as if they hardly realised parted at her gate she looked across the limp. It is Miss Withers and Tomlin-what they were missing. Tomlinson road at the Tomlinsons' house just son, playing croquet.

"Yes," I answered sympathetically.
"This is a terrible war," she said,

But worse was in store for her. There was no stopping the enemy. By the middle of August he was invalided

I shall never forget his arrival at "Rosedene." For an hour or more the

and the General Officer commanding the district the en-thusiasm became so intense that the railings in front of Miss Withers' house gave way with a crash and several of the populace were deposited among her geraniums. I was standing quite close to the scene of the disaster. What would Miss Withers do? Would she faint? Would she go into hysterics? Would she sue Tomlinson for damages? Would she write to the papers? I half expected to see her rush forth upon the invaders and butcher them in cold blood before they could rise. With a shudder I turned my eyes away from the wreck, and for a full minute I dared not glance again in its direction. When I did, I saw Miss Withers on her doorstep. There was a flush on her face, but not of rage. Oblivious of her garden fence, oblivious of what the road might

If you happen to be going down our

915.

heard cally. said. lly up her. y. By or; in alided is leg. as not came val at re the xcited linson s wife come enitense nt of wav of the mong nding of the Miss faint? erics? on for rite to ted to n the em in

could urned

vreck, dared

ction.

ithers

was a

rage.

fence,

night

hand

small

e was

iastic

low.

very

was me.

high sub-

But

tered

n our

may lawn

small

nd a

who light

mlin-



Englishman (condoling with French officer whose horse has broken his hnees). "Well, he was on his last legs, anyway,

French Officer. "Mais non, Monsieur! It vos on his first legs that he fall."

# OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mr. Conrad of course has a way of looking on life as a low, sneaking sort of fellow, lurking in unsuspected places with a deadly sandbag. I suppose that in his Victory (Methuen) he means to show the relentlessly tragic effect of the malevolent gossip of an evil-minded man on the fortunes of a guileless idealist. His central figure, Axel Heyst, is a nobly born Swede, son of a crank, and he inherits a paralysing philosophy of negations and distrusts which make him by choice a hermit, a wanderer and a man of indecision. Out of a dubious South Pacific Island hotel, kept by one Schomberg, a loathly, bullying, envious Teuton (an old villain of Mr. CONRAD's and no product of the War-spirit), Heyst carries away in pity to his lonely home a young English girl who has fallen on evil days in a travelling troop of singers, and is being persecuted chiefly, but not only, by the infatuated hotel-keeper, who, eager for revenge, by a lying tale about Heyst's treasure of illgotten gold persuades two egregious scoundrels to follow him. For myself I have to summon up all my faith in Mr. Conrad's artistic sincerity to believe in any such bizarre ruffians as the primitive and bloody Ricardo and the languid, gentlemanly Jones. One might accept them of Mr. Conrad's setting they seem incredibly fantastic. His perfected subtlety of method is indeed almost too the person of a Friend (unseen by the grown-ups of the delicate a medium for the presentation of the fast and nurseries) whose mission it is to launch the small souls

furious riot of passion and bloodshed that Victory in the end becomes. Nor can I help thinking that, pressing the consequences of the Schomberg-Heyst affair far beyond the point of decent probability, he has loaded his dice, so to speak, and destroyed that sense of inevitability which ought to be the dominant impression of a tragedy worked out in this ruthlessly detailed and motived way. . . . And having delivered this tentative judgment for conscience' sake, let me beg of you to ignore the misgivings of an ultrasensitive and hand yourself over to the enjoyment of a delicate, tender romance and as exciting a yarn as was ever spun out of the very tough fibre of the South Sea Islands by a master craftsman.

Mr. Hugh Walpole displays a nice discrimination in nurseries. This was one of my first reflections after reading The Golden Scarecrow (CASSELL). Indeed one might advertise the book thus:—"Advice to Mothers. Read this if you wish to understand your child!" One may at least say for the volume that it is quite unlike anything else; further, that it is in many ways of a singular and haunting charm. Its scope embraces a tour of the nurseries of a certain aristocratic London square and a sympathetic study of their infant owners. Mr. Walpole must himself be a bachelor, this class being notoriously confirmed believers in the "trailing clouds in Treasure Island, but in the elaborately contrived realism of glory" idea of babyhood. The type is here very pleasantly suggested, and with a quite reverent touch of humour, in climb.

There are of course three obvious old serving-man. upon their new life. dangers for a book such as this, concerned wholly as it is Sampson did not come to a tragic end, and he was no man with various aspects of one idea. It might easily become of action, but a scholar engaged in writing a "Philosophy priggish or sentimental or monotonous. The first of these of Poverty." Poverty had a capital letter in this work; and perils Mr. Walpcle triumphantly avoids; from the other so had the other nouns, because it was written about two you may think perhaps that his escape has been more the middle of the eighteenth century. Mr. Sampson's narrow. I will not do him the injustice of retailing the philosophic meditations were interrupted one day by the matter of his various studies, of which his style of telling is apparition of a young gentleman who was thrown from his the great charm. But I will indicate my own preference horse over the garden-wall and landed in the violet-frame, for the episode of Barbara Flint (an entirely delightful study of childish friendship) and for the penetration into small Circumstances made it appear—it was only appearance boy nature shown in the account of Young John Scarlett on that the gentleman thus projected was a Jacobite, pursued the day before he first went to school. My advice further by agents of King George. Mr. Sampson loved him at is—do not read the book in a lump; keep it at hand, so that first sight and harboured him from pursuit, and continued when you feel like a change to refreshing society you can to love him in circumstances which made his love singularly go upstairs with Mr. WALPOLE and spend an hour in the generous; but he could not save him. A reader would be nursery. It will well repay the

Stories of dual personality have by this time lost the thrill of novelty. In most the scheme has been on the lines of Jekull and Hyde, with the Subconscious Self usually more or less of a bad lot. Davenport (Hutchinson) breaks new ground, inasmuch as here the S.S. becomes a pattern of all the virtues, and the personality whom at times he supplants remains of very inferior clay. The protagonist of Mr. CHARLES MARRIOTT'S tale is a young photographer, who at first adopts the disguise of a fictitious friend, Darenport, to whom he may attribute thoughts and sayings of his own, which in his ordinary state of mind he only imperfectly comprehends. When, owing to the interference of a young woman with spiritualistic tastes, the Davenport side of Harry Belsize is defined, it, or he, takes on a separate existence as a philosopher whose

writings convulse

left more hobbledehoy than ever. If I fail to make this novel (Hurst and Blackett). It is the story of the life quite clear to you, I may plead that Mr. Marriott himself of François Villon from early childhood to the moment crowded Rectory in which poor double *Harry* was dragged *Villon* of *A Lodging For The Night*, but a chivalrous and through a perplexed boyhood. And I liked the notion of blameless *Villon*, so much more sinned against than sinning ning that Harry and Davenport are the same person the sixpence and you take your choice. For my own part, I dignified and conscientious artist, and this in an age of smoothness about everything that Mr. McCarthy writes, slipshod writing may well excuse a superfluous page.

England,

in common with The Master of Ravenswood: he was a very house and was waited on by a devoted but cantankerous knave.

But there were differences too: for Mr. with some damage to the flowers and to his own head.

hard to please who found nothing to suit his taste in this book. The two friends ride far and fast to escape their pursuers; and, for those who prefer reflection to action, there are extracts from the "Philosophy of Poverty," containing much nice observation of life. Marjorie Pickthall's style is delicate and pretty, and from beginning to end her work shows a very dainty craftsmanship.

It all depends on what you demand from an historical novel. If you will have nothing but heroes vaulting on chargers and racing across country to foil plots against the king, or if you insist on plain John Blunts following their dear lords to the wars, you must go elsewhere for your intellectual refreshment. But if you can enjoy a leisurely ARNOLD BENNETT-like chronicle of a man's youth and development, a novel of atmosphere rather than action, you will like Pretty Maids All In A Row, which is the silly and quite

while poor Harry, who is doing it all in his sleep, is meaningless title of Justin Huntly McCarthy's latest has not been much more successful. There are agreeable when he was compelled to fly from Paris after killing passages in the story, notably the picture of the over- Philippe Sermois. Mr. McCarthy's Villon is not the giving him an enormous hero-worship for the mysterious that one can hardly realise that this is supposed to be the Davenport. Otherwise I have, as always, an idea that the same person whom STEVENSON showed debating within whole subject is a little too big for treatment in the guise of himself as to the advisability of knifing the good man who fiction. Also, since it is abundantly clear from the begin- had given him shelter. However, you pay your four-andlaborious collection of proof is in danger of becoming weari- thoroughly disbelieved in this latest portrait, but I enjoyed some. But when all is said Mr. Marriott remains a Pretty Maids All In A Row immensely. There is a pleasant and he certainly has the gift of making the reader live in the past. But the more historical novels I read, the better Mr. Michael Sampson, the hero of Little Hearts, by I appreciate the merits of my own century. The only Marjorie L. C. Pickthall (Methuen), had some points people who seem to have had even a passably good time in those days were the great nobles, and it would have been indigent young gentleman who lived alone in a ruinous old just my luck to have been born a varlet or even a scurvy



A SUBURBAN GENTLEMAN, RETURNING FROM THE CITY, WITH HIS MIND FULL OF THE WORRIES OF THE RISING COST OF LIVING, IS SUDDENLY OVERCOME BY THE SINGULAR INAPPROPRIATENESS OF THE NAME OF HIS HOUSE.

15.

Mr.

man ophy ; and

about

son's

the n his ame.

head.

ice-

rsued

m at

nued

larly

ld be

l no-

this le far

pur-

refer

e ex-

hy of

nice

ORIE

licate

ning

very

you

ovel.

but s and foil

f you

lunts

o the

re for

nent.

urely

nicle

elop-

here

llike Row,

quite

atest

e life

ment

lling

the

and

ning

the

ithin

who

and-

rt, I

oyed

sant

rites,

ve in

etter

only

ne in

been

urvy

gestion to adopt a new motto for petition. London in place of the time-honoured Domine Dirige Nos Mr. Punch respect-Lighting Order is in force.

A correspondent was informed by the milkman, who brings him his early morning War news, that "Belgravia's coming in;" and he is now kicking himself because he did not reply, "Oh, that's nothing; Suburbia's been in all the time."

Engine-driving is one of the accomplishments of the Tsar of Bulgaria, who has promised to lend his royal railway-carriage to Princess Hohenlohe on her way from Turkey to Berlin; and it is rumoured that as a further mark of friendship he may take his place on the foot-plate, and save the cost of a return-ticket.

We learn that the King of Bul-GARIA was annoyed with last

week's Charivaria:—
"Birds in bush? Silly tosh!
I'm a fully-fledged Bosch;
You should hear me hum STRAUSS's last aria.

The German Government spares no pains in its endeavour to arouse the enthusiasm of the younger generation for the War. It has now commandeered, ostensibly for the sake of their copper, the baths in the Berlin municipal schools.

There is really nothing extraordinary in the story that the Germans are sending deaf mutes to the Front. The Austrians until recently employed an ambassador who was even Dumba.

In an account of the Imperial Presscutting Bureau at Berlin it is stated that "upon the appearance of anything very obnoxious to the 'All-Highest' the fact is immediately communicated to him by telegraph wherever he may happen to be." Whatever other munitions he may lack, the War Lord is never likely to be short of barbed wires.

The Neue Freie Presse declares that the Zeppelin raids have had such an effect upon "intellectual London" that one brilliant author has fled to America, another's latest novel (written, by the way, some time before the raids) is It was a common practice, we read, 'miserably poor," and even Shaw— to turn out drunken men at Wapping S'Erb Tree.

KING CONSTANTINE'S strange attitude fully points out that it would be unis generally attributed to the influence wise to make any change whilst the of QUEEN SOPHIE. With a slight alterapassengers will be elevated. tion Porson's famous epigram seems to fit the situation:

The Germans in Greek Are sadly to seek; Not five in five-score But ninety-five more; All save only her man, And-her man's a German.

Your country wants AND 300.000

"You're a bloomin' fine soldier! 'Ere's me taught yer everythink I know, an' you stand there an' don't know nothink!''

We regret to see The Pall Mall Gazette lending its support to the German belief in the sordidness of British aspirations. In a recent issue is the R.S.P.C.A.? it mentioned that before going into battle our soldiers sang "that old hymn, 'O Gold, our Help in Ages past.'

With some difficulty Lord RAGLAN, Governor of the Isle of Man, induced the Tynwald to agree to the imposition of increased duties on various articles, and then only on the understanding that they would be levied for one year. In the matter of taxation "Man wants but little here below, nor wants that the Entente Powers is to take the little long."

CHARIVARIA. (who, it will be remembered, is "the English Poet") is "silent." These sobered by a climb of its ninety-four noisy coruscating gas-bags defy comthere, but Sir Thomas Whittaker will be glad to learn that the staircase will be retained for use in emergency.

> We are all for discouraging undue optimism, but we think that The Times overdid it in describing the Treasury returns from April 1 to September 30 as "Nine Months' Revenue."

> > An American play, called Believe me, Xantippe, has been brought to Europe and rechristened Willie goes West. It is hoped that a prominent actor on the Continental stage will before long perform the title-rôle.

> > A paragraph informs us that at a meeting of the British Committee of the International Women's Congress "there were some 150 women present and one man." More justice would have been done to the intrepidity of this hero if the statement had read, "150 women and 'some' man."

> > Fourpence a pound was the quotation for venison recently in London. At that price we can no longer call it-expensive. (This joke needs thought.)

A high police authority is quoted by The Evening Standard as having said, "The work of the London telephone system has been magnificent during the War. It has silently been of enormous assist-ance to every department." The giver of this remarkable testimonial must have been an Irishman.

A donkey used at Hampstead to take wounded soldiers for drives has been given the name of "Kaiser." Where

Rumours of a British landing in Belgium evoked this remark from a working man :- "My mother, Sir, who lives with my brother who is at work in Pall Mall, tells me they've landed 100,000 at Southend, but she may have muddled it somehow."

The official report of the Bulgarian Government on its negotiations with appropriate form of a Green-book.

Distinguished Allies in our midst:

#### JANET.

HERE is a description of "Janet," a lady rose newly arrived, extracted quite literally from a catalogue of new varieties just issued. We add one or two as yet unpublished notices of blossoms known to us all:-

"JANET (Hybrid Tea) .- An ensnaring or seductive rose of greatest charm, and an unquestioned acquisition. In colour it is of great refinement, being in the young stage delicate egg-yolk silky salmony flesh or golden ochre on very delicate pearly champagne - biscuit fawn. The thick shell-like petals tone down to delicate but intense fawn with intensified centre, almost chrome. A greatly-to-be-desired-in-every-garden rose. Its strong delicious perfume adds much to its exquisite chasteness. The more this rose is examined do its beauties reveal themselves, and they never pale. Exemplary habit, long rigid flower - stalks on erect wood, furnished with long oval leathery waxy foliage. Exceptionally floriferous."

WILLIAM (Prusso-Austrian Briar).-An ensnaring and seductive rose of markedly acquisitive habits. In colour it is of great refinement, being in the fully - expanded stage delicate breakfast-ultramarine, submarine, eggs-andbacon-pan-German-pots-dam-vulgarian or golden bagdad lucre on very delicate turkey-red beaten-black-and-blue-inchampagne. The thick tortoise-shell-like rind of self-complacency tones down to delicate but intensely selfcentred one-sided self, with an intensified glory of self in the centre. A greatly - desiring - to-be - in - everybody else's-garden rose. Its strong delicious personality adds much to its exquisitely chaste self-righteousness. The more this rose is exposed do its beauties reveal themselves, and they never pall or fade. Long rigid chaste waxy sideshoots off the wood. An exceptionally free and continuous bloomer.

George (Welsh Bull-Dog Rose).-A rose of the most beguiling and seductive charm and an unquestionable national acquisition. In colour it is of great refinement, being in the young stage delicate leek-green your-life-oryour-money sows-ear-silk-pursey or golden ogre on very delicate early-inthe-morning wines-and-spirits takesthe-biscuit. In its later stages its shells- and- shells- and - more - shells-like blossoms, which are produced in everincreasing profusion, burst from shoots of exceeding vigour in chaste spiral gradations. A greatly-to-be-desired-insome - people's - workshops rose. Its strongly delicious rhetorical pungency adds much to its exquisite chasteness.

beauties reveal themselves, and they never, never fade. Habits and manners exemplary. Foliage long. Exceptionally oratorically floriferous. A never-to-betoo-much-commended British rose.

# DOGS AT BAY.

CERTAIN protests against continuing to keep pets in war time having been made in the papers and elsewhereand particularly mentioning dogs-a meeting of protest has been held at the Canine Street Hotel in order that some line of action on the part of the threatened animals might be decided

The Chair was taken by a well-known bob-tailed sheep-dog. Letters of regret from Mr. BARK, the Russian Finance Minister, Mr. Otto Beit, and other invited guests having been read, and a careful search made for any concealed dachshunds, one of which disguised as a grey-hound being destroyed nem. con., the meeting opened.

They were met, said the Chairman, to frame a resolution that should meet and dispose of the criticism that they were parasites and idlers in times of stress and economy. But first they had, of course, to satisfy themselves, or rather each other (Hear, hear), that their existence was justified. For his own part he had nothing to say on that subject, for it was only too evident that without his services society would suffer. But for him, and his friend the collie, where would be England's mutton? Even more so, where would be England's mutton-bones? (Sensation.) After the expression of heart-felt emotion which they had just witnessed, he felt that he need say no more as to the value of his own services. But what of the others present? Perhaps testimony would be offered, and with this end in view he invited discussion. (Applause.)

A Great Dane expressed his willingness to do anything in the nature of draught work, as his relatives did in France and Belgium; but unhappily the laws of England did not permit of this. He hoped that something would speedily be done to legalise dog-labour.

(Cries of "Wow, Wow!" A Newfoundland said that obviously it was absurd to threaten the existence lachrymatory Pom through the hotel of such as himself so long as there was water for people to fall into and be rescued from. (Hear, hear.) He did not consider himself touched by the

strictures against pets. A St. Bernard agreed with the last speaker. It would be madness, he said, speaker. It would be madness, he said, hospital, is going on satisfactorily. to dispense with his services, for in hospital escaped damage." a country with such a climate as

The more this rose is examined do its England's you never knew when a snowstorm might come, in which travellers would be overwhelmed and need assistance. (Loud applause.)

A turnspit said that nothing but the abolition of the spit made him idle. He longed for work. (Hear, hear, and laughter.)

Several other speakers having expressed their willingness to help human beings in their own way-as guardians, rat-killers, cat-hunters, and so fortha venerable Airedale rose and craved the attention of the meeting for a practical suggestion.

Man, he said, was the friend of dogs, and dogs must all be loyal to their masters. (Hear, hear.) He understood that the present crisis had arisen because many persons held that they were no longer justified in keeping and feeding useless animals. Very well then, for his part he would state that he intended never again to be a burden to his owner. (Cheers.) In future he intended to find his own meals for himself. (Great enthusiasm.) Rather than permit his owner, for whom he entertained the deepest devotion and respect, to go to the expense of feeding him, he should obtain his food from next door. (Sensation.) Looking at the subject dispassionately he was bound to say that he could see no other way out. (Loud cheers.)

Several other speakers having expressed their determination to follow the excellent advice of the Airedale and relieve their masters from the responsibility of feeding them, a Pekinese asked to be allowed to say a word or

Speaking in Chinese through an interpreter, she said she regretted her inability to work, nor was she permitted opportunities of foraging in the basement next door; but she had so often heard her owner say, in tones of obvious sincerity, that life without her, the speaker, would be unbearable, that she considered it her duty to continue in the house with an easy conscience as a comfort and joy. (Loud cheers.) And she believed that there was not a Peek in that wonderful gathering who did not share this view.

(Intense enthusiasm.)
At this moment a Zeppelin passing over the Eastern Counties dropped a roof and the meeting dissolved into

# A Quiet Patient.

"THE SCHOOLMASTER'S ILLNESS .- Mr. who has undergone an operation in a London

Leighton Buzzard Observer.

d

d

d to (a) or e-se is k-ne ee

ed
he
in
ad
es
ut
le,

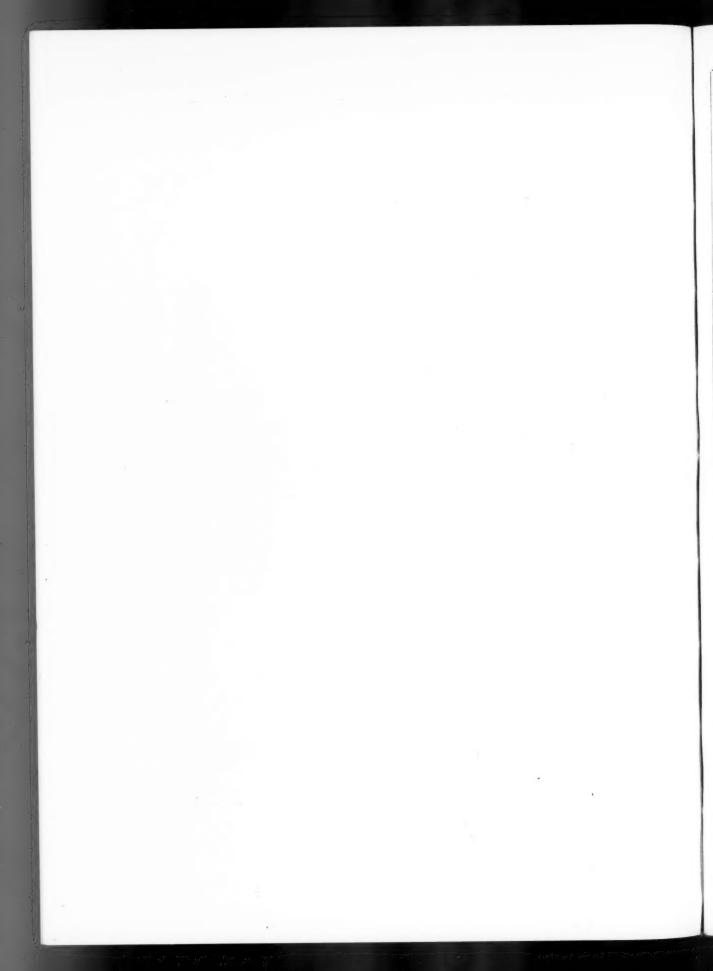
nd ere ful w. ng a tel nto



# ON THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

SPECIAL CONSTABLE. "WHO GOES THERE?"

MR. PUNCH. "A FRIEND OF ALL GOOD CITIZENS—AND VERY GRATEFUL TO YOU."





Mother. "Now, BILLY, SAY GRACE AFTER YOUR BREAKFAST." Mother. "OH, BILLY, THAT WASN'T MUCH OF A GRACE."

Billy. "FANKS FOR MY B'EKFAST." Billy. "WELL, IT WASN'T MUCH OF A B'EKFAST."

# THE WOES OF A WOUNDED. THE PARCEL.

HAPLY in some slow labouring hulk it rested, That fairy freight of which my wife had writ, Or sunken lay, by curious fish infested,

Where the sly submarine had done its bit, Or some rude soldier by the busy shore Forsaken found it, and disgraced his corps, Knew not the kind of fellow it was for But sipped its sweets, and intercepted it-

For it was late. And when I guessed its glories, The billowing natal cake, by secret code Fashioned and decked in Cook's laboratories, With snowy shells and chocolate cannon strowed; And precious fruits and tawny cattle-tongue (Alas, now mute); with smokes from Afric sprung (And o'er them all the scent of home is hung, The inimitable scent of Argyll Road),

Like some great General whose harassed forces Are short of shells or bayonets or rum,

I mooned o'er maps and traced the deep-sea courses And where torpedoes might be troublesome, Or like some Tyrian trader paced the cliff That seaward sought the merry Grecian skiff, Knowing his business would be busted if Shy traffickers, his clients, did not come.

In vain they sought to soften the position, Insisting, "There is nothing for you, Sir, But forty thousand rounds of ammunition Have just come in;" for me it made no stir: To souls who sojourn in the Sultan's land And know no sustenance that is not "canned," It's good, of course, to see the maxims manned, But one small parcel is much jollier.

And then it came. But, ere the sun was hidden, A clever shot had laid me on the green, And here in hospital, where food's forbidden And only the white milk is sometimes seen, In a far camp beneath the Eastern stars I seem to see my cates and my cigars Consumed, alas, by Simpson! and it jars. I like to think how ill he must have been.

#### The Bulldog Breed.

"Shortly after Alderman Shorrock attempted to start the National othern, but was told to sit down by the chairman. He was afterwards Anthem, but was told to sit down by the chairman.

Anthem, but was told to sit down by the chairman. He was afterwards seized by the stewards and led from the room amid a great uproar. "When the uproar had subsided, Alderman Shorrock attempted to start the National Anthem, but was told to sit down by the chairman. He was afterwards seized by the stewards and led from the room amid a great uproar."—Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury.

The Alderman is evidently a believer in the good old maxim, "Try, try again."

# THE MAP-MAKERS.

I HAD always thought that in order to make a map one had to be accompanied by a whole battery of theodolites, lectures by an expert. He probably sextants, artificial horizons, spirit-levels, and logarithm tables. It was not until correct relative positions of the Streat-Petherby told me that all one required ham tram-depôt and the Brixton Bon was a sheet of paper, a pencil and a Marché, he ought to have lain down compass, that the subject in all its in the puddle outside the former and naïveté began to appeal to me.

my house and proposed that we should spend the day in making a map of the of this very necessary detail. But I altitude," I said, "but it does. Aeroneighbourhood. I explained to him bore my suffering bravely in the know- nauts always use one to calculate that there already existed a highly in-ledge that the Bon Marché is really their height from the ground, and I genious plan of the district on view 347 paces easter than most people daresay that's how those Zeppelin free at the railway station, which, bethink. We discovered other discretians know when they're low enough

fares and objects of historical interest, showed how, by changing trains only eleven times, it was possible to travel subterraneously from Bow Road to Golder's Green viâ Kennington Oval without ever coming up to (as the Londoners

say) breave.
"We can do better than that," said Petherby, and we started.

We had some trouble at first with Petherby's compass.
After spending the whole morning in making a map of the wild solitudes of Tooting Bec we discovered that the needle didn't point North. In fact, it had taken up a permanent sou'-sou'-westerly aspect. As a guide to the North Pole I would just as soon have em-

pole had through constant use lost omission in the station map of the tween now and to-morrow afternoon its efficacy. But Petherby said no; it had not hitherto exhibited signs of exhaustion. Then I suggested to my friend that possibly he had omitted to wind the compass up over night and that it had run down. Petherby, on the other hand, suggested some unwarranted aspersions on my I am in a measure personally conmental stability, and laid the blame nected with the episode. of the disaster upon a biscuit-crumb which had worked its way in between the glass and the dial. If ever Petherby (usually the most orderly and punctilious of Special Constables) gets courtmartialled and sentenced to be shot at cock-crow, it will be entirely owing to tea. his deplorable habit of carrying his compass in the same pocket with his emergency rations.

The trouble being at length rectified deniably that whoever was responsible mere compass."

for the railway map was hopelessly out of the market by War Office reckoning. But then the poor fellow never had never knew that in order to get the taken a fresh "North." I attribute Then one morning he came round to my subsequent attack of gastric catarrh | cuck it?" solely to my conscientious observance



"OLD SIMON UP AT RED COW WAS SAYIN' THAT 'E 'EARD LUNNON FOLK WAS FAIR SPLITTIN' 'EMSELVES OVER THIS 'ERE CHARLIE ZEPPELIN!'" ployed a hot cross bun, or even Dr. Cook. I asked Petherby if he thought that the magnetic chief among which was the lamentable of irony, "if you can think of it benefit the pole had through constant to leaf the pole had the pole had through constant to leaf the pole had through constant to leaf the pole had through the pole had through the pole had through the pole had through the pole had the pole had through the p

road in which the house was where I shall be obliged if you will let me those two pseudo-refugee ladies were know." found shaving one morning recently parted. and-however, you know the story I only mentioned it because the affair took place in the house of some friends of some friends of Petherby's, and thus

Petherby drew my attention to a tall asked." chimney. It belonged to a tea company, though I can't think why a teaworks should require a structure of such altitude, unless for the making of high

"We'll come here to-morrow afternoon," said Petherby with enthusiasm, "and work out the height of that chimney. I'm not quite sure how to we got to work in earnest, and the set about it. It seems almost too The bull, we suppose, was to pass final results we achieved showed un- severe a task for the capabilities of a on this vital information to his lady

"How would it be," I suggested, "to give the compass a day off, and bring your aneroid? Then all we shall have to do will be to climb to the summit-somehow-and look at the instrument, when it will at once tell us how high we are above sea-level."

"How does it do that?" asked Petherby sarcastically. "Does it chime the number of feet, or does a cuckoo emerge from a door in the dial and

"I don't know how it tells the sides indicating the principal thorough- pancies of a more or less serious nature, down to stand a chance of bombing a baby."

"I could have told them they were low enough down to do that without appealing to an aneroid," said Petherby.

"Of course," I continued, "the drawback is that if we make our observation at low tide we shall be much higher up than if we took it at high tide."

" I 've got to attend a lecture to - morrow morning," Petherby, " and I'll ask the lecturer for a simple homely recipe for calculating alti-Ten to one he'll tudes. know of some method which will be as easy as pie."

My own experience of pie is that it is almost invariably hard. I told Petherby so. And I said I could think of a

I promised faithfully, and we

By the last post that night I sent Petherby a brief note. "Never mind about asking your lecturer," I wrote. "The chimney's 78 feet high. After we separated I thought of a very simple way of making the calculation. On our way home late that afternoon I walked back to the tea-works and

> From the report of a dairymen's conference:-

> "The Chairman said he would be sorry to take drastic steps, but he felt that they should take the bull by the horns and say point blank that there would be no milk delivered in the metropolitan area at 21d.'

Adelaide Advertiser.

friends.

ted.

and

WA

the

the tell

ked

ime

koo

and

the

ero-

late

d I

elin

ugh

ng a

hem

n to

g to

ued,

we low

gher

nigh

ture

said

the

nely

alti-

ne'll

hich

ably

SO.

of a

note

be-

10011

me

l we

sent

nind

rote.

After

very

tion.

and

ien's

hould

blank

n the

ser.

pass

lady

# A PAIR OF BRACES.

Shopping in France is always a pleasure. The shop people are so gracious and appreciative of my linguistic efforts. My friends say I overrate my knowledge of French, but in the main that is their jealousy. If I have not the vocabulary I have a wealth of gesture which I consider is truly Gallic but my friends insist is merely simian. Be that as it may, when David asked me to join him and give him a hand in buying a pair of braces in - I at once agreed without disclosing that the French for braces was as little known to me as the Sanskrit term for that necessary article. (For those of you who don't know Sanskrit I may explain that the Sanskritians didn't wear trousers.)

"Bon jour, Madame," I said, bowing gracefully. (The best of writing a thing about oneself is that full justice can be done to one's personal graces

and accomplishments.)
"B' jour, Monsieur," she said.

"S'il vous plaît, Madame," I continued with my pleasant smile, "mon ami désire des braces (day brass)."

She looked blank, and her assistants looked blanker but interested. I pondered. "Des braces" obviously should be the proper phrase, and the sooner they learned it the better.

"Des braces, Madame, s'il vous plait," I repeated firmly and in a louder voice. I wanted to show her I was not to be trifled with.

"Mais il n'y a pas de tel mot, Monsieur. Ne comprend pas."

"Mais oui, Madame," I insisted, "des braces." David here tried to make a noise like a pair of braces but was unsuccessful, and it was up to me again. As I was wearing the kilt I could not show her my own. Instead, I opened my tunic and tapped my breast on both sides.

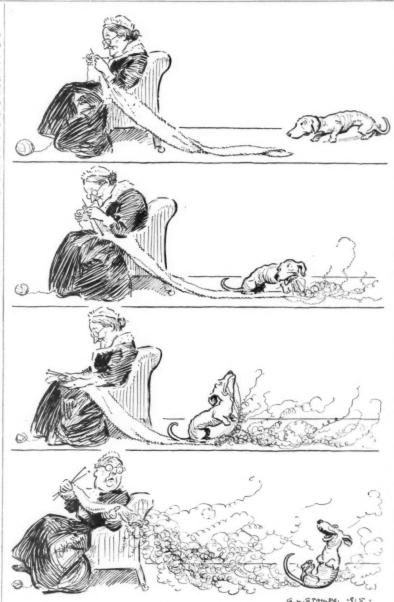
"Ah oui, Monsieur," she cried, delighted, as she produced the French equivalent for Keating's Powder.

My position as an interpreter was shaken to its very foundations, so I braced myself [Horrible.—Ed.] to a final effort.

"Madame, Monsieur mon ami désire quelque chose vite pour défendre tomber ses pantalons," I cried, waving my

hands after the manner of the country.
"Mais oui, Monsieur," she gasped between her shrieks of laughter, "des bretelles, des bretelles!"

Of course my friends say the correct word was "empêcher," but I maintain there is an imperative note and a "forbid" one's trousers to come down. standing.



KNITTING HAS AGAIN SET IN WITH ITS USUAL SEVERITY. THE ENEMY IN OUR MIDST.

# Trade Insults.

"Wanted by Soap-making firm a Represen-tative, on commission, for Sheffield district.— Write, giving full particulars, with previous soap experience, if any."-Sheffield Telegraph.

"A beautifully made unexploded bomb was recently found in the British trenches, capable of being thrown sixty yards, and its mechanism so contrived that it was bound to explode whichever way it fell."—Madras Times.

demand for good quality in a request With great consideration this particufor something which will actually lar bomb appears to have remained

"GENERAL .- Double - fronted shop with living rooms to Let; thickly populated; rent only 12s. 6d. weekly inclusive Advt. in Daily Paper.

We certainly think that 12s. 6d. is very reasonable with the thick population thrown in.

"The National Register is to all of us at this time like the victorious, immoral signal with which Nelson inspired his sailors. Bangalore Daily Post.

This almost amounts to sedition.

### AT THE FRONT.

These be stirring times. I remember well how, in the summer of 1915, we used to envy the company chosen to occupy the lump of line we now cherish so reluctantly. Under the So I had tea, got the platcon plumbers sounds emitted by certain creatures, shadow of the poppy-strewn corn the condition and decorators to supervise necessary C.O. and an odd General or two would repairs, and turned as far in as circumdrop in for a bit of lunch with the stances allowed. Company Commander of Willow Walk; and on its stately verandahs was enjoyed many a feast of walnuts, wine, I dressed (i.e. put my cap on) hastily strawberries, meat and vegetable and went to see what it was about. It rations, and sunburnt mirth.

Time can never let a good thing alone. When we came in five days ago we did not indeed expect sunburnt mirth. Four days' consecutive rain militated against mirth or sunburn. But we had hopes of finding Wi low Walk the had hopes of finding Wi low Walk the same haunt of ancient peace it had over my parados. Similar incidents been of yore.

It was not.

It appears that the morning before we arrived the Willow Walk company had, at the instigation of some heartless General, suddenly put on all the appearance of a body of desperate men on the point of an attack. They fired off their rifles regardless of the fact that you cannot turn out small arm ammunition under a penny a round. They screamed defiance in expeditionary French and forceful English; and to top up with they let off a lot of horrid the German trenches.

These playful acts, coming as they did from the cloistered avenues of Willow Walk, completely unnerved the Germans, who had been a good deal attacked in other places the day before. We thus diverted a lot of valuable artillery. The boly willows were ripped, torn and blown up. By dint of When I say several I mean some.
When I say some I mean you could see it had been trenches once, even if you hadn't known.

I arrived while the echo of the last shell of the day was still resounding, put my platoon down for a minute in of Punch, that he had a turnip of his what looked like a bit of ploughed field own. with some planks sticking out of it, told them to make themselves nice and comfortable for the night, and went back to the mess dug-out to consider our prospects. I liked the mess dugout. It was such a very cohesive proud owner of a full-sized marrow. conglomerate of protective appurtenances, it looked as if it would hate to almost averagely brave.

I went back and reconsidered my give little or no trouble until their trench. It didn't look so bad after all, second childhood.

Next morning I awoke with a crash. I was shocked without being surprised. was, it seemed, only a trench mortar. I flatter myself I can be as unconcerned as anybody over a trench mortar I'm out of range of. I was just working up my most unconcerned manner when something came along very quickly marred a magnificent day up till lunchtime. On the second day the Bosch lost his appetite for parapet-pushing by breakfast-time. Thereafter we had recalled the long dead days of summer. The Bosch had at last assured himself that we were not going to attack yet road. for a day or two.

Our stay in Willow Walk will be memorable, not so much for the fact that it rained exactly from "stand more like a Zeppelin. At one time, to" at night to "stand to" at dawn for a day or two, I thought he was as for the promotion of several promisblack smoke-bombs in the direction of ing young officers, who, including myself, shall be nameless; and more it was only a fit of youthful swank. especially for the inadvertence of a certain promising young officer's servant who, being given two extra stars to sew on to his master's jacket, so disposed them that the said master, plained that I was growing Randolph on donning the jacket, was revealed as a second lieutenant on his left urged, it would not in any case do arm and a captain on his right. It is during war-time to eat a marrowlet, hitting nearly every inch of ground within a five hundred yards square, hostile artillery scored several direct baton and a good conduct stripe would be allowed to mature. There would baton and a good conduct stripe would be allowed to mature. There would bulls on the trenches therein contained. persuade the officer to retain this be plenty of time when he was grown

VEG.

I NOTICED some time ago that somebody expressed a wish, in the columns

Curiously enough, I lately conceived a somewhat similar longing, namely, to possess a vegetable marrow, body and soul. And at last I have realised him as an ornament. The delicate my ambition. I am the somewhat

known about marrows, their nature with Maria, be further developments break the set for anything under a and habits, outside of gardening and in his colour scheme. But meantime nine-inch shell. It made me feel culinary circles. As household pets where to place Randolph has been they are in small esteem, though they a matter for somewhat acrimonious

once the sentries were posted and the I saw no reference to them in the N.C.O.'s mess had made tea. Anyone paragraphs which have recently apwho really knows will tell you that tea peared in The Daily Chronicle relating is the dominating factor in this war, to the collective names of and the and I was therefore interested to learn from another source that not only are marrows glegarious, but that collectively, when alive, they are termed a "bream," but when gathered and killed for eating they immediately become a "tod." Their note, heard only in the Spring, and then but rarely, at any rate in these Northern latitudes, is spoken of as a "chirp."

I have had my marrow from seedhood. The seedsman from whom I purchased him would not sell me just one seed, as I wanted him to do; he insisted on my buying a packet.

I could not possibly do with several bream of marrows, so I picked out Randolph, as I christened him there and then, from the packet, and planted long oases of peacefulness that almost him. I tried to give the rest of the packet away, but no one seemed to want it, so I eventually threw it in the

> I watered Randolph, tended him carefully, and when he made his appearance I watched him daily growing more and going to turn into a water melon, and I encouraged him to soar. But, alas,

When he was about half grown, Maria (accent on the first syllable, please) suggested our eating him; but I did not like the idea at all. I exup to decide on his career.

"I know what we'll put him into," said Maria.

"What-trousers?" I asked eagerly, having Randolph's interests at heart.
"A saucepan," said Maria.
I turned away in disgust.

And now that Randolph is really grown up we have not, so far, definitely decided on his future. Maria is still all for the saucepan; I am all for keeping yellow green which his complexion has assumed pleases my artistic sense. Very little, so far as I can gather, is There may, I argued only yesterday

5.

heir

the

ap-

ting

the

res.

earn are

llec-

d a

lled

ie a

the

any

, is

eed-

n I

just

; he

eral out

here nted the

l to the are-

and

ime.

was and ılas,

own,

but ex-

olph

s, I

vlet,

row nust

ould

own

ito,"

erly,

eally

itely

ll all

ping

cate

zion

ense.

rday

ents

time

been

ious

rt.

discussion between us. He is too big to hang on my watchchain, and Maria has flatly refused to have him on the drawing-room chimneypiece, even under a glass-case. Personally, I think he would be quite as ornamental as the pair of over-elaborate Dresden groups that Aunt Sophia gave us.

Maria's brother Bob, who is at Balliol, says Randolph's future is a problem which solvitur ambulando, and after thinking it over since breakfast this morning I am of the opinion that he

may be right.

I shall wait another few days, and if my suspicions, only slight at present, should be confirmed by another sense than that of vision, Randolph will be found in the casualty list among the "Missing, believed thrown away."

# THE COMPENSATION.

[Lecturing on Byron at the Harrow County School, on Saturday, October 2nd, Miss Marte Corell lamented the absence of a national war poet. "We appear to have no great poet," she declared, "fitted to immortalise the magnificent courage that day by day adds lustre to our lengthening roll of honour. Feeble rhymes now and then appear in the Press, but a living poem is not forthcoming. If Byron were alive, what a difference it would make! Had he been living now he would have given us England's Iliad, as only Homer or Shakespeare could. . . . . .

"Compared to Byron, Tennyson was but a weak singer, Browning a clanking mill-wheel, while Swinburne lost himself in redundancy

of rhyme and metaphor."]

Though myriads of minstrels environ Our soldiers with lyric and lay, The War hasn't thrown up a Byron

To answer the need of "The Day,"
As matchless as Machiavelli

With passion and pathos in tons—But no matter; we've M——C——To frighten the Huns.

If Byron had only been living—
Though a hundred-and-thirty or so—
What beans he would daily be giving
To Britain's contemptible foe!
And yet, though no rending réveillé

The patriot's tympanum stuns, No matter; we've M—— C——
To scatter the Huns.

We've plenty of Bridges and Binyons,
And bards of inferior sort,
Who trusting to rightly pinions

Who, trusting to rickety pinions,
The fate of young Icarus court;
But their voices are lost in the mélée,
They stir not the souls of our sons;

No matter; we've M—— C——
To flatten the Huns.

Poor Swinburne was ruined by drowning

His thought in a deluge of rhyme; While the muse of the late ROBERT BROWNING

Was void of all musical chime;



Sailor (who has slipped on a banana-skin). "Torpedoed, by Gum!"

And Tennyson's verse was like jelly,
A diet for prudes or for nuns;
But no matter; we 've M—— C——
To shatter the Huns,

We haven't a modern Tyrtæus
Our shirkers and laggards to shame;
We haven't a Milton to free us
From fetters that hamper our aim;

We haven't a latter-day SHELLEY
To sing of munitions and guns;

But no matter; we've M—— C—
To hammer the Huns.

"Veal now practically disappears from the category of butchers' meat. To-day there comes into force Lord Selborne's Maintenance of Live Stock Order, which prohibits the slaughter of lambs under six months old."

Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.

Another trade secret revealed.

#### A Modest Ambition.

- "A girl, fond of dogs, with slight knowledge of kennel work, requires situation in lady's small kennel."—Morning Paper.
- "Patients who are N.C.O.s... will wear their chevrons if marked 'up,' and if confined to bed will be pinned to the wall of the marquee above their beds."

That should keep them quiet.

"The Russians will defend Novogeorgiewxyz to the last."

Toowoomba Chronicle (Queensland).

Even if it takes them right off the

Even if it takes them right off the alphabet.

"Miss Ealine Rosenthal, a 19-year-old-girl, is the new champion of the Western Gold Association."—Jewish Daily Eagle (Montreal).

We don't doubt the statement for a moment.



Landlady. "'ERE'S THE ZEPPELINS, SIR!"

Lodger. "RIGHT-O! PUT 'EM DOWN OUTSIDE."

# KILLED IN ACTION.

RUPERT is dead, and RUPERT was my friend; "Only surviving son of "—so it ran— "Beloved husband" and the rest of it. But six months back I saw him full of life, Ardent for fighting; now he lies at ease In some obscure but splendid field of France, His strivings over and his conflicts done. He was a fellow of most joyous moods And quaint contrivings, ever on the point Of shaking fame and fortune by the hand, But always baulked of meeting them at last. He could not brook—and always so declared— The weak pomposities of little men, Scorned all the tin-gods of our petty world, And plunged headlong into imprudences, And smashed conventions with a reckless zeal, Holding his luck and not himself to blame For aught that might betide when reckoning came. But he was true as steel and staunch as oak, And if he pledged his word he bore it out Unswerving to the finish, and he gave Whate'er he had of strength to help a friend.

When the great summons came he rushed to arms, Counting no cost and all intent to serve His country and to prove himself a man. Yet he could laugh at all his ardour too And find some fun in glory, as a child Laughs at a bauble but will guard it well. Now he is fall'n, and on his shining brow Glory has set her everlasting seal.

I like to think how cheerily he talked Amid the ceaseless tumult of the guns, How, when the word was given, he stood erect, Sprang from the trench and, shouting to his men, Led them forthright to where the sullen foe Waited their coming; and his brain took fire, And all was exultation and a high Heroic ardour and a pulse of joy.

"Forward!" his cry rang out, and all his men Thundered behind him with their eyes ablaze, "Forward for England! Clear the beggars out! Remember—" and death found him, and he fell Fronting the Germans, and the rush swept on.

Thrice blesséd fate! We linger here and droop Beneath the heavy burden of our years, And may not, though we envy, give our lives For England and for honour and for right; But still must wear our weary hours away, While he, that happy fighter, in one leap, From imperfection to perfection borne, Breaks through the bonds that bound him to the earth. Now of his failures is a triumph made; His very faults are into virtues turned; And, reft for ever from the haunts of men, He wears immortal honour and is joined With those who fought for England and are dead. R. C. L.

"BULGARIAN PEASANTS' FLIGHT From our own Correspondent."

We don't wonder.

Daily Mail.

Extract from police-instructions to property owners:—
"Keep supplies of water and sand available, especially in upper storeys and rooms at the bottom of wells."

These last are understood to be an official periphrasis for the offices of *Truth*.



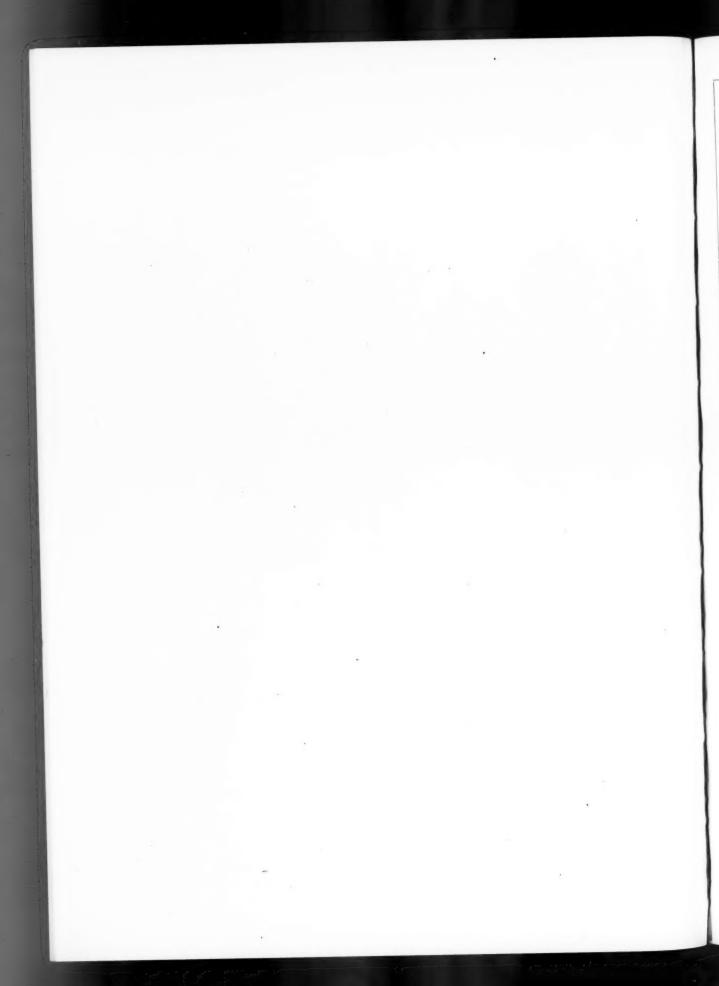
# THE HOHENZOLLERN HABIT.

th.

pper

for

Kaiser (to his brother-in-law the King of Greece). "You see, tino, you've married into the Family, and you ought to do as the Family does. When we encounter a little thing like that we—tear it up."





Orderly Sergeant (who after dark has mistaken a barn full of sheep for his Company's billet). "Now don't let me have so much moving about when I'm reading Battalion Orders."

# VIRGINIA, HANTS.

(Being a reply to "The New Smoke.")

SIR POET who rhymed so adroitly The praise of the Hampshire cigar,

The Planter's first daughter is out for your slaughter.

Though quite unaware who you are. You can't be a native of Hampshire; You hail from some county afar-

Or surely you'd know, Sir, the plant that we grow, Sir,

Could not make a Hampshire cigar.

The ignorance, Sir, of the public Is gross as concerning the weed; For they think you can get a Young Turk cigarette

By planting Virginia seed. Let me tell you the climate of England Is just as adapted, indeed,

For growing Havanas as tropic bananas

We don't try what couldn't succeed.

We can grow a Virginia or Turkish High-class cigarette or a fag, Pipe tobacco for clubmen or baccy for pubmen,

Light golden or darkest of shag; And all of 'em like our tobacco,

Both wearers of petties and pants, talk about " Hamps,

And—we don't grow eigars, Sir, in Hants.

# MORE MASCOTS FOR OUR HEROES.

TORTOISES FOR THE TRENCHES.

THESE delightful pets possess the unique advantage of carrying their own bomb-proof shelters always with them. Regimental crests stamped on their backs at a small extra charge. Each tortoise provided by the firm is supplied with a small pair of scissors tied round its neck by a piece of ribbon. Primarily intended for the trimming of the pet's toe nails, these scissors will be found most useful for other purposes.

OUR SPECIAL LINE IN CHAMELEONS.

These fascinating little reptiles are well known to possess the valuable military attribute of assuming the colour of their surroundings. Every chameleon provided by the firm is brushes. This is for use should the blow was surely a sufficient punishment.

little pet fail to keep pace with the But my ear simply ramps when you change of environment during an extra rapid advance (or retirement).

#### OUR TAMED HIPPOPOTAMI.

In wet weather these placid brutes are well contented to recline for hours in the trenches with their backs showing slightly above the water level. Dry accommodation for a whole platoon on the back of a single specimen.

WATCH CATS FOR THE WATCH DOGS IN THE NORTH SEA.

These felines have been specially trained to give immediate warning of the presence of an enemy submarine in the vicinity. Every cat is supplied with eight spare lives, for which no extra charge is made. Insurance companies usually pay only on the ninth, or last, life.

"Babu Jogodish said that as the accused's father died suddenly on Monday, they were handicapped. The accused's mother was then asked by the Magistrate as to who were to be asked by the Magistrate as to who were to be called as witnesses on behalf of her son. She married Inspector Jennings, Mr. Walters and Mr. Monnier."—The Englishman, Calcutta.

supplied, at a small extra charge, with Well, whatever the accused's crime may a box of paints and two camel's-hair have been, three step-fathers at one

# TERRORS OF THE DARK.

(Under the New Lighting Regulations).

A Correspondent of a provincial paper, quoted by The Evening Standard, having been knocked down in the dark by a perambulator, suggests that these vehicles should be compelled to hoot.

unstable equilibrium has his way, we may anticipate the contents of a chargesheet in the Cimmerian evenings that are descending upon us:-

Bartholomew Buster, aged eight, no occupation-travelling on one rollerskate between the hours of eight and nine P.M. in Hammersmith Broadway, without giving audible notice of his approach by a bell or other apparatus, and thereby endangering the safety of foot-passengers.

Montagu Fitz - Montmorency, aged ten, student at a Kindergarten -furiously coasting on a "scooter" down the incline of the Broad Walk, Kensington Gardens, failing to use gong or megaphone in the authorised manner, colliding with an old lady at the entrance of the Gardens, and putting his finger to his nose on being arrested by the keeper.

Belinda (alias Popsy) Bottlewell, aged one-anda-half, spinster, and Peter (otherwise Baby) Bottlewell, aged six months, unmarried-falling asleep

Stores, while their nurse was inspecting the Autumn sales and conversing with a soldier.

William Pipsqueak, aged nine, paperboy-proceeding along the unlighted portion of Auriol Road, W., beyond the regulation pace, jostling a house-holder on the point of leaving his frontgate, failing to sound his hooter, and using language calculated to cause a breach of the peace.

Queenie Quennell, aged five, training to be a Nurse at the Front—pushing a toy go-cart containing a wounded soldier doll after dark without looking where she was going, impinging on a gentleman's gouty toe, and endeavouring to laugh it off. ZIG-ZAG.

#### The Way of a Maid with a Man.

"Can any one, wishing to get rid of car, supply young lady, who desires one to enable her to drive the wounded? Can be two-seater. Box..."—The Times.

# CHANGES IN THE ARMY.

[New Regulations for officers' dress are announced.]

From War Secretary to 2nd Lieutenant S. O. Young.

October 10th, 1915.

I beg to inform you that after the If this complainant of somewhat 1st day of November the wearing of soft caps is prohibited.

For Secretary of State for War (or for North and South Command), B. E. STRICT. (Signed)

[Duly throw away soft cap.]

From War Secretary (or from North and South Command) to 2nd Lieutenant S. O. Young.

November 2nd, 1915.

It has been decided to restore the use of soft caps. The wearing of stiff Throw away new tunic and then discover no more khaki serge manufactured, owing to fact it is not bought. Find myself tunicless. Obliged to wear British warm on parade. Demand fine serge tunic back from my servant. Find he has sold it.]

From War Office (or from North and South Command) to 2nd Lieutenant S. O. Young.

December 20th. It is hereby notified for your information that it is forbidden to wear either black or brown Oxford shoes. Brown boots only are permissible in the future, and these must be of service pattern.

B. E. STRICT. (Signed)

[Throw away all shoes-Oxford, Cambridge, Sheffield University and all others, however educated.

two pairs much - worn brown boots remain. Find, owing to debootsmand, further unprocurable.

From North and South Command to 2nd Lieutenant S. O. Young.

December 26th.

I beg to inform you that it has been decided that in future the wearing of brown boots is forbidden. You are therefore expected to appear on parade in black boots of service pattern only. (Signed) B. E. STRICT.

[Instruct servant to put coat of black enameline on all brown boots.

From North and South Command to 2nd Lieutenant S. O. Young.

December 30th.

It is hereby notified for your information that in future no breeches, except those made of the new regulation whipcord, shall be worn by any officer. All other varieties of material are strictly forbidden. (Signed) B. E. STRICT.

[Enquire at all tailors in the town regarding new regulation whipcord. Find it is not known. Whipcord of any kind unprocurable.]

Wire War Office.

Being unable to procure regulation cap, tunic, boots or breeches, have retired to bed. Please wire further in-S. O. Young, structions.

(2nd Lieutenant 9th Diddlesex).



"GRAN'PA, TELL ME-IS THAT THE SORT OF THING OLD TIRPITZ HAS TO LIVE IN ON HIS CANAL?"

in their mailcart and causing an obstruc- caps therefore is now strictly forbidtion on the pavement outside HARROD's den and will be visited with severe punishment.

> Throw away stiff cap, and find that, owing to lack of demand for soft caps, no more have been manufactured. Am capless.

Extract from same letter as above.

November 2nd.

I also beg to inform you that after December 1st the wearing of any tunic except those of regulation cord is strictly forbidden. (Signed) B. E. STRICT.

[Give away my fine serge tunic to my

From War Office (or from North and South Command) to 2nd Lieutenant S. O. Young.

December 14th.

I beg to state that it has been decided that in future officers' tunics shall be made of fine serge only. The use of whipcord and all other varieties is prohibited.

(Signed) B. E. STRICT.

"Man with wife and nine children in the army."-Pembroke County Guardian.

A nice family party for the trenches,

15.

dis-

ufacught.

ed to

De-

n my

and

mant

th.

ormither

rown

ture, rn.

CT.

Camd all

Only

worn

nain. de-

boots

South

ieut-

g.

th.

vou

cided vear-

ts is

here-

pear boots

nly.

CT. t to

black

id to

th.

orm-

scept

vhip-All

rietly

town

cord.

pcord

ation

e re-

r in-

esex).

n the

es,

CT.

# THE GIFT OF TONGUES.

[Lines by the Flag-Lieutenant, suggested by the quaint Admiralty custom of presenting a barrel of tongues to an admiral taking over a new command.]

IF your Lordships feel like generous deeds

There are lots of things my Admiral needs-

Things that his happiness might ensure, From a wife to a real sciatica cure.

Give him a fleet and let him slang it; Give him a gun and a chance to bang it; Give him some bright young brains to staff him;

Give him a Hun and a chance to straff him:

Give him a cook who knows his mary; Give him a tactful Secretary;

Give him, oh, give him-I wish you

A Flag-Lieutenant who's some d-d good!

Shovel him this and ladle him that; See that his sea is always flat;

But, if ever you've heard him stretch his lungs,

Don't go and send him any more TONGUES!

#### DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

SIR ARTHUR PINERO'S experiment with The Big Drum seems likely to be leading to great changes in the drama of the near future. We hear of more than one theatre where, pending the production of an American "crook" play or a new revue, dramas are to be put up with a different ending for each night in the week. Critics are to be asked to attend each performance before registering their deathless verdicts, and the audience is to be provided with voting papers to record their views as to the most popular of the varied dénouements. These papers will not be inserted in the programmes, but handed to the audience as they enter, as it is wished that everyone shall have one. The most popular ending is not, however, to be played regularly, but merely more often than the others. It is felt that dramatic art, the aim of which is to give pleasure, will be conspicuously fostered.

A play to be produced at the Satiety audience in this case being invited to Best of it and Who threw that Brick? make suggestions as to how things should be wound up. Prizes (to be paid



THE DAWN OF THE NO-TREATING ERA.

First Reveller. "MY HEALTH!"

Second Reveller. "SAME HERE!"

permanently-using that word in its stage sense.

It cannot be sufficiently emphasised that no matter how young and gallant and capable the gentlemen of the chorus, and even some principals, in the theatres and variety houses may appear when on the stage, there is not one among them who, outside, is not either very old, very ill, or very short-sighted.

More revues are promised, each with a wittier title than the last. Among next week, entitled By Your Leave, is the most brilliant are Higher up! Who also to have a fluid conclusion, the said Rats? Keep your Seats, Make the

American "crook" plays still hold by the author) are to be offered by the the field, but what has been already management to the devisers of the seen in London is nothing compared three best ideas, and the play will with what that fortunate city has in then have a second first night, with store for it. Hitherto the crooks have

the best of these endings adopted been chiefly burglars or gunmen. In The Super Crook, which is promised for the Depravity Theatre and is the work of a Harvard student who has never missed a single lecture from the Professor of Dramatic Success in that university, we are to see a fascinating American figure of conspicuously taking personality who during the performance comes down the run in the centre of the stalls-sometimes called a "joy plank"—and undertakes every evening to purloin articles of value from the ladies and gentlemen present, which will be returned-or not, according to the popularity of the playon the fall of the curtain. New York is said to have gone mad over this engaging novelty.

#### Smith Minor's Latest.

Est-il parti ?- Tant mieux. " Is there a party?-My aunt."

# AT THE PLAY.

"ROMANCE."

Our excellent American cousins have provided us with yet another sound loan-Miss Doris Keane, who presents herself in Romance, by EDWARD SHEL-Miss Keane and her two chief lieuplay, which began as a promising enough thing of its nice naive kind, and finally blew up in a racket of sentiaffected my spine uncomfortably. Are and not a little questionable in parts. there not things appropriately said at sional or the cabinet particulier which the "movies" have influenced modern are not quite suited to the stage?

English stodginess Well, Miss Doris Keane has what (if only our pretty young actresses and their admirers knew it!) is the heart of the matterpersonality; with plenty of pleasant detail in the unfolding of it -fire, and a pretty vivacity, a charming variety of moods, from gaiety to passion, while she uses gesture with a fair semblance of Latin fervour and precision.

Or is that only my confounded

As to the play, a prologue shows us a dear old bishop (none other than our Mr. NARES, the dominant stage beau and hero of our day) giving advice to his grandson, who proposes the unheard of unwisdom of marrying an actress. He sets out to tell the love-lorn youth the story of his own early broken romance. So from this

Rector of St. Giles.

of a rich debonnair banker, Van Tuyl signs of it. (Mr. A. E. Anson, a fine figure in rewhich for the place and period I am charming friendship in its wake (I think that's the idea), and certainly Van a quiet parish. The Cavallini, who has in some exceedingly good work. always been good as gold at heart, sees true love beckoning. But of course she must renounce—or, at least, confess.

I don't think love and life are the it is just the rumours about Van Tuyl by the cinema may very well be. Nor do printer.

that infuriate the Rector to the point of a most unsacerdotal violence. It is fair admitted such a dispirited or dyspeptic padre's self-deception, his misreading a needs a course at Sir Herbert's School very primitive jealousy as zeal for souls, is a theme of promise. But, as I say, our author treats it with H.E. and friend. . . . And who is the superseeds-DON, as a naughty wayward prima reduces it to smoking ruins. The man who produced those prodigious donna, the Cavallini, known for short as The Golden Nightingale. I liked urged in extenuation by walking for hours in the snow in a thin overcoat, tenants a good deal better than the coming to save, remains to hurt, but is brought to his senses by the singer, who has learnt from him and Van Tuyl what real goodness is. The end is unment, with a lack of reticence which exceptionable—the way a little devious

It is a problem that may be comthe revival meeting or in the confes- mended to the curious as to how far

A PASTORAL VISIT.

Mr. OWEN NARES as the Rev. Thomas Armstrong. Miss Doris Keane as the Prima Donna Margherita Cavallini.

prologue we step back into three Acts American dramatic technique. That set in the New York of the sixties, old convention of looking backwards when the bishop is the young, hand- has come to its own again under the some, and, if anything, over-zealous new inspiration. An enormous restlessness and a passion for interesting Comes the Cavallini to the house but entirely irrelevant incident are But the convenient cinematographic method of switching off splendent clothes, the authenticity of the players and switching on a short bald explanation of what has inclined to doubt). The singer has happened in the interval is denied to been Van Tuyl's mistress; but the the dramatist, who must bridge his affair has ended, leaving only a very incidents by a longer (and in this instance, more tedious) method.

Miss Doris Keane, Mr. Owen Nares, Tuyl is a good sportsman. The young both as old bishop and young rector, Rector, struck all of a heap by the Mr. Asson as the repentant banker, Nightingale, pursues her in a way calculated to cause considerable comment in sketch of the Cavallini's duenna, put

to say that this theme of the young monkey into her cast. Adelina indeed

#### WOMEN TO MEN.

God bless you, lads! All women of the race. As forth you go, Wish you with steadfast face The best they know.

God cheer you, lads! Out in the bitter nights, Down the drear days. Through the red reeking fights And wasted ways.

God bring you, lads, Back to the motherland, True laurels gained, Glory in either hand. Honour unstained.

Women of Britain's race, As forth you go, Wish you with proud glad face The best they know God bless you, lads!

# A Bare Living.

"Yesterday it became known that a curious hitch had occurred in connection with the filling of the Vicar of Renwick. The living has been twice refused."

Edinburgh Evening Dispatch. No wonder if it could not even provide sustenance for the incumbent.

#### One of Our Masters.

"LABOURER.-T. Hansford, Park Cottage, Beaulieu, THANKS 47 GENTLEMEN and begs to say he is SUITED."—Western Gazette.

#### An Accommodating Animal.

Notice in a tea-shop:-

"Milk and soda-water fresh from the cow. 1d. per glass.

"In Champagne a German exploded to the north-west of Perthes without doing any important damage."-Provincial Paper. Perhaps he was not fully loaded.

From a catalogue of second-hand books :-

"On the Conversation of Energy, by Balfour Stewart, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., with 14 illustrations, 1874."

Considering the scope of the subject fourteen illustrations are a scanty allow-I don't think love and life are the ance. But we dare say the bookseller So she confesses all but Van Tuyl, and least like that, though Romance inspired added another when he talked to his ol

n

# THE TOP HAT: WHAT WILL IT BECOME !

[It is thought that after the War the Top Hat will finally disappear from the head of man.]



WILL THEY BE BURNT WITH THE LEAVES OF AUTUMN?



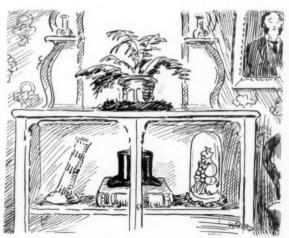
WILL SOME ENTERPRISING PUBLIC AMUSEMENT CATERER BUY THEM UP?



OR WILL THE PATRIOTIC OWNERS PLACE THEM AT THE SERVICE OF SOME OF THE HOME DEFENCE VOLUNTEERS TO BE USED AS TARGETS? THEIR RESEMBLANCE TO THE PERISCOPE OF A SUBMARINE WOULD MAKE THIS ENDING A SUITABLE ONE.



PROBABLY SOME CITY MEN WILL NOT BE ABLE TO PART COMPLETELY FROM SUCH AN OLD FRIEND.



Some no doubt will be cherished and preserved in the museum of the family.

#### THINGS HE MIGHT DO.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S astonishing rise to fame within the short space of three months is the cause of quite a social sensation.

It seems that one summer day, Mr. Churchill, having nothing particular to do, was strolling among the shops, when in the window of one of them a lot of little tubes and brushes and things caught his eye. "What are those things for?" he asked the shopman. "For painting pictures take them," said Mr. CHURCHILL, deciding there and then that he would be a painter of pictures.

In three months, so the papers tell us, he has become an accomplished artist, and he is likely to be an exhibitor at the Autumn exhibition at one of the galleries.

The only regret we have in connection with this new activity on the part of our great statesman is that he may find it necessary to enlarge that hat for which he is so famous, and to adopt a change in the shape of collar he

But what is to be done with the rest of Mr. Churchill's time? He has become an artist in three months. What is he to do during the next three months?

May we suggest the flute? It is quite a nice instrument, and not too difficult. One can get twelve lessons for two guineas; and when time is an I'm not going to risk anything." object the twelve lessons can be had on the same day, leaving a good period for practice. If Mr. Churchill would only adopt this suggestion, we might have the pleasure of listening to him play the old year out and the new year in at one of our fashionable restaurants at the end of 1915.

Three months, however, is but a small part of a man's life, and having next New Year's Day. For January, February and March we suggest either conjuring or poetry. We do not pretend to any knowledge as to which Mr. Churchill would most like to be, a conjurer or a poet. As the father of a young family, it may be that to produce a couple of rabbits from a bottle of ink would appear to be a more desirable feat than finding new rhymes to prefers to take up first, we hope he will not reject the other.

to be achieved, if he felt in the mood. and the monologue became a duologue Singing, weight-lifting and balancing, fretwork, preaching, surgery, shorthand and typewriting-yes, there are plenty of things he could take up to provide him with that useful occupaof us. And who knows that in one of these activities Mr. Churchill will removin' busniss, we ort." . . . not find his true life-work?

#### A DAUGHTER OF FRANCE.

"Hullo, Arkwright, what is it?" with," was the reply. "Then I will The Captain spoke rather querulously to the Subaltern who had awakened him.

"Two bomb-dropping Taubes have been over, Sir, flying pretty low. The Archie—I mean Anti-aircrafts—failed to drive them off, and I rather think they have spotted us."

The Captain swung his legs from luck!"

Twice within the week enemy aeroplanes had got over his position, and twice had the heavy howitzers to be moved elsewhere.

"Right-O!" He shook the sleep out of himself. "I'll be out in a jiffy. If they have spotted us they'll send a battery aeroplane over first thing tomorrow, and that will fly about 10,000, and just mark off the range of the orchard. Go and telephone the observing officer that we're clearing out again.

The Subaltern disappeared and the Captain reached for his boots. The room in which he had been resting was at the back of a farmhouse, and looked out into a small orchard where the two "Mothers" were well screened under the apple-trees. They had arrived thirty-six hours previously in the dark of night, and the following day had been spent busily in getting them conquered the flute, Mr. Churchill registered on a target by means of will be at a loose end once more abstruse calculation and an aeroplane. A good observation post had been found (not an easy matter) and five miles of telephone wire laid. As the Major, who was with the rest of the battery, had appropriated all the new wire, the latter job was no sinecure and bred a good deal of blasphemy. Also arrangements for billeting with Madame Bontout had been gone into thoroughly-no light matter either, and old words. We must leave the choice now it was all rendered useless. The to Mr. Churchill, but, whichever he Captain swore a few private and intelligent oaths as he hauled on his boots.

From the back door to the ever-Thus we come to the end of June, present midden was but a step. The 1916. There would remain to the Captain, thinking of other matters, CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER a variety of accomplishments Round the corner a Sergeant appeared,

The Storu-Teller.

as the Captain proceeded to issue his instructions. .

"Jack," said Gunner Slade to Gunner McCarthy after the Sergeant had passed on the orders of the day, "we ain't bin tion which is so desirable for every one trained properly, we ain't. We ort

> In the twilight the two howitzers, attended by their caterpillars, removed themselves to other quarters.

> "Au revoir et bon voyage, mon brave Capitaine," Madame Bontout smiled and nodded. "Nous nous reverrons, n'est-ce pas?"

> "Oui, oui," replied the brave Captain, wrestling with a Woolwich accent, "j'espère . . . nous allons un peu distance. Au revoir." And, having done his utmost, he fled.

Next morning, when the night mist had thinned away, Lieutenant Arkthe couch and sat up. "D—n!" wright, R.G.A., was made aware that he ejaculated wearily. "What infernal the Huns were getting in a bit of hate about half-a-mile distant on his left flank. He picked up his glasses to locate their target, but could not make sure of it. "I do believe," he muttered to himself, "that the blighters are erumping that last position of ours."

He confided his views to the Captain, who, later in day, when the Bosches had settled down for a quiet afternoon, walked over to see what had happened.

When he arrived there was nothing to see: that is, nothing in the nature of a farmhouse.

The farm, the house and the orchard had vanished. There were half-buried blocks of masonry and trees sticking ridiculously root upwards from shell craters; there were pieces of furniture lying about, mixed up with bricks, apples, broken timber and the mangled remains of animals. That was all. That and a woman who sat upon the remnant of a shattered wall. She did not seem to see or hear the Captain until he touched her lightly on the Then she turned, and he shoulder. saw that she had suddenly become very old.

"Madame Bontout," he said quietly, and then, not knowing what else to say, he was silent.

But she understood.

"Yes," she whispered slowly, "the good God has so willed it, but"—and into her voice crept the unconquerable spirit of her race-"they did not get the guns-they did not get the guns.'

#### Masters of Modern Prose.

"According to Dr. George Evans that was the name of the fair-haired man whom I had seen saying how easy it was to use a snake as

co o ti

a



Bored Sentry. "Come along! 'URBY UP AND TAKE A TURN AT WATCHIN' THIS BLOOMIN' TURNIP."

# OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE's something all but heroic in the way H.G. Wells returns to his fine preoccupation with the theme of the confounded muddle and waste of our good round world in its bad square hole. Here in The Research Magnificent (Macmillan) you have Benham, a young nobody in particular, but wealthy and reflective, obsessed with the great idea that it must be someone's high job to put the whole mournful business right. He envisages a loose committee of aristoi (the samurai of his Modern Utopia in a new guise), dedicate, trained and courageous, of which he shall be the first. So he sets out upon his quest magnificent to study and observe. Passion and romance lasso him by the way, and he fights clear only at the cost of much suffering to One may reasonably distrust heroics of the far horizon which ignore plain duties of the foreground. And yet Benham, driven, at the last a blundering megalomaniac, from continent to continent in search of "data," is no contemptible if a pathetically futile figure. And then there's Prothero, the candid fleshly don, and Benham's brilliant fluttering mother. . . . And *Amanda*, a queer cross between Diana and her quarry. . . . Mr. Wells's own grand tour has no doubt given precision and conviction to his vivid descriptions of places and the spirit of places. I suppose him never actually to have met a tiger in the Indian jungle by night; yet, when you read of Benham, unarmed and fearful but controlled, putting to flight that sinister striped brute in the haunted dark, and all the convincing detail that precedes it, you feel that only a man who had actually done these things could tell them so. I can't recall a better piece of work of its kind in two decades of English fiction. . . . Let no one who likes his

recreative reading laced with thought and fringed with imagination miss this book.

Miss Lambourne was an heiress who Disdained a wealthy suitor, One Waverton, whose blood was blue, (I couldn't stand him. Nor will you), And wed the latter's tutor, An odd young man named Harry Boyce: The county marvelled at her choice.

At first their happiness was great, And life proceeded gaily; But in a year, I grieve to state, Her sneers had turned his love to hate. (These chapters H. C. BAILEY Has written with a forceful pen; The publisher is METHUEN).

The scenes are laid in days gone by, The days of the PRETENDER, When Marlborough's power still was high, And good Queen Anne had yet to die; The plot is rather slender, But Mr. BAILEY has no peer (Or few) in handling atmosphere.

He has the knack of saying "Lud!"
And "La!" "Egad!" and "Burn it!" The Highwayman's a perfect flood Of "Stap me's." Faith, it stirs the blood! Where did the fellow learn it? Myself (odds fish!) I'd rather swing Than have to write that sort of thing.

ogue his

nner ssed

15.

t bin ort cherzers.

rave niled rons, tain,

oved

cent. disdone mist Arkthat

hate left s to nake ered are

tain, ches oon, ned. hing re of

hard iried king shell ture icks, gled all.

the e did tain the he ome

etly,

e to

'the -and able get 3.

g on

er.

Well, in the end it all comes right, For Mrs. Boyce repented When down Long Acre way one night Harry was wounded in a fight; And now they 're both contented, Meaning to bear with no more strife The give and take of married life.

If it can be reckoned my duty to create an atmosphere in which he places infinite reliance. It all lies in the deal of sentiment: a very restful mixture. little word "ye." Nothing else is required to convert the language of the modern daily Press into that of the blackguards, and of course the gentlemen, of the Prince Regent's to wonder at. Age and custom seem to have no chance

something to approve in the book itself is assured because, ranging as it does from such favourite old topics of the author's as the Society of Friends and forgiveness of one's enemies to despatch riding for Wellington and comic opera at the Horse Guards, Demi-Royal (METHUEN) includes variety to suit all tastes. Not indeed that the writer is always equally at home. He would, I imagine, be the first to admit that in the detailing of lively adventure he does not easily catch that gallantry of movement and conviction that must come easily to come at all; if pressed harder than I, his sincere admirer, could wish, he might even confess to having condescended to make a convenience of those supposed gaps in his hero's manuscript which now and then do most certainly seem to omit what should have been a thrill, rather than to bridge 63 a threatened dulness; but in the long run, and particularly in those later chapters where Georgie completes her transformation from a lumpish German boy to a glorious

Princess of the Blood, he too comes to his own, which is bourly people who abound in Mr. Norris's books, were no mean thing. And so, notwithstanding his habit of greatly concerned by this; more especially when the unno mean thing. And so, notwithstanding his habit of reproducing details, big and little, that he has given us before, or his abominable misuse of comments in brackets, I shall advise ye all to read him.

AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE, forsaking the eighteenth century, have now turned their attention to the infinitely more thrilling twentieth. The Hope of the House (Cassell) is a story of the modernest of modern times. A very pretty story too-which you can take, according to your taste, as a compliment or not. It really divides itself into two parts. The first—and better, because the more moving and convincing-tells how David, the elder of the two Owen brothers, determines to endure a struggle with poverty in order to keep the old home and pass it on to young John. This episode, the success of David's effort and its tragic frustration with the death of John in the early days of the War, is sincere and strong. I liked less the subsequent developments, in spite of some pleasant comedy in the treatment of Lady Celia's relations with the two placid and eminently worldly guests whom she calls "my poor Belgians." There

is a third refugee of a different stamp, Vivianne, whom David at very short notice falls in love with and marries. After the ceremony however he is going to understand that she is his wife "in name alone." Much have I travelled in the realms of fiction, yet saw I never a matrimonial difficulty of this kind that did not collapse in the last chapter. So that, even when a former lover turned up to claim her, I was never seriously anxious about the ultimate destination of Vivianne (indeed for that matter, if the authors wanted suggestive of the book I am to talk about and the period to withhold information about their climax, they should with which it is concerned, the author—he signs himself certainly have censored the picture on the cover). So it Ashton Hilliers—has kindly supplied me with a recipe remains just a pretty story, with some pleasant wit and a

The infinite variety of Mr. W. E. Norris remains a thing Court. Suppose ye try how ye like it. That ye will find against him. I notice that on the title-page of his latest

novel, Troubled Tranton (Con-STABLE), he is described as author of three others, after which the publishers fall back upon the refuge of "etc., etc." Perhaps if they printed the names of all Mr. Norris's former stories there would be no room for the present one; which I should have regretted, for Troubled Tranton is an admirable entertainment in its quiet way. Tranton was a house, and its troubles rose from the fact that the late owner, in defiance of justice and expectation, had left it, not to his own nephew and heirpresumptive, but to his niece-inlaw, one Mrs. Lynden, a charming widow, who didn't want it. So Nicholas Alder, who should have had the house, refused all the usurper's offers of friendship and even restitution. Moreover, poor inoffensive Mrs. Lynden began to be agitated by the arrival of abusive and anonymous letters, threatening her with all sorts of penalties if she remained as mistress of Tranton. Naturally the district, and all those nice neigh-



THE YOUNG MAN WHO SAYS HE HAS NOT JOINED THE ARMY BECAUSE HE LACKS PLUCK.

known enemy set fire to Mrs. Lynden's summer-house, and even kidnapped the daughter of a local magnate who had been active in her defence. As to who the troubler really was, that in common fairness I must leave for Mr. Norris to explain; possibly you will not have read very far before penetrating the secret, which of course will only add to your pleasure on finding in the last chapter that your sagacity was not at fault. One captious question. Even in these unhampered days, would Sir Augustus have allowed his niece to journey unattended to London in order to interview a wholly unknown man about the purchase of a hunter? I can't help thinking that she went more to help Mr. Norris with the plot than for reasons of proba-

#### War Prices.

- "Special terms for Commercial Gentlemen only, Tea Bread and Breakfast, 5/6."-Hotel Advt.
- Apparently the weary traveller is expected to sleep on the sofa in the coffee-room.

õ,

iom

ries. that

ed in

ulty

So

r, I tion

nted

ould

o it

nd a

ning

ince

test

JON-

thor the

fuge

they

Mr. bluo

one;

, for

able

vay.

that

ft it,

neir-

a-in-

ning

So

ave

the

and

poor

n to

of

ters,

s of

mis-

the

igh-

were

unand

had

eally

RRIS

efore

d to

your

Even

wed r to

se of

e to

oba-

and

the

#### CHARIVARIA.

REINHARDT has just produced The to appear as Caliban.

In a recent article in The Daily

This unorthodox treatment of the pawns furnishes a further proof that King FERDINAND does not play the game. \* \*

There are signs of a chastened spirit in Germany. The IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR recently told an American journalist that "we cannot admit that the English are on an equality with us intellectually or morally"; and the Hamburger Nachrichten has refused to accept as authentic a telegram from Washington, "although it is disseminated by Wolff's Bureau."

The London County Council have set an example of economy to other public bodies by suspend-

M.P.s.

A Boer Predikant is reported in that "God trusted General Hertzog why He caused the sun never to set on

Carmelite House.

It cannot be true that Lord NORTH-CLIFFE is a time-server. You can buy his "6.30 News" at about 5 P.M.

We are indebted to a number of well known, persons who have some-The Germans are still faithful to paragraph from The Daily Mirror be handed over for treatment to a their national poet, Shakspeare. Max stating that Miss Ellaline Terriss cheerupadist. "hopes to raise £250,000 for the benefit Tempest on a monumental scale at the of our blind and disabled soldiers by People's Theatre, Berlin. A modern selling a million badges at 1s. each." touch was imparted to the play by the actor who was cast for Ferdinand of the Exchequer has asked for an and they learnt that we were not yet being called upon at the last moment interview with the accomplished lady through the Dardanelles. Their local to find out how she proposes to do it.

Telegraph, Dr. E. J. DILLON wrote Cabinet is too large for the efficient "a town on the Bosphorus opposite that "King Ferdinand's hatred of transaction of business has not been Constantinople." Russia is as strong as his contempt entirely fruitless. Last week, one disfor the Bulgarian politicians, whom he tinguished Minister spent some hours moves backwards and forwards like in the smoking-room of the House of robbed by the Germans as he lay pawns on the political chessboard." Commons while his colleagues were wounded between the opposing trenches

Nursemaid. "I'M GOIN' TO LEAVE THIS PLACE, MUM." Mistress. "Why? Don't you like the child?"

Nursemaid, "O YES, MUM. BUT 'E'S THAT AFRAID OF A SOLDIER I CAN'T GET 'IM NEAR ONE."

ing all prizes for school-children until discussing important matters in the life." If the Walrus had been bitten the War is over. A saving of £10,000 PRIME MINISTER'S room; and it is by one of the Oysters he would have a year will thus be effected, and there rumoured that Mr. Asquith would be felt just like that. will be no need to curtail the salary of glad to see this example extensively followed.

An officer at the Front writes :- " A the South African papers as saying new battery which had moved behind our trenches started registering the in the dark, but could not trust German trenches one afternoon. The Englishmen in the dark, and that was first shell however landed on our own parapet, where a sergeant and some of the British." We infer that the my men were working. As it hapreverend gentleman has not recently been in London. \* \* pened the shell did not burst and no one was damaged, but a large hole was about to pot her" (meaning, no doubt, knocked in the parapet. The sergeant, a Black Maria). The Daily Mail asks, "Have we a nothing amazed, just walked up to me Foreign Office?" We understand that a and said, 'Please, Sir, would you mind search-party is going carefully through 'phoning through to the battery and asking them to cease fire while I repair the parapet?'" \* \*

suggests that pessimists, being, as is in fact.

correspondents who have sent us a thing wrong with their feet, ought to

The good people of Nairobi, East Africa, were dreadfully disappointed paper had informed them that the Montenegrin army was on the out-The current complaint that the skirts of Scutari, and that Scutari was

In the account of an officer being

it is stated that some years ago he was the tallest man in the Indian Army. And after the Germans had been through his pockets he was one of the shortest.

The well-known artist who advertised, the other day, his desire that gentle people having pretty children would allow him to see them, as he wished to paint a pretty child, is in treaty for the Albert Hall as a studio.

In conversation with a Socialist Deputy of the Reichstag the Kaiser is said to have remarked, "with tears in his eyes," that he was sincerely sorry for France-France, which was "the greatest disappointment of his

"When replying to Advertisements, kindly mention The Watford Newsfetter." It is the Censor's favourite organ.

"In the trenches near the observation station we met the general, who remarked; 'Nous sommes on train de la marmiter' (They have been annoying us)." Lloyd's Weekly News.

We find the translation rather free and

"The collection of Mr. Lloyd George's war speeches . . . contains, of course, the famous preface which so much disturbed the political atmosphere the other day. The interest of that is fleeting if violet." Manchester Guardian.

A person who ought to know better One of Mr. George's "purple patches,"

# TO FERDINAND, ON HIS PROSPECTS.

Between the Turk, your country's ancient foe, Whose butchers drank her blood like steaming wassail, And him of Potsdam, who, if matters go

Smoothly, will have you as his humble vassal, You are the tertium quid, O FERDINAND, which Conspires to make a most repulsive sandwich.

Here stands the Moslem with his brutal sword Still red and reeking with Armenia's slaughter; Here, fresh from Belgium's wastes, the Christian Lord, His heart unsated by the wrongs he wrought her; And you between them, on your brother's track, Sworn, for a bribe, to stick him in the back.

Yet, spite of such a fellowship, your fate Won't be a steady round of beer and skittles; Old friends are best; and love that turns to hate Is certain to acidulate your victuals; For Russia, whence your land her freedom drew, Will show that she who made can break you too.

And not alone that bright blade, hung o'erhead, Shall dull your cheer and poison all you swallow; Uneasy sits the alien King who's wed

To schemes his patriot folk are loath to follow; So next your skin (for flannel won't avail) You'd better wear a steel-proof shirt of mail. O. S.

# DIVERSIONS OF THE CABINET.

WE all know how Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL walked into a colourman's shop, three months ago, and purchased a it may have been withheld by the Press Bureau—that expectedly transferred to Russia. this sort of thing is going on all over the Cabinet.

I had a talk yesterday, writes our representative, with a stall-holder at a forthcoming bazaar who was most enthusiastic about Mr. Bonar Law's poker-work. "The work is so realistic that you can almost smell the singe, she said, "and there is an enormous quantity of it. His Parlour Crafts in a magazine.'

There is no busier man in the country at present than the MINISTER OF MUNITIONS, and it will probably come as a surprise to his many admirers to learn that he contrives Architecture. Visitors to Criccieth in the near future would do well to keep their eyes open for a rich example of Neo-Methodist-Gothic opposite the railway station, which has caused something of a flutter in the K.I.B.A. Mr. George pinpricks were to be trusted, he fluttered round apparently picked up the guiding principles of the art in conversation with an intelligent steel roller on the Clyde.

New distinctions would seem to be in store for Sir representative, "one day last week, and he told me much that I feel bound to suppress in the public interest. But it on our miniature range when I 'm in my true form. is an open secret that a gigantic Book of Sonnets is already in the press which will give reviewers much food for thought. other side.' The story that Sir FREDERICK had picked up a manual study of the map one day when he was struck by a very fool as you seem to think!"

singular coincidence. Fighting was going on in the neighbourhood of Dwinsk, Pinsk and Minsk. Although he had never before dreamt of writing verses the opportunity thus presented seemed altogether too good to miss, and as soon as he had made a beginning the rest was plain sailing. 'The wonderful thing,' added his publisher, 'is that he scans so well. One frequently comes upon several lines in succession with hardly a foot out of place.'

Mr. Runciman has just completed a set of 117 orchestral variations on the Montenegrin National Anthem.

#### EVADING THE CENSOR.

"Dick has got his marching orders at last-off on Saturday," said Eileen. "Now I want you to find some way for him to let me know his whereabouts without being stopped by that horrid Censor.'

"This," I said, "is a matter for reflection. What you want is some quaint and rare device which will not only dupe the Censor but can be guaranteed to furnish no information to the enemy. Imagine the excitement of the Ober-Offizier who intercepted a letter informing him that Lieutenant Richard Donkin was at ---. 'Here's most important news,' he would say. 'Himmel! Lieutenant Donkin at ——! Schnell! order up three extra army corps at once!' . . . No, Eileen, we must avoid that possibility at all costs."

As it happened I lunched with a man the next day who had encountered exactly the same problem. His son had arranged a cryptogram, using the first letter of every fourth word to spell out the name of his whereabouts.

"And does it answer?" I said.

"Not very well. It was all right at first, when he was manual upon Pictures and How to Paint them; and how at the base, but as soon as he moved on there came through already he has produced a number of "large and dignified a string of highly improbable names which we couldn't landscapes," and is at work upon a "stately portrait of his wife." But it is not by any means so generally known which suggests that he lost count, or else he'd been un-

Anyway Dick wouldn't hear of the plan. He said it would cramp his style. So I gave deep thought to the matter and at last conceived the perfect plan.

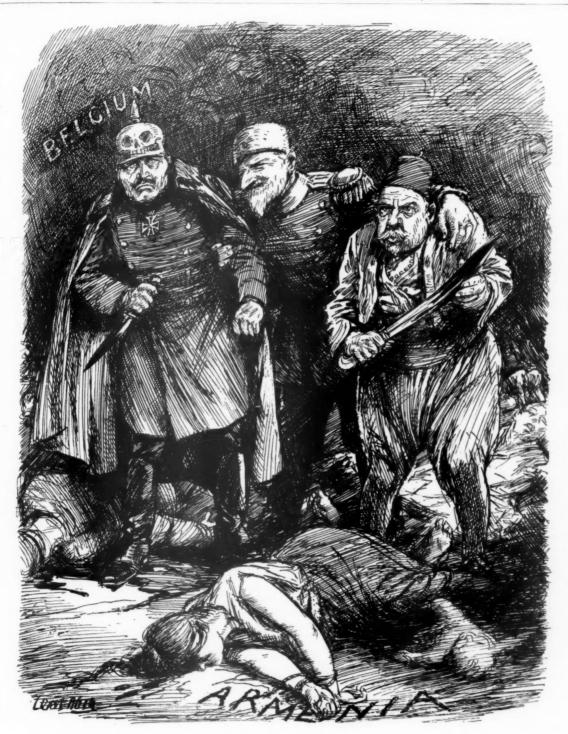
"What you and Dick must do," I said, "is to have duplicate maps. You must then agree upon two main towns, say Paris and Brussels, as bases. When Dick has industry is amazing. The unexpected adjournment of the finished his letter he places it over the map (letters from House for a week over the Finance Bill meant the addition the Front are always written on flimsy semi-transparent of three corner cupboards, a tea-tray and a small bedroom bookcase to my supply. His work is always unsigned. He picked it up, it seems, in a moment from an article on all you have to do is to pin the two fixed holes over Paris and Brussels in your map, and the third hole gives you Dick's whereabouts. It is also obvious that a mere letter with a few pinholes in it tells the Bosches nothing.

Well, Dick agreed to this, and soon after he left we to find time to pursue his new hobby of Ecclesiastical received a letter with perforations indicating that he was -, a well-known town in Northern France which is familiar to all our readers. Then he moved on to and there he stuck for several weeks; or at least, if Eileen's sort of jaunty spiral. And then at last there came a hint that he was approaching the firing-line.

A few days afterwards I found Eileen inspecting a F. E. Smith. "I had a talk with his publisher," writes our letter with furrowed brows. Its appearance was most singular—simply riddled with pin-holes; rather like a target

"Wait a minute," I said, "there's something on the

There was a hastily pencilled line of unfamiliar handentitled How to be a Poet is quite untrue. He was deep in writing. It ran as follows: "The Censor is not such a



# REALIZATION.

["When I went to Bulgaria I resolved that if there were to be any assassinations I would be on the side of the assassins."—Statement by  $F_{ERDINAND.}$ ]

ghhad hus con

he s in tral

for ped you nly no the hat

ost ant rps ity ho and rth

was igh n't iu,' in-

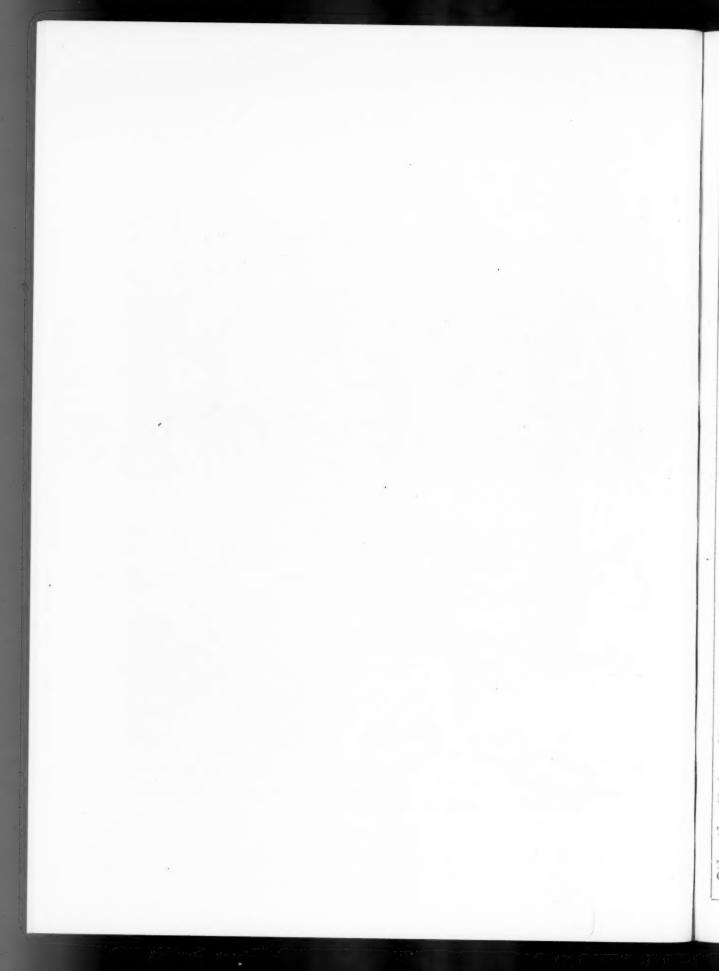
the live ain has only ent a ves

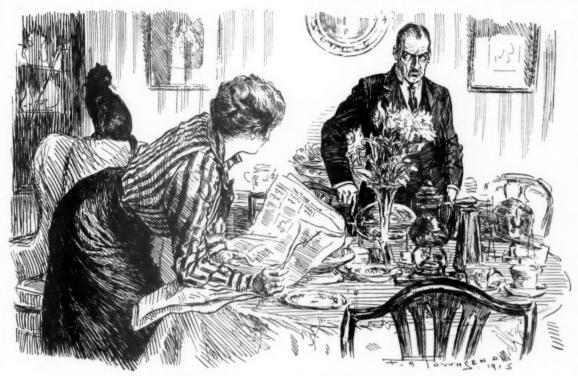
ves rou ter we

is n's n a int

a ost get

nd-





Wife. "Grand news this morning, dear. We've taken several thousand prisoners." Pessimist. "THEY'RE SURE TO ESCAPE."

#### MUNITIONS.

# A CHANTEY.

In days of old, so runs the tale, Where Etna smoked on high The god Hephæstus did prevail To hammer the shield and the Grecian mail

For the Trojan lance to try; So now sing we how arms are made With hammer and flame and forge By the folk who follow Hephæstus' trade

To the glory of good KING GEORGE.

Right wisdom old Hephæstus knew In Sicily's golden land;

He turned and said to his Cyclops crew, "The front o' the fighting's none for

Stick to the work in hand. And a rattling work it is," cried he, "With hammer and flame and forge." Hephæstus said it, and so say we To the glory of good KING GEORGE.

Then cheer for Tyne and Thames and

And the furnace blasts that roar That our good ships may safely ride, Our guns have plenty and more beside As never they had before;

For shell and bullet and hand-grenade, For hammer and flame and forge, And the folk who follow Hephæstus trade

To the glory of good KING GEORGE.

#### TREASURE TROVE FROM THE TIN.

According to The Daily Chronicle of the 14th inst., a Hull soldier, recently returned wounded from the Dardanelles, had occasion to open a tin of salmon, and to his surprise found inside a gentleman's silver watch in good condition. He immediately wound it up, and it started ticking merrily.

Had this been an isolated case, some incredulity might have been pardoned. But, as a correspondent has hastened to assure us, other similar experiences have occurred of late, showing the remarkable generosity of tinned food manufacturers and their genial desire to promote the happiness of the consumer.

Mr. Pulling - Legge, a well - known bath-chair proprietor at Sidcup, had recently occasion to open a tin of sardines. His surprise may well be imagined when he discovered inside Somebody or something seems to have the tin a rare quarto edition of the had a drop too much.

works of Shakspeare, which he has since presented to Sir Sidney Lee.

Hardly less remarkable was the experience of Mrs. Hardy Phibster, the wife of the postmaster at Deochandoris, near Cromarty, who was helping her family to some Californian peaches, and to her profound amazement found at the bottom of the tin a small musical-box, which at once began to play "Tipperary." The matter is receiving the attention of the local medical authorities.

A correspondent suggests that the "Suburban Gentleman" whose woes were depicted in a recent issue should change the name of his house from "Sans Souci" to "Sans Six Sous."

# A Mixed Litter.

"Mme. Dumba, who accompanied the Ambassador, boarded the liner carrying a canary and a puppy born last night to her English spaniel."—Glasgow Herald.

"Lieutenant-Colonel Druitt states that the cause of the imperfect signal being given . . was no doubt owing to the wife of the advance starting signal at Crossmyloof being too tight, causing the semaphore arm to droop."

Evening Times (Glasgow).

# TO GET THE MEN.

THE great conscriptionist controversy is entering upon a new phase. The burning question of the moment would appear to be whether the necessary men are to be compelled to volunteer or persuaded to be compulsorily enrolled. Both points of view are explained by a couple of letters which have just reached this office. We suspect that they were really intended for The Manchester Guardian, but as they have come into our hands we hasten to give them publicity.

DEAR SIR.—Whatever Lord KITCH-ENER may have said to the Labour

be kept up to full strength till the War is over. But it is clearly ridiculous and altogether inane to suppose that the men cannot be got in overwhelming numbers by the Voluntary System (to which I take off my hat). It is by no means exhausted. Indeed it has only begun to work. We want no pressed men. We want nothing but men whose heart is in the job and who have freely and spontaneously come forward, clamouring to offer themselves as recruits. And they can be got. Let there be no taint of compulsion in our methods, no encroachment on individual liberty. All that is necessary is to give new opportunities of enrolment to our willing masses.

plete we have all the facts before us, and chance. the authorities can get to work along rational lines. It is quite a mistake to suppose that there are any shirkers or slackers or shrinkers or skulkers procedure would be the following:-

Let every eligible man receive a

before a tribunal, presided over by the local recruiting authority, to state their case. If they still persist in getting out of it, other tactful methods of persuasion could very easily be devised. The voluntary system would be by no means exhausted even then. A re- authorities that they have a strong and cruiting poster might be stuck on their front-doors and garden gates. As a further step the municipal water supply might be cut off from the house or even compulsion is our only hope. from the whole street (which would insure pressure being brought to bear). Finally the obstinate should be disfranchised and confronted with an extra shilling on the income-tax.

If we are assured that conscription Leaders—that is perhaps a sore subject is necessary we are ready to shoulder and I don't propose to deal with it— the burden. But the possibilities of light on the situation I pointed out a

HIGHLY COMMENDABLE EFFORT ON THE PART OF A NEW RECRUIT TO DEAL WITH A VERY DIFFICULT QUESTION OF MILITARY ETIQUETTE.

Now that the National Register is com- exhausted. It must be given a fair that counts. Roughly speaking there I am, Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

ANTI-MILITARIST. DEAR SIR,—We are all agreed that system. the army must be kept at full strength among us. Eligible men have only to during the coming year. And it is now be firmly and tactfully approached to perfectly clear to the most fatuous fall over each other in their eagerness observer that the so-called voluntary to come forward. The best method of system has broken down. Only by Conscription can we secure the necessary men in regular drafts as they are wanted. brusque summons in the name of the From the moment when the new system King to present himself without delay. is introduced the War will be as good If that doesn't work, a close house-to- as won. Everything will change in a house canvass should follow, in which twinkling; Germany will crack up. every man of army age should be The British conscript will strike terror narrowly cross-examined and badgered wherever he goes. There need be no and asked to give a full account of himself. (A policeman should be kept The term Conscription must not be in the background—perhaps waiting misunderstood. There will of course in the street outside). If the results be exemptions. I should suggest, for are still disappointing, all those who the smooth working of the plan, that have not responded must be called the following should be exempt:—

(1) All trade unionists.

(2) The whole of Ireland. (3) Parts of Wales, England and

Scotland—to be known as Exempted (4) All those who can satisfy the

genuine bias toward civilian life. It is natural that we should prefer

the voluntary system, but, as it is,

I am, Dear Šir,

Yours faithfully. DRASTIC.

We have also received a pronouncement from a well-known novelist :-

DEAR SIR,-In one of those weekly articles of mine which throw a white we are all agreed that our army must the Voluntary System must be first month or two ago that conscription

could do little to help us, for the simple reason that, having already raised an army of some 4,000,000 men (by voluntary effort), it would hardly be possible for us to spare another half-million. Again a week or two ago, in one of my many Last Words upon this question, I made it quite clear that conscription would be of no avail, for the simple reason that, having already raised an army of some 2,300,000 men (by voluntary effort), we could not with safety enroll more than another half-million. There may be some little discrepancy, but I am not always lucky with figures - although I thoroughly enjoy them. Anyhow it is the principle

are no more men that can be raised by conscription. The same does not of course apply to the voluntary

Finally, if Mr. Asquith were to say to-morrow that compulsion was absolutely necessary to the safety of the realm, I would acquiesce. I would really. And that would ensure the success of the new move. But Mr. Asquith will never say that. I know all about it.

WAR EXPERT. Yours,

"Simla, 15th September.
"The Hon. Mr. W. M. Hailey arrived at Viceregal Lodge to-day as the guest of His Excellency the Viceroy.
The Hon. Mr. W. M. Hailey arrived at Viceregal Lodge to-day as the guest of His Excellency the Viceroy."—Pioneer.

We were quite prepared to believe it even the first time.

and ted the and efer is,

eekly

iite t a ion us. at, an 000 rt). ble her eek nv his ite on for at, an 00 t),

ety

lel' be ut

ky I

m.

ole

200

ed

ot

ry

ay

0-

he

ıld

he

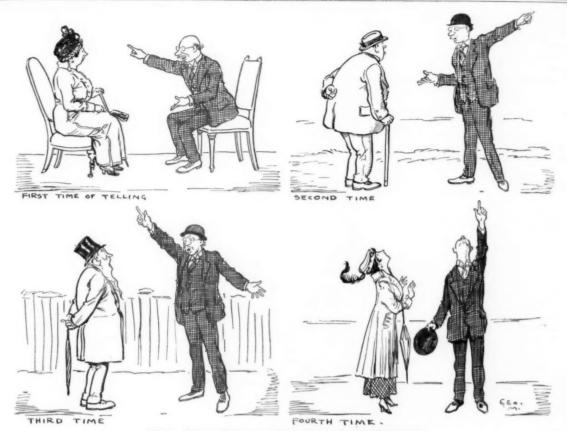
Ir.

W

at lig

Tis

it



#### THE MAN WHO HAD SEEN A ZEPPELIN.

# THE WOES OF A WOUNDED.

Is there a man can think that Europe's quarrels Are barren bickerings and do no good? There may be such; but let him see The way in which Gallipoli Affects young officers and moulds their morals, And blow me if he could!

What kindness, what self-sacrifice was present In that most painful of Peninsulæ, If several of the eggs were tired, Or some drab services required! It was a joy to see how nice and pleasant A Cambridge man could be.

With never a moan we munched the meanest ration, We that of late were full of pelf and pride; Swore not at all when privates erred (Though Simpson said one shocking word), And no one published, in pre-bellum fashion, The state of his inside.

Moreover, we were bent on being fully When parted from the scenes of strife (If ever). We should laugh through life, And never, by the bitterness of "bully, Complain about our food.

The same sweet gentry, men of model mood,

But it was vain; the soul is bound to stumble When peace and plenteousness succeed the storm. Each morning I become less kind; To-day I had some fault to find -With Cook's fair fish-cakes, and they say I grumble Quite in my ancient form.

Therefore with joy I hie me back to-morrow To Turks and centipedes and all the pain; I do not deem, as some have done, That, on the whole, it's "rather fun"; Life will be vile. But this shall ease my sorrow-I shall be good again.

#### The Art of Expansion.

"The Russki Invalid states that the chief units of the Russian Baltic fleet are not in the Gulf of Riga, which is defended by lesser vessels and mines."—Otago Daily Times.

"General Russky, now an invalid, states that the chief units of the Russian Balt'c fleet are not in the Gulf of Riga, which is defended by lesser vessels and mines."—Dunedin Evening Star.

We prefer The Star's version, with its personal touch.

In an appeal for workers to help in sorting out the "pink forms," The Aberdeen Evening Express says:-

"As the work is done in pairs, it will be a case of bring their 'pall,' if possible.

But we hope the work is not quite so deadly as all that.

#### ON THE SPY TRAIL AGAIN.

You know Jimmy's blood-hound, Faithful. Well, he has been right off German spies; you couldn't have It is a very useful pill, because Jimmy better, and told him he had some stuff tempted him with one not even if you had dangled it in front of his nose. Jimmy said it was the distemper, and made up some medicine to get him over it. After taking one dose Faithful got over the distemper all right; he Jimmy's mother had planted. It liked camels used hair-brushes. Jimmy felt also got over a six-foot wall on the other side of the road, through three had trouble with its breath; Jimmy fields, across a churchyard, through the church door and up to the top of the tower. There's more air on the some meat. Jimmy says the pug dog top of the tower, Jimmy says, that's was surprised at its own activity; it why.

The church door was locked by the about very freely, Jimmy says. time Jimmy arrived there. You have cured the sleeping sickness all right, to get the keys from a man who sits in a cottage close by having rheumatism. If you take him something for his rheumatism he will always let you you'd be surprised. have the keys this once.

Jimmy knows all about rheumatism, of the grease he gets out of the boxes in the railway wagons. Jimmy says There was only Jimmy at home, and, the Indians always use it, and if you when the man knew that, he told Jimmy of the temperature.

church tower he couldn't get any ointment from the railway wagons, so he had to make some up out of some castor oil his mother had got for him man he had some medicine which would of the man. to go with a few crab apples he had eaten. Jimmy says he likes putting things into castor oil, because it serves it right.

The way you do it is to get some ingredients; but he won't let you see him putting them in, because it wouldn't work properly if he did. is violet, and he does it with some Jimmy says you have to be very care-copying ink. ful about the ingredients, because, if you didn't put the right ones in, it would cure something else that, per-Jimmy put one thing in, though; it that he found. Jimmy finds lots of kill weeds on the garden path. things like that, and he always puts them carefully away in a box he has when he has any spare time he makes up bottles of medicine and ointment and different sizes of pills. Jimmy has got one pill which he made over a year ago; it is a very good pill, much stronger than the ordinary ones. There are so many things in it that Jimmy had to put some cobbler's wax in it to to press it back into shape.

not so big as it was, because Jimmy Jimmy says. lady's pug dog with a bit of it. The said it was suffering from sleeping sickness and gave it a piece of the pill in tried to get away from itself and ran It but it took all the curl out of the pug dog's tail.

Jimmy can cure anything like that;

He cured a man of water on the knee one day. The man came to the back and he makes up an ointment for it out door and asked Jimmy if he would like to buy some mohair laces or what not. gave some to an Esquimaux he would not to be frightened. Jimmy wasn't eat it in his ignorance, and it's because frightened. The man said he had water on the knee and that beer was a good some. He showed Jimmy his knee. had much water on it. He told the cure it. The man said he would take it if Jimmy would put it in some beer. Jimmy got the medicine; it was violet coloured medicine and looked very pretty. Jimmy always colours his mustard and water for him all day. medicines; he has a different colour for each day of the week. Saturday

Jimmy says it is a very good medicine, because if you leave the cork in it blows it out in two days, and if you want them. haps, you hadn't got, and you would tie the cork down it bursts the bottle. feel very puzzled about it. I saw Jimmy says the Indians use it when they are training to run races, and was some stuff for making sheep dip besides curing water on the knee it will

The man drank the beer, but said le would have to have some more to take got in the summer-house, and then away the taste of the medicine. There was no more real beer; so Jimmy made some of his own and put into a beer bottle he had found; it was the same kind of beer that he had once used for

hold them together. Even then it often empty medicine bottle, and then, after begins to rise up in parts, and you have wagging his tail, he went and sat down Even the strictest Sabbatarian cannot where he could have a good view of object to this.

Jimmy says it's for a case of a the six-foot wall on the opposite side mergency or something like that. It's of the road. He locked very happy,

showed me how you could mend broken which would ease it at once if he painted plates with it. Jimmy once cured a it on with a camel-hair brush. The man looked surprised and laughed. pug dog used to come and lie down in He said he had never heard that the middle of a bed of tulips which before; he said he never knew that very glad the man had had the beer as well as the medicine, because he felt certain he was a German, or he would have known about a camel-hair brush.

Jimmy says very soon the man began to have doubts, they kept flitting across his face; so Jimmy went quietly inside the house and locked the door so that he could watch the water going out of his knee without being in his way at all. The man didn't seem to notice Jimmy; he seemed to be thinking; he looked as if he had a stomachache. Jimmy says. Jimmy says he doesn't know which reached the man's knee first, the beer or the medicine, and he thinks it must have been a near thing by the way he ran out of the garden and jumped over the gate. He forgot all about the mohair laces.

Jimmy followed the man as well as he could. He found him at the chemist's The last time Jimmy went up the thing for it, if Jimmy would fetch him shop quenching his thirst with mustard and water. Jimmy says the chemist Jimmy says it didn't look as if it had had already sent for a policeman because of the German which kept coming out

> Jimmy says the chemist had a happy afternoon; he took Jimmy into his garden to show him the German, and said he felt he could go on mixing

> Jimmy says the German looked very tame; you could have led him about with a piece of cotton.

> Jimmy never charges anything for his medicines, he is only too pleased to let people have them who seem to

#### Commercial Candour.

"For sale, rag and metal store; no more profitable business guaranteed.

Glasgow Herald.

"Wanted by experienced Teacher, examiner and performer, an appointment as visiting Piano Master in high-glass ladies' school." Musical News.

What the man wants is a Conserva-

Barnes and Mortlake Herald.

le

lt ff ed 10 d. at at lt lt ld ١. n 38 le of ıt 30 ie e. ee ie g n ot ie

st e ıt

d

it

1



## OUR UNINTERNED.

Mother (discreetly). "My Dear, Miss Finkelstein has just been telling me that she's changing her name." Ingenuous Daughter. "OH, I AM SO GLAD. AND WHO-WHO IS THE HAPPY MAN?"

## THE RECRUITING OF POPPETT MINIMUS.

Mother told me she couldn't afford a holiday this year, but that the doctor was suffering from convalescence. Convalescence is a beastly thing to have; living off rice pudding. It's not catch- till next term. ing; so Parsons, my greatest chum, who's going in for the Church, was allowed up to see me. The doctor confided to my mother that I wanted rousing, and Parsons says I might have succumbed if it had not been for the boy next door.

When I was a bit better and able to look out of the window, the boy next door, who is a Scout and has to do one kind deed every day, called out, "Slacker!" It isn't true, as I can't life. join them before next term, but I was and doing nothing. Parsons says that As he says, there's no good grousing seaside is a very tough job. Perhaps

MacWhirter didn't know about my about either. I came down next day. I wanted really to send MacWhirter a challenge, said I had to go to the sea because I but Parsons told me that forgiveness was the highest of all virtues, and that anyhow I was too weak to fight a cat. it's Latin really for feeling tired and So I said I would forgive MacWhirter

Parsons, who is going in for the Church, wouldn't hear of this, as he says it isn't quite playing the game for chaps at home to fight among themselves, and that I could easily wait till after the War. At the same time he reminded me how the doctor said I had to be roused and that MacWhirter had done it. He said it was really a merciful dispensation and that I ought to be grateful to MacWhirter for saving my

I hadn't looked at it in this light. too convalescent to explain through a Parsons knows already a lot of theology, pane of glass. He is of a fiery nature and when he likes a thing he calls it a with red hair, and, being Scotch, he merciful dispensation, and when he

In the last Juniors' convalescence, but I was so mad that cricket match Parsons made forty not out in the first innings. He wasn't a bit coxy about it, but said it was a merciful dispensation. In the second innings he was bowled by Loftus first ball, and he said it was an unscrupulous decree and that Loftus ought to have his head punched for bowling no-balls.

> Parsons has relatives at the seaside, so his holiday only cost his people his train ticket. As we are great chums his relations asked me too. Parsons' mother said he had a weak chest, but Parsons confided to me in the train that he really had clergyman's sore throat. That's all nonsense, because you can't get it till you are ordained. Parsons got very angry when I said this, as he says it attacks chaps who are going in for the Church as well.

> The last thing our people told us was to look after each other and do nothing

but recruit.

We did our best, but we couldn't get can't understand people fooling about doesn't it's an unscrupulous decree, one single recruit. Recruiting at the



Wife of Officer (just starting for the Dardanelles). "MY HUSBAND'S GOT AN INFLATED WAISTCOAT." Sympathetic Old Lady. "Dear, Dear, Dear! I do hope it won't involve an operation."

regular promenade nuts, but they were always escorted by a convoy of girls, for these fellows myself, but Parsons says they may be suffering from conscientious anæmia or an indisposition never can tell. One of our chaps in the Upper Sixth, who was the first it and said there was no such disease.

I sent in a report to headquarters a letter by return from the mater bethe Lower Form kids, though she knew he was to be promoted next term. He said that "recruit" in the sense she he didn't like ladies to use slang.

all the chaps we saw were convalescers, and how we ought to leave the Govern-the Turks have got and there are We tracked a lot of likely cases, some ment alone and give them a chance, was millions of them in Asia Minor. quite good theology, and ought to be a lesson to me in future. Very likely who beat off our attack. I didn't care those fellows I had seen on the pro- and if he wasn't going in for the Church menade were really as brave as lions he says he wouldn't half mind being but didn't read the newspapers.

I said they would know about the which keeps them from fighting. You War from their cinemas. I thought I had Parsons there, but you never can have him really, for he used to do Logic once with his sisters' governess. He Exchange and Mart. to volunteer, was rejected for haricose once with his sisters' governess. He veins, and he was simply furious about retorted that if they had heard about the War it would take a mighty lot of pluck to play the giddy goat as they signed by Parsons and myself. I got do. He said it was really a case of immoral courage.

ginning, "You silly little boys." I had to show it to Parsons, and he was up our minds, after the mater's letter, naturally hurt about it at first. He to regard it as an unscrupulous decree said it was just the same with his and not grouse this time. After all, as mater. He couldn't get her out of the Parsons says, some of the stuff they habit of speaking as if he was one of teach you, like Homen, might be useful any day in the Balkans. He says he knows as a fact we are going to start Surds next term because he heard one used it in was slang really, and that of the masters say so. It sounds interesting and is perhaps instead of He thought the rest of the letter about the silly girls with white feathers, and as interpreters. Parsons has been told the other 99,999,910 are not actively how wrong it is to judge other people, that Surds are the finest fighting men opposed to us.

Parsons knows a lot; he always scores on the General Knowledge paper, an editor.

### For the Bantams.

"Officers' marquee, 25in. by 20in. used as

## How to Please Everybody.

"The teams had met twice previously and won each time, but on this occasion the result was reversed."—Ilford Recorder.

"The Germans declared that submarine captains had been ordered not to sink pas-senger vessels and undertook to adopt the greatest precautions to have the lives of

passengers."
The Standard" (Buenos Ayres).

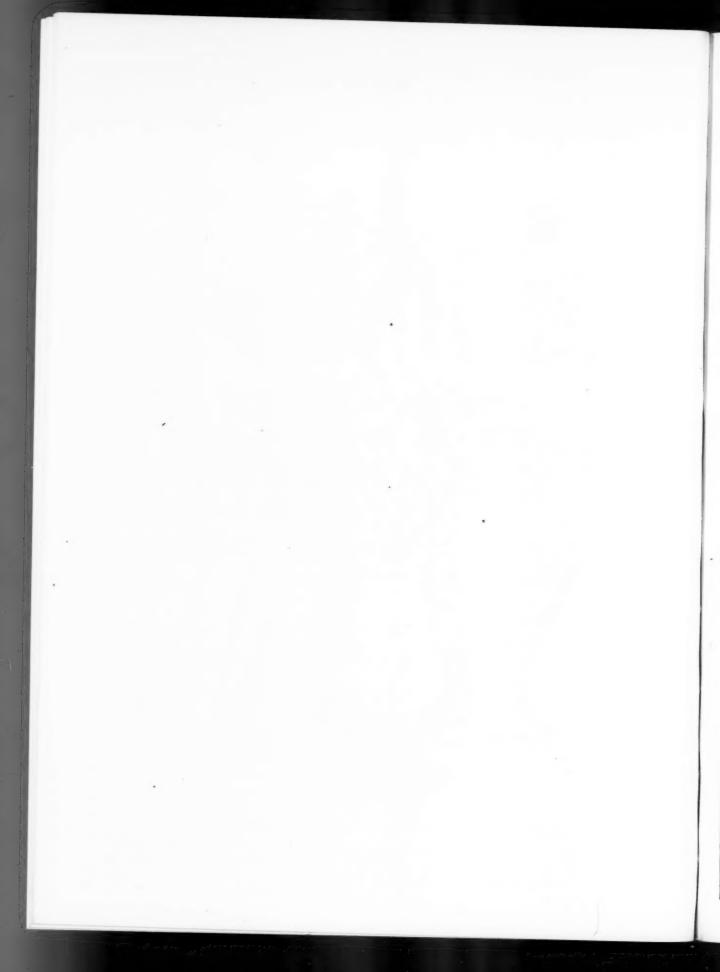
Truth will out, even in a misprint.

"Mr. Choate, who presided, declared that ninety out of the 100,000,000 Americans were in the fullest sympathy with the Allies. Liverpool Echo.



# BOYS OF THE DACHSHUND BREED.

WILHELM (to Franz Josef). "WELL, WE HAVEN'T SUCCEEDED IN CRUSHING FRANCE OR RUSSIA OR ENGLAND OR ITALY; BUT NOW THAT WE'VE GOT FERDINAND TO HELP US WE MIGHT MANAGE TO SCORE OFF SERBIA!"



12th.—Premier not only habitually Bill. does the right thing but does it in the not too frequent. On reassembling of going on a Continental holiday trip. House after ten days' interval he

called attention to fact that meanwhile four Members have given their lives for their country. He made no set oration, brought with him no script of prepared monody. No notice of his intention was published. Questions over, he rose and, resting his hands on the brassbound box, spoke a few words of simple earnest sorrow for the loss of gallant comrades.

"The House," he said, "will, I am sure, acknowledge with gratitude the splendid example they

have set.'

When his purpose in rising became apparent. Members with one accord bared their heads in silent sympathy.

A whispered message, conveyed to Front Opposition Bench by CHIEF WHIP, brought to his feet

the right hon, gentleman who endows with dignity the post of Leader of a non-existent Opposition. In shortest speech ever made since, nearly half-arepresent the county in which his ancestral home was set, HARRY CHAPLIN supplemented the PREMIER's tribute.

Heroes all, "Young men of high promise," as the PREMIER said. Because I knew him best I most deeply mourn the cutting off of Agar-Robartes. He was in all respects highest type of an Englishman. Heir to a peerage, endowed with many interests intellectual and social, keenly but tranquilly enjoying the pleasant pathway through which Life led him, he at the trumpet call gave up everything, and went forth to take his turn in the trenches, his

share of hourly peril.

The battle in which he fell was not his first. Courage of another kind was displayed in his political and parlia-mentary career. Returned unopposed by a Liberal constituency, he held views on Home Rule differing from those officially adopted by his Party. In such circumstances it is common practice for the conscientious disentient to look out a corner seat below the Gangway, take every opportunity of asserting his independence and of denouncing mistaken views of his leaders and the majority of their following. That not Agar-Robartes'

House of Commons, Tuesday, October against successive stages of Home Rule Arthur Markham had placed on the

In equally undemonstrative manner which the House eagerly awaited. right way, a correlation of circumstance he set out for the Front as if he were



NURSE MCKENNA lets the INFANT SAMUEL do his bit.

bringing in a Bill dealing with postal and telegraph rates originally forming retired from business. In one case an part of Budget scheme, announced amid aggregate sum of £110,000 has been century ago, a gay young buck with all the world before him where to choose, he came to Westminster to insisted upon. Also (this concession Beside this, Members' salary of £400 not eliciting equal enthusiasm) press telegraph rates will be modified. American Loan Bill, on motion of CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, carried upon to take earliest opportunity of through all its stages at single sitting.

Wednesday .- PRIME MINISTER, en-



THE ACCUSING FINGER. MR. HOGGE.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT. way. Patiently suffering advice and rebuke he was content to obey dictates of conscience by unobtrusively voting hour. This the more regretted since paper a Shorter Catechism, answers to

Opened with pertinent inquiry as to payment of Members during progress of War and the colossal expenditure thereby involved. Economy the order of the day. Generally felt that economy, like charity, should begin at home. In flush of prosperity that spread roseate hue over prolonged period of peace, Members voted themselves salaries of £400 a year, payable out of National Exchequer. Total draft amounts to a quarter of a million per annum, a sum that might, among other things, create and maintain a useful fleet of airships. Markham wanted to know whether the Premier will propose that only Members who are able to make declaration that their income is inadequate to maintain their position shall continue to receive the salary.

Another point which he sub-mitted for kindly consideration of Business done-The Infant Samuel, Premier was the stoppage of pensions granted to certain ex-Ministers long a year is alluringly moderate. In absence of Preмier, Questions

postponed. MARKHAM may be depended putting them.

By accidental, not less striking, coincidence, Montagu later in sitting made casual statement that luridly illuminates financial position. He reckoned that next year, if present rate of War expenditure be maintained, there will, in spite of heavily increased taxation levied by two last Budgets, be a deficit of 1,438 million sterling.

"Every citizen," he added, "should be prepared to put at least one-half of his income at the disposal of the State, whether in the form of tax or loan.'

Business done.—Budget Bill read a second time.

Thursday. - Foreign Secretary made promised statement in respect of invasion of Serbia and the intention of Allied Powers in matter of helping the gallant little nation. It suffered in point of interest owing to misunderstanding whereby it had been forestalled by one delivered by French PREMIER two days

EDWARD GREY further embarrassed by consciousness that as he spoke he modesty, these statesmen have convinced each other that if conduct of foreign affairs were committed to their care, in supersession of the Cabinet, it would be better for the Empire and the welfare of the world. For the moment have concentrated attention upon Dardanelles. Placed on Order-book Resolution calling for appointment of Select Committee to inquire into initiation, conduct and actual position of campaign in that quarter. Mean to insist upon Government setting aside all other business and allotting day for

discussion. Movement under joint direction of the PRAGMATI-CAL PRINGLE and a lineal descendant of the late OG, King of

Business done. - Foreign Sec-RETARY makes important statement on position in Balkans.

# A SINGLE THOUGHT.

THE following letters (with accompanying gift) were sent to 2nd Lieut. Reginald Kelcy on the eve of his departure for the Front :-

From his Sister Beatrice.

DARLING REG,-I do so wish you hadn't got to go, and yet of course, if you hadn't, I should go about saying it was a horrid shame. I can't write a long letter because it is all so serious, but I am sending you a periscope to use in the trenches and those salient and sector places that seem to be so dangerous; and I do hope you will always use it and not pop your head up. I wish I was not so far away just now, but I can't leave my patients even to see you off. back safe and sound to

Your loving

From Henry M. Saville, writing on behalf of several friends to their old schoolfellow.

in—in barley water, I don't think.

Jack was there and the Goat and old

Your sincere Fr Hoskins and Jerry and me; and we thought we should like to give you some old thing to remind you of us and be a bit of use in helping you both in the boots is also a help. to save your own life and remove that of as many Bosches as Heaven may send your way. Not that we are all so jolly flush-don't think that, I pray bear to think of you going off to the you. But you can tell that from the Front at this time of year, and you such This is what is meant, we suppose, by article itself, which is not precisely a a one too to catch cold. I wish I could "mobilising the nation."

right. Temporarily overcoming natural best kind of periscope I could find at but of course that is not to be thought ever, a time will come! So soon.

HENRY M. SAVILLE. Yours,

P.S.—It has just occurred to me that perhaps it isn't legal to treat another fellow to a periscope!

Ricardo.

Messrs. Boothroyd of Bond Street to every day; and don't forget to take

Munition Worker (examining unexploded anti-aircraft shell which has damaged his garden). "The worst of it is, Maria, it looks beastly like one I made myself."

Come carriage paid, the latest and best type had a visit from you, but I suppose of periscope for use in the trenches, you have had no time. I should have because I am convinced that in the present kind of warfare, very different from that which I was accustomed to, no officer should be without one. If by any chance you get it broken or it is DEAR OLD SPORT,-We had a little mislaid, at once let me know, and I will dinner last night to drink your health replace it. If you are hit, hand it to a periscope; and I hope you will make

Your sincere Friend, HECTOR RICARDO.

P.S.—When footsore it is a good plan to change socks. Whiskey poured

From his old Nurse.

DEAR MASTER REGINALD,-I can't

was closely and suspiciously watched by little group below Gangway to his it accompanies this letter and is the see that you changed your wet things, the Stores; and we all wish you the of. I should have knitted you somebest of luck and a big bag, and wish thing warm, only for the rheumatics in we had your luck in getting out. How- my hands, and so I am sending you instead something which my nephew, who is home wounded, says that every soldier ought to have and which I got the Vicar to get for me when he went to London. I am too old to understand such things, but they say you can see From his Uncle, Lieut.-Col. Sir Hector through this over the top of a trench without being seen yourself. Dear DEAR REGINALD,-I have instructed Master Reginald, I shall pray for you despatch to you by passenger train, plenty of camphor pillules with you for when you are chilled.

Yours respectfully, ANN LIVESAY.

From his Cousin, Miss Constance Sabin.

My Dearest Reg.,-I am so proud to think you are an officer, with men all of your own, and I shall never cease to regret being so far away that I can't walk along the street with you and see you receiving salutes-at any rate not till you come back, which of course you are going to do. I have a feeling that you will, and I am very rarely wrong. And not wounded either, or only the teeniest. Do take care of yourself and keep your head down, and do always use the periscope I am sending you. I shall think of you so much over there.

Your cousin, P.S.—I am sure you will get either the D.S.O. or V.C.

From his Grandmother.

MY DEAR REGINALD,-I am greatly disappointed not to have

come to your camp, but felt that old women probably were not wanted there. Having asked several persons what is the best present for a young officer at the Front and getting the same reply from all, I am sending you a point of always shooting through it. I also enclose a small cheque for anything else you may be wanting. God bless you, my dear boy.

Your affectionate GRANNIE.

## The Veteran Errand-boy.

"OLD-AGE PENSIONER Wanted, active, to run errands, do light work. Bradford Daily Telegraph.

nd ht 10in ou W, rv ot nt nd ee ch ar ou ke ou

ce so an uľ to T th ng ou ou elry

ed

t. ıd

lo

m

of

et

m

e se

ci

d

IS

e

u



Sergeant. "Now, then, my lad, you're asking for it. Why don't you use your periscope?" Tommy, "I WAS USING IT, AND TWICE I NEARLY GOT A BULLET THROUGH IT."

## THE CROAKER.

About a year or more ago, when leading Unionists Abjured all party rancour and left the party lists, "Have we got an Opposition?" The Daily Wail inquired, And bluntly recommended that its leader should be "fired."

Then came the Coalition, and The Wail awhile was dumb, But very soon with fresh complaints began to make things hum:

And, concentrating upon shells, took once again the floor With the question, "Have or have we not a Minister of In a month or two is branded as a peril to the State. War?"

And so from month to month at each successive crucial stage

We've seen this plague of questions fast and furiously rage, Till now the Eternal Querist of *The Wail* desires to know, "Have we got a Foreign Office?" and implies that GREY must go.

Now the questions that insistently suggest themselves to Is a danger to his country and a helper of the Huns.

And I'm sure that with my attitude most honest folk

Do not concern the competence of KITCHENER OF GREY, Or whether Mr. A. or B. or C. should go or stay.

In various forms my simple mind they harass and assail With the ultimate resultant, "Must we have a Daily Wail?"

And I'm moved to meet the question with a most emphatic No!

For the reasons which I now propose to tabulate below.

We don't object to candour when it's tempered with goodwill:

We would not ban the critic with no venom in his quill; But the candour that is prompted by a feverish desire To provide a daily scapegoat moves our keen and righteous

For the fretful Daily Wailer in his daily scapegoat hunt Is forced to make kaleidoscopic changes of his front, And the statesman who is praised to-day as good and wise and great

If he only showed consistency in urging his complaints, If the Sinners he denounces hadn't lately been his Saints, We might tolerate the Wailer for the progress of the War As a negligible nuisance or an acrimonious bore.

But the everlasting grouser who invariably claims All the credit of the actions of the men that he defames, Who blows his own tin trumpet high above the roar of guns,

# The Home of the Millennium.

"One of the windows in the City Temple was unveiled June 30, 1892, in commemoration of the fact that the thousandth anniversary of the Thursday morning's service was celebrated that day.' Evening Paper.

"Home (comfortable, refined) for one or two gentlemen; bath close tram."-Birmingham Daily Mail.

It wouldn't really save much time, you know. Why not have it on the tram?

# NO TREATING.

"Two Brighton biscuits, please, Miss, on two plates," said the fat red-nosed man. Then, turning to his comrade, he asked, "What are you having with it?

"Scotch," replied the other.

"No treating," murmured the barmaid automatically.

"This isn't treating; it's a meal."
"Go on with you," replied the bar-

"It is," protested the fat man. "What with income tax and super-tax, and war-profits tax and tobacco tax and . . .

"Tea tax," suggested his companion. "And tea tax," said the fat man, casting a grateful glance upon his friend, "I can't afford more'n a biscuit for lunch. Nor can 'Erb, and I owe him man, producing the coin and handing a lunch."

"Lunch at a quarter past three! Not much!" exclaimed the barmaid.

"Couldn't get away before," replied the fat man, adjusting his tie with scrupulous care. "Too busy in the office.'

The barmaid was persistent. "A Brighton biscuit isn't a meal," she declared.

"It's all the meal I'm having," said the thin man. "Come to that, what is a meal?

"Here you are, then—two Scotches and two biscuits." The girl gave the fat man his change and the two men sat down at a table, leisurely swallowed their drinks and made a pretence of eating their biscuits. When their glasses were empty they put the remains of the meal in their pockets and the thin man advanced to the counter.

"Two Brighton biscuits, please, Miss," he said, "on two plates, and at her helpless rage. two whiskies.

The girl laughed. "You can't have two meals running," she said.

"This is tea now," argued the thin

"No good," declared the barmaid

briskly. "Well then, give me a double

whiskey and an empty glass."

"What do you want the empty glass

"Never you mind," said the thin man sternly.

The girl's anger rose. "If you pour any of the whiskey into it I'll have you run in."

"Give me one whiskey, then," he commanded, and beckoned to his friend. "Bill," he said, "I bet you a tanner you 've forgot 'Arry Wilkins's address.'

"I'll take you on," replied the other.
"'Arry lives at 29, Goswell Street."

sixpence to his friend.

"A whiskey, please, Miss," said the fat man, diverting the sixpence across the counter.

The barmaid glared but held her

The talk of the two men turned to horses. They discussed current form with considerable interest and not a little heat.

"Ah," said Bill at length, as he drained his glass, "I rather fancy Ginger Girl for the two-thirty tomorrow, but my booky disappeared last week, after the Newmarket meeting, and I don't know of another one. Can you back it for me with yours, do you think?"

"Of course I can," was the answer. "How much?"

it to his friend as he spoke. Then, noticing the girl's eye fixed upon him, he added, "I can't afford more. What with the income tax and the super-tax, and the tea tax and . . ." The barmaid turned her back upon him and stared haughtily at the bottles on the

"One whiskey, please, Miss," cried the two men simultaneously.

For the third time they were served, and they drank, talking of many things the while.

"By the way, Bill," said 'Erb, diving his hand into his pocket, "I forgot to pay you back that sixpence you lent me to put in the plate on Sunday.

Why, so you did," answered Bill in a tone of great surprise. "Thanks." Again came the cry from each throat,

One whiskey, please.'

The girl's face was crimson as she served them. They gazed innocently

"Fine sermon, wasn't it, Bill?" "Very fine, 'Erb, very fine . . . About

these Russians, now . . . They launched into a long War

argument. The barmaid watched them as a fascinated rabbit watches a snake, and involuntarily half rose from her chair counter.

"Well, 'Erb," said the fat man, taking his comrade affectionately by the arm and leading him towards the door, "if it weren't for these new regulations I'd stand you a drink, old man. Good day, Miss.

"Brown Eyes .- I think the best plan is to rub them with lemon-juice and to put them in the sun. I will not guarantee that this will whiten them, but it is the best thing I know of."-Our Home.

It sounds horribly painful, however. "Right," said 'Erb sadly, pushing a Did our friend Chirgwin go through all this to become white-eyed?

# THE SOCIAL SITUATION.

DAILY ANALYSIS AND FORECAST BY OUR SOCIETY EXPERT.

(What we may expect if a present journalistic fashion persists in peace-time.)

Monday.—Among the most interesting events of the forthcoming week will certainly be the cricket-match between Eton and Harrow. I propose, therefore, with the reader's leave, to examine in some detail the conditions and probable result of the forthcoming contest. First, as to the all-important question of numbers. Here, a careful surveyaided by certain sources of information, authoritative, but the exact nature of which I am unable to reveal-inclines me to the belief that there will be "Only a tanner," replied the fat little or no inequality in the actual numerical strength of the opposing forces. · For data upon which to base our conclusions we are therefore compelled to turn to the factor of individual achievement [turns accordingly for half a column. I have no hesitation in saying that Etonians can await the issue of the approaching conflict with unshaken equanimity. Eton will win.

Tuesday.—Readers of this paper will be pleased to receive the first public intimation of a romantic betrothal. Sir John Brown, as I am exceptionally in a position to state, has during the past four-and-twenty hours proposed to Hon. Mary Jones, and been accepted. Miss Jones will be recalled as the popular eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Jones, at whose Welsh home the interesting event has just occurred. The wedding, probably a quiet one, is likely to take place very shortly so that the bride and bridegroom may be settled in town before the opening of the Autumn Session.

Wednesday.—Striking confirmation of the news which I was able to give yesterday as to the approaching union of the houses of Brown and Jones, is afforded in the tidings that Lady Jones is giving an impromptu dance this evening at her house, 405, Hill Street, in honour of Miss Jones's betrothal. I as they set their empty glasses on the hear that many smart hostesses are getting up boy-and-girl dinners for this interesting occasion. 405 is a delightful house for dancing.

> Thursday.—The musical At Home given at 405, Hill Street last night by Sophonisba, Lady Jones (not, of course, to be confused with the wife of the Welsh peer of the same name), was in every way a brilliant success. Everybody in town seemed to be there. M. Breitmann, the well-known Dutch tenor, sang many songs; and the playing of the White Portuguese Orchestra was enormously enjoyed. By the way, speaking of the Joneses, you may take it from me

R



Dear Old Lady (with strict ideas of war economy, to her nephew, who has just been promoted from the ranks and has donned officer's uniform for the first time). "Well, you do look nice, Reggie, Dear; but don't you think you might wear out your old uniform first and keep this one for Sundays?"

that all the rumours contradictory of week for Central Africa, big game huntthe approaching marriage between ing. This disposes once and for all Miss Mary Jones and Sir John Brown of various entirely futile conjectures are entirely without foundation. The concerning one of the most confirmed wedding, I hear, will be celebrated at bachelors in Society. Tenby. This is exclusive and official, SATURDAY.—The very quiet wedding and may be regarded as absolutely of Sir John Brown to Miss Jane

of the wicket. And it has long been an indication of our knowledge. more than once pointed out) we are information till Monday. fetched eventualities.

matrimonial prospects gossip has been begun and will take its curse. so busy lately-and as usual utterly wide of the mark-leaves town this These pessimists again.

disposing of all reports to the contrary. Robinson seems to have come as a Friday.—The one innings defeat of Eton by Harrow can have come as no prophets. To those in the know, howsurprise to the readers of this journal. ever, signs have for some time not been Other things being equal, it is obvious wanting that something of the kind that the result of such a contest as this was probable, though (for obvious depends almost entirely upon the state reasons) we could give no more precise open secret that the recent dry weather happy event took place at Salisbury, had rendered the wicket so fast that, if and the only bridesmaid, the Hon. Harrow could muster their full strength Mary Jones-alas for ill-informed progin bats, the result was a foregone con- nostication!—was charmingly gowned clusion. Of course two days' steady in blue and silver chiffon. Thus ends rain would have sufficed to reverse this a crowded week. Of the events to be situation; but in cricket (as I have expected in the next we shall reserve

tched eventualities.

Sir John Brown, touching whose the assistance of the people of Serbia has

Manchester Evening News.

# "Our Day."

Mr. Punch begs leave to remind his generous readers that a special effort is to be made on Thursday, October 21st, to raise funds for the support of the splendid work that is being carried on by the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem for our wounded at the Front and for those of our Allies. Among their many noble services these Societies have already sent out 5,000 Surgeons, Nurses, Stretcher-Bearers, Hospital Orderlies, Motor-Ambulance Drivers; £140,000 worth of Hospital and Medical Stores; £220,000 worth of gifts for the wounded, including nearly 2,000,000 articles of clothing; 1,000 Motor-Ambulances, Lorries, Cycles, &c., which require £200,000 for a year's upkeep; and 1,200 packets of food every week to Prisoners-of-war in Germany; besides establishing Hospitals, Hospital Trains, Rest Stations and Convalescent Homes abroad. It is impossible to spend money in a better cause.

# THE BUDGET.

"Well, well," said Francesca, "this Budget of yours doesn't seem to be so popular after all."

"It's a way Budgets have," I said. "But why do you call this one mine? I hadn't the least bit of a little finger, let alone a hand, in it."

"No, you didn't absolutely make it; but you praised it up to the skies and said it was a proof of financial stability and inexhaustible resources, and a nasty smack in the eye for the Germans and all that sort of thing; and now you admit it's not popular. If it's all you said it was, people ought simply to be loving it and raving about it-but

"Oh, yes," I said, "some of them are. For instance, if you met Mr. McKenna you'd find him perfectly devoted to it."

"Oh, don't," she said.

"Don't what?" I said.

"Don't conjure up a vision of my meeting Mr. McKenna."

"Why not?" I said. Mr. McKenna's a very able man.

He once rowed in the Cambridge crew."

"Yes, yes, I know," she said; "but that was a good many years ago, wasn't it? It's had time to wear off. Now he's just bristling with figures.

"And a very good sort of thing to bristle with," I said. "If a man must bristle with something let him bristle with-

"I daresay you're right," she said. "You sometimes are. But I own I like a quiet unobtrusive bristler-the sort of man who doesn't want to take you beyond ten times ten in the multiplication table. I'm sure Mr. McKenna couldn't be persuaded to stop there. He'd be into rule of three and vulgar fractions and recurring decimals before you could turn round, and he'd pile millions and billions and trillions on your head. Where should I be with a man like that? I don't even know what four and a half per cent. is on thirteen pounds seven shillings and ninepence three farthings. Nor for the matter of that do you-now do you?"

"Francesca," I said, "I will be quite honest with you, I do not know at this moment what four and a-half per cent. is (or are) on thirteen pounds seven shillings and ninepence three-farthings. The calculation is complex and difficult, but if you give me time and a pencil and a piece of paper I will start on it with every hope of carrying it to a more or less satisfactory finish; but I warn you not to be too sanguine about it. It won't be a large sum-something well under a pound, I fancy; in fact so small that it's scarcely worth worrying about. However, if you insist I'll have a shot at it. Only you must leave me alone in the room and come back in about an hour and a-half."

"And there," said Francesca, "you have the difference between you and Mr. McKenna. If I asked him a thing like that he'd rattle out the answer without so much as blinking. 'Eleven and fivepence and forty-one fifty-thirds of a penny,' he'd say, or whatever the real answer might be. 'Next, please.' And he could go on like that for ever, even if he had scores of wives in the room with him."

"Don't you think," I said, "that you are rather jumping at conclusions about the Chancellor of the Exchequer?"

"Well," she said, "if I see a conclusion simply staring me in the face I like to go for it quick. You like to go down on your knees and crawl up to it, and you generally find it isn't there when you get to it."

"At any rate," I said, "I observe the logical processes."
"There isn't time in these days for logical processes. Things have to be done sharp and slippy.'

"Like taxation," I suggested.

"Yes, isn't it monstrous?'

"I remember," I said, "when that great statesman, Mr. GLADSTONE-

"You don't seem to have thought so much of him when

he was alive," she said.
"Anyhow," I said, "I remember when he proposed to abolish the income-tax altogether."

"And why didn't he?"

"Because the country wouldn't have it. The country scouted the mere idea and gave the old man a frightful

"Oh dear," said Francesca, "I wish I'd lived in those

"Mid-Victorian," I said. "You wouldn't have liked

"I should have loved them," she said. "It would have been like living in ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S novels."

"Yes, and you would have fallen in love with the wrong man at the beginning of the book and would have kept on refusing me-

"No; you'd have been the wrong man."

"You'd have kept on refusing me, in spite of your whole family, up to the last chapter but one.'

"And then I should have decided to be an old maid, and so we should have gone on through half-a-dozen sequels. Yes. I should have loved those days.

"However," I said, "you can't have them back, and so it's no use crying over spilt novels.'

"Never mind," she said, "there's always Mr. McKenna and his Budget.'

"And the income-tax," I said, "and the taxes on pianos and motor cars."

"Yes," she said, "why do they want those?"

"I think I can explain that," I said.

"I wish you would."
"Well," I said, "when the balance of trade——"
"What's that?" she said.

"I wish you wouldn't interrupt."

"All right," she said, "go on."
"When the balance of trade is heavily against us; that is to say when the imports largely exceed the exports-

"How naughty of them! What's an import? "An import," I said, "is something imported into this country from another country."

"I thought it was going to be that" she said. "Like guava jelly.

"Well, yes," I said, "something like that. So when there is a heavy excess of imports we have to check them.'

"Why?" she said. "I like guava jelly. I don't want it checked a bit.'

"Ah, but we mustn't spend our money on luxuries. We must learn to save," I said, "so as to-

"I see," she said; "so as to be able to pay more and more in taxes. I've got it at last.'

"Yes," I said, "that's about the long and the short of it." "Well then," she said, "I want you to promise me one

"It's promised," I said. "What is it?"

"Promise me, when you pay our taxes, to pay them, not grudgingly, but gladly. Don't merely look pleasant, but be pleasant. It's about the only way in which we can really help in the war.'

I promised to do my best.

R. C. L.

"But we do not forget the inexorableness of Anna Domini."

Even Pope's "Great Anna, whom three realms obey," nothing to this one.

Tr. en to

Se ed Ve ng

ole nd

NA 05

is

ke

en

nt

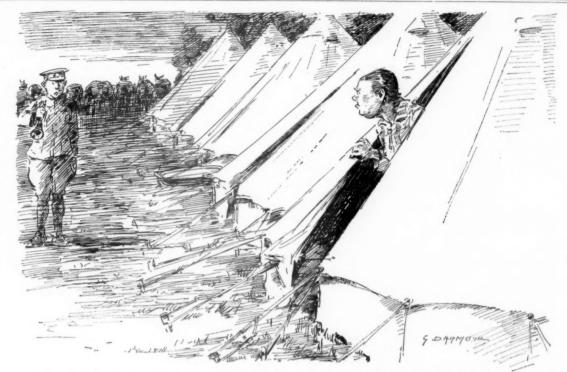
nd

ne

ot

ut

an



Newly-joined Officer (at reveille). "Confound you! That's the second time this week you've waked me up with that dashed TRUMPET OF YOURS!

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

For this great while Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick has commanded the homage of those who like an interesting story told with a pleasant touch of distinction. But I am afraid that in her latest volume, Mr. Broom and His Brother (CHAPMAN AND HALL), though the story is there—indeed two stories—the distinction is sadly to seek. The fact is that the book is composed of a brace of pot-boilers, good enough by the measure of such things, but astonishingly below the level that we have learnt to expect from Mrs. SIDGWICK. Having said this, I will admit unblushing that The first is about a Prince who is bored with Princeliness, so he runs away and becomes Mr. Broom, travelling secretary to a pair of good-hearted vulgarians. about two very wicked villains, male and female, who are in the articles of the Hague Convention; below in grim constantly endeavouring, for financial motives, to poison contrast are the Deeds of Germany, such a record of infamy nature in creating this astonishing pair, was at something of a loss how to deal with them. For one thing, the number good characters stand about and watch, struck me as an accompanies the printed version and translation. excess of generosity. Finally, however, the villains run away So he puts on his smartest uniform, which with a fine pre-

blaze of regal splendour. All of which is agreeable enough, but hardly Sidgwickian. Nor is the second story much more convincing. I can only trust that the author, having shown what she can do with puppets, will now return to the humans whom she draws so delightfully.

If ever there was a book in which you might expect white-hot anger, and find instead a constraint and sobriety infinitely more eloquent, it is the volume issued under the auspices of the French Foreign Office, and published in England, with an introduction by the translator, Mr. J. O. P. Bland, under the comprehensive title of Germany's Violations of the Laws of War (Heinemann). Here is an I read every page of both tales and could have enjoyed indictment of an army and a nation absolutely unanswerable; deadly in its direct simplicity. There are ten chapters in the book. Each of them deals with some special variety of crime, such as treachery, violations of treaty, use It is also about a fair maid, rich beyond counting, with of forbidden agents, cruelty, theft and the like. At the whom the supposed Mr. Broom falls in love. Finally it is head of each is quoted the undertaking given by Germany the heroine or push her over cliffs. I fancy somehow that as can never fade from the recollection of thinking men. Mrs. Sidgwick, having done sufficient violence to her gentle The charges are based partly on the signed and sworn testimony of responsible witnesses, more often on the writings of German officers and men, and of these writings, of tries she allows them to have at poor Patricia, while the in the large majority of cases, a photographic fac-simile method could be more utterly damning, for it allows no unharmed (to bob up serenely in the next story and murder possibility of evasion or contradiction. Out of their own somebody else) and Patricia falls into the arms of Mr. Broom. mouths Germans stand here condemned for all time as a people who have deliberately removed themselves beyond vision he appears to have brought with him on purpose, the pale of civilisation. Before such a record all prattle of and everybody bows, and the curtain comes down on a excuse and allowances must sink to an abashed silence.

Litera scripta manet; these torn and mud-stained scraps nor that the prettiest had hectic cheeks which eventually of paper, fragments from diaries and pocket-books, have built a barrier that for generations will shut out Germany from the community of the human race.

To be able to depict a bore without permitting his personality to bore the reader requires an adroitness which very few novelists possess, and Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler shows in her latest story, Ten Degrees Backward (Hodder AND STOUGHTON), that she is not one of them. For the purposes of the plot it was necessary to convince the reader that makes me cry excellent, and as for the Sort—it is that Annabel Kingsnorth was to an almost inhuman extent many people's sort, and very likely yours. endowed with stupidity and lack of humour; and Miss FowLer does it by recording her every speech, with the result that before long one's dislike of Miss Kingsnorth in it. A great weariness falls upon one. It was possibly designed to prepare me. As a rule I am not an exacting novel-thrilling than Sir Clifford's quite incidental if notorious

reader. Give me time, don't bustle me, let me brace myself up and make the effort, and I can swallow nearly anything. But the culminating point-what Americans call the punch—of Ten Degrees Backward was too much for me. On my honour as a Learned Clerk, it is this-that a wife dresses herself up in man's clothes and passes herself off on her husband for a long period of time as his brother-in-law, and he has not a suspicion of the truth till she throws her arms round his neck and bursts into tears. It is true that Miss Fowler dwells on the fact that the wife and her brother were twins and that

three hundred pages of Annabel that I was not in my best after all, what is Art for but to conceal Life? I find no other form; it may be that I am not the swallower I thought sufficient recommendation for this ingenuous narrative, myself. The fact remains that this test of my gift for deglutition was beyond me. I am sorry, and shall try to do better next time.

To say a book is excellent is one thing; to say it is excellent of its sort is a matter so entirely different that I am afraid I cannot expect Mrs. George DE Horne Valzey to value very highly an appreciation thus qualified; but really and truly, in regard to her latest venture, Salt of Life (MILLS AND BOON), there is nothing else for it. That the class near the head of which it is to be placed is large and familiar you will understand very readily on hearing that the story has to do with lots of nice little girls turning into nice big girls, not finding adventures or even many incidents in the process, but just discovering in the most natural way imaginable how pleasant it is to look pretty, how well arranged is a scheme of things that leads in the Victorian manner to warm homes and the smiles of Baby Peter. Once in the secret you will not be surprised to learn that the jolliest lass of the troop wrote novels on the good hopes to the contrary, promised to make her famous; we have had that it is actually longer.

required her to be sacrificed in the interests of pathos; nor, indeed, that her wraith overlooked the difference between Canadian and English time in appearing to announce the event. All this, I say, you might well foresee, but you might not by any means guess what a nimble way the authoress has of sliding about the pages, patting and coaxing her dutiful children to keep them all marching abreast; nor the lavish supply of dainty humour with which the whole procession is besprinkled from 1 to 400. It is this

A title like The Wife Who Found Out (WERNER LAURIE), by the author of The Secret Flat and The Wild Widow, becomes a comprehensive dislike of the book and everything justifies one in supposing that one is meant to expect a dubious tale of domestic infelicity. Well, one gets it duly this weariness that prevented me from being able to assimi- from Miss Wentworth-James. But what Lady Carshutt late the situation for which nine-tenths of the book was really found out was something much more tremendously

aberrations. For she discovered why Léonie, or la belle Refugiée, as she is commonly called, who was alleged to have left her parents slaughtered in Termain, was devoted to such a singularly uninteresting person as Sir Clifford, the well-known inventor of the "mariscope," a dodge for detecting the approach of submarines. I dare not tell you that The Wife Who Found Out found out anything very likely; or that, in general, either incidents or setting have any plausible relation to life as it is lived; or that Léonie, who knew no English to speak of, was a credible spy or a tactful; or that Sir Clifford

the husband's sight was defective. But—no! It may be that I was so reduced by motely resembling a member of "the Naval Board." But, which from its general character, its boneless anatomy and its division into palpitating convenient lengths I should judge to have begun life as a feuilleton.



Little Girl, "A LOAF, PLEASE."

Shopkeeper. "Bread's gone up a ha'penny this morning." Little Girl. "Well, GIVE ME ONE OF YESTERDAY'S."

# The Scapegoat.

"From cotton, through Gallipoli to the resignation of Venizelos we have a chain of disasters absolutely staggering in their fatuity. I think the public must now ask firmly; 'Who is responsible?'—Austin Harrison.''—Sunday Pictorial.

We should never have dared to lay the blame on him.

"Major Yates fell wounded. Comley, who was also wounded, saw him fall, and getting up started to run fifty years to the major's side."-Evening Paper.

"He himself was within ten years of a German '77' gun."

Morning Paper.

No wonder people ask how long the War is going to last.

"Last Thursday and Friday the German positions were battered continuously for fifty hours."—Yorkshire Evening Post.

Soldiers have often said that the day at the Front seemed sly, which in the end, though for a while one had quite longer than it does at home, but this is the first intimation lly or.

een

the

ou

the

ax-

st;

the

his

18

E),

ne. ta

ulv

utt

sly

ous lis-

la

is

as

ier

erch

ng

he

he

for

of

ell

ho

ıv-

at. its

si-

is

ho

ak

a rel

reut.

er

ve,

nd

ıld

los

red

on

# CHARIVARIA.

An American, recently returned from Germany, asserts that in order to protect the Kaiser from capture or injury four soldiers made up to resemble him travel about in duplicates of the Imperial car and receive the cheers of the populace. It is charitably supposed that one at least of the dummies has gone beyond the passive rôle assigned to him, and that this accounts for some of the strange utterances attributed to the Kaiser.

After declaring that the Kaiser fires the imagination of every German "because in him there live again the combined spirits of an Alexander, a Cæsar, and a Charlemagne," the Hamburg Fremdenblatt asserts that "we Germans would gladly follow his lead through the very gates of hell, were it The qualification is surely necessary." superfluous.

Miss Mary Booth, of the Salvation Army, says that at one of the basehospitals in France, when a wounded man is to be sent home, three pieces of tape are tied at the foot of the bed, and from that moment the patient can think of nothing else. A similar phenomenon has been observed in some of the Government offices at home.

After the success of a Maubeuge factory chimney in killing a Zeppelin crew, it is reported that Sir Percy Scott is about to build a ring of similar structures all round London.

The publishers of J. R. Green's Short History of the English People announce "a new and final edition." This indication that British annals will shortly be closed has given great pleasure in Berlin. 1/2 1/2

Mr. Appleton, secretary of the General Federation of Trade Unions, is reported to have said that "those who were in favour of conscription were not playing cricket." He might have added, with at least equal truth, that some of those who are opposed to conscription are still playing football.

According to Sir HERBERT TREE (as reported in a Birmingham paper) "only the force and calm of humour of our night clubs. could stay us from crossing the borderland which separated despair from madness." But where are we at present?

On learning from The British Medical minor poets have retired from business. sterner stuff.



THE PROFESSIONAL SPIRIT.

Garage Assistant. "There's the Zeppelin, Sir-right overhead! Come in, or SHE 'LL HAVE A BOMB ON US! Enthusiastic Engineer. "MY! AIN'T HER ENGINES BUNNING SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL!"

A Mitcham woman was fined £5 at

The Chicago Times reports that JACQUES LEBAUDY, "Emperor of treatment in an American asylum for

gi,

In an otherwise appreciative notice Croydon recently for taking a bite out of the new play at the Kingsway of a police-sergeant's hand. For the Theatre, the writer observes, "As yet, same money she might almost have of course, there are plenty of signs of had a whole cheese sandwich at one immatunity." It is a nice word, but we should have been inclined to reserve it for a musical comedy.

It is expected that the distribution Sahara," has consented to undergo of the Nobel Prizes will again be suspended this year. This will be a Journal that the heart is "insensitive what he calls "those sudden ideas." great disappointment to the Kaiser, to direct stimulation" several of our Some of our War experts are made of who had counted on getting one for his efforts in the cause of peace.

# BALKAN NURSERY RHYMES.

(After Tennyson's lullaby in "Sea Dreams.")

> "What does little birdie say In her nest at break of day?"

WHAT does little FERDIE say In his tent behind the fray "I'm afeared," says little FERDIE, "I shall lose my head some day." FERDIE, wait a little longer Till the hate of you grows stronger, And your nose a little longer-You shall lose your head some day.

What does little Tino say In his chamber, Athens way? "Let me off," says little Tino, "I don't want to join the fray." Tino, what of Salonika? Though his fides may be Græca, For the sake of Salonika Tino too shall join the fray.

What does little MEHMED say In his harem, far from gay? "Since you ask me, I was thinking I should like to run away. Whether England knocks me silly, Or I wipe the boots of WILLY, I shall end by looking silly; I'm a loser either way."

# THE GRAND FLEET.

(With acknowledgments to the American author of the articles, "With the Grand Fleet," written for "The Times" of London, Eng.)

THE sea!

situated on it, Jonah was thrown into

tions that bring the throbbing heart of known, time-honoured, immemorial every gun its adjunct of shot and shell! sea—what do I behold? A Fleet! At moments I felt that I must be on

For some reason, unfathomable as the waters, I am permitted to go round there came like a flash to me that this Fleet. And I will tell you all about it.

As a Dry Goods Store is directed by by an Admiral. JELLICOE is his name, but JELLICOE is not his nature.

Square, but he would be disappointed. The column would hurt you if it fell on you; Jellicoe is not like that.

The Commander-in-Chief walks the deck of the Unsinkable. Like his great predecessor of the Pinafore, he carries a telescope under his arm. When he wishes to see anything distant he applies the telescope to his eye -not to a blind eye, as did Lord Nelson, but to a seeing, hearing, watching eye. He paces the deck, and as he paces a tense air of attention seems to spread galvanically amongst his men. They stand alert and upright; they do not slouch; their hands are not in their pockets; their backs are not turned carelessly on their Admiral.

Yet Jellicoe is not a harsh or brutal tyrant; he is a good and kindly man. He is strong and yet gentle; cleanshaven and yet devout; and capable, so they say. His men love him, and his country will learn to appreciate him now that I have told it of his real worth. And always remember that he bears gladly with neutral journalists.

From the contemplation of Jellicoe I pass on to other ships and other men. And here let me tell you that the Captains and Admirals are chiefly remarkable for this, that they are not senile; and that life for them is one ceaseless round of duties. Would you have thought it if I had not told you?

And the ships! Here lie the giant Hyena and the massive Gnu, with their glossy guns and shining Salamis looked on it, WILLIAM THE Midshipmen. Young men too, these Conqueror crossed it, Lipton and latter, with not a grey hair amongst Dewey have sailed it, Brighton is them. Here is the Lady Squadron -the good Queen Anne, the saucy it, and I myself have been sick of it Bloody Mary, the Susie that does not on my way to Europe to write articles. sew shirts. Here rises the Insoluble, There are different sections of the hard hit in the Balkan Peninsula. sea, and it is not to be inferred that The shell made one hole as it came in this part of it is identical with any- and another as it went out, but both thing scheduled above. On the con- apertures are now closed up-such is trary, it is another section. But it the wonderful thoroughness of naval is the same sea—breezy, wet, briny, organization. Here roll the tiny Deswith little waves that splash and big troyers, grey as their own sea, black as waves that do rather more, and undula- their own coal, white as-no, not white as. And, mind you, every ship has a journalist nearer to his palpitating its complement of well-trained menmouth. And on this sea-this well- not a German amongst them-and

> my own North American Fleet, and memorable phrase of one of my countrymen-"Blood is thicker than water.

I see it all, not as in a dream, but a Wanamaker, so is this Fleet directed in a waking reality—great vessels melting into horizons and looming out of distances; gaunt guns and slumbering find in him some physical resemblance less; decks a-scrub and spars a-shine; now in the right hands.

NELSON'S column in Trafalgar canvas that passes in the night. It is all there

> And through the haze, and the sea, and the sun-rise and the sun-set, and all my bag of journalistic tricks-above and below all this, what is the inner meaning of this mighty sea and this storm-tossed Fleet? To me it is clear. Its message—its meaning—is this: that over the bosom of this selfsame sea, and under the guns of this selfsame Fleet, a neutral country may render its invoices and ship its goods and haul in its dollars in perfect safety and happiness-yea, even trade its Christmas purchases with Germany! Some Fleet!

Hounds of War. Mr. H. A. Cruso recently had a poem in The Westminster Gazette on the subject of the "impatience" of our

ships:-Of the old grey sea, Straining and tugging our leash to be free. Hark! hark! Do you hear us bark?"

He went on to show that these barking (sic) greyhounds are very anxious to follow the scent (sic) and chase their quarry to its lair (sic). We fear that Mr. Cruso must have been some time on his desert island and missed the Waterloo Cup meetings. Or perhaps there is a difference between Waterloo and Trafalgar greyhounds.

## Le Mot Juste.

From a story in The Christian World:

"She fingered her copper tresses gingerly."

" Private -- has had a series of misfortunes. He lost his hat and his money on coming home from France, he missed his train going back (and was delayed until last Tuesday), and now he has just missed lesing his life."

Wolverhampton Express and Star.

Private -- is understood to be bearing up under the last misfortune with remarkable fortitude.

"According to press reports German troops and artillery are being transferred from Galicia to the Siberian front."

Liverpool Evening Express.

The Russians, we understand, are giving them every facility in the way of railway-trains and escorts.

"Desirous of making the whole Chamber acquainted with the military and diplomatic situation in the East the Committee on Eternal Affairs unanimously decided to ar-range a preliminary meeting for to-morrow." Morning Paper.

An American might well expect to torpedoes; winking yard-arms of wire- The Everlasting Eastern Question is



# OUR FRIEND THE ENEMY.

JOHN BULL (very calmly). "AH, HERE HE COMES AGAIN-MY BEST RECRUITER."

15.

It is sea, and bove nner this

lear. this: same self-

may oods fety its y!

da on our

to arkious

heir that ime the naps rloo

tian ly."

misy on his last

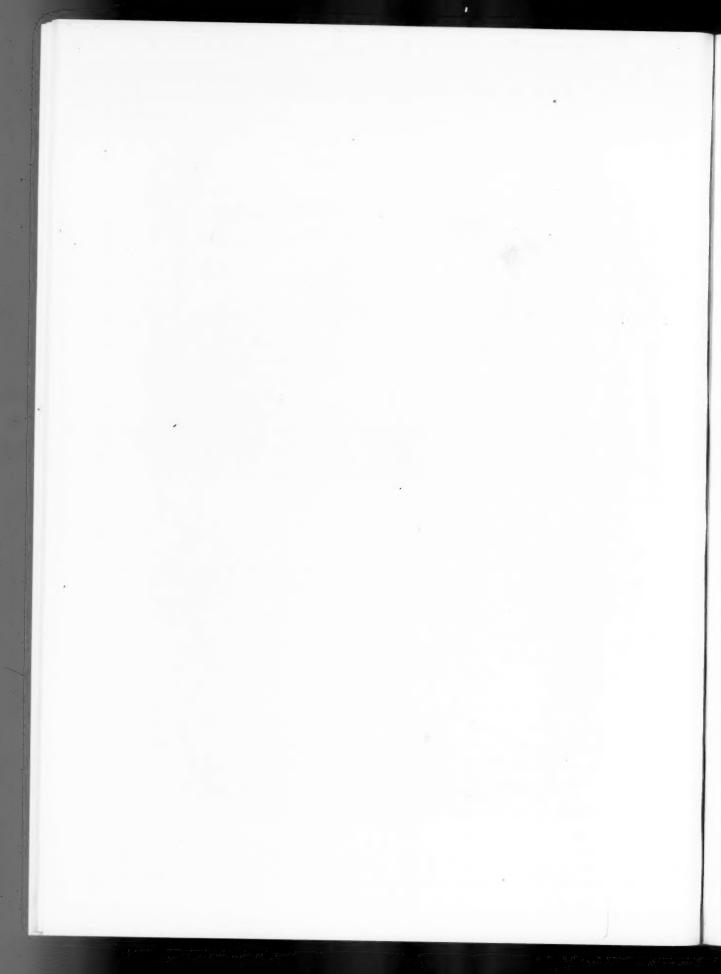
earvith oops licia

r.

ss. givof of

nber atic on ar-w."

is





Wounded Soldier, "IT ACHES SOMETHING CRUEL." Visitor. "HAVE YOU TOLD THE DOCTOR?"

Soldier. "No. I DON'T TELL HIM MUCH OF HOW I FEELS-IT ONLY DISCO RAGES HIM."

# THE CENSOR AMONG THE POETS.

Public attention was recently drawn to the action of the Government Censor in excising the words "and the kings" from the well-known line of Mr. KIPLING'S "Recessional":-

"The captains and the kings depart."

The alleged reason was that no kings could depart as there were no kings there; but the excision was really made on the ground that the Censor could Delete phrase about light. not admit any reference to the movements of Royalty.

As journalists, however, in spite of the privileges accorded to them, continue to indulge in the miscellaneous citation of English verse, with complete disregard of military consequences, we understand that a large number of instructions are about to be issued by the Simple Simons of the Censorship, for the guidance of those who insist on quoting familiar lines. Thus:-

"Drink to me only with thine eyes." Delete " with thine eyes," as suggesting defective water-supply.

"Come into the garden, Maud." For "garden" read "basement." Official Directions.

"It was a summer evening, Old Kaspar's work was done."

Delete second line as calculated to encourage unfavourable view of English industry. Old Kaspar should be represented as working overtime at nearest munition factory.

"Oft in the stilly night, Ere slumber's chain hath bound me, Fond memory brings the light," &c.

memory should not bring a light of any kind at this hour. See Police Regulations.

"They grew in beauty side by side, They filled one home with glee."

Cancelled as direct incitement to babykillers.

"Ye distant spires, ye antique towers, That crown the watery glade.'

Delete second line as likely to assist enemy in location of important national buildings.

" Mary had a little lamb."

See Delete last three words as suggesting shortage of food supply.

"I shot an arrow into the air; It fell to earth, I know not where."

Delete second line, which might be taken to indicate inaccuracy of antiaircraft marksmanship.

# Aunty-Aircraft.

A married daughter living "somewhere in London" was asked to wire home if safe after Zeppelin raid. The following telegram was received in

"Aunt talked so hard we heard neither bombs nor guns."

"The vessel [a Zeppelin] seems to have lost its bearings, for it had apparently been cruising about the Zuider Zee before the fusillade of the centuries brought its commander to realise his position."

He felt then that time was against him.

"The lowest price consols has reached was in 1797, when, owing to the meeting at the Nose, the figure fell to £47¶."

The delicacy of feeling which prompts this veiled allusion to the Mutiny at the Nore will be much appreciated in Naval circles.

# A GENERAL RISING.

THE telephone began it. I walked, after my custom, briskly into the callbox, raised the receiver and asked for the number—a thing I have done for years. I then extracted from my pocket the two pennies which had been carefully placed there for the purpose and waited.

The girl's voice at last sounded: "Put three pennies in the slot and be ruined turn the handle," she said.

I bade h

with anything.

"Put how many?" I asked.

"Three pennies in the slot and turn the handle," she replied.
"Why three?" I inquired icily.

"The price has gone up," she said.

"Why?" I asked. " What is dearer?"

"I don't know," she said. "Everything's gone up."

"But it's a swindle," I declared. "It's-

"Put three pennies in the slot and turn the handle," she broke in.

"I can't," I said.
"I've only brought two."

"Then you can't telephone," she replied. She had the grace to add, "I'm sorry."

"But I'm an old customer," I said. "I'm one of your best customers.

"I can't help it," she replied.

"Mayn't I owe you a penny?" I asked.

"I'm sorry, but it can't be done," she replied.

"All right," I said. "You can tell them that in future all I have to say I shall write on halfpenny postcards. They've lost a good friend. And I came away.

This bitter experience proved to be a fitting prelude to a disenchanting day.

Going next to my tobacconist for a new half-pound tin of what used once to be harmlessly and playfully merely cut off your nose. called "Plutocrat Mixture," for which I have been in the habit of paying at the rate of sevenpence an ounce, I put down two half-crowns, expecting four- charge. The War, you know." pence change.

"I'm very sorry," said the tobacconist, "but it's gone up. It's tenpence an ounce now."

"Why?" I asked.

"The new taxation," he said.

since the Budget," I said.

He averted his eyes, and I perceived that I had hit the truth.

"It's old stock," I said, "and you ought to give an old customer the benefit of it. If you haven't paid extra on it why should I?

He said it was impossible for him, doing the trade he did, to know what was old stock and what was new. All he knew was that the tax on tobacco had gone up and he would shortly

I bade him a permanent farewell and You could have knocked me down in another shop purchased a cheap tobacco which burnt my tongue and is burning it even now as I write.

Then, having a cold, I went to the chemist's for some asperin. For a I inquired. tiny bottle of tabloids he asked two shillings.

"MY DEAR! CHAMPAGNE IN WAR TIME!"

"Absurd," I said.

"You won't get it cheaper," he said. "It's gone up. It's going up more

"I used to get that for tenpence or less," I said as I left the shop. "Two shillings! Pooh.'

But I had to pay two shillings before I had done, or go without. That's the worst of things that one really wants; the shopkeepers always get you in the end. In spiting them you

I then went to be shaved.

"I'm sorry," said the barber, "but we've had to add twopence to the

I said I knew it.

"How?" he asked. "It's in the air," I said.

"Oh, no, Sir," he replied, "not the 'air. In the lather. Lather 's gone up."

I was now due to fulfil with extreme "I don't believe you got this stock in reluctance an old engagement in the The Anti-Slavery Society ought to in-

Having taken my seat I asked him if he had heard of the great advance.

He stopped in whatever diabolical task he was performing at his box of tricks and turned round excitedly.

"Has there?" he said. "Where? In France?'

"No," I said, "in price. Everything 's dearer."

He completed his grisly preparations, and then, having got me well into his power, he began to talk. He said that it was an awful bore and he was very sorry, but he and his partner, much against their own wish, had been forced to-ah-slightly augment their fees.

"I suppose forceps are much dearer?"

" Wellah--" he said.

"And hot water," I continued, "I'm sure that's risen."

He finished my poor mouth in silence, which. at any rate, was something to be glad about.

Such was by now the state of my nerves that I literally sobbed with joy and relief when, on entering a post-offic and inquiring of the young lady the price of a penny stamp, she replied, "One penny." I felt as if I would never buy anything else. Is the gum, I wonder, nutritious enough to support life?

That evening I sat down and wrote a letter to be sent to the editors of all the papers to which I succeed in

contributing articles. "Dear Sir (I wrote),—I beg to inform you that in consequence of the War and the rise in the cost of paper, pens and ink, I have been reluctantly forced to increase my price from one penny to

one penny farthing a line."
But I did not send it. Literary men have no courage. Also they are not necessaries.

"Two young Ladies (at present Tailoresses) desire change of occupation; would not object to taking gentleman's position."

Eastbourne Gazette.

Another triumph for the sex! It takes nine tailors to make a man, but only two tailoresses to make a gentleman.

"Would a Lady, giving up her school, sell her boarders, Girls, to a first-class Inland School, 20 miles out of London? Liberal terms."—Morning Paper.

electrocuting—I mean—dentist's chair. tervene to get these boarders enlarged.

5. him

lical x of

ere?

ery-

ons,

his

that

very

uch rced

r?"

I'm

oor

ich,

me-

out. the

hat

vith

. on

ffic :

the

e of

re-

ever Is

nu-

sup-

sat

a

the

pers

d in

orm

War

ens

reed

y to

men

not

bject

kes

only

, sell

beral

inged.

n.

te.

## MEATLESS MAGIC.

[In Health Without Meat Mrs. EUSTACE Miles gives various recipes, in which amongst other ingredients, appear "emprote" and "embovno."]

How happy the lot of the veg-er, Who, nursed in the ethics of SMILES,

Has never attended the Leger And feeds in the manner of MILES; Rich luncheons that cost half-a-sov, no Attraction exert on his mind,

But he loves his "emprote" and "embovno"-

So cheap, yet refined.

Disasters are certain to flatten Beyond any hope of relief Carnivorous people who batten On gobbets of mutton and beef; The downfall of Warsaw and Kovno Struck many a meat-eater dumb, But, thanks to "emprote" and "emboyno,

I didn't succumb.

What fruit or what plant they are torn

No layman can ever divine; What Milesian soil they are born from I cannot discover; in fine,

What they make these ingredients of no Poor doggerel bard can make clear, Tis enough that "emprote" and "embovno"

Enrapture the ear.

# ZEPPELINS AND OTHER "MUCK."

I RECENTLY selected a remote East Anglian village for the purpose of a short holiday and much-needed rest. My one recreation was to discuss with the inhabitants the Great War, of which I found some of them had heard. Indeed, the visit of a Zeppelin had struck terror into the heart of at least one old woman. "Them there Zett'lins," she said-" I almost shruk as I heerd the mucky varmints a-shovellin' on the coals-dare! dare! How my pore heart did beat!"

"But they weren't likely to trouble you?" I suggested, for she lived in the centre of three isolated single-room cottages dedicated to the poor.

But the old lady thought "them Jarmans" might mistake these picturesque little dwellings for the homes of the gentry. So she crept for safety, she said, into her next-door neighbour's bed o' nights, for she dasn't sleep alone. The German frightfulness had struck home here right enough, which would doubtless bring much joy to the Teuton bosom, were it known.

A bomb from the Zeppelin had dropped near the church, which it lit up. An onlooker informed me that it names of familiar places. "fared to him like the body of the chach a-floatin' away—that it did and all! It made a clangin'," he added, after much cogitation, "but it might be stand."



Special (to Citizen retired for the night, whom he has called up). "Your ground-floor window's open; and now I must report you for showing too much light."

description to one who had some personal recollections to draw on.

said, "and Jimmy's in that hare old till the men come and cart us away." Dardelles." This, be it noted, is a land

'like a covey of lorries with their a yare ago come muck-spreadin'." The innards broke loose"-not an inapt word "muck," like the article itself, is of universal application in Norfolk, and the local calendar usually starts from Another inhabitant, with a face as that odoriferous season. On condoling expressionless as the "turmots" he once with a young woman, wearily was hoeing, informed me that he had waiting for her defaulting lover, I saw two boys fighting. "One on 'em is in tears in her eyes as she said," We girls France, wherever that might be," he are just so much muck; we have to wait

A Belgian family had been imported of contractions, and the old inhabitant into the locality, though since removed. invariably clips out of recognition the I inquired if they were liked. "Well enough," was the answer, "but they

# THE WATCH DOGS.

XXVII.

My DEAR CHARLES,-You are not to assume from this long interval of silence that I have conceived a sudden dislike for you. So long as you continue to purvey cigarettes I shall always love you, and for all that I have bettered myself by moving from a platoon to an army I am still not

I don't know exactly how my change of situation got started, but I know that the affair was conducted through the "usual channels." Have you ever met the "usual channels," my friend? Have you ever tried to correspond from the bottom to the top of the military machine? If you want to experience the sensation, you had better take the first opportunity; there aren't many wars long enough for the purpose.

I incline to think that the fellow who first started my affair, lightheartedly coining the now immortal text, "Lieut. Henry, transfer, proposed for, of," has lived to regret his folly, and that the only reason why I am left where I am is that all concerned eventually got so tired with the process of getting me up from a platoon lunch-time, stood him a good meal and to an army that none could be induced to take the pains to get me back from the army to another platoon.

Be that as it may, the idea, when first mooted, caught on; it became a vogue. All the people who matter had a dip in it. A.B.C.'s and Assistant for describing me, in my Movement A.B.C.'s, X.Y.Z.'s and Deputy X.Y.Z.'s formed the daily habit of bandying my name about amongst them for each other's information, please; for each move. Judging from the pace of the other's guidance, please; for each other's necessary action, please. No one said, "This correspondence must now cease," and only I was kept out of it, never so much as a picture-postcard coming to sit still and watch themselves being my way.

Now you may go on increasing correspondence as long as buff slips and indelible pencils hold out, and no lot and risk being lost himself . . . of me, which reminded him that the life but something out of the way. "Reference" of the minutes and memos in existence," capable of bearing its man with a lot of dependants and not own troubles. And so at last the much constitution; so they relented and

documents (in a parcel) came to me with a note, "For your information, guidance and necessary action." No the engine, wished me luck, and left it

please," mark you!

Being then a child in these matters I read the correspondence right through, starting from the top and working down to the bottom. From the chaos only one thing at all definite emerged: this Lieutenant whom all the trouble was about would eventually have to report to someone. The never-to-be-forgotten maxim of the advertisement occurred to me: "Do IT Now!" But to whom to report? The Adjutant being out of the question, I thought of our regimental Quartermaster, a kindly and intelligent man; I reported to him. He told me that on these occasions there were two alternatives only, the one being to read from the bottom to the top, the other not to read at all. For the future he strongly recommended the latter; in the present instance he was not concerned and didn't propose to be. There's no getting round Quartermasters, so I went along to the nearest rail-head to do some more reporting there. I got in touch with the R.T.O., and, ignoring his air of detachment, I kept in touch with him till then took him and forced him into my confidence. In his anxiety to work off some of his own papers on to me he forgot to return the original pile, so I left him without another word, though I should have liked to take him to task Order, as a "consignment.

It was now clear to me that, having a movement order, it was up to me to train it had no movement order or, at most, a very slight one. The motto of trains in the zone of the armies is "Jy suis; j'y reste." Passengers have just overtaken by battalions on the march, using their own judgment to decide whether the train has stopped and, if so, whether for good or just temporone (in war-time) will say you nay. arily for a day or so. For my own But the time arrives when the clip part I was prepared to stay where I becomes unequal to the duty for which was for eternity, and had nearly done it is attached. In my case the papers so when I found myself at the town, happened to be in the hands of the necessarily anenymous, at which Adjutant when the clip struck further G.H.Q. resides. Feeling that what work. The Adjutant had not the is good enough for G.H.Q. is good necessary daring or initiative to divide enough for me, I got out. Fresh from the bundle in two. There seemed to my long period of rest, I began reportbe nothing to do but to lose the ing again, starting with a Military Policeman and ending with a General, and then, by chance, he caught sight not one of your generals of everyday

G.H.Q. proposed to put me into was, after all, a "reasonable creature, another train, but I urged that I was a

put me on a motor-bicycle instead. They told me where to go to, started to Providence or the process of attrition to effect the necessary halt. A fortunate skid brought me to a standstill at my proper destination, and, having indicated to an orderly the direction in which the bicycle was proceeding when I last saw it, I brushed the mud off me and looked about. Above all else, a notice-board with Camp Commandant printed across it made an irresistible appeal to me.

He fixed me up with a billet and a mess and then took steps to get rid of me. I explained, with submission, that to go now only meant to come back and report again later, so he settled down to the matter and made out a list of further likely victims for my relentless persecution. I asked him to name the likeliest. He put his money on the "G" Office, as being the most recent indentors for nibs, blotting-paper and a new chair and table. So I stepped across to the "G" Office, frowned at the orderlies, smiled at the Sergeant-Major, shook hands with the Lieutenants, saluted all the others, and, before I realised the grim horror of it, found myself at work, where I've stayed ever since, although you might have supposed that this is war, not work.

But it isn't all in an office, far away from the smoke and dirt. No, there are two great phrases for which the historian of this war will have a rubber stamp; the one is "to circulate," the other "to function." But there are advantages in having a home to return to of an evening. And it all has something to do with the War, as I'll hope to show you in my next letter

or two.

Meanwhile I do wonder what the R.T.O. did about that correspondence. Probably he made a dozen efforts to get it "Passed to you, please," received it back time after time, and eventually in despair set it alight and cast himself into the flames.

> Yours ever, HENRY.

## Belles Lettres.

"Wanted, well-bound books for library bookshelves; contents immaterial if binding in perfect condition."-The Lady.

## Trench Uniform.

"I really could not face John when he returned from the front in last winter's narrow skirts obviously widened with unexpected bits put in."-Morning Paper.

# Another Impending Apology.

"For sale, 300 good sound sleepers; may be Church, Ealing. viewed at St. -Middlesex County Times.

15.

tead. arted eft it ition ortuill at g inn in vhen l off else. dant tible and get subeant ater, atter ikely tion. He e, as for chair the rlies, hook d all the rork, ough is is

way

here

bber

the

are

turn

ome-

I'll

etter

the

ence.

s to

eived

ally

nself

Y.

brary

nding

10 TO-

l bits

ay be

es.



First Recruit. "What do you think of the Major, Bill?"

Second Recruit. "He's a changeable kind o' bloke. Last night I says to 'im, ''Oo goes there?' an' he says, 'Friend!';

an' to-day 'E 'ardly knows me."

carried to the ducal entrance-hall. Here

I came in contact with the System

(with a capital S) which dominates the

place. A huge ledger, a lady clerk, an

assistant lady clerk, an imposing young

officer directed their united efforts on

specially wanted to work in that casual

"My dear Duchess." I had practised

it so well that it would sound as if I

"Ah, Territorials," he said, as if a

"Well, I have T. on my tunic, haven't

"Still twenty eight. I'll let you

wounded Territorial was not quite the

"Yes, yes," he said hastily and confused. "Age?"

know the minute I have a birthday.

used the title every day.
"Name?" said the I.Y.O.

I told him.

"Twenty-eight."

"Sixth Blankshires."

same as a wounded soldier.

"Regiment?"

I?" I snapped.

"Age?"

But where was my hostess? I

## HER GRACE'S HOSPITAL

WITH that close secrecy which seems inseparable from all things military, it was not until nearly the end of an allday train journey that our destination was divulged to us. It was the Duchess of Blankshire's Hospital, ---. Well, that was fitting at least, and I tried to forget my wounds in framing a suitable greeting to her Grace when she met me on the platform. "Ah, Duchess," I would say, "but how kind of you to come down." Beyond that I could Beyond that I could make no progress. I decided to leave the rest to the inspiration of the The last hour was an Irish moment. mile, and by the time I reached my strength, temper, patience and courtesy were utterly exhausted. I was carried out and into the ambulance. All sense of decency was then thoroughly shaken out of me, and I was brought to the door of the Hospital thirsting for someone's blood. And the Duchess hadn't come to the station. She must have been misinformed about the train. I prepared to talk down her apologies. "Not at all, my dear Duchess; how could you tell?" etc. Taken out of the ambulance I was

"Where are you wounded?"
"Head, back, thigh, calf, foot."

I was taking no risks of clumsy handling from orderlies.

"Date?"

"September 5th."

"Tetanus injection?"

" Yes."

" Date?"

"September 4th."

He looked puzzled. I knew that would beat him. He didn't know I'd been wounded on different days.

"The day before the wound?"
"Yes. You see I heard it coming.
Long range shrapnel, you know."

Then they carried me to my ward and there came to meet me quite the youngest thing in nurses you could imagine. She looked about sixteen, but I suppose she was more as they don't let them loose so early. She had pencil on lip, paper in hand, and withal a serious and inquiring look on her round face.

"Oh, what's the matter with you?" she asked, as if expecting me to say I had fallen off a lorry or tried conclusions with a taxi. I looked at her solemnly as I explained: "I've got wounded in this War that's going on—against Germany, you know." It was perhaps too bad. She was covered with confusion.

The large ward was glittering white. Graceful girls moved about and looked



"I suppose that old gentleman's awf'ly afraid of being run over. D'you see, Mummy? He's got his kerbs whitened."

asked about my wounds. Nothing could have been more soothing than her eyes-blue and clear. I sank in them for a bit and then she melted away into dreamland . .

"You see it was this way, Duchess," I was saying over a cigar as we sat together on the verandah after dinner. . . "Time to get washed," said a fierce voice in my slumbers.

Yes, it was full of system. It took me two hours and five different applications to get some soap and water outside the routine. But I got it. It was a triumph. Then the curtains. They must all be pulled to one particular side. I got mine put in the middle for the sake of my eyes. All day long I recited to each successive rectifier of the curtain how the light hurt my eyes. Of course I was asleep sometimes and they got it put right. Then it appeared that one's nose must be in line with the centre fold of the bed mat. I was glad I had a straight nose.

On the following afternoon, when I was feeling a little exhausted after many curtain, pillow and blanket disagree-

Then one in blue-and- ments, there came a lady with a friendly white came to me and smiled. She greeting. I didn't see what her job was, so I said sternly and suspiciously, "Have you been here before?

"Oh, yes," she said cheerfully, "I'm often here."

"But have you come to see me before?'

"Yes, I have," she answered. Then I saw her eyes. Splosh! I was in again right over the ears.

"Yes, I remember you now," I said dreamily; "you were dressed in blue. It suits you better. Won't you always come in blue?

"Well, I'll think about it," she laughed. "How are things going?"

"Oh, not badly at all, but of course Duchess how to improve things.'

"Tell me," she smiled. "Well, she didn't come to meet me yesterday, and wasn't even in the hall. Of course it may have been the War Office that was to blame. They do say KITCHENER is very busy these days.

"That was too bad; but hasn't she been to see you since?

"No," I said gloomily.

"Well, next time you're wounded the infant will over-walk her.

she'll make a point of going to the station, I'm sure. Now, what else?"

"Well, these plates are made so that they spin round and round on the tray, making it difficult, if not impossible, to eat with one hand. You see, you can't corner the stuff with your fork." And I told her many things of equal im-

"All right. I must fly now, but I'll not forget anything you've said."

"Nurse, who was that?" I said when she had gone.

"Oh, that's the Duchess of Blankshire," answered the daughter of -K.C.

I turned over and groaned. And I in some minor matters I could tell the hadn't managed to work in "My dear Duchess" at all. Still, it's not every-body who has told her Grace of Blankshire, on an acquaintanceship of a few moments, that she looks best in blue.

"Young Lady Wanted immediately, to take child of 3 to walk from 9.30 to eleven and from two to five."—Morning Paper.

She must be in good condition, too, or



the ?" hat ay, to m't and m-

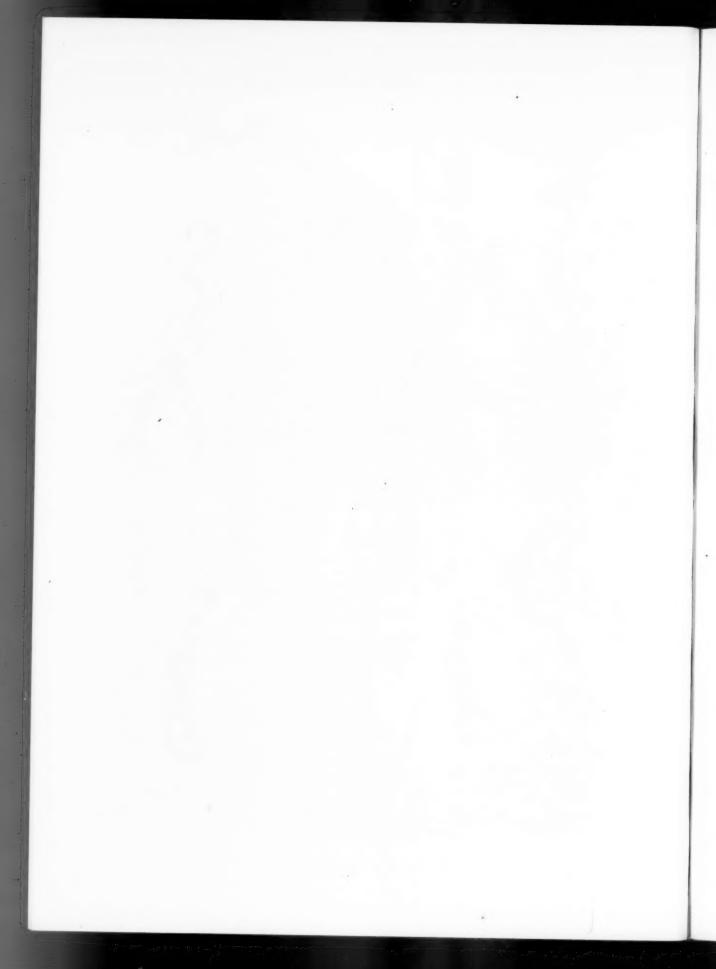
aid ak-

I

of of

est

HEROIC SERBIA.



# ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Tuesday, October 19th.-Of a hundred and twenty-one Questions on the Paper twenty-five addressed to PRIME MINISTER. Covered various controversial points. Put down chiefly by his nominal supporters, the Providences that sit below Gangway and look after the higher welfare of the poor P.M. Seemed to promise lively interlude. PREMIER would either snub his esteemed but inquisitive followers, or he would make statements on a succession of important problems.

The unexpected happened, as it not infrequently does in House of Commons. Of all men HENRY HERBERT is on the sick list, he who as Premier beats the record in length of time for not having been absent a single day from work owing to illness.

HANDEL BOOTH disconsolate. Ground out mournful note of inquiry as to how long Premier likely to be absent and whether meanwhile MINISTER OF MUNI-TIONS, man of leisure upon whose hands time hangs heavily, might not undertake to gratify patriotic curiosity of Members below Gangway by replying to miscellaneous inquiries.

SPEAKER did not know how long LEADER OF HOUSE likely to be away. Could only hope "the time would be very short.

General cheer expressed concurrence with this desire. Bad time just now for the captain to be off the bridge.

Carson another absentee at Question time. When Colonel Sir F. E. SMITH, having doffed his khaki, presented himself to reply for Attorney-General he was greeted by hilarious cheer. Being inarticulate its precise meaning was left undefined. Understood to be "Ha! Ha! We know all about what has happened in the Cabinet during the last ten days, and why Carson, most amiable, unassertive of men, could stick it no longer."

Questions disposed of, House got into Committee on Budget Bill. As usual, real business thus entered upon served as signal for emptying of House. Amid bustle of departure Herr Ginnell came to front with motion to exclude Ireland from imposition of Tea Duty. Genially announced intention to move analogous amendment in respect of subsequent clauses imposing for War purposes new taxes or increase of duty.

Summed up situation in Ireland in pregnant sentence. Most of the money raised by these taxes imposed upon Ireland was, he said, spent in England on production of munitions of war. Argal, in absence of employment thus brought about, young Irishmen were Englishmen who stayed at home and explaining his motive, seats himself at worked in the munition factories.

Facts not precisely accurate; in respect of rules of logic argument faulty. But Committee felt that HERR GINNELL had more nearly hit nail on head than



"Where on earth is Canson?" Sir F. E. SMITH.

is his habit when he, not infrequently, takes hammer in hand.

Business done.-Budget Bill in Committee. Procedure marked by incident, long unfamiliar, of divisions. No fewer than three taken, minority numbering in succession 20, 26 and 36.

Wednesday. - In accordance with immemorial custom a Cabinet Minister, having resigned his connection with



"Here I am !" SIC EDWARD CARSON.

compelled to enlist and fight for young the Government and being desirous of Gangway-end of Bench immediately behind that where his former col-leagues sit. Thence, thirty-five years ago, W. E. FORSTER rose, driven out of office by the untiring animosity of the Parnellites. Later in the same year JOHN BRIGHT resigned the important office now held by the ARTISTIC WINston, and from this corner seat explained inability to agree with his colleagues in that British intervention in Egyptian affairs which has proved an untold blessing to a tyrant-ridden impoverished race.

EDWARD CARSON, having resigned Attorney-Generalship and withdrawn from Cabinet, made to-day unique record. Returning to old quarters on Front Opposition Bench, he thence, like Truthful James, "rose to explain."

A ready, practised speaker, he on this solemn occasion did not trust himself to make a speech. He read a paper. Essay composed in excellent taste. Not a word of argument or criticism, much less of recrimination. Paid personal tribute to unvarying courtesy of PRIME MINISTER. Would not suggest that his views about difficulties arising in Eastern theatre of war might possibly be compared with those of men who have much more experience and greater wisdom in dealing with such situations. At same time they were "very strongly held. conscientiously and patriotically.

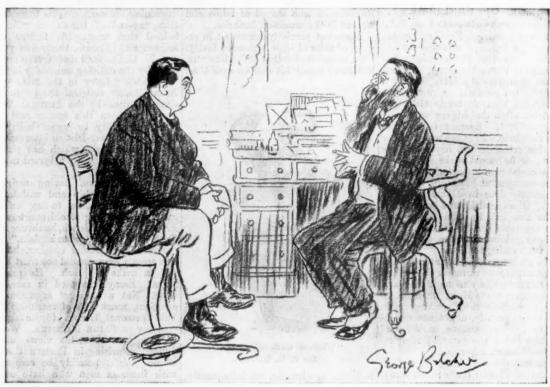
In such circumstances he thought his continuance in office would be rather a source of weakness than of strength. Therefore he had withdrawn.

Outburst of applause that greeted his rising was confined to political friends on Opposition Benches. On resuming his seat a general cheer paid tribute to the excellent tone and temper of his remarks.

Business done .- Sat up in Committee on Budget Bill till a quarter past one in the morning. The stage still unfinished.

Thursday.- Fresh hue-and-cry after the anonymous but immortal Censor who has been severely sub-editing KIP-LING and BROWNING. House particularly anxious to know whether it be possible that this century has produced two such geniuses. Did one deal with KIPLING, whilst the other tackled Browning? Or was one mighty mind equal to both triumphs? The Home Secretary, alike cautious and agile, would not commit himself on this point. Really couldn't say; believed there might be two of them.

Businessdone. - Postal and Telegraph Rates Bill went through Committee, was reported and read a third time.



Patient. "I GET LUMBAGO AWFULLY BADLY, DOCTOR. DO YOU THINK YOU CAN DO ANYTHING FOR ME?" Doctor. "Well, I ought to know bomething about it. I've been a mabtyr to it all my life."

# AT THE FRONT.

IF you should happen to get into you to take over a farm, don't you have it without a character. You've got no idea how farms vary.

There is the Never-been-crumped months kind, and the May-be-crumpeds, and Will-probably-be-crumpeds, and the Sure-to-be-crumpeds. If on inquiry you find that the farm they are trying to cajole you into belongs to either of the last two classes, you will looking cat suspected of espionage. do well to send on an advance party with a ton of gun-cotton and then holes and portions of window glass. report farm non-existent on arrival; or to apply for a transfer to the Voluntary Munition-Workers' Guild.

On the other hand you may enjoy in the healthier types an epoch of sylvan peace. Dead Spy Farm is in the second class. Except that we have to supply working parties of one hundred-and-fifty nightly-which is a difficult sort of trick to bring off with a garrison of one hundred-and-threewe are left undisturbed to the contemplation of autumn tints.

had some taste in farms. His moat is d opped in one night with firing-steps, an object lesson in how much duck- and altered the name to "King's weed you can get in without crowding Castle." Three days later it rained one of these wars and someone tells out all the water. Round the moat for ten minutes and the sides fell in, runs an avenue of trees in "Fall suit- and it was known as "The Marsh' ings" that recall the glories of Addison's and officially disused, until one day a Walk. The buildings themselves are very high sort of officer came round portly, circumstantial and four square, the lines and said all disused trenches kind, and the Not-been-crumped-for- as all good farms are. There is a garden-not all it used to be-a well, and three cats, sole representatives of bags include a moorhen and a foreign-The whole intact, except for three shell

> Talking about working parties, there is a report that our battalion is to be is still good digging to be had. Hereabouts digging resembles the ploughing of some immemorial field; one rather wonders whether there is anything about the original trenches in Doomsday Book or Magna Charta.

in the system must be reclaimed.

This order was not popular, as it would have entailed the prolonging of the late tenant. The mushrooming and the War to about 1977. However, we ratting are satisfactory, and recent began on "The Marsh" and laboured bitterly sixteen nights with hurdles and sandbags, and piles for the footboards, and called it "Half-done Terrace," to immortalise a sound beginning. The immortalisation lasted a fortnight, when a new official programme of the trenches sent to some other country where there fixed it until further notice as F. 107. Now we are fitting it with model dugouts. Of course the trench is not occupied, but it may be some day, and in the meantime it is bad for the troops to be idle.

This affair of picks and shovels has Take F. 107. We first knew F. 107 interested us as proving that the Angels as an unrevetted communication trench who retreated from Mons are not the with a sandbag floor. A brigade fatigue only incident in the War that defies traversed and footboarded it and called normal explanation. It happened that Whoever the deceased spy was, he it "King's Road." An R.E. party on a certain Tuesday there came a



HORRORS OF WAR.

Corporal (before entering the trenches). "Now, look 'ere. I'm responsible for this section, and if any of yer gets it in the neck through foolishly exposin' of 'isself-I'll give him wot for."

wire to the Company requesting an immediate report to Headquarters of all tools on the Company charge. We reported. Later, on the same day, came a second wire requesting a report of all tools on Company charge. We rereported. On Wednesday morning arrived a wire explaining that Reference No. 19 of Tuesday report was not required after all. We were very relieved to hear this. On Wednesday afternoon we received a message requesting an immediate report to Headquarters of all tools on Company charge. This time we were roused and had the message repeated. They very kindly repeated it. We re-re-reported. 7 P.M. we received a wire cancelling demand for report on tools. The Company Commander did not go sick, however, until Thursday morning, when a wire arrived: "Reference No. 7 of Wednesday: why have you not reported?" \_\_

# Super-Patriots.

"A season of French plays was opened at the Court Theatre last night in the presence of an Anglo-English audience."—Morning Paper,

# SIC TRANSIT.

"'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more."

So sang her Poet, loving well That Hellas of the days of yore, By whom the Persian despot fell, Whose puissant sword at Marathon

Of its own prowess Freedom won.

He sang; she woke—too fall'n in pride
To strive unaided—still she woke;
And England, Russia, France, allied,

Brake from her neck the Turkish voke:

At Navarino's glorious Bay

On Hellas dawned a second Day.

Lo, a new curse—the Teuton bane!

Again rings out the trumpet-call; France, Russia, England, joined again, For Freedom fight, for Greece, for all; And Greece—shall she that call ignore? Then is she living Greece no more!

### Commercial Modesty.

"—Steak and Kidney Pies. Our bread is generally good also."

Advt. in "Cape Times."

## Another Impending Apology.

"At the Palace Theatre of Varieties, Miss—— had to complete her last song in darkness, and two other items on the programme had to be deleted. No one was hurt."

Manchester Guardian.

# "NIGHT CLUBS.

BILL INTRODUCED BY THE HOME SECRETARY."
Star.

We certainly think that one of Bill's less exalted pals would have sufficiently served the purpose,

From an auction advertisement :-

"Grand piano in rosewood case, fine 'cello by Filius Antonii Fasiebat."—Surrey Comet.

"What may I say, gentlemen, for this fine instrument by the celebrated maker, Alonehedidit?"

### Cherchez la Femme.

"A subaltern on active service, who was stated in the Divorce Court yesterday to have joined the forces when the war broke out on his wife's suggestion . . ."—Morning Paper.

And all this time we have been blaming the Kaiser.

# AT THE PLAY.

"IRIS INTERVENES."

garden. Perhaps that is why I have never been on really intimate terms (such as would be encouraged by lady who has done time for knifing turn, he was taught that the devotion her husband and retreated to a of his wife deserved a better reward fort in the thought that the moon was British suburb to give her reputation than the proprietary tyranny with nearing her full circle; that Artemis, tion a rest. I am not therefore in which he repaid it. a position to say whether Iris Olga And so all ended well. The document Iranovna, as depicted by Mr. John Was recovered; Cumbers, his night-out explained, returned to a chastened But if one who is no judge of these exotics may hazard an opin-

ion she seemed to me to have her farcical moments. And I could well understand how her tempestuous intrusion into the next-door household, which contained, among other strange things, a morbidly impressionable youth, would convulse Mr. Henry Cumbers, a thorough-paced épicier, with a fixed "standard" of morality and a particular horror of necks exposed to

the eye of day.

And indeed she was a bird of so rare a plumage that she might easily have astonished a man of riper experience and more open mind. For in addition to a ravishing beauty, to whose seductive and troublous quality she was never tired of alluding, she claimed a record of unsullied virtue; and, if you questioned it, she was on you

ishment. After her first fury, she was appreciation of his wife's merits; and reticent about the technique of their this was too easy fruit, and she turned to a more difficult and noble revenge. A certain precious document containing the design of a new motor car had been lodged, for reasons that carried no sort of conviction, in the keeping of Cumbers. On its safety depended his career and the fulfilment of an ambition which embraced a residence in Kensingtonno less. Over the dividing hedge, to whose inadequacy I have referred, she was witness of the theft of these papers and set herself to recover them. The breakdown of her pursuing car entailed a night in the sole society of Cumbers on the open Dover Road. Out of this enforced intimacy a mutual underof her rare lapses into probability, "till of restrained and confident muscularity. and Lord Camber, a handsome and something ridiculous happens." Her Mr. Turner has a promising gift of capricious villain who had once sug-

bers' one human weakness that he tious epigram showed that he had not could not stand a woman's tears) moved Without wishing to boast, I may him to sympathy. They exchanged One of these days he may give us a say that I have never lived in a house confidences. From him she learned good character play, or a good farce or with a hedge only three-and-a-half feet that, however narrow a man's prejuhigh to screen me from my neighbour's dices, if he can inspire trust in his of all three had many attractions. this lack of privacy) with any Russian come under her spell. By her, in

Henry Cumbers (Mr. A. E. GEORGE) to Iris (Miss ENA ASHWELL). "Come, come, don't cry. Things Henry Cumbers (Mr. A. E. George) to Iris (Miss Vachell to hang his tale on. A threw doubt upon her past, and might be worse. We're well on into the Third Act, and friendly fellow too. I have invariable play is the story of his punhaven't had any Zeppelins so far."

Henry Cumbers (Mr. A. E. George) to Iris (Miss Vachell to hang his tale on. A threw doubt upon her past, and might be worse. We're well on into the Third Act, and friendly fellow too. I have invariable play is the story of his punhaven't had any Zeppelins so far."

content to stimulate the infatuation Iris married a fellow-countryman, who, of the weedy stripling, his son; but if he knew her too well to put a very perfect trust in her, had biceps enough to control her explosions at need.

Miss Lena Ashwell played Iris with a most contagious vivacity, and carried GEORGE, in the part of Cumbers, was too bearish at first in the family circle; end. Miss May Whitty as his wife was human all the time. Sound work was done by Mr. Henry Deas, whose utterto the point of congestion; by Miss AURIOL LEE, whose appearance, much too fleeting, gave distinction to the part of a suburban lady a little above her Yorke, who loved our too preoccupied standing was born. "You never get environment; and by Mr. Owen Roughto know one another," said *Iris*, in one wood, *Iris*'s betrothed, who was a model facture halene and mismanage his cases;

tears of genuine distress (it was Cum- humour, but now and then a pretenescaped the snare of young authors. good character play, or a good farce or a good melodrama. Even this medley

> It is most regrettable that his first production should have collided with the Zeppelin season. It was no fault of his or of the players that the audience in fact, as well as her sister Olympian, Iris, was "intervening."

> > "THE CASE OF LADY CAMBER."

Lady Camber's case, though it very nearly came to the Old Bailey, in actual fact got no farther than the nursing home run by Harley Napier, F.R.C.S., in Brook Street, for titled people who had lost weight (which made me wonder where his surgical qualifications came in; had his patients needed their weight reducing I should, of course, have understood at once).

Now this Napier was a strenuous fellow; he had a "life-work." In addition to the fattening of the leaner aristocracy by his novel (surgical?) methods, he had contrived to solve a problem which has engaged the attention of ambitious experts all down the ages. He had discovered halene, a poison without taste, colour, odour or reaction. Apparently all he did with it was to give it the place of honour in his poison cupboard for Mr.

craft, which cannot always have been due to ignorance. But Napier was always delighted to postpone any important weight-producing operation or to leave a patient like Lady Camber in the article of death to the attentions off the preposterousness of everything of the obviously inadequate Sir Bedwith a delightful assurance. Mr. A. E. ford Slufter, F.R.C.P., in order to explain the precise properties of his entirely irrelevant invention halene, or but his human qualities came out in the to prophesy with regard to his patients exactly and in highly technical terms what would happen if all went well. When it didn't, with superb resource he ances were stuffed with American slang would hand his case to Slufter, who would promptly lose it.

All of which would not have been noteworthy if it had not been for Nurse 15.

eten-1 not hors. us a ce or edley first with fault ence comwas mis, pian, S. R." h it iley, han rley reet lost nder ions eded l, of e). lous In the ovel eon-

has

ous had

ith-

re-

vith

our

Mr.

A

ari-

ely

eir

een

vas

im-

or

in

ons

ed-

to

his

or

nts

ms

ell.

he

ho

en

rse

ed

38:

nd

g-



THE USES OF A ZEPPELIN.

SOCIAL BARRIERS BROKEN DOWN.

Why, after having the nerve to ask suggested that he could lose a patient this young lady of birth, breeding and beauty to be his mistress, he should thereafter have been so unworldlywise as to make an impossible dancer his wife no sort of adequate suggestion is offered; nor why, even after his welcome release from Lady Camber at the hands of Slufter, Napier and Nurse Yorke, he so decidedly refuses ever to consider the question of marrying that entirely attractive young lady, but merely repeats his insulting suggestion. A complex character, our Camber. Napier is also complex. Not till he suspects Esther Yorke of murder (this is where halene comes in; she keeps the key of the poison cupboard) does he begin to love her. The proof forthcoming that Lady Camber's death is due to entirely natural and professional causes, Esther and Napier are united and halene goes back to the shelf.

The play was admirably east. You could well believe Mr. H. B. IRVING was a distinguished surgeon and poison manufacturer; he is artist enough to my reputation; you've failed me; you're a rotten bad nurse. What have you to say for play no pranks with his challenging per- yourself?" sonality, and his reward is the smooth sonality, and his reward is the smooth and balanced performance of the whole think you're simply splendid."

gested to Esther Yorke a liaison as the piece, without purple patches. Mr. price of some service he had done her. Holman Clark, as Sir Bedford, adroitly



A VERY SOFT ANSWER.

Dr. Napier (Mr. H. B. IRVING). "You've

with a better grace than his friend. Mr. Ben Webster, as Lord Camber, performed the always clever feat of making a strictly unreasonable part appear plausible. A conscientious and finished piece of playing. Miss Jessie WINTER'S Esther Yorke was well studied and charmingly accomplished. Miss Leslie Stuart made a difficult Lady Camber possible and likeable. Clever Miss Pollie Emery's Peach, the dresser, was a treasure of broad (but not unsubtle) characterisation. If Miss KATE BISHOP wasn't at her clever best I think that was Mr. VACHELL's fault, who had dealt hardly with the part. But on the whole authors and players make an excellent case.

## The Gods and some Mortals.

"The German authorities have resumed traffic to Sassnitz, but instead of the two valuable steam ferries withdrawn on the 4th inst., two old steamers have been hired for gods and the other for passengers."

Shetland News.

A very proper distinction.

"Every class of we Britishers have our peculiarities in forms of speech."

Grimsby Daily Telegraph.

And this is a very good example.

# UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER. No. XXIX.

(From the King of the HELLENES.)

MY DEAR WILLIAM,—I think you are pressing me a little too hard. You must remember what my situation is. The mass of my people have no love whatever for your people or for the Austrians. That may strike you as being both strange and deplorable, for I know what your opinion is of the mild virtues and superlative attractiveness of the Germans, and how firmly you believe that all these virtues and all this attractiveness, with ten thousand other glorious and lovable qualities, are concentrated and embodied in yourself. I have often noticed how angry it makes you to be told that somebody doesn't like you, and your sister Sophie has often warned me that in your presence I must pretend to believe that you are universally beloved, not merely on account of your splendour and power and wealth, but rather and chiefly because of your own innate goodness and geniality and benevolence. "If they won't like me," I have heard you say, "I shall certainly smash them; and if they keep on not liking me I shall only smash them more and more." That is one way, certainly, of ensuring your popularity, though I am not convinced that it is always a very efficacious way. You tried it in Belgium, and the only result, so far as I have been able to judge, has been to make the Belgians detest you with a hatred which it will take years to mitigate and centuries to abolish. And, even when centuries shall have passed, I can imagine how some Belgian of the future will point out to a stranger the ruins and the graveyards which are the country's monuments and will explain to him how they were caused by an Emperor who had a passion for popularity and chose this method of gratifying it.

Remember when I speak in this way I am not expressing my own personal opinions so much as those of any detached and impartial observer, and it is with him that you must be angry rather than with me. For my own part, since I married into your family I have tried to live a quiet life by schooling myself to think of you as you think of yourself. I cannot say it was an easy task, for, to tell you the truth, you are, like caviare, something of an acquired taste, and the palate must be educated to relish you. Whether I have arrived at that perfect and enthusiastic liking which you seem to demand I cannot say, but I know I have done

my best, and some gratitude is due to me.

But at present, as I say, you are pressing me a little too hard. VENIZELOS-forgive me for mentioning his namewas supported by a majority in the country and in the Chamber. He was determined to act the part of an honourable man and to regard also the honour and the interest of his country by carrying out the provisions of our treaty with Serbia. I intervened and dismissed him from his post as Prime Minister, and appointed in his place a man who would be willing to stand by with folded arms while Serbia, the heroic but unfortunate, was crushed to the earth by yourself and the false brigand of Bulgaria whom you had suborned for your purpose. All this I have done against the will of my people, not knowing from day to day how long I might be able to hold them in hand, since they are a gallant people and have a clear sense of Therefore you must not press me to go any for those who would attempt to secure themselves in it by negotiations with the Powers. imitating the autocratic methods of a German Kaiser and War Lord. Be satisfied with the allies you have-with Ferdinand the fox of the Balkans, and with Turkey the advocate reprisals upon helpless German women: ruthless assassin of the Armenian nation.

Your affectionate Brother-in-law, TINO.

# THE WOES OF A WOUNDED.

THE HAZARDS OF HOME.

THEY said, "You will not mind the Zeppelin Who know so well the sound of iron shards; You will not blench when breakages begin Who stood to battle with the Sultan's Guards."

But they were wrong. And when the guns went off, And undeterred the sausages came on, While gay civilians bustled out to scoff And happy crowds occurred in Kensington,

I said, "For these intrepid citizens It's well enough to carry on like this; They view through habit's minimising lens The menaced doom of their Metropolis;

"But to an officer who only knows The milder dangers of the Dardanelles. It is too evident that foes are foes, And these old bombs much worse than many shells.

"Shells are so sensible, for from afar, Shrill sibilants, they make their onset plain; You hop into a hole, and there you are (And there, indeed, you probably remain);

"While here, it seems, with mute ungoverned sweeps Rude bolts in 'buses bruise you unaware, Or, at the least, unpulverised one creeps Home to his house—to find it is not there.

"I liked the Turk's humane terrestrial bomb, Which decent cricketers would catch with ease, And hurtle it back with cover-point's aplomb; I should not like to try it on with these.

"I am no coward; but the days are done When English soldiers perished in a square: And here I cannot even hurt the Hun; I think I should be happier elsewhere.

" And when it's whispered that the gasbag brings To many a mild unmilitary clod A sudden zeal to join the strife of Kings-The news is nice, but it is scarcely odd.

"Blessed, indeed, I deem the soldier's lot In happier hazards far across the foam; I doff my hat to those who seize it not, The staunch dare-devil souls who stay at home."

# The New "Treating" Order.

You must always "take the meal with the malt."

"'FIND THE WOMAN,' followed by 'A PAIR OF KNICKERBOCKERS,' in which Mr. Arthur Bourchier will appear.' Manchester Evening News.

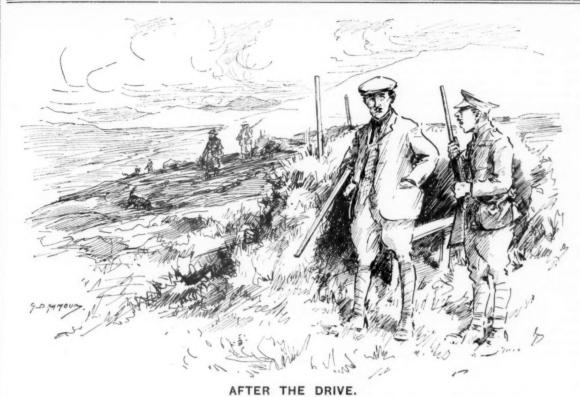
And very nice he will look in them, we feel sure.

"The King of Bulgaria recently received a Green gentleman named Themistoklis, who handed his Majesty an autograph letter, from King Constantine."—Edinburgh Evening News. We understand that this is not the first interview of the

further, for a throne in these days is an unsteady structure kind that FERDINAND has given in the course of his

Immediate result of the meeting held in London to

"Our artillery in the same region dispersed the enemies' working -Erening News.



Tommy (used to targets, acting as loader to unsuccessful officer). "Excuse me, Sib, but how do you know when you've made an 'it?"

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ALREADY Christmas is not far below the horizon, and those of us who have the good fortune to be uncles will shortly be reminded of the great problem of presents. It is safe to suppose that the pictorial wrapper that covers The Book of the Thin Red Line (LONGMANS) will attract many eyes. The volume within it could hardly be bettered as a present for a British boy. In his pleasant preface Sir Henry NEWBOLT explains that, although the stories of six great soldiers which comprise the book are historically true, he has "tried to tell them as adventures." No one certainly need be afraid of dulness in these heart-stirring records, which range from the exploits of ROBERT BLAKENEY, gazetted ensign to the 28th when he was fifteen, to those of STONEWALL JACKSON, concerning whom the chaplain's prayer at the unveiling of his monument ended with the tribute quoted here: "When in Thine inscrutable decree it was ordained that the Confederacy should fail, it became necessary for Thee to remove Thy servant, STONEWALL JACKSON." Briefly, this is a book of real heroes, written in precisely the way to appeal to the hero-worshippers for whom it is intended. Not the least of its charms for lads young and old will be the spirited illustrations in colour and line by Mr. STANLEY L. WOOD. There is one picture especially, of the charge of the Scots Greys at Waterloo, so full of the spirit of battle that I shall be astonished if countless schoolrooms do not award it the thumb-mark of highest popularity. A most timely book.

I suppose there can be few men more fitly placed for the and welcome espionage.

composition of a volume of entertaining gossip than Mr. LESLIE WARD. Therefore it is only natural that his book, Forty Years of "Spy" (CHATTO AND WINDUS) is as pleasant a collection of cheery and amusing memories as any that this reminiscent age has provided. For forty years Mr. WARD has been the observant chiel' in English society, taking notes of its prominent members—a chiel' not only observant but witty, as the stories in the present book go to prove. It is a work of which criticism is quite impossible. One can but mention that it contains reproductions of dozens of Mr. WARD's most famous drawings, with in many cases some apt and illuminating anecdote about the subjects-victims, the author usually calls them. As an instance of his own sly turn of humour, I liked especially the comment that accompanies a singularly pleasant sketch of Miss Christabel Pankhurst: "I did not discuss the subject in which she was so absorbed lest by adverse criticism I might disturb the charm of expression I found in her face." There surely speaks the perfect gentle caricaturist. Elsewhere we find a wonderful store of recollections about every kind of celebrity-human, I was going to say, and divine; certainly the Church is re-markably well represented, Bishops in their shovel hats being (in the words of W. S. GILBERT, concerning whom, by the way, there is that rarest thing now, a quite new story) plentiful as tabby cats. Clubs, colleges, and governments are equally reviewed, not to mention distinguished foreigners and dramatists (there is a delightful tale of CHARLES BROOKFIELD trying to persuade the editor of The Lancet to publish a Christmas number)—in short, every, phase of social life has yielded material for this most witty

off,

15.

ells.

ps

us,'

he he

to

ng

himself, you have got to hand it to Major Sidney Vandyke. He certainly hit on one of the most ingenious dodges for papers, meetings for working men, sage-green gowns and getting rid of a rival in love, and at the same time putting movements generally. I should explain that the date of himself ace-high (as he would also have expressed it) with the loved one, that I have ever encountered in fiction. There was trouble between the United States and Mexico. American guns were at El Paso, Texas, their muzzles pointing across the Rio Grande, ready for trouble if it should come. The situation was tense and a single injudicious act would precipitate war. In command of these crinolines and ringlets. However, let it pass. The book has guns was Major Vandyke; under him his rival, Captain its own charm and interest as a minute analysis of young Eagleston March. The Major sent the Captain an order to fire the guns. No sooner was it done than he appeared, character sufficiently attractive for us to bear the prospect raging; denied having ever given the order, and made a of further revelations with equanimity. spectacular dash across the river to soothe the Mexicans by explaining that it was all a mistake. Major Vandyke was thus

dismissed the Service, and Lady Diana O'Malley married the Major. That is the kernel of Secret History (METHUEN), the new novel by C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON, which starts with imitation war in Mexico and ends with real war in Belgium, where Captain March, as Monsieur Mars the airman, retrieves his reputation. Told racily in the first person by Lady Peggy O'Malley, the very lovable halfsister of the beautiful but shallow Diana, it moves with the dash and speed that one expects in a Williamson story. It is certainly one of the best, if not the best, of the long list of their collaborations. It differs from most of the others in having no motor-car interest. There was just one critical point at which I could see the authors wavering, when Peggy's party started off for a motor trip to

of a description of the tour, but they resisted it. The trip medically unfit"; and then was furious with all the other takes place off the stage, and the story moves on without it.

It was bound to happen. I knew that with so many of in him. our male novelists producing vast volumes about the life, the whole life, and nothing but the life of their heroes, we feminine picture. Well, now Miss NETTA SYRETT has done it, or perhaps I should more correctly say begun it, since on the last page of The Victorians (FISHER UNWIN) present volume takes us, we get Rose through infancy and production of plays. Name, please! schooldays-more than two hundred pages about themto the period of her first proposal and the publication of her first book. It is all rather well done, with observation and the kind of truth that one cannot help feeling springs from personal experience. Especially is this the case with the picture of Minerva House and its dominating mistress, the "awe-inspiring little woman" whose "efforts had revolutionized the whole system of education for girls.' There seems a recognizable portrait here. Good too is the

As, being an American, he would no doubt have put it queer home of *Helen*, the friend with whom *Rose* goes to mself, you have got to hand it to *Major Sidney Vandyke*. the story is given as thirty years ago; and from this I am forced to believe that the designer of the attractive wrapper of the volume has been somewhat led astray by the title. We were undoubtedly "Victorians" thirty years ago, but with all the vehemence of the middle-ageing I must protest against the suggestion that we came within the era of

No doubt it was because Mr. F. FRANKFORT MOORE a hero who had averted war. Captain March was either admired (as we all do) the wonderful and self-sacrificing a knave or a fool who had nearly caused it. He was work performed since the War started by our amateur

nurses that he set out to write a book that should commemorate some of their difficulties and triumphs. He may conceivably have been influenced by the consideration that as everyone is more or less concerned with nursing nowadays there would be a safe welcome for a volume about it. So far excellent. But I am sorry that he decided to produce it in the form of fiction. Because my honest impression of The Romance of a Red Cross Hospital (Hutchinson) is that, while the hospital part is interesting enough, the romance is boresome to a degree. As a story also it contains certain features that, to say the least, leave me unconvinced. The first of these is the attitude of the hero, who, having been told by two doctors that he had an enlarged heart, let concealment



Instructor (to novice practising the call to dinner). "You've GOT THE NOTES ALL RIGHT, AND YOUR TIME ISN'T BAD; BUT YOU DON'T PUT THE RIGHT FEELING INTO IT. THERE'S NO NEED TO SUGGEST COMPULSION."

California. It must have required resolution on their part of this blameless fact prey on his damask cheek because to keep themselves from abandoning the plot in favour he "shrank from the stigma of rejection through being characters for the excusable suspicion that he was shirking. Frankly, I find myself as little able to admire as to believe Naturally, however, the laws of fiction require that he shall eventually perform prodigies of valour. Indeed the Red Cross Hospital is founded to his memory, should not have to wait much longer for a companion after he has been supposed to have perished in rescuing people from a shipwreck. As a matter of fact he hadn't perished at all; but that is another story. My second charge of incredibility against Mr. Moore is based on she hints darkly that "the story of Rose Cottingham the fact that he makes an educated woman of to-day is to be continued in the near future." So far as the suppose the "theatre" of a hospital to be a building for the

> Diner de guerre means guère de diner; or, in English, warfare means war-fare.

> "To Gentlemen,-Advertiser (refined) desires acquaintance with motor car." - Western Morning News.

> We could introduce him to a Rolls-Royce, in slightly reduced circumstances, yet quite affable; but he might prefer something humbler and more chatty.

15.

es to

wall-

and

te of

I am

pper

title.

, but

otest

ra of

khas

oung

se a

spect

OORE

icing teur

vrite emo-

lties

connced

as

con-

days

ome

far

that

the

my

The

Hos-

hat,

in-

ınce

Is a

tain

ast.

first

the by

an

ient

use eing

her

ing.

eve

uire

our.

MY,

ing

ln't

ond

on

day

the

sh,

vith

tly

ght

# CHARIVARIA.

As a counter move to our offer to Greece of the Island of Cyprus, Germany is understood to have offered her the Island of Great Britain.

the new recruits should be called Derbys, to distinguish them, we suppose, from the other Darbys who, with their Joans' consent, have joined the Volunteers.

Herr Ballin, who was recently informed by the Kaiser that German merchant shipping could continue in Under the new lighting regulations the future to count upon "my especial the local authorities in Kent have interest and my Imperial protection," would have preferred a phrase containtors must carry rear-lights. It was Italy, a correspondent suggests a motto

ing more U's and fewer E's.

"Greetings to ex-President ROOSEVELT, who is sixty-seven to-day," said an evening paper last Wednesday. How rapidly the War ages some people! Last year Mr. ROOSEVELT was only fifty-six.

Mr. Walter Long says that when he reads carping criticisms upon the conduct of the War he looks through his window at the people in the street and is always surprised to see the quiet steadfast manner in which they are going about their business. It is a good plan, but not

Giving evidence about a dog, a the nurse pinches the baby. witness at West Ham said, "He goes behind children, bites their legs, and the number of Censors employed at walks on: no noise, no nothing." These the Press Bureau being exactly forty, West Ham youngsters must be included among our silent heroes.

wife-beating among persons of an economical turn of mind, for, as one the War.' Scotch labourer said to another, "If I treat my wife I'm fined £100, but if I ill-treat her I get off for 5s.'

It is stated that representatives of working-men's clubs are discussing with the Board of Liquor Control a be made honorary members in order for ever, that they may be able to pay for their own refreshments. The Board, before

ascertain whether the proposal emanhusbands.

The popular novelist who in consequence of over-indulgence in golf has The Daily Chronicle suggests that had to have one of his ribs removed, is comforting himself with the reflection that his literary style may thereby be improved. Every Sunday-school boy knows of a case where an operation of this kind was immediately followed by interest.

decreed that at night-time perambula-

MIOIL WEARMY

Conscience-stricken Little Slacker. "IT ONLY WANTS THEM TO START RECRUITIN' FOR THE POLICE FORCE TO DRIVE ME TO DO SOMETHIN' DESPERATE!"

The number of Censors employed at and their minute knowledge of English literature having been displayed on several occasions, Sir John Simon is It is feared that the "No treating" contemplating their incorporation as regulation may lead to an increase of an Academy. They will be known as "The Immortals—for the duration of

In the debate on the War-profits tax Mr. McKenna said that "nobody would propose a tax of this kind as a permanent part of our fiscal system." We hope this may be taken as an ends? indication that in the opinion of the proposal that members' wives should Government the War is not going on

giving its decision, is endeavouring to he is glad to see that the visit of the Bishops to the Grand Fleet is having ated from thirsty wives or parsimonious its effect, as he has lately heard of several converted cruisers.

Here is a pendant to our recent story of the polite sergeant :- A British shell had just landed in our own trench without bursting. Two minutes later a corporal with the offending shell under his arm presented himself to the Artillery Forward Observing Officer: "Excuse me, Sir. With the Sergeant's a striking development of the feminine compliments: he thought you might like to fire it over again.

> Moved by a statement in a Foreign Office report that there has been a large increase in the export of eggs from

> > for Italian hens :-

I will lay on for Tusculum, And lay thou on for Rome! \* 位

In order to obtain copper for war purposes the municipality of Kiel has ordered that local cable tram-lines in the less busy parts of the city shall be broken up. The inhabitants have suggested that there are several apparently useless warships in the immediate neighbourhood which would supply a larger amount of metal with less inconvenience to the public.

The author who advertises that he will be pleased to supply three

always successful. The Kaiser got thought at first that hooters would also copies of his new novel, together with his view of the Irish people through a be necessary, but it has now been 500 eigarettes, to any Service hospital Casement, and it was entirely erroneous. decided that sufficient warning will be that applies for them, is surprised at the given if, when a collision is imminent, number of secretaries who have written to ask whether it is absolutely necessary to accept the offer en bloc. He had no idea there were so many nonsmokers in the Army.

> In an appreciation of "W. G." by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle we read :-"When he was well on towards his sixtieth year, I have seen him standing up to Lockwood when man after man was helpless at the other wicket." This is perhaps hardly just to the other batsmen. What could they do while "the old man" had the bowling? Or are we to infer that, contrary to the laws, Lockwood was bowling at both

> "Lady pinning a flag on an Australian back from the front."—Morning Paper.

It sounds difficult as well as painful, A clerical correspondent writes that but presumably she used a hat-pin.

# HOW TO REVIEW WAR POETRY.

(With acknowledgments to "'The Times' Literary Supplement.")

There are abundant reasons, obvious enough to the critical faculty, why very little of the verse occasioned by the War is likely to survive. In the first place, poetry for its production demands a state of mind removed from all immediate pressure and excitement. This accounts for the failure of Tyrreus, of all the poets of the great Elizabethan age of adventure, of Rouget de Lisle, who wrote the Marseillaise. Just now it is almost impossible to enjoy that perfect calm, that indifference to one's environment, which is the very breath of all great poetry. The noblest of all lines ever written about Victory—the concluding lines of Militon's Samson Agonistes—were composed some time after the tragic death of the veteran anti-Philistine.

It is the same with the passion of Love, which bears a close resemblance to War, all things being fair in each. Poetry, as Wordsworth said, is emotion remembered in tranquillity. If the expression of the sentiments uttered under stress of immediate emotion in Michael Drayton's passionate sonnet—

"Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part-"

had been postponed to a period of subsequent tranquillity, he would have made a much better job of it. And so, when Peace returns, as we hope it may some day, we shall look for a revival of pure song. The Palace of the Hague should be a veritable aviary.

Another source of weakness in our War poetry lies in the fact that the poet does not speak from his own heart ("By thine own tears thy song must tears beget"), but as the accredited mouthpiece of the nation. The War may or may not have touched him personally—we will generously admit that we have known cases, even among poets, of personal grief and personal patriotism induced by the War—but as a general rule the writer has been weighed down by a sense of responsibility to the State, of the claim made upon him to speak for England. Wordsworth was suffering from the same unfortunate obsession when he wrote—

"Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour; England hath need of thee!"

Egotism, which is the essence of true poetry, should never be marged in the choric "we," sacred to editors and crowned heads. What poet ever wrote in the first person plural? One has not forgotten MATTHEW ARNOLD'S lines:—

"We, in some unknown Power's employ, Move on a rigorous line; Can neither, when we will, enjoy, Nor, when we will, resign";

but one cannot recall any other authoritative case of this assumption of plurality by a recognised English poet.

Again, how can a poet write about things he has not seen, even if by an effort of will he persuades himself that he has felt them? Sincerity is only possible when it is the outcome of experience. It is no good for a thing just to happen; it must happen to the poet himself. When Walt Whitman wrote that most moving of all War poems, his dirge for two veterans—

"O strong dead-march, you please me.

O moon immense, with your silvery face, you soothe me"—
he must with his own ears have heard the actual music;
he must with his own eyes have seen the moon in question.
But how many of our War poems have been written at
the Front? If SHAKSPEARE had been in a position to assist
at the Battle of Agincourt, he might have written more
worthily of St. Crispin's Day. As it was he had to fall
back upon his imagination, that last resort of insincerity.

It should further be remarked that the fact that everybody is thinking the same thing at the same time constitutes a fatal difficulty for our War-Laureates. If an obscure friend of the poet dies peacefully of a zymotic disease, the theme may well furnish him with a genuine inspiration; but if a distinguished General falls gloriously on the field of honour, or some national hero is borne to his last resting-place in St. Paul's or the Abbey, any memorial tribute that the poet may write is bound to be insincere because it gives form to a sense of loss that is universal. That, of course, was the trouble with Tennyson's "Ode on the Death of Wellington."

Finally, we would say to our poets: Do not yield to the very natural temptation to give expression to those emotions of the common heart that cry for articulate utterance. Just write from yourselves and to yourselves. Distinguish between singing because you must, and going out of your way to find something to sing about. Do not go out of your way just because the War is there. Do not change in a world of change. Keep on steadfastly in the old way, like the Racing News in another column. For so, however long we others may have to wait for Peace, you will know even now the true peace that can only be found in artistic detachment.

## PAMBI.

(An Oriental Seaport.)

Now all you gay young fellows, who fight so bold and free And grouse at things in the trenches, hark to a Man of the Sea;

"R.N.R." comes after my name, and what do you think . I do?

Port Officer of Pambi, with fever from ten to two.

A million miles of red-hot sand and a hundred yards of slime,

And mosquitoes as thick as the German guns getting you every time,

That is the country of Pambi, and never a soul to see, And I'm the sanctified Officer, with fever from nine till three.

Port? Well, maybe there used to be, but there's nothing but silt to-day,

And once in a year a boat comes by in a hurry to clear away; And the Captains all cry, "Strike me dead, is this character still alive—

Port Officer of Pambi, with fever from eight till five?"

It has its points, for I never shave and I need no clothes or boots:

I worry along by the grace of God and the blessing of cheap cheroots;

But, if you fellows are fed with your job and want an

exchange—all right!

Here is the Port of Pambi and fever from morn till night.

You get the glory, and so you should, for it's you who

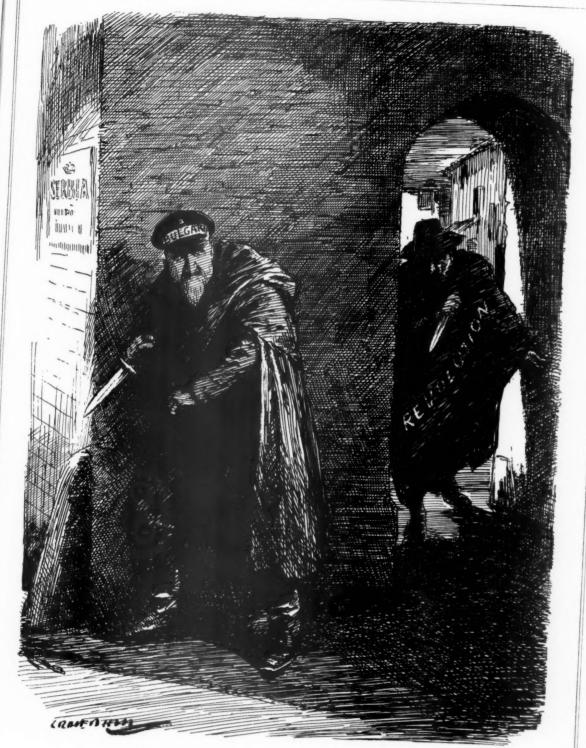
carry the brunt,
But there's many a man in Pambi who'll never get near
the Front

the Front,
And so, when you're feeling a bit depressed, please open

your mouths and sing,
"Flanders is bad, but Pambi's worse," and so—God save
the King!

"As the Italian humourist remarked of another story; 'Si mon e Verdi, e bene Trovatore!" "-Evening Paper.

Eh, mon! Yer Italian sounds varra Scotch!



ON THE TRACKER'S TRACK.

1915.

everystitutes obscure tse, the ration; he field estingte that use it hat, of

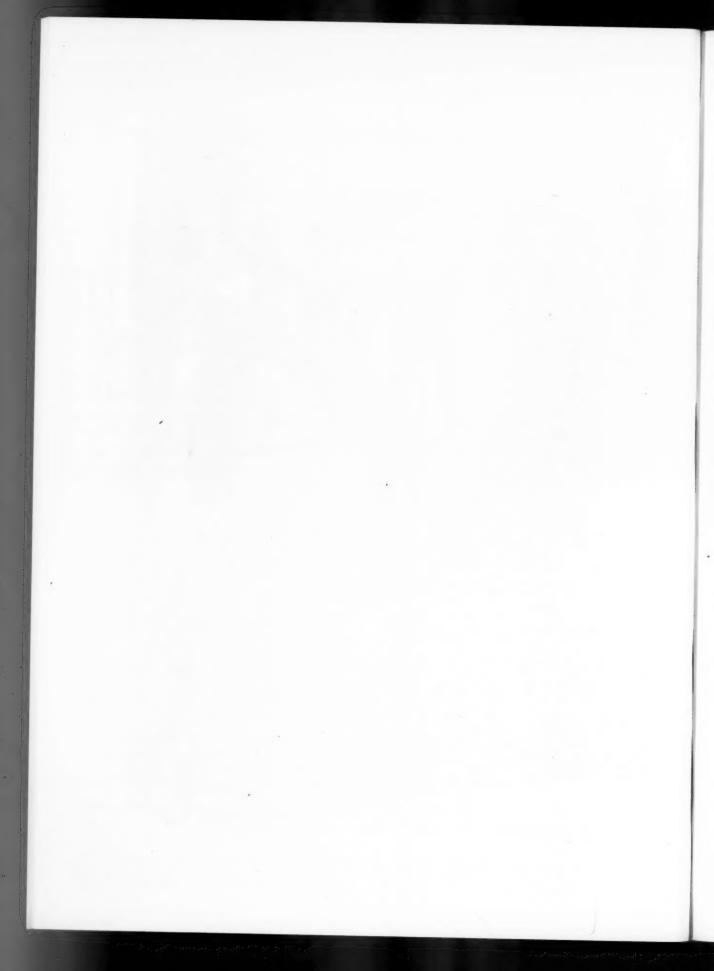
to the to the otions cance. guish your ut of ange way, how-will d in S.

free the

ou III

of

;





"BY JOVE! ISN'T IT LOW? I BELIEVE I COULD HIT IT WITH MY GUN!" "OH, PLEASE, DEAR, DON'T DO ANYTHING TO IRRITATE IT!"

# THE EMPTY SLEEVE.

EVERYTHING would have passed off admirably but for his lack of savoir faire. Some excuse, perhaps, ought to be made for him. It is not every-body who is capable of rising to a the pinch.

He must have known from the first that there was something unusual in to get a look in. When his turn at the air. The laughter at the breakfasttable may have put him on the alert, signifying that the strain of the last few dreary months was relaxed. He it as a matter of course and should had been irritatingly restless the whole morning, following one or the other of us about, upstairs and down, in and shouted and laughed and shook the out of the garden, as if he felt afraid old fellow's left hand as if he had never of being left out in the cold. When had another to shake; we pushed the anybody opened the front-door an hour easy-chair towards him and kept on too soon and went down the steps to saying how delighted we were to have look along the road, Nigger was always him home again without a word of beforehand, wagging his tail and gazing mitigation, asking innumerable ques-

critical moment actually at last drew way between us to the front. When to be-well, there it was nevertheless. we heard a hooter at the corner and the taxicab came into view with his great occasion or one that furnishes master's face at the window, he ran to long and flawless, so that it was the was obviously uneasy in his mind, more surprising that he should fail at although for the next few minutes, until we were all assembled in the dining-room, it was impossible for him last came and he was put to the proof he dismally failed to rise to the occasion.

As for the rest of us, we tried to take have succeeded if it had not been for Nigger's complete want of tact. We beforehand, wagging his tail and gazing mitigation, asking innumerable ques-up with an alert, perplexed, pathetic tions without waiting for answers, for Ltd. has been held."—Adelaide Paper.

expression of inquiry; and when the really the only thing that mattered at the moment was before our eyes, and near and we were all collected in the although it was different as far as hall he tried obtrusively to force his appearances went from what it used

That was where Nigger proved such a miserable disappointment. He alone seemed unable to accept the situation. a severe test of good-breeding. Still meet it, barking recklessly by the side he has nothing of the parvenu in his character, and indeed his pedigree is his voice died suddenly away. He We talked more persistently than ever as he rested his fore-paws on the arm then in the most tactless manner he gave vent to a prodigious sigh as he laid the side of his black head on the empty sleeve.

# TO A PATROLLING BALLOON.

O MIGHTY globe! O gas-filled shape! That swayed so lightly in mid-air, I gazed on you with mouth agape, Wondering what perils man will dare.

Nor recked of mine till someone's hand So lavishly, as you sped South, Dropped overboard that surplus sand Into my patriotic mouth.

# Compulsory Liquidation?

## FLYING COLOURS.

IT was Red Cross Day, and as I was preparing to go to the City Joan came into the hall with Rip.

Rip is a new acquisition. He had to grasp. I took it. house with the small baby that had coloured Christmas Supplements have had decided to keep the small baby hands. and get rid of the large dog. Thereupon we offered a refined home, full hand on my trouser-leg. hoard, freedom of the hearth-rug, and "I meant the dog," observed Joan.

the result that, a few weeks ago, Rip came to us with a completely new outfit (collar with our address engraved upon itthe doctor's parting gift), and is now one of the family. For the past week he had been rigidly trained every day with a view to assisting the Red Cross funds.

"I want Rip to have a rehearsal," Joan said, "to see if he knows his part. Now try and look as much like a stranger as possible, and then advance and buy a flag."

I walked to the hall door, while Joan, with Rip at her side, stood at the threshold of the breakfastroom. Assuming what STEVENSON (I think) calls "a glad morning face," I strolled up.

"Will you buy a flag, Sir?" said Joan, stepping forward.

"With pleasure," I replied. "How much?

"As much as you like to give." (The above dialogue is taken from life.)

" Will five shillings "Oh, how splendid!"

"Then lend it me, will you?" I remarked. "I've left all my money on my dressing-table. Ever since you gave me that trouser-press on my last birthday I've-

"Oh, you mustn't talk like that!" cried Joan in dismay. "Remember you're a stranger.'

"That doesn't ease the financial pressure a bit," I said as I ran upstairs. And a minute later I had discharged my liability by placing two half-crowns in the box which hung round Rip's neck, while Joan took a flag from the pincushion which she had fastened reached the bank. "How have you got That is one of the drawbacks of being saddlewise to his back.

hasn't he, and offer me the right paw of good-fellowship?

A sharp bark sounded as I spoke, We made a

"Not at all," I said, wiping my

Under the new regulation it is an offence to serve intoxicating drink to any person who is being "treated," unless he is also being "treated" to a meal. It is not always easy to tell when a "treat" is taking place.

But the Non-Treating Regulation Patent Clip, holding one meal within the meaning of the Act, to be attached to all tumblers and glasses, makes the publican feel perfectly safe. We also supply Regulation Meals in neat packages, extra serviceable, sterilised and practically everlasting, if dusted from time to time.—Advt. The Publicans' Friendly Idea Society.

"Don't forget you're coming home to lunch," called out Joan as I reached the gate, "and you are to fetch me from my pitch outside our bank."

"Which bank?" I inquired loftily. (We have a small sum in the custody of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL).

"The one where our account is always overdrawn," Joan cried back.

It was on the stroke of one that I on?" I asked, as Joan, having success- double-faced.

"Now he has to bark a 'Thank you,' fully negotiated a sale with a tall stout gentleman, was anxiously watching the united efforts of her customer and our faithful and highly-trained dog to and a paw was timidly lifted for me bridge the gap of physical disability that parted them, and seal the bargain formerly been our doctor's property, pretty, though not original, picture— in the prescribed manner. "Splenbut his wife had declared that she the intelligent well-trained hound and didly!" she replied. "I've just emptied wouldn't have a large dog in the same the stern yet kindly-looking man. The my box for the third time. One sovereign, three half-sovereigns, and any just joined the home circle, and the made fortunes out of it. "Oh, you amount of silver. Poor old Rip's neck dector, after much anxious thought, dear!" Joan exclaimed, clapping her must ache dreadfully. I wish everyone did as that stout man did. He put in a five-pound note; and, just before, a nice old lady and her daughter put in two one-pounders. . . . Hallo! Here occasional use of rat in tool-shed, with "He knows his part perfectly. I only comes the doctor. He must buy a flag

from Rip. There, he's gone past!"

The doctor, obviously in a hurry, had whizzed by in his car and was already up a side-turning. And so too was Rip. The sight of his old master was too much for him. With a yelp of joy he was off like an arrow, and the air round us simply rained little red-and-white flags. In response to Joan's piteous appeal I started in pursuit of our richlyendowed dog, but I was hopelessly outclassed from the very start. No sign of car or dog could I see when I reached the corner, and I dejectedly retraced my steps. For a quarter of an hour we waited in melancholy silence. Then Rip reappeared. His collecting - box had fallen off, and the flagless pincushion had slipped round under his tummy. "It's all my fault, Rip,"

hope it won't rain. People won't want Joan said; "I ought to have provided to shake hands with him if his paws against such a contingency. But our are wet and muddy." against such a contingency. But our duty is clear," she added, turning to "Well, take my old gloves," I sug- me. I looked into her face and read gested. "Patrons can put them on for there what was already in my own the ceremony and then hand them mind. Then together we entered the back. Heavens! I must run. Good bank and increased our overdraft by luck!" seven pounds.

> "The war has seriously affected this traffic; and hotel keepers in some of our Irish resorts were almost threatened with distinction. Dublin Evening Mail.

From our recollection of Irish hotels we fancy most of them would escape.

"Even if the Germans should be able to rush as far as Constantinople, they will alway shave to maintain two fronts.'

Glasgow Evening Times.

dut he ur to ty in ned env ek ne in :1 in re ıg 's ly be IS g. 10 h ff in d S.

9-

n

S

n

e

r.

d

n

n





STUDIES IN NERVES (NOVEMBER 5).

BEFORE THE WAR.

Now.

## A LOST LUXURY.

Where are they gone, the old familiar writers

Whose lucubrations once adorned the Press,

Voluminous, industrious inditers

Of serious letters upon cheese or chess.

On cabbages or kings, on mice or mitres,

Some eminent for their extreme urbanity,

And others for their exquisite inanity?

I mean not those who to their screeds appended

An alias expressive of their mood, According as they were displeased,

offended, Or moved and prompted by solicitude

That some abuse should be at once amended,

Some policy should promptly be exhumed

For still we labour underneath the yoke Of these indignant, curious, anxious folk.

No, I refer to those alert quill-drivers Who underneath no bushel hid their light-

Those conscientious and persistent For single-handed, like the good Horastrivers

Who loved to set the peccant public right,

And, to the bottom of truth's well like Great LOWTHER BRIDGER, aptly named, divers.

Were always plunging, always full To of fight,

And utterly regardless of the jibes Of irresponsible or ribald scribes.

Phonetic spelling or reforms in But now from Early, Late, or War Edition

Their once familiar signatures are

No longer they fulfil their blameless mission

Of argufying on and on and on;

Vanished is Kipling Common's erudition.

And hushed the priceless voice of ALGERNON

ASHTON, who left on all he touched the trace

Of his sepulchral and funereal grace.

Only one lingers yet, whose mind capacious

Pours out a flood of miscellaneous lore,

The sole survivor of the group sagaci-

Who cheered us in the days before the War.

TIUS

Who kept the bridge in the brave days of yore,

continues

brace and stimulate our mental sinews.

Long may his style, excelling in bravura,

Fulfil our souls with delicate delight; Long may his wit, a psychic Angostura, Correct our literary appetite;

Long may he live to combat atra cura And put that melancholy fiend to flight,

Himself serene, indomitably bland, The last and weirdliest-named of all his band.

### Commercial Generosity.

"A new journal, Questions, has been established. It is a threepenny monthly periodical for Belgians in England. Belgians in Letchworth who will mention THE CITIZEN may have the journal for three months for a shilling."—The Citizen (Letchworth).

"Scotch Nanny in milk, two pints, fawn and white, £3 10s."—Leeds Mercury.

No, we are not taking any. It is too expensive; besides we don't like brindled milk.

# THE BATTLE OF THE ELBE.

"A Lloyd's telegram states that the British steamers Auk, Iris, and City of Berlin, which were detained at Hamburg at the outbreak of the war, have been sunk by the enemy."]

"I've maintained now for some time," said Jack to Cheeks, the Marine, "that the German Navy is threatened with a certain liveliness.

"I'm fair sick of your rumours," said Cheeks.

"This ain't a rumour, Cheeks. We've engagement."

"Suppressed by the Censor, I sup-

pose," sneered Cheeks.

give you the story in full.

"You know what a lot of changes Staff. Well, Cheeks, those changes ain't been in vain. The new blood has done what the old blood simply never thought of. But, to give credit where German Fleet was brought round the credit is due, a thing most marines corner, and many scenes of light-don't understand, it was Herr Ballin hearted joy was witnessed. Some said who had the big idea first.

"He was chattin' one day with von WIEGAND, the well-known journalist, otherwise famous as a nootral, and von Wiegand starts tellin' Herr Ballin what a great man he is. They were sittin' on the banks of the Elbe, sighing for a capful of wind, like all good sailors, and thinkin' of names for the units of Germany's new merchant fleet."

"You ain't 'alf got a comic imagina-

tion," said Cheeks.

right often. Well, von Wiegand was a bit sad. He'd just come off the Moltke, which recently had a nasty attack of torpeditis in the jaws, and hummin' in his head was the German sailor's constant refrain, 'When will the British Fleet come out?' He points out to Herr Ballin that the despondency in upon him the danger he just smiled the German Fleet is something awful. What with worrying over the enemy when he don't come out, and what with chafing with anxiety over him when he knows. Perhaps it was the Pommern, does, the German sailor, Cheeks, is a mere shadow.

"Just at that moment Herr Ballin sits up. He's all a-shiver with excitement. 'What's that I see before me?' he asks in a husky voice, like Petty Officer Lloyd's when we done Hamlet last Christmas. Von Wiegand couldn't see nothing, and he feels for his beer ticket. But Herr Ballin don't give in. 'I'm right,' he says, 'I'm not dreamin'. It's the British Fleet!'

VON WIEGAND had chosen for his reverie, Herr Ballin had got it schemed

imagination.

"You see, lyin' in the Elbe off Hamburg was three British steamers, what had the bad luck to be in dock there when the War broke out. There was the Auk, the Iris and the City of Berlin. For the last one I have some sympathy. Cheeks. She was handicapped at her christening. Well, it was a matter of a few days only, Cheeks, fixin' up those poor steamers with canvas and wooden guns and givin' them the look of the got reality at last. There's been a big most ferocious British cruisers. They painted new names on 'em too, callin' them the Lion, the Tiger and the-and the Ring-tailed Ranunculus. Anythin' "Not at all. The bare details have more desp'rate than those ships had been published. Now I'm going to never been seen near Hamburg, not since Hagenbeck set up his institution for the great Herbivores. All right, there's been lately in the High Canal Cheeks. You can read the book if you Perkins pinched it out of the like. Warrant Officers' mess.

> "At last the great day arrived. The At last! and them that didn't said 'Der Tag,' and a few butted in with Deutschland Ueber Alles!' Stokers shook hands with each other and a few popular fellers were even thrown in the

furnaces.

"Well, Cheeks, the action started at 9.47. A.M., the first gun being fired by the Limburg, in case you didn't know there was a ship with a name like that. The KAISER and VON WIEGAND was on board, the former gentleman grittin' "Praps so, but I've been proved his teeth and the latter makin' notes besides grittin' his teeth.

> "The German Admiral-maybe von Behncke, but I ain't seen the Gazette lately-begs the Kaiser to go below, but he says simply, 'My place is beside my brave sailors.' Von Wiegand was quite as brave. When they impressed

contemptuously.

"Well, after half an hour the first hit was made. Who done it nobody so called because old TIRPITZ ain't above havin' a mark or two on 'Solly Joel's Selected,' war or no war. Some holds that it was the Moltke, but you couldn't say because they was all dashin' about so much and firin' on the cigar or cocoanut system.

"Well, Cheeks, the fight was awful, and the German darin' what the papers call a by-word. Old sailors said there had been nuthin' like it since the bombardment of Scarborough. The noise "When they found the hole which of the guns was frightful and the smell of the firin' was just like gunpowder.

"At 12.29 P.M. the Auk went down, all out; and it's him, Cheeks, that and the Kaiser sent up a signal to the of the Royal and Ancient Game.

gets the prize this month for a comic masthead, 'What price Britannia rules the waves?"

"Stow it," growled Cheeks.

"Then, Cheeks, you disbelievin' Thomas, the cheerin' broke out just as it did at Trafalgar and La Hogue and other German naval victories. But suddenly the Kaiser became grave. There was stern work yet ahead. 'Let the guns speak,' he said, and von WIEGAND put it down.

"Well, the City of Berlin went next, torpedoed by a submarine what crept recklessly in under her port quarter. The Iris stuck out to the last, and some of the German Fleet piped off for lunch simply because they were sick of the sight of her. Somehow she wouldn't sink, although she lay bottom upwards with the German Fleet all round her. And if it hadn't been for the happy thought of an Admiral, who had her pushed down with a boathook, I believe she'd be a danger to navigation now. Cheeks.

"That's the whole of the story. Yes, want a moral? Well, I reckon we're lucky to have nothing worse to grouse about than WINSTON CHURCHILL.

#### PUNCH'S WAR CARTOONS.

In drawing the attention of our readers in our issue of September 1st, 1915, to the Edition de Luxe Punch Cartoons, we inadvertently made use of the word "Whatman" to describe the boards on which the Cartoons were mounted. We are informed that this description was not accurate, and that the name "WHATMAN" is the registered property of Messrs. W. & G. Balston, Limited, to whom we tender an expression of our regret.

#### Commercial Candour.

7

C

tl

p

Tr

to

a

de

li

C

"You should not miss a visit to the Ice Cream Soda Fountain. A splendid variety of hot drinks is always obtainable here at very reasonable prices.'

"An attractive, detached Gentleman's Cot-tage Residence. To Let, Furnished."

Attractive, yet detached? We fear she must have thrown him over.

#### Cricket in Roman Britain.

From The Westminster Gazette's memoir of W. G. GRACE :-

"In the 'sixties it was no unusual thing to have two or three shooters in an over; nowadays you scarcely get one shooter in a season. At this time the Marylebone ground was in a very unsatisfactory condition—so unsatisfactory that in 164 Sussex refused to play at Lord's owing to the roughness of the ground." We understand that the St. Andrew's Committee have lodged a protest against this statement in the interests

es

n' nd ut re. et ON xt. pt er. nd or of he m all or ho ok, ţaes, re ise

ur

st ich

180 ibe

ons

nat

nd

the

G.

der

Ice

vof

ery

ot-

she

te's

g to

on.

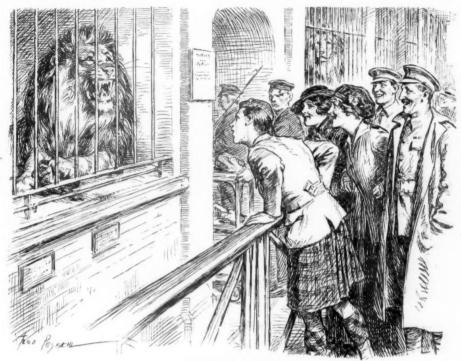
in

tisd."

w's

est

sts



FEEDING TIME.

Jock (accustomed to the formula of Orderly Officers). "ANY COMPLAINTS?"

#### BALKAN INTELLIGENCE.

(How we are enlightened on the situation in the Near East. Any Day's News. Any Daily Paper.)

Amsterdam.

The Salonika Correspondent of the Tijd telegraphs that important developments are expected ere long.

> Bukarest, via Athens and Lucerne.

A long interview took place yesterday between M. Butteriano, Leader of the Conservative Democratic Party, and M. Margariano, Leader of the Reactionary Radical Party. It is thought that the interview may have an important bearing on Roumania's future action; or, on the other hand, that it may not.

From the "Petit Parisien's" Correspondent at Sofia, viá Madrid, Buenos Aires, Pekin and Stockholm. (Delayed in transmission.)

German agents are watching the kitchen of M. Radoslavoff's house day to the Premier which might possibly Central Empires.

"We learn," says the Frankfurter Zeitung, "from an inspired quarter in in the Greek capital may move rapidly ere long. Meanwhile M. Zonopopho- ing German Ambassador. graphos is confined to his bed with a chill.

"King Constantine granted an audience to the Peruvian Minister to-day. This has given rise to much comment in diplomatic circles.

"Yemvil Bey, of the Young Turk at Athens, speaking at a dinner given in his honour by the Old Greek Party last night, declared that the historic friendship of the Greek and Turkish peoples left no doubt as to the ultimate issue of the present situation. Greece must never forget what Turkey and power is hourly expected. her great ally, Germany, had done on behalf of small nations struggling to be free.

Amsterdam.

The Copenhagen correspondent of the Echo de Paris learns from Salonand night, to see that no food is served lika, via Lemnos and Nijni Novgorod, that in high official circles in Bukarest affect his present mood or weaken his it is rumoured that in Constantinople determination to carry to the utmost the situation is considered grave. Too limits Bulgaria's co-operation with the much credence must not be given to this report.

Rome, viá The Hague.

A highly-placed neutral just returned Athens (viá Trieste and Berlin), that it from Constantinople informs the Secolo is not too much to say that events that the Sultan has conferred the Order of Probity (Ninth Class) upon the act-

Tokyo, viâ Petrograd.

The Washington correspondent of the Christiania Morgenpost telegraphs from Salt Lake City that three-fifths of the Bulgarian army have crossed into Serbia, two-fifths are concentrated on the Greek frontier, while the remaining Party and Special Envoy of the Porte fifth is to adopt a watching attitude with regard to Roumania. Nish.

The Austro-German army is deleted BY CENSOR .

Athens, vià Berne.

The return of M. VENIZELOS to

Athens, viá Buda-Pest.

M. Venizelos' retirement may be regarded (so Reuter's New York correspondent wires) as definite and per-

A telegram from Sevastopol, viá Rotterdam, casts doubts on both the above statements.

STOP PRESS.

Bukarest.

The diplomatic situation is appreciably the same.



Mother (to her small son, who is doing a jig-saw puzzle on the Sabbath). "Bobby, are you sure that's a Sunday puzzle you

Bobby. "Well, You see, I can't tell until I've done it."

#### AT THE FRONT.

A MILITARY humourist remarked the other day that trench warfare was becoming a constant drain. Last winter the privilege of being able to write home and say you were up to your knees in water was so highly esteemed that no one ever suggested such a sacrilege as the draining of a trench. This winter we are reformed characters. What remains of the trenches is as dry as the routine order prescribing for them, and on this theme there is nothing to write home about. The British Army has made four drains to every trench, so we have every prospect of a rainless winter.

Talking about constant drains we are so reduced that I have had to take over a company, just for a few days, until they can get an officer. Nevertheless, platoon commanders, I don't put on a bit of side about it.

On the other hand you must not imagine that I regard my duties lightly. Only yesterday I built a new mess kitchen. It is completely self-contained, and when it grows up and we borrow the electric range from the Hun opposite it ought to turn out anything up to an eight-course dinner in less time than it takes to persuade the enemy to

We are also making a new recess to

match the kitchen, a palace with all the requirements of a coal-cellar except the coal. Our half-hoop roofings are creating quite a furore round about. These derniers cris of this season's fancy ironwork were discovered loitering suspiciously among the ruins of a barn. For months every officer looked at them appreciatively as he passed, and observed to his friends, "Fine stuff for roofing a dug-out! We must use them as soon as we have a battalion to spare for carrying them." I ended their hopes by discovering that a company could carry one at a time comfortably. Now I write under the shadow of their spreading eaves, and our only trouble is that one of those Generals who keep popping in may want to know why we've been wasting time that might have been spent on draining.

Two evasions present themselves. except that I have stopped speaking to In the first place there is always a good chance of passing the mess off as a drain. Alternatively I may remark lightly, "My dear General, that old bungalow of ours was positively unfit to receive company in—much less to command one. When I became liable to the honour of your visits, I felt it my first duty to run up a salon worthier of your rank." By the time I have finished this pretty speech the General will be at the end of my line. On the word "rank" I shall salute smartly and fall out.

There are still some Germans some-

where round; they are of the Prussic sort and very acid. They seem to be experts in mixed frightfulness, which they get off their chests in short rushes as it were. Thus from 10 to 10.30 A.M. comes a shower of rifle grenades; from 2.30 to 3 P.M., an assortment of shells; while we have two brisk half-hours of rifle and machine guns after dusk. In the small hours of the morning the air is full of the noises of bombous projectiles. I rush up as slowly as I decently can to the sap-head to inquire who is hit, and am informed by a very unconcerned and obviously contemptuous listening-postman that the nearest bomb fell fifty yards short. As the hours of the morning grow larger we return to a shell and mortar diet; and so it goes.

There was once a very old-established company commander in our sector who. having had to furnish the brigade with reports on drainage, coke issue, sniperscopes, a wire-cutting patent, the health of his command, and a new anti-frostbite slush, and being further asked, on the same day, to "report on enemy's attitude," sent in the following illuminating wire :- " Enemy's attitude hostile." Anon came a brigade reply :-"Please amplify your report on enemy's attitude." Whereupon the company attitude." commander amplified: -- "Enemy's atti-tude distinctly hostile." This corre-

spondence was then closed.

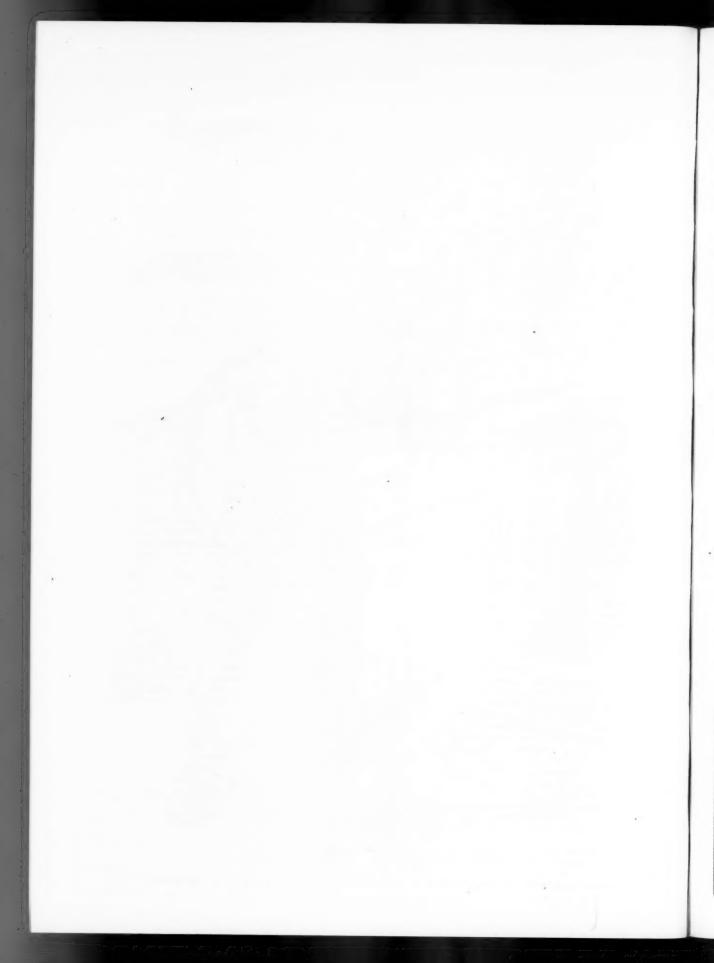


be ch ies м. m ls; of In air 0-I ire ry uırhe we nd ed 10, th erth ston ude

·e-

TO LIGHTEN THE SHIP.

ASQUITH (Skipper of the good ship "Cabinet"). "BELOW THERE! A DOZEN JONAHS WANTED!"



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.) House of Lords, Tuesday, October 26th.
—Lansdowne realises with increasing conviction that the life of a Leader of a Coalition Ministry, like that of the policeman, is not a happy one. Representing Party Government at least you know where you are. The Parliamentary host is ranged in two camps. You and your men fire into the fellows opposite, and they fire into you. There is a simplicity about this arrangement that lends it attraction.

Lamentable difference for Leader in either House when Coalition Government directs National affairs. Such a body has natural unattractiveness of the Hermaphrodite. It excites no healthy encouraging enthusiasm. On all sides it makes enemies, overt or covert. Old friends and former colleagues remain seated on Opposition benches watching Ministerial manœuvres superciliously if not maliciously. This lack of support from old chums is not compensated for by loyalty on the part of new companions. A life-long Conservative seated on Ministerial bench in either House is chilled by consciousness that he is suspect in the eyes of the party to which he has attached himself.

This afternoon Lansdowne, with his back to the wall, his practised rapier showing no lack of skill or strength in the handling, found himself and the Government of which he is a distinguished Member assailed from all sides. Loreburn, in most pragmatic mood, began it. Neither House nor country has recently heard anything of the ultra-Radical who, making his way to the Woolsack, in brief time so far commended himself to Noble Lords, lay and clerical, as to dispute in their estimation the personal supremacy of that stern unbending Tory, Lord Halsbury.

During occasional visits to House he sits in silence, brooding over inefficiency of a Government deprived of his collaboration. With grudging assurance that he did not desire to hamper the Government or to damage the State by putting questions which, even if not answered in detail, would gratify the enemy, he submitted a series suggesting that expedition to Salonica had been rushed without the approval of the Government's highest naval and military advisers, and that full provision had not been made for its communications and supplies.

In guarded reply Lansdowne pointed out that Kitchener, called to office of Secretary of State for War by public acclaim, is present at every meeting of the Cabinet, and is a party to all its decisions.

"It would," he added, "be almost grotesque to suppose that he allows himself to be deflected from his course by pressure of civilian colleagues."

In the other House this commonsense refutation of irresponsible gossip



"HIS BACK TO THE WALL."

LORD LANSDOWNE.

would have been approved by hearty cheer. The Lords are not in cheerful mood just now. The majority to whom a couple of years ago Lansdowne was a revered, almost idolised, leader heard him throughout in chilling silence.

Business done—Commons made further progress in Committee on Budget.



"OTHERWISE ENGAGED."
MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

House of Commons, Wednesday,—Burning desire for presence of Wanderly Winston suddenly developed. Question 25 on paper, addressed to him by Molteno, inquired what he referred to in his communication to the Navy League, when he stated that "through our long delays the enemy had seized a new initiative in the Near East." How were those delays brought about? Molteno anxious to know, and who was responsible for them?

When Questions began Winston was seated on Treasury Bench chatting with LLOYD GEORGE. When Number 25 on the list was reached, lo! he was not. MOLTENO appealed to Speaker to know whether there were any means of getting an answer.

"Certainly," said the SPEAKER; "the answer will be circulated with the Votes."

Doubtless. But that is not what Molteno wanted, or what would please the Pragmatical Pringle and the Hustling Hogge, who hurried to his assistance. They desired to see Winston in person, hear his explanation of what was certainly a curious remark from a Cabinet Minister, and put a few Supplementary Questions. There was the Sergeant-at-Arms in his chair; why was not he despatched to bring in the errant Minister, handcuffed if necessary?

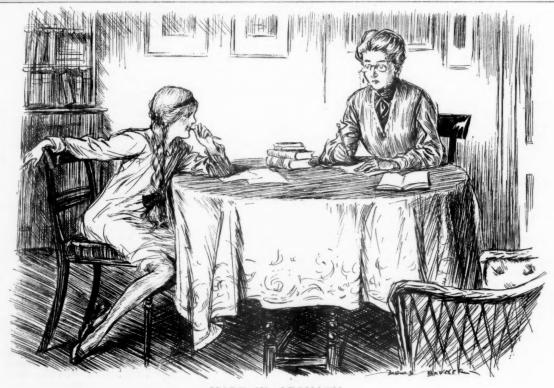
SPEAKER, calling on next Question, made this little pleasantry impossible.

Meanwhile Winston was otherwise, perhaps more usefully, engaged. Had brought down with him easel and palette. Seated at favourable point of view on Terrace was placidly engaged in sketching Westminster Bridge in full tide of traffic. Relieved from strenuous work at Admiralty he has given himself up with characteristic thoroughness and impetuosity to pursuit of Art. Hopes Molteno and his other friends below Gangway will like his "View of Westminster Bridge from the Terrace of the House of Commons" when next May they see it hanging on the line at the Royal Academy.

Business done.—Sitting devoted to progress in Budget Bill.

Thursday.—Another word ruled out from Parliamentary usage. It is "stampede." OUTHWAITE inadvertently elicited judgment from the Chair. Amid random talk about raids by Zeppelins, he, addressing Home Secretarr, casually inquired, "Is the Right Hon. Gentleman aware that last night there was a stampede by Hon. Members from this Chamber because they heard of a Zeppelin raid?"

SPEAKER sternly objected to the use of the word "stampede."



MADE IN GERMANY.

- "Mabel, GO ON WITH YOUR WORK, AND DON'T GNAW YOUR PENCIL."
- "BUT, MISS FINCH, I'M ONLY GNAWING OFF 'BAVARIA."

Alleged incident of Members bolting at a critical moment explained by Abthur Markham. Also addressing Home Secretary, he asked whether he was aware that two Members actually left the House?

"I was speaking at the time," he added. That explained everything.

Subject accordingly dropped. Revived by Outhwaite, whose ruffled appearance suggested that in the meanwhile, in the Lobby and elsewhere, he had had rough time with Members accused of fleeing in affright when they heard a Zeppelin was coming. He now "desired to make most absolute apology for having conveyed impression that Members left on account of fear." What he meant to say was that they ran off to protect their wives and children.

their wives and children.

"I myself," he added, "left on account of a gas-bag which was not a Zeppelin."

This another unfortunate remark. Members seated near him below Gangway looked inquiringly at each other and angrily at him. Certainly was a case that might have been put differently. There are no gas-bags below the Gangway.

Business done. — Night Club Bill passed final stage.

Motto for Diplomacy:—" First make sure that you're too late; then go ahead."

"Mr. Balfour said in no circumstances did the authorities consider that adequate defence against night attacks by Zeppelins could be provided by aeroplanes. On Wednesday, the 13th inst., the weather conditions in the London area rendered it imppopspsipble for any large number to go up."

Gloucester Citizen.

This gives you some idea of the difficulty.

"Wanted, a Home for healthy Baby Girl, four mouths."—Hull Daily Mail.

A healthy appetite too, we imagine, with such accommodation.

"The weighty article in the Manchester Guardian of yesterday, from which we give extracts elsewhere, is the handwriting on the wall to those who shut their eyes to the truth."—The Times.

But unfortunately they don't see it.

"To-morrow (Sunday). — Church parade. 'Fall in' at Barnes Pond, 10 a.m. (without rifles)."—Barnes and Mortlake Herald.

Whatever may happen to the men their weapons are very properly to run no risks.

# A RONDEAU OF REGRET.

(For the 5th of November.)

An effigy—a strange affair

Of ancient clothing, past repair, All stuffed with straw; and for a

head Old rags, to which is sewn with

thread

A mask grotesque with baleful stare.

Thus limned amid the bonfire's glare We see you, WILHELM, as it were In proxy; in your royal stead—An effigy.

We but regret, Imperial Herr,
You're not in person frizzling there.
You thing of straw, with stuffing fed,
Were your existence forfeited
On such a pyre, then who would care

An f-i-g?

"I met the captured German cannon at 9-30 this morning being brought by the Royal Artillery on to the Horse Guards Parade, at the Birdcake Walk end."—Daily Despatch.

The Bird Cake-walk (we prefer this arrangement) is only used on triumphal occasions and is the British version of the German goose-step.



Irish Sergeant (sleeping in a ruined farmhouse somewhere in France). "Here, Burke, just shlip out and see if there's a front door; and, if there is, shut ut!"

# W. G.

Fates allow the game to recover, great cricketers; but there can never be another so immeasurably the greatestas Grace did, but to be cricket as GRACE Was.

Cricket and W. G. were indeed one. had it that he was a physician, and it is true that, when a wicket-keeper smashed ministered in the grateful shade of the "Doctor's" beard; but it was impossible really to think seriously of his medical activities, or indeed of any of his activities off the field. Between September and May one thought of him as hibernating in a cave, returning to life occasional figure at Lord's. More than with renewed vigour with the opening a figure, a landmark, for he grew vaster of the season, his beard a little more imposing, his proportions a little more mental. What must it have been like gigantic; so that each year the bat in to have that Atlas back and those with that curious rolling tumbling gait, At the big matches he would be seen seemed a more trifling implement.

in many postures. At the wicket: waiting, striking and running; and sagain bowling, in his large round has suffered the cruellest wounds since action, coming in from the leg, with a August of last year, and now the Father man on the leg boundary a little finer of it is laid low. And his place will than square, to catch the youngnever be filled again. There could not sters who lunged at the widish ball be another W. G.; there can be, if the (his "bread-and-butter trick" W. G. called it). One sees him thus and thus, and even retiring to the pavilion, either triumphantly-with not, of course, a never another not only to play cricket sufficient but an adequate score to his credit-or with head bent pondering how it was he let that happen and forewarning himself against it next Popular superstition and the reporters time. But to these reminiscent eyes the most familiar and characteristic attitude of all is W. G. among his men his thumb or a bumping ball flew into a at the fall of a wicket, when they batsman's face, first aid would be adevent and, no matter how tall they were, W. G.'s beard and shoulders would top the lot. Brave days for ever gone!

Of late years, since his retirement, the Old Man, as he was best known among his fellow amateurs, was an steadily, more massive, more monuhis hand, as he walked to the wicket shoulders in front of one in the theatre! With the mind's vision one sees him with a friend on either side, watching GRACE are ended.

and commenting. But the part of oracle sat very lightly upon him; he was ever a man of action rather than of words; shrewd and sagacious enough, but without rhetoric. That his mind worked with Ulysses-like acuteness every other captain had reason to know; his tactics were superb. But he donned and doffed them with his flannels. In ordinary life he was content to be an ordinary man.

Although sixty-seven, he did not exactly look old; he merely looked older than he had been, or than any such performer should be permitted to be. There should be a dispensation for such masters, by which W. G. with his bat, and John Roberts with his cue, and CINQUEVALLI with his juggling implements would be rendered immune from Anno Domini. Almost to the end he kept himself fit, either with local matches, where latterly he gave away more runs in the field than he hit up, not being able to "get down" to the ball, or with golf or beagling. But the great beard grew steadily more grizzled and the ponderous footfall more weighty. Indeed towards the last he might almost have been a work by Mestrovics, so colossal and cosmic were his lines.

Peace to his ashes! We shall never on one of the lower seats of the pavilion look upon his like again. The days of

# AT THE PLAY.

" MAYOURNEEN."

When a nation is busy fighting for its existence it is well that it should be constantly reminded of its noblest traditions. And here the maker of national pageants comes in. It is his Miss Lily Elsie—a very popular part, with the assistance of the cosresurrection—was always a delight to tumier, the wig-maker, and sometimes the eye, and, boy or girl, she played even the actor, to add flame to the country's ardour. This thought, no she was there most of the time; for in doubt, is active in the brain of Mr. her absence there was little enough to Louis N. Parker, and it would there- entertain us, though Mr. HARKER'S

through mere inadvertence or elsea temporary aberration that he allowed his choice this time to fall upon the corrupt and frivolous Court of CHARLES II. To suggest that the chance of bringing together the Merry Monarch and the Merry Widow (in the person of Miss Lilly Elsie) diverted him from the right path would be to cast too cynical a reflection upon his patriotism. And certainly it could not have been the male costumes of the period that attracted him, for nothing could well be uglier or more ridiculous.

The comedy of Mavourneen is a very simple thing. Apart from the usual allowance of pageantry it concerns itself almost solely with the fortunes of Patricia O'Brien. To escape marriage with a detestable man. assigned to her by a detestable father (neither of these villains appeared, so we had to take them on trust), she journeys to London in boy's attire, with the idea of putting her case before the King, the

most natural person in the world to consult on a domestic matter Mr. CHERRY did his best to convey the of this kind. Here, her mission at once forgotten amid the novel diversions of the Court, she finds favour with the poor dusky Queen (very homesick for Braganza), and then attracts the roving eye of the Monarch. Her innocence, however, defeats him, and in a spasm of generous virtue he resigns her to the arms of the only honest man in his entourage. Plot there is none, tial tags and improbabilities. unless we are to count the customary misunderstanding between the lovers. It arose from an exhibition of the lady's legs before the assembled Court in Whitehall Palace. There had been a question of rivalry in the matter of stockings and the shapeliness that they covered; and Patricia, who was in the Patricia's lover. habit of wading through her native bogs with lifted skirts, failed to see how her PARKER, that there was War in the to look into this case.

innocence could be damaged by this air (talk of it, I mean, not Zeppelins); hardened a Court I could not conjecture: she had danced before us at Castle Dutch question. O'Brien, in the First Act, with both her stockings off and we hadn't blenched.

Miss Lily Elsie—a very popular

with a fine assurance. Happily for us she was there most of the time; for in fore seem that it must have been scenery afforded a pleasant distraction.

THE HOUSE THAT PAT BUILT. Patricia O'Brien Miss LILY ELSIE. Mr. MALCOLM CHERRY. King Charles II. .

devastating seductiveness of the Monarch; and Mr. GERALD LAWRENCE (as Buckingham, with a taste for improvisation); Mr. Edward Sass (as Mr. Secretary Pepys); Mr. GAYER MACKAY (as the fatuous Arlington); Miss ALICE CRAWFORD (as the notorious Lady Castlemaine) and the rest of the courtiers made a brave show with their conven-

By contrast there was a refreshing humanity in Mr. C. V. France's Father O'Rafferty and the Queen Catherine of Miss Athene Seyler, a very charming little sketch. Mr. REGINALD OWEN, whose natural voice and manner lack adaptability, was not very happy as

I ought to add, in justice to Mr.

simple demonstration. Why, indeed, but what with the scandals at Whiteit should have come as a shock to so hall and a masked rout at The Pantiles, nobody had time to worry about the

## OUR SUPER-OPTIMIST.

Though some people cry you nay Now and then, You've a fascinating way

With your pen; For your style grows never stale, And to every weekly tale Even pessimists can wail An Amen.

> When our armies over-sea, You admit. Down along Gallipoli Have to sit. Are you ever once put out? Do you harbour any doubt As to what they 're all about? Not a bit.

If the Russians backward glide

From the foe. Or the turning of the tide Seems but slow,

Do you ever cease to write Of the triumph soon in sight When the dawn ejects the night?

Oh dear, no.

By "successes" of the Hun Never awed, You insist that ev'ry one

Is a fraud: Soon for peace, you say,

they'll sue, For you take the "forward view":

And I quite agree with you, Colonel MAUDE,

"The bride's travelling dress was a khaki coat and skirt, and she wore a large picture.'

Whitby Gazette.

Artists hard-hit by the War are hoping that the new fashion will become general.

"The Editor regrets very much that no completely correct solution of the Acrostic set in the last issue of the QUARTERLY was completely correct."-Navy League Quarterly. So the Editor has very kindly set the competitors another puzzle, as above.

"There was one child of the marriage, a boy aged three years. He had been wounded three times at the front, and had taken part in eight bayonet charges. He had now re-covered and was about to return to the front again."—Morning Paper.

Sir Arthur Markham, who has condemned the enlistment of boys, ought 5. ns); niteiles, the

a,

1? t ut?

ard

e ght the

un

ay,

ard

u,

iaki

ing

me

set om-

the

e, a ded part

re-

ont

on-

ght

e.



"HAVE YOU A Sporting Life?"

Bookstall Clerk (at lonely country station), "NOT VERY!"

# THE BALLAD OF THE RESURRECTION PACKET.

-Он, she 's in from the deep water, she 's safe in port once | A bit west the Scillies we thought her sure to sink,

With shot 'oles in the funnel which were not there before; Yes, she's 'ome, dearie, 'ome, an' we 've 'alf the sea inside! Ought to 'ave sunk, but she couldn't if she tried.

An' it was "'Ome, dearie, 'ome, oh, she'll bring us 'ome some day,

Rollin' both rails under in the old sweet way, Freezin' in the foul weather, fryin' in the fine, The resurrection packet of the Salt 'Orse Line!"

If she'd been built for sinkin' she'd have done it long ago; She's tried her best in every sea an' all the winds that blow, In hurricanes at Galveston, pamperos off the Plate,

An' icy Cape 'Orn snorters which freeze you while you wait.

She's been ashore at Vallipo, Algoa Bay likewise, She's broke her screw-shaft off Cape Race an' stove 'er bows in ice.

She's lost 'er deck-load overboard an' 'alf 'er bulwarks too, An' she 's come in with fire aboard, smokin' like a flue.

But it 's "'Ome, dearie, 'ome, oh, she gets there just the same, Reekin', leakin', 'alf a wreck, scarred an' stove an' lame;

Patch 'er up with putty, lads, tie 'er up with twine, The resurrection packet of the Salt 'Orse Line!'

A bit west the Scillies the sky was stormy red,

But we met a slinkin' submarine as dark was comin' down, An' she ripped our rotten plates away an' left us there to drown.

There was 'alf a gale blowin', the sky was black as ink, The seas begun to mount an' the wind begun to thunder,

An' every wave that come, oh, we thought 'twould roll 'er under.

But it was "'Ome, dearie, 'ome, an' she 'll get there after all, Steamin' when she can steam, an' when she can't she'll crawl;

This year, next year-rain or storm or shine-The resurrection packet of the Salt 'Orse Line!"

We thought about the bulk-'eads-we wondered if they'd last,

An' the cook 'e started groanin' an' repentin' of the past; But thinkin' an' groanin', oh, they wouldn't shift the water, So we got the pumps a-workin' same as British seamen oughter.

If she'd been a crack liner she'd 'ave gone like a stone, An' why she didn't sink is a thing as can't be known; Our arms was made of lead, our backs was split with achin',

But we pumped 'er into port just before the day was breakin'!

"To-night we'll lift Saint Agnes Light if all goes well," we For it was "'Ome, dearie, 'ome, oh, she'll bring us 'ome some day,

Don't you 'ear the pumps a-clankin' in the old sweet way ?-This year, next year-rain or storm or shine-She's the resurrection packet of the Salt 'Orse Line!"

## THE DIARY.

"Francesca," I said, "what was I doing yesterday?"

"I haven't the remotest idea," she said. "I don't keep a watch on your incomings and your outgoings. I've got quite enough to do to look after myself.'

"I do not," I said, "perceive in you that willingness to help the distressed which is one of the most precious jewels in the crown of womanhood. You might brush up your memory a bit and help a chap.

"But why does a chap want to be helped?"
"A chap," I said, "wants to be helped because he's posting up his diary. I give you my word of honour, Francesca, my mind is a perfect blank as to what I did yesterday. I can remember quite clearly things that happened fifty years ago, but about yesterday I'm utterly

"Very well, then," she said, "I'll dictate. Are you ready? Go. 'After breakfast, wrote an epic in twelve books'—they're always in twelve books, you know wiped out Homer and put Milton on a back seat. After luncheon called on Lord KITCHENER at the War Office and submitted my plan of campaign. He seemed much impressed, but-

"I wish," I said, "you could manage to be serious for about half a minute. You don't seem to realise what this

"Oh, yes," she said, "I do. I know your happiness depends upon getting it right. However, if you don't like

"No, don't," I said; "it only puts me off."
"Then you'll have to be put off. Listen: 'Got out of bed late. Shaved with safety razor. Gashed myself twice. Spoke gently but firmly. Had a bath. Put on blue serge suit and black boots. Breakfasted-eggs and bacon. Read Times. Gloomier than ever. Then-

"Hurrah!" I said. "I've got it. Don't speak to me. Let me write it down quickly before I forget it. There, it's

down.'

"How frightfully exciting," she said. "Read it out at

"Yes," I said, "here it is :- Went to London by the 11.12 train.' You can't think what a relief that is to me. It's so jolly to feel that one still has a memory."

"It must be," she said. "But it won't do to put too great a strain on it, you know. It's a gallant memory, but you must ride it gently."
"There you go again," I said.

"Do I?" she said pensively. "I'm wondering how it feels to have a memory like that. It must have taken a lot of training."
"Oh, no," I said, "not much. It just does it."

"And that," she said, "is how diaries are made, is it?"

"Yes," I said proudly, "that's how."
"But what's the point of it?" she said. "Why do you want to put a thing like that down in your diary? It doesn't seem to be so tremendously important, after

"Oh, Francesca," I said, "don't you see? Some day, years hence, you and the children—they 'll all be grown up then, by the way, but no matter-you'll all be sitting round the fire in the library, and Muriel will say, 'Let's have a read of Dad's diary,' and you'll fetch it out of its box and perhaps you'll pitch on this very entry and read it out: 'Went to London by the 11.12 train.' And then after a moment or two Nina will say, 'That was Dad's favourite train,' and Alice will say, 'What a good train-catcher Dad was. You don't find many like him in these days;' and Frederick will say, 'I wonder if he wore that funny hat of its imposing front, which is much the better for the process.

his; 'and so you'll all spend a very pleasant evening over the old diary and the 11.12 train.

"You touch me deeply," said Francesca. "I see there's

some use in a trivial diary after all."

"I'm glad of that," I said. "I will now complete the record for the day. Let me see: 'Lunched at Club with Billington. Returned home by 5.50 from Paddington. Drilled with platoon of Volunteers after dinner.' There's the whole day for you."

"What a good driller of Volunteers Dad was!" said

Francesca with a smile.

"He did his best," I said. "And let me tell you, Francesca, that if you ever drill a platoon there's one thing you must beware of."
"What's that?" she said.

"As you value your peace of mind," I said, "don't try and get them rear-rank in front. If you want to break up a column of fours into its component particles all you've got to do is to shout out, 'On the right form platoon' (or left, as the case may be-whichever ought to bring the rear-rank in front) and watch the result. It's enough to make a cat laugh, let alone a Sergeant-Major.'

"But Sergeant-Majors don't laugh, do they?"

"Not much," I said. "How can they? They pass their time in a world where everybody is always making mistakes and nobody is ever as smart as he ought to be."
"Have you ever," she said, "tried your Sergeant-Major

with your diary? He might get a smile or two out of that. "He'd have to remind it to form two deep first. That

would be an absolutely essential preliminary.

"I'll remember that," she said, "when next I drill my weekly books.' R. C. L.

### ARMS AND THE WOMAN.

["The military and naval fondness for tattooing has spread to many young women in London, who are having the name and often the regimental badge of their swains indelibly marked on their arms."—Daily Express.] -Daily Express.]

Amelia, I am haunted by the thought That this distressing news refers to you; That, tiring of the commonplace, you sought For something new,

And rushed off in a mad impulsive mood To do this foolish thing-to be tattooed.

A fashion that would shock the common throng Is just the thing in which you would delight;

I hope with all my heart that I am wrong, But, if I'm right,

Your folly will effectively prevent My showing off my one accomplishment.

For out here, in the midst of War's alarms, We sometimes have a sing-song, and, you see, I always sing, "I know of two white arms Waiting for me;

But if those arms with pictures are bedecked I sing no more. My repertoire is wrecked.

Note added by Officer censoring letters.

Dear Madam, this intrusion may seem rude, But I, alas, have suffered with the rest. If up to now you haven't been tattooed,

Might I suggest You go and get it done without delay.

# Send us the bill. We'll very gladly pay.

## A Bath Revival.

"At 4 o'clock one morning the Fire Brigade arrived and washed

ver

e's

the on. e's aid ou. ne

try up 've (or he to

SS ng or at ny

to

en

ed



AT THE PANEL DOCTOR'S.

Gentleman (who has been steadily reading for the last hour). "You go next, Ma'am; I've only come here to finish a story I STARTED LAST WEEK.

# OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

In these days a fairy fantasy by Mr. F. Anstey comes like a breath from the old happiness. How many years is it that he has been compelling our laughter with that delightful jumble of magic and modernity of which he Christmas Play! owns the secret? And here the latest story, In Brief Authority (SMITH, ELDER), shows what I may call the ANSTEY formula as potent as ever. Take a stodgy family, types of latter-day Suburbia; add a fascinating governess (Mr. Anstey, if he will allow me to say so, seems something of a specialist in nice governesses—this one is own cousin to her who married The Man from Blankley's), and translate them all to fairyland as rightful heirs to the throne of that kingdom. There is your scheme. But only the author, in his own grave-faced way, can tell you the countless solemn absurdities of its working out. Myself, of all the Wibberley-Stimpson family I got most fun out of the daughter, who had been taken unwillingly from a course of lectures on literature, and was frankly bored with the pomp and circumstance of a fairy court. A boredom entirely reciprocated by her attendants; till they cheer up on hearing from the royal note-book that it was "after he had come under the spell instrument of the catastrophe is the child, whom Giovanna of Petrarch and Boccaccio that Chaucer produced his wondrous Tales." Though even then, says Mr. Anstey, "it husband had made her outwardly renounce. When appeared their interest was due to a misapprehension." Moutray learns of this he kills his wife, and virtually his But I will not try to describe the trials of this ill-suited son also. Thenceforward the tale moves by darkening

knitting woollen vests for the gnomes, or floating a company for the sale of tables replenishable by magic. Nor againsince I have told you about the governess—need I say who eventually turns out be the rightful claimant. It is all excellent fooling, with, in one place, just a suspicion of allegory thrown in as ballast. And what a theme for a

I am inclined deliberately to call Miss Marjorie Bowen the first of our costume novelists. I know of no one who can so fill a book with the atmosphere of the past, or whose characters wear their fine feathers with so compelling an air of custom. Her latest story, Because of These Things (METHUEN), is the strongest, though not the most pleasant, work she has yet given us. It is a tragedy of clashing temperaments, with an old plot, told often before by many writers, in many settings, from the author of Othello onward. The husband here is Francis Moutray of Glenillish, a Calvinistic Scots lord, who, coming as a fiercely disapproving visitor to the gay life of eighteenthcentury Bologna, is surprised by an overmastering passion and elopes with the young Giovanna, a lovely Papist, daughter of a notorious patrician house. What follows is what inevitably must have followed such a union. The family, nor their endeavours to propitiate their subjects by paths to the end that was foreshadowed at its start. All warn vou.

effect. I am afraid I must have taken the wrong point of view when reading The Man in Motley (MILLS AND Boon). The story opens with Ulick Shreeve plotting and achieving the murder of his rich cousin, whose heir he is, and goes on to relate his subsequent apprehensions lest the crime be traced to him. All the time that I should have been recoiling in horror from Ulick I was making myself his accomplice. I followed him about, saying, "Ass, you've forgotten to hide the revolver!" and "Don't leave that obvious clue, you idiot; it's the first thing they'll look for;" with the result that, as the net closed more and more securely about him, I became quite depressed, and felt, when he finally shot himself-there is no capital punishment for murderers in fiction-that I had lost a friend. It was wrong of him, of course, to allow an innocent man to go to prison in his stead, but we plotters

cannot bother about trifles.

Lt.-General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, in My Adventures as a Spy (Pearson), gives abundant proofs of his resourceful courage, and his little book is most genuinely welcome as the work of a man who has again and again held his life in his hands. So long as he is telling us what he has done and why he did it, and is teaching us how we may do some

this latter half of the book is pervaded with such a sense him my approval. Nothing seems more unnecessary than of doom and horror that the effect of it is almost unbearable. to say of two brave types that one is braver than the That is why, though I congratulate Miss Bowen wholeheartedly upon a piece of imaginative writing that reveals spy is something greater than "the ordinary bravery of a unsuspected power, I cannot exactly recommend the result soldier in action" he may be right, but he ruffles me to the to those in search of cheerful entertainment, or a bedside last feather. Anyhow, if, as he says, "the pluck of the man soporific. Certainly not the latter, for the dullest reader who goes out alone, unobserved and unapplauded, and at would be bound to stay awake till the turning of the last the risk of his life, is surely something more admirable, page—and probably afterwards. So don't say that I didn't it is time we had a new word for this class of patriot. So infamously disreputable has the word "spy" become that I would suggest that our amateur military experts should I am one of those weak-minded persons so lacking in cease from their self-imposed labour of telling us how morals that, if a criminal came to me and told me his the War ought to be managed and find an honourable latest exploit and seemed to expect my sympathy, I am name for those brave men (on our side, of course) whose sure I should say, "Splendid, old man!" or words to that



THE RULING PASSION.

EVEN IN THE ACT OF SURRENDER THE LANDSTURMER DOES NOT FORGET HIS COMMERCIAL INSTINCTS, WHICH HAVE MADE HIM WHAT HE 18.

I am very much obliged to Mr. ROBERT A. HAMBLIN for introducing me to himself and The Heart of Joanna (Long). I pass on the introduction, feeling pretty sure you will really like the author on this first acquaintance, dismal enough though most of what he says may be; and quite certain that the lady he has charmed into existence will win your hearts and make you, or almost make you, forgive the gloom she is called upon to illumine. Seeing that beyond denial the life of a struggling undertaker and his family in the East End is liable to be a sordid one, to read all about it with enjoyment requires, besides truth in the writer, which is here triumphantly present, some inward contentment, none too common these times, in the reader. So I shall advise you to wait for an evening of good news, with a bright moonlight, before discovering how Mr. Krewser

I have not yet got rid of the went bankrupt, say, and Mrs. Vane went hungry. After feeling that poor old Ulick had rotten luck. The late agreeing to accept, for Art's sweet sake and fortified Tom Gallon, whose posthumous work the tale is, had the as above suggested, a story that is depressing because, in knack of story-telling. He was never slow off the mark, spite of a sort of happy ending, its prevailing tone of drab and, once started, he did not allow his readers' attention to tragedy is so remorselessly possible, you will very likely go flag. The Man in Motley is a book which, if you read that on, as I did, to grumble at one or two minor things—quessort of book at all, you will finish at a sitting. It is an tions ecclesiastical, where one would like to raise a point of ingenious story; indeed the trouble with Ulick was that order, for instance, and a matter of poison that seems he was far too ingenious. I told him at the time that he was making the thing much too complicated, but he would not listen to me.

rather a pity, and of a ballet girl that is rather more than a pity. But I think you will agree in the end that not listen to me. power, and Joanna herself delightful.

"A PLACE IN THE SUN' COMPANY.

Wanted shortly, smart Actor for small but important part in above; must be capable of giving a delicate, gentlemanly drunken scene. Wife not objected to if capable of speaking two or three lines."

of it ourselves, I am with him all the time. It is only In the circumstances described most wives would regard when he begins to generalise that I cease to extend to this as an absurdly inadequate allowance of tongue.

5.

han

the

field

of a

the

man

d at

ole,"

So

that

ould

low

able

ose

ged

LIN

im-

on

ing ally

irst

nal

of

and

adv

ist-

rts

ost

om

lu-

ond

ıg-

his

is

to

th

ere

ne

ne

es. all an

th

re ser er

ed

in

ab

go

of

ns

re

at of

rd

#### CHARIVARIA.

GERMANY has admitted that twentyseven of her submarines have been caught in English nets and has complained to neutral Powers of this method of capturing them. She considers that it would be more in accordance with the traditions of British the fly-the GREY-fly for choice.

One of the most popular toys this year is a submarine which fires torpedoes at a German warship. The great charm of it is that the ship, though have served his purpose just as well. temporarily shattered, can be put to-gether again in a minute. The Kaiser

is trying hard to get a specimen for Admiral TIRPITZ's Christmas tree.

It is rumoured that in view of the increasing preponderance of women in the Fatherland "plural marriages" will shortly be authorised. Having set out to be super-men the Germans may end by being super-Mormons.

By an arrangement of long standing the KAISER acts as godfather to the seventh and eighth sons born in succession to any of his subjects. With the desire of encouraging the production of "can-non-fodder" for future use he has now extended the offer to seventh,

eighth, or ninth sons, even though authorities all the church-bells in the chance, the dear selling opportunity, and the a daughter or daughters may have country in order that they may be capital together."—Manchester Guardian. mess of pottage. \* \*

Among the news-items circulated by the Embassy in New York to show Germany's staying-power is the announcement that the subscriptions to hundred and forty-five, or nearly as is the number of subscribers that have many as for this year. But the gone to the Front; or, in other words, Americans are believed to be more the shortage of "nuts." impressed with the number of entries secured for the British DERBY.

make a separate peace, while Turkey have been grossly exaggerated.

has been promised that the integrity of her Empire shall be preserved. As certain London battalion it is stated he hates going back on his bond it that "men joining have the knowledge

A Parliamentary chronicler informs us that as the PRIME MINISTER talked trenches have lately been widened. sportsmanship if they were taken on of the low percentage of losses under naval transport Mr. Balfour slowly

is greatly taken with the notion, and Hungary has offered to the military was informed that it was "off."

A HINT TO OUR ADMIRALTY.

DUMMY BABY DESIGN TO TEMPT THE GERMAN FLEET TO COME OUT.

intervened. If the present shortage transformed into cannon. Residents But surely Browning has already of food continues there will soon be in certain parts of the Metropolis parodied Byron thus: "Never the many Esaus in the Godfatherland, are hoping that the Archbishop of ready to sell their birthright for a Canterbury will be equally patriotic.

We regret to learn from Mr. and Mrs. EUSTACE MILES that after the December issue the publication of their entertaining magazine, Healthward Ho! will be suspended until the War is the German Derby for 1917 are one over. Among the reasons for this step

It is a mistake to suppose that the official restrictions placed upon Fifth The future of Constantinople is caus- of November celebrations were due to ing some anxiety to the KAISER. He fear of Zeppelins. The fact is that has offered it to Greece for keeping recent debates in the House of Lords out of the War, and to Bulgaria for have persuaded the Government that Oh, this world-war! Even the Sandcoming in, and to Russia if she will the criminal intentions of Guy Fawkes wich Islands appear to have abar doned

In an appeal for recruits issued by a will save him a lot of trouble if the that it is one of the best-fed regiments Allies capture the wretched place for in the Army, six meals a day being themselves. in preparation for the advent of these Gargantuan heroes the communication-

Following upon a Press campaign in leant forward and solemnly touched favour of "Polar meat" a Berlin resthe wood of the clerk's table. But, if we taurant is now supplying "Walfischwere to believe all we hear in the daily schnitzel (whale cutlet), Walfischrücken press, the head of some colleague would (saddle of whale), and Walfischbraten whale steak)" on the days when butcher's meat is forbidden. A customer It is stated that the Primate of who tactlessly asked for Walfisch Bay

### The Literary Touch.

"Mr. Parker . . . has not attempted to accommodate great events to a dramatic tale. History is merely his background for a story drawn from his imagination. While he was about it, he might have drunk more deeply of the Hyperion Spring, &c., &c."-Globe.

" It is officially announced that a Russian fleet in the Baltic Sea to-day bombarded the batteries and harbour works at Varna."

Morning Paper.

Theymust have borrowed "the guns 9,000 feet high" which, according to another journal, the Italians have been using.

"The unsuccessful might paraphrase Byron thus: Never the cheap buying

"I also invite my friends to partake of supper quite al freeco in place of the bountiful high tea which is the usual custom of my class and district."—The Weekly Telegraph. Romantic, but a little chilly at this

time of year.

#### A Sinecure.

"CAPABLE Mother's - Help. Cohome. No children."—The Lady. Comfortable

"The Sandwich Islands are separated from other lands by a broad expanse and great depth of sea . . The unique position of these islands in mid-Atlantic is of vast importance." The Wireless World.

their Pacific attitude.

# MOF.

I LITTLE worry when I'm told That my orthography is gauche: I spell it "Bosch," though scholars scold And all the leading linguists hold I ought to spell it "Boche."

Let every pedant have his fun And every learned prig his fad; By any name beneath the sun It's my opinion that the Hun Would smell about as bad.

Thus, where the border-fence is laid Between the Belgians and the Dutch (And when you strike it in the shade Electrocution's artful aid Deletes you at a touch),

The Netherlanders, lying low, But taking neutral leave to scoff, Have found a name by which to know The Teuton beast, the common foe-They call the thing a "Mof."

This word (I like it well enough: The spelling's Dutch, but let it pass) Means, being tantamount to "Muff," A cylinder of hairy stuff, Also a silly ass.

O. S.

### REX OF THE TRANSPORT.

In the dark ages, when the battalion was still uncertain of its fate and the men returned nightly to comfortable billets and long evenings, he was doubtless the property of some up-to-date brewer, who regarded him without enthusiasm as an item on the asset side of his balance-sheet. Among so many others it was not to be expected that he should attract special notice, but one likes to think that even in those days he bore himself proudly, as a king should. Other horses may have been sullen or restless as their moods prompted, but he stood aloof, removed in thought above the things of earth, serene and stoical like Marcus Aurelius of old. Perhaps he felt that his hour was soon to strike, perhaps he was up-borne by faith, intuition, second sight—call it what you will; or perhaps his own calm strength alone sustained him. Certain it is that he came to us without hesitation and without fear, but also without rejoicings. It was as if he had but stepped into the place prepared for him, which he knew was his by right.

From the very first his claim was never questioned. For this he was partly indebted to the dignity of his bearing, and partly to the beauty and immensity of his vast "He strode our little world like a Colossus," and to us of the Transport Section, watching the smooth play and ripple of his mighty muscles, he seemed indeed less suited to perform the menial tasks allotted to him than to delight the pure soul of the artist. But most of all I think he owed his supremacy to his eye. Large, dark and compelling, it seemed to combine the wisdom of centuries with the naïve wonderment of a child. There were times when one could read in it the pensiveness that is born of knowledge, and times when it seemed to look out on the world with an air of gentle surprise. Thus, when, standing at ease during the loading of his G. S. wagon, he heard the regimental band strike up within a inquiry. Yet in that gaze there was an unquestionable was stole?

tinge of mute contempt for beings who could derive pleasure from such useless and undignified pursuits.

Where we, however, thought to discern a mystic aloofness from common interests and desires, his companions saw only a firm concentration of purpose, a rapt intensity of thought, which they dreaded but could not understand. Because of this no horse would face his glance. It is rumoured that at night-time, from his place of honour on the right of the line, he quelled disturbance by a turn of the head. It is certainly true that since his coming no picket has had to face the fear of a stampede in those dreaded small hours before the dawn, when the grass begins to rustle mysteriously and long shadows creep about the horses' feet. Equally is it true that no picket has ever seen him sleep. Sometimes in the chill of early morning he has been noticed slowly and solemnly alternating his weight from one hind foot to the other, but for the most part he stands four-square and motionless throughout the night, keeping watch and guard over his subjects. Sleep he doubtless must, even as every living thing, but it is a concession to the flesh which he makes grudgingly and in secret, as though ashamed of his own weakness and afraid lest he should be found unworthy of his trust. Always he succeeds in retaining such a measure of his faculties as will enable him to be found awake at each recurring inspection of the line.

When at last Reveille summons the world to another day's work, he submits to having himself groomed without protest but with evident boredom. The only evidence of interest in the proceedings which he displays is when, his rug having been loosened, he reaches round and drags it carefully from his back. It is his one parlour-trick, his sole expression of gratitude, his solitary tribute to the superior intellect of Man. By it he admits his dependence on the powers that guide his life. Failing it we might have admired his strength and respected his serenity, but we could never have loved him. Because of it we know that his detachment is that of the philosopher and not of the cynic, and that beneath his grave exterior there beats a warm heart.

Some day, when the War is over, he will return to civil life. His brief reign ended, he will take his place once more among the obscure and civilian legions of the prosperous brewer. Will he look back with regret on the days of his kingship, or will the memory of them, like a bright jewel, help to sustain him through the dark years that must pass before he goes down-hill with his last load? Time alone can tell, but we who knew him in his greatness and must desert him in his poverty wish him the best wish we know: a painless dropping of the traces and, when the time comes, a dreamless sleep.

# "The Minor Horrors of War."

"The following list of articles sent gives some idea of the work of the Committee in respect of the Royal Scots during the past twelve months:—Socks, 14,161 pairs; gloves, 3404 pairs; shirts, 5797; nufflers, 2788; helmets, 2126; handkerchiefs, 2780; Tommy's cookers, 1000; insect powder, 1700 tons, &c., &c.''—Scotsman.

"We return to find the University yet further depleted in numbers, though not far short of 1,000 undergraduates are at present in residence. The 600 odd dons also still about thus enable us to muster quite a respectable total."—Cambridge Magazine.

The senior members of the University have their uses, then.

"£3 Reward.—Lost. Oct. 21st, about 10 p.m. in taxicab, between Hippodrome and Great Titchfield-street, brown Fun Stole, Minx." Morning Paper.

It is to be hoped that the loser deserves a better sobriquet few yards of him, he merely turned on it a gaze of mild than she gives herself. And is "Minx" sure that the fur



BANQUETING AS USUAL.

Gog (to Magog). "WELL, HERE'S TO WAR-ECONOMY!"

5. erive

loofions isity and. It is

n of g no hose gins the ever

ning his most the bleep is a

and and Alacul-ring

ther nout se of his sit his the ence

but now ot of ats a

rous s of right that pad?

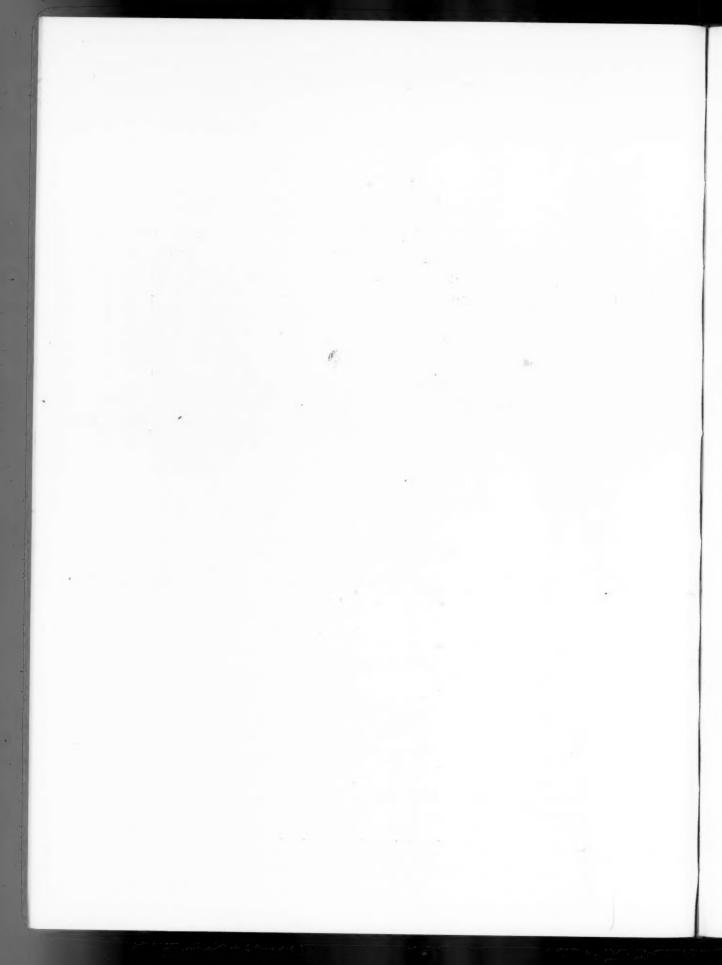
best

work past 5797; my's

bers, resiuster

ween x."

quet fur





Rickey. "MOTHER, HOW OLD IS DAD?" Mother. "FORTY-THREE, DEAR. WHY?"

Rickey. "OH, I AM GLAD. I WAS AFRAID HE'D FUNKED."

#### INSIDE KNOWLEDGE.

We have had the extraordinary luck to intercept, on its way to "The Daily Telegraph," the following despatch from the Sphinx of the Balkans.

It is right that the British Nation should be apprised of the crucial fact that the whole question of Italian activity in the Balkans turns upon the peremptory need of establishing in how far belligerent action may prove to be congruous with the resources at the disposal of the Consulta and in how far they may prove to be proportionately adaptable to the realization of Allied aspirations. This truth was revealed in a telegram which I have just received from a source that I am not at liberty to divulge; but I have first-hand knowledge to guide me, if any guidance were desiderated. And the conclusion tallies exactly with my forecast of last May-unfortunately overlooked at the time. On this point the Giolittist Stampa, the Salandrist Giornale d'Italia and the Briandist Figaro are all in agreement; and satisfaction is expressed that the Dillonist Daily Telegraph approves their attitude.

be inopportune to analyse at present materially from those obtaining at mere man it seems like jiu-jitsu.

(though I am not precluded from the moment when my opinions were expressing the opinion that they may adumbrated. soon reach the highest attainable degree Their sufficiency may be chimerical colour to the opposite belief.

Allied diplomatic circles—in spite of my article of February 13th last. And fructuous. here let me say, in passing, that on those days when nothing new from my pen is received in London the diplomatic atmosphere might well be lightened by the reprinting of daily instalments of my former contributions during the past five years. This should during the past five years. This should prove a safeguard against a dangerous lapse into bewilderment on the part of civilian opinion in the Allied countries. For though much has happened since these pronouncements were made there has been nothing to vitiate their conclusions, or what I may call their arm. This sounds rather concontinuous applicability or adapta-really very simple in practice. Other extraneous considerations of bility to future conditions which had

Whether or no Roumania will display of intensity), also press for recognition.

Their sufficiency may be chimerical with the Central Powers is known to but it can with truth be predicated that certain judges who have watched the their influence must tell-though I am diplomatic contest at close quarters or unfortunately not free to enter into details the knowledge of which would dispel those appearances that lend it would be a rash assumption that such endeavours as I may have made on my The attitude of Roumania is still the own part to influence the course of subject of much misapprehension in history—in negotiations that may be published elsewhere-have proved in-

> I earnestly hope that the pregnant facts here emphasised will be duly weighed and reckoned with.

Meanwhile Athens is positively weevilled with Germans.

end, with the right hand; then place it behind the body on the left-hand side. Next, place the left hand on the hip with the arm encircling the stick; then simultaneously pull with the right hand and push with the left arm. This sounds rather complicated but is

Everywoman's Weekly.

an influential character, which it would yet to be created and which differ It may be for Everywoman; but to the

# THE GAP.

I ALWAYS try to be neighbourly, but people who keep hens which are not in case a similar raid should be made chained up are a nuisance.

bottom of my garden belonging to a in single file through a breach in your man named Petherton, and, owing to own defences. the Statute of Mortmain or some other chokes? silly old enactment, the hedge dividing this field from my garden belongs to Petherton. Of course it does not on Petherton: that account refuse to act for both of

sized gap in this hedge. I have no to the notice of the Lunacy Commisobjection to such a gap as a gap, but sioners. Personally I think you are when it acts as an early door for poultry | quite mad. to enter my garden from Petherton's demesne, it is time to see about it.

as follows:

MY DEAR SIR,-I have hesitated to draw your attention before to a small matter which is causing me some annovance, because I dislike complaining, because I hate writing letters, and because I had not sufficiently direct evidence till to-day that any dependants or chattels of yours, call them what you will (I have called them several names), were the cause of the annovance.

This morning, however, I found my wife's favourite flower-bed torn up, and several feathers (enclosed) adhering to my side of the hedge (if either side of a

If your hens wish to dig themselves in, could you not give them some awake. facilities for doing so on your own which, according to cap. Vic. (the complete reference escapes me at the moment), is your concern and yours only?

Trusting your late potatoes or early onions, whichever it is that I can see from my windows, are doing well,

I am, Faithfully yours,

HENRY J. FORDYCE. As I didn't get any reply to this, I for the sake of the garden. thought perhaps my letter was not sufficiently friendly, so I tried again.

premises at early dawn and retired disturbed my rest.

before my boot batteries had time to get into action.

on your property, especially as the There is a small paddock at the predatory force was seen to be marching How are your arti-Yours sincerely

HENRY J. FORDYCE. This elicited the following from was brief: -Go to the deuce. -F. P.

SIR,—I have received two absurd us. It does its best to bound my garden. letters from you and am as yet un-But the other day I noticed a fair-decided whether or not to bring them

Fond Mother. ''Ay, dear lad, there's not a day passes but what I think of you in that awful sub'arine, with only the periscup to breathe through.''

hedge belonging to you can be said to be compelled to dig for food. The be mine) at the bottom of my garden. noise it makes at night is appalling and keeps both me and my poultry

The feathers you enclosed, and which premises, or at least prevent their doing I return, are evidently either out of so on mine by repairing the hedge, your wife's boa, which I noticed last Sunday is moulting, or belonged to some victim of your poor starving cat.

Your imagination in the early morning is too vivid. You should consult a doctor. Yours truly,

FREDERICK PETHERTON. P.S.-I don't grow artichokes, potatoes or onions.

I must be yet more friendly, I said,

DEAR PETHERTON (I wrote), -Thanks for yours of uneven date (his figures DEAR MB. PETHERTON,—What a wet were illegible), and in reply I am sorry day it has been to be sure! My garden to hear that you and your charming is all mud and feathers, thanks to the fowls are such light sleepers. I know rain and the inroad of a battalion of that my cat is in the habit of meetstar-spangled Wyandottes or blue- ing his friends after closing time, but pencilled Leghorns, which attacked my so far their conversations have never

As regards your anxiety about Thomas's internal affairs, 1 will make I am writing merely to prepare you further inquiries into his food accounts and let you know the result. By the way, I notice that Parsons, in the High Street, has some odd lengths of wire netting for sale. You might care to have a look at them.

> Yours ever, HARRY FORDYCE. Petherton's reply, after a few days,

I thought I would try one even more friendly letter before resorting to sterner measures, so gave off the subjoined :-

MY DEAR OLD CHAP, -So many thanks for your kind invitation, which however it is absolutely impossible to accept for the present, as I In reference to your imaginary find on reference to my engagement emesne, it is time to see about it. I wrote to Petherton grievance, if you would give your book that I am very full up for the wretched cat more to eat it would not next week or two.

By the way, old man, you were right about Thomas, after all. It comes of leaving these matters to servants. However, I have taken the matter in hand myself at last. I have changed his diet to Indian corn and hot porridge, and I have put up a dinky little garden house for him, with two or three cosy hay-lined nests, and in each nest a new golf-ball. The result is astonishing. The dear old thing is showing his gratitude in the only way he can. He lays one, two and sometimes three eggs a day. My wife is delighted, as really fresh eggs are so high in price just now.

So there is no need to worry about the hedge, especially as I find that by going down on all fours and peering through the gap I can obtain a delightful vista of meadow land, and such a vista is always an attraction, don't you think?

Yours to a cinder, HARRY As I was shaving I saw Petherton this morning blocking up the vista. Selfish brute!

## A Vocal Phenomenon.

"Miss Bertha Lewis, the D'Oyly Carte contralto, who is so rapidly coming to the front, is in private life Mrs. Herbert Heyner, the young baritone who has done such good work in classic concerts."—Leicester Mail.

"Over the whole basin of the Atlantic there is spread an enormously thick covering of what seems to be mud, but is really a mixture what seems to be mud, but is really a mixture of tiniest shells, either perfect or in pieces, that need the microscope to be seen. This is called Globigerina Ooze—just as if it were a girl."—Cumberland Evening Mail.

We ourselves should never think of giving a girl a name like that.

ke its he gh ire to

VS, n'e er nv ch si-1 nt he n, ut es to ve nd ve ın nd le th ed lt ar

is

v

CO

d.

ut

V

10

t-

a

u

n

a.

he

rk

of

of



Sentry. "HALT! WHO GOES THERE?" Sentry. "PASS, FRIEND. ALL'S WELL."

Rustic. "FRIEND!" Rustic. "THANKEE, SIR. I'M SORRY TO 'AVE WOKE 'EE, SIR!"

# ANOTHER GREAT SCANDAL. DANGERS OF MOON: ACTION DEMANDED.

The Globe has ever been in the foremost rank of vigilant critics of affairs. The Globe's motto, taken from the immortal works of Charles Dickenshimself, in his attacks on the Circumlocution Office and the methods of the Court of Chancery, no mean forerunner of "C. P."-is, to quote Mr. Weller, "Ain't nobody going to be wopped for this here?" and The Globe intends to be true to it, come what may.

In pursuance of our policy of watchfulness we are forced to-day to protest with all the eloquence and fervour left over from our great Reprisals Meeting at Croydon against the appalling and Admiralty—or is it the Home Office? but certainly one or other of these mutually elusive criminals—of allowing the moon to be seen from the Eastern Counties. Nothing could be more calculated to upset our nerves than this singularly obsolete although intrusive Zeppelin. Think of the feelings of a then Sir John Simon.

citizen who, suddenly looking up, sees above his head what at the first blush is nothing but a highly illuminated airship, obviously filled with bombs. How Grahame White, who spoke so nobly can such a man go about his business with a rightly balanced mind? How can he carry out the delicate tasks demanded of him and of all of us if The fleet of aircraft could be so dismust suffer.

We wish to bring no Government down, but we say with conviction that if the moon is not eclipsed the Cabinet will be, and justly too. For several days every month the moon is not visible. What the Globe demands to know, and insists upon learning, is this: If the moon can be hidden for part of perilous folly on the part of the the time, why cannot it be hidden for all the time? The matter is of tremendous importance strategically, because so clever are our enemies that very shortly they will be sending to England a Zeppelin so like the moon that we shall make no effort to stop it; and then where will London be? planet. For by some curious chance We call upon Mr. Balfour to act imit rides over the City exactly like a mediately; or, if it is not Mr. Balfour,

The moon must be extinguished. Surely the task presents no real difficulties. Placed in the hands of Mr. at Croydon, although no one outside The Globe has been permitted to read his remarks, the thing could be done. the War is to end in our favour? He posed that they formed a sufficient is deranged, unbalanced, and everyone screen between London and this dangerous luminary. We shall return to the subject again unless something is done. Never will we rest until the Admiralty-or the Home Office-has done its duty.

P.S.—We are aware that the moon is alleged to keep Zeppelins away, but we have started this scandal and can allow no argument to stop us.

### An International Affair.

"BRITISH SUBMARINE'S CLEVER EXPLOIT. ITALIAN LINER SUNK. GERMAN APOLOGY TO SWITZERLAND." Provincial Paper Headlines.

#### The Simple Life.

"Wanted, Shepherd: must be used to feeding on roots."-The Hereford Times.

#### BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

GEORGIAN AND OTHER REVIVALS.

Beaunash Wells.

DEAREST DAPHNE,-There's quite a little vogue this autumn for our homemade Spas and Wells, and this place in particular is full of people one knows. But you mustn't think we're here merely for a holiday. No, my Daphne, War"—that's to say, we're suffering from the effects of War-work of some kind. Myself, I'm being treated for munition wrists. Beryl and Babs have that Sir William Kiddem orders them to lie flat on their backs for ever so long each day. In the intervals of our treatment, however, we're giving back its youth to this dear old place. We crowd the Pump Room, we stroll up and down Quality Walk, and we shop in Farthingale Street.

It was my idea to adopt the manners and so on of the poor dears who enjoyed themselves here ages ago, and I lead a set who carry quizzing-glasses, and say, "La, you now!" and "My dear creature, I'm infinitely obleged to you," and all those darling old fancydress phrases; and we have ridottos at the Rooms, and dance minuets (they begin as minuets, but they generally end as something livelier). Popsy. Lady Ramsgate, who's being treated for Zeppelin eye (through looking up into the sky too long with a telescope), tries, as usual, to outdo us all in digging up the past, and has herself carried to the Pump Room in a Sedan-chair. She had a little trouble with her chairmen one day when they set her down farther from the door than she wished. "Marry, come up, varlets," she said (rather mixing up her centuries); "Oddsboddikins, 'tis a plaguy wet day." And the men said they wouldn't have such language used to them, that they were respectable working men, and they'd lay the matter before their trades union, and I don't know what would have happened if Norty hadn't been just coming out of the Pump

Room. He settled it and pacified them. Yes, Norty came here during his short leave (you heard how he's distinguished himself as a flight-commander, dropping something on something somewhere and being decorated by our darling French allies). He Did he mention it by any chance?" threw himself heart and soul into cur of it, and said "Foregad!" and "Gadzooks!" and "You divert me vastly, child," and was altogether deliciously Horace Walpoley, with a dash of Beau BRUMMEL thrown in.

Sir William Kiddem, who comes to stockings, and a play-sword by his side, see after us regularly, says it's a particularly happy idea to revive the past, as it's imperative that our thoughts should be taken off the present during our cure. He's sent some immensely complicated cases here — dear Stella Clackmannan, for instance, who was suffering from neuro-committee-itis. She was chairwoman of dozens of comwe're all, in a sense, "broke in the mittees; and at last the breaking point came, and Sir William sent her here. She's to amuse herself as much as possible, has electric head-massage him," persisted the Colonel; "he came every day over the part of the brain down the steps of the terrace to get shell-makers' crouch to such an extent that's used for organising, is never to see anyone knitting or sewing, and the word "committee" is never to be said in her hearing. The dear thing is with his long curls, and his silks and better now, but at first she was in a ghastly state. Every night she dreamed When he didn't answer my first quesof knitted mufflers and mitts, and once, she told us, she had a frightful for dancing about dressed up in the nightmare, when the whole world seemed to be made of purls! And whenever and wherever she saw a number of people she tried to form off across the lawn and vanished in the them into a committee! We used to shadow of the trees." persuade her to go home then and take a tabloid.

My dearest, do you care to hear a storyette with just a little creep in it? Ecoute, donc. I drove out to Oldpark one afternoon, and among the callers was a certain Colonel who's in command of a certain camp not a thousand miles away. He's a rather grim and very, very military Colonel, enormously keen on recruiting, and considered by many people (himself included, I believe) to resemble a very Great Man indeed. Well, Eleanor Oldpark was chatting to some of us, and she happened to say that, while some dressing up in some of the antique velvets and brocades out of the historic Oldpark wardrobe. The Colonel, who was silently and busily drinking tea and eating sandwiches, suddenly weighed say at Beaunash Wells. "But, my in with, "That must have been the dear Colonel, I should have thought evening I trespassed on your grounds, Lady Oldpark. I wanted to take a short cut over to the depôt, and I passed across your lawn, below the terrace. and saw one of your masqueraders; what's more, I spoke to him and tried to scoop him in—you know I never lose an opportunity of scooping 'em in.

"No," said Eleanor, and added, eighteenth-century pose; set up a "There were no shirkers in the party, snuff-box and took delicate pinches out Colonel." "Glad to hear it," he answered. "But when I saw my fine young gentleman, with a wigful of great long curls and a little fancy hat on the wall."-Morning Paper. atop of it, and a long flapped waistcoat Just as if he was the ancient Belshazand wide-skirted coat, and shoes and ZAR.

I couldn't help saying, 'Young fellow, my lad, are you doing anything for your country?' and, as he didn't answer, I said a word or two more. Sorry if it was undeserved, but he should have said so."

Eleanor looked puzzled. "None of them was dressed in the fashion you've described. Indeed, we've nothing of that exact period in the wardrobe.'

"But, my dear lady, one of them must have been dressed so, for I saw some cool air after dancing, I suppose velvets and his shoe-buckles and all. tion, I told him this was no time trumpery of the past; that he ought to be in the dress of to-day-khaki. But he made as if he didn't hear, and went

Eleanor Oldpark had turned quite pale; she looked at us all, and said, with a strange little laugh, "My dear Colonel, you are indeed zealous in scooping 'em in! You've tried to recruit our Family Ghost.'

A delicious creep went through everyone but the Colonel, and Eleanor continued, "I've never seen him, but others have. It's Gervase, second Baron Oldpark, who lived in Anne's reign. He's seen on a certain autumn evening, the anniversary of the duel in which he fell. The story goes that, instead of finding somebody's wife or sister (whichever it may have been) at people were staying there lately, they the trysting-place, he found somebody's all amused themselves one evening by husband or brother, and the fatal duel followed.'

The atmosphere got so eerie that I tried to lighten it by saying, "How consumedly interesting!" as we should say at Beaunash Wells. "But, my you were the last person to see a ghost!'

"According to Lady Oldpark, I am the last person to see one," retorted the Colonel, taking another sandwich (either he thought Eleanor out in her facts, or is absolutely ghost-proof). "But why didn't the fellow tell me what a good reason he had for not enlisting? Two hundred is a good bit over the military age!"

Ever thine. BLANCHE.

"The modern Herod has seen the writing

ide. OW. for ln't ore. he of 've of em aw me get ose : I ht. and all. lesme the to 3ut ent the iite id, ear in reryonbut end E'S

mn in

at,

or

at

y's

uel

t I

OW

uld

my

ght

a

amted

ich

her

of).

me

not

bit

ting



Regimental Humourist (arriving with the relief just as mortar goes off). "Blimex, Bill! These trenches ain't bafe!"

## HOLDING THE LINE.

This, let me say at once, and thus avoid all false pretences with those readers whose appetite for military matters is never satisfied, is not a military article. The line is not a line fronts; and the article therefore contains neither instructions to officers how best to hold it (although no doubt, being only a layman, I could give them priceless counsel), nor a description of some one tells me to hold; and if I explain your horrid situation. were asked to specify the minutes of I should name those occupied in this

get the number, and then the reply, and then you ask for the person you want and who, of course, has not come liberating both hands. to the instrument.

(This is not really his name.)

" No."

"Is Mr. Blank there?"

"I'll see." Then the deadly words: " Hold the line."

Now the dreary interlude sets in. of entrenchments on any of the many You sit still with the receiver at your ear, gazing at nothing, waiting and waiting. Sometimes you hear echoes, faint reflections, of other people's talk. You hear muffled calls at the exchange. You change hands. You drum on the The line, on the contrary, is the tele-the voice of the operator says sharply, phone line which several times a day "Haven't they answered?" and you and you

my life which I most regret, which within reach, and you daren't let go of have been most irremediably misspent, the receiver. You want to write, but simple ear clip for such occasions,

"Is that Mr. Blank?" you say. Then the voice of the operator says, "Have you finished?" and you suppress the temptation to tell her more or less what you think of her impatience, and indicate that, so far from finishing, you have not yet begun.

You attempt to visualise the idiotic person at the other end who is, or is not, trying to find Mr. Blank. Where can Mr. Blank be? Upstairs, downstairs? How can any living man be so long? Perhaps he has suddenly died. Perhaps the intermediary is dead. You the way in which it is being held. I table with the disengaged fingers. You get very cross and wish a terrible regret and I apologise; but there it is. You click your tongue. Then doom to fall on telephones and their inventors. You wonder what life would be like if the telephones were abolished-how soon one could readjust You want to read, but there is nothing oneself to the old happy pre-telephone ways. You change hands again. You see things in the room that you have with only one hand this is impossible never seen before - patches on the because the paper slips about. You ceiling, stains on the wall. That will You know the formula. First you wonder how a country can expect to mean a decorator's bill. You grow win a war if it can't even invent a despondent and realise that everything that made life possible is over and done with. Nothing now but dreari-More muffled bells; more faint voices. ness and probably ill-health. You hate



"I DON'T LIKE TO SEE A LADY DRESSED LIKE THAT, DO YOU, MUM? IT MAKES HER LOOK SO SUSPICUOUS."

and his criminal clerk or servant or answer calls and humiliate you.

The operator again asks if you have done, and you daren't trust yourself to each week. They might be called say more than a passionate "No." You "Holding without Tears." But, perchange hands again. You begin to say, "Are you there?" but without hope. You would like to rattle the thing the it would get you cut off. You become stupid and numb.

by a voice at the other end which the line." makes you jump infernally and informs live for ever. you that Mr. Blank cannot be found.

Such are some of the miseries of

holding the line. In default of a simple contrivance, either for fixing the receiver to one's ear or arranging the receiver on a rest at an angle so that one could lean one's car against it and have free hands, cannot something be done to relieve the tedium of this bitter process? Could not the Post Office provide broadsheets, in the manner of The Times, but more sparkling, printed on cards on one side only, suitable for grasping talions."—Mr. A. G. Hales.

everybody, but most of all Mr. Blank with one hand? Now that the monstrous sum of threepence is charged whoever it is that he has selected to for a call there should be a balance for such things. Every telephone subhaps, to improve the instrument were simpler.

If, when the time comes for me to receiver holds down, but you are afraid die, I am still not ready to relinquish this odd fever called life, and a good fairy appears at the bedside and offers And then suddenly you are snatched a boon, I shall ask for the restitution out of a state of stupor and helplessness of all the time I have spent "holding Then I shall practically

#### The Nessus Brand.

In the Board of Trade Journal, under "Openings for British Trade, we read:-

"Machinery for making adhesive paper shirts . . . (Greece)."

#### Our Experts.

"Instead of withdrawing troops from the Turkish zone of operations, we must increase them; we must cease making war in driblets;

## THE SEVEN SPELLS.

A ROMANCE OF THE NEAR EAST.

It sounds like a fairy story, but it is only the way The Manchester Evening News spells the name of a certain Serbian town; and all in one edition too:-

"Kraguyevatz. Kraguyevac. Kraguvvatz. Kragujevacs. Krabujevacs." Kragnievatz. Kragievatz.

From a report of Mr. Asquith's speech in an evening paper:-

"How has this gigantic force been got to-gether by a nation which has never aspired to be a military Poker?"

The Germans believe it is by sheer bluff.

"In the House of Commons, Mr. Asquith made his promised statement on the military situation. The chief points in the speech will , and the text on p. be found on p. Scotsman.

The Prime Minister will have a word with the Censor about this.

"5s. Reward paid anyone finding large black and white cat, busy tail."

Leicester Daily Mercury.

The description hardly seems sufficiently distinctive; all cats have tails like that.



H'S

red uff. ith ary vill

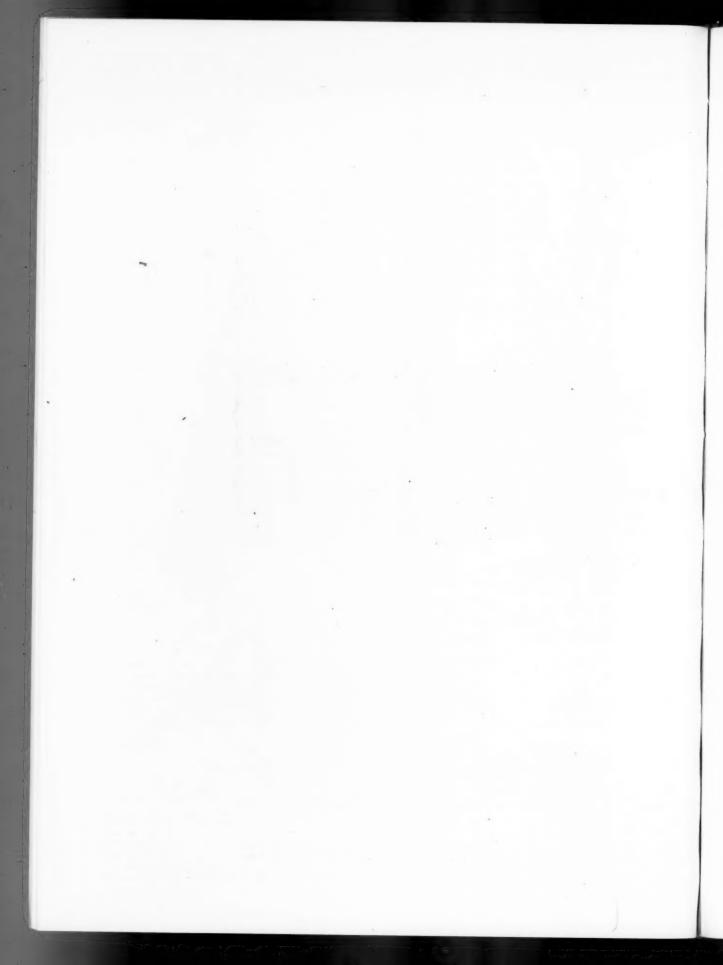
ord

rge

ils

THE SELF-INVITED GUEST.

SULTAN (with resignation). "ALLAH'S HAND IS INDEED HEAVY ON HIS CHOSEN."



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.) House of Commons, Tuesday, Novem-Members overflowed the side galleries: clustered at the Bar, remaining standing through full length of PREMIER'S steps of SPEAKER'S Chair.

Notable among Peers in their gallery Fleet to force Dardanelles without co-

operation of Army was confirmed. Also it is to the inventive genius of Lord FISHER, operative in anticipation of events in the Mediterranean, that "the Admiralty built specially constructed vessels that have done magnificent work."

PREMIER usually manages to compress within space of forty minutes his most momentous speeches. This afternoon spoke for two hours less ten minutes. One of opening sentences struck predominant note. If, he said, any thought it was his duty to appear in guise either of a criminal in the dock making best

even of white-sheeted penitent with situation. candle in either hand doing penance animated, debate followed, and asking for absolution, they would be disappointed.

Who such expectants were he made clear in what he called a passing notice of "a small coterie of professional whimperers who keep us supplied and keep our enemies supplied with a daily diet of falsehood."

This the sole reference made under provocation - not unparalleled, since PITT in analogous circumstances more than a century ago suffered similar assault, but discouraging for an overworked statesman.

For the rest, after plain statement of situation in the Dardanelles, in course charge confidently made that he was personally responsible for plan of campaign, he frankly acknowledged that disappointment had attended diplomatic action of the Allies in relation to the Balkans; undertook, amidst out- "Some" Staff statistician, indeed.

bursts of cheers, that Serbia will not be abandoned; protested that he had no insurmountable objection to compulsory service in time of war, if voluntaryism ter 2nd.—In anticipation of speech of proved a failure; announced devolution PRIME MINISTER House thronged as it to small Committee of direction of is only on historic occasions. Seats strategical conduct of the War; and being appropriated by early comers, a righteous cause would be carried to better borne by others.

was JACK FISHER. Had satisfaction entered House after nearly a fortnight's of hearing two tributes paid to him by absence from illness, and again when he a storm. He asked the Captain if there Head of Government. Rumour, current rose to speak. Applause loudest when was any danger, and, on being informed

Business done. - PRIME MINISTER boots."



MISSED OPPORTUNITIES.

How the Prime Minister might have brightened Parliament BY APPEARING AS CRIMINAL OR PENITENT.

Interesting, occasionally boots."

## Prodigious.

latest exalted position at the early age of 4. There have been few more striking instances of rapid promotion."—Daily Dispatch.

Few, or even none.

"TRAVELLER wanted to push dressmakers in town; liberal encouragement." Glasgow Herald.

Ought the Glasgow police to allow this sort of thing?

"Herr Karl Rosner, special correspondent of the Lokal-Anzeiger with the western armies. of which he vindicated Winston from gives some interesting figures as to the colossal expenditure of French and British shells, Some Staff statistician has enabled the correspondent to state that on a front breadth of twenty-five yards one shell per minute, or 3,680 per hour, was the average.

Morning Paper.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE BOOTS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,-What the nation needs above all else at this juncture is unity and a clear lead. It is ready to be led but it can no longer brook shillyshally and divided councils and confusion in high places. A point of the greatest moment has arisen with regard a triumphant issue. For himself, he to the Duke of Wellington's boots, in was not going to shift the burden laid which connection I for one find myself longest recorded speech; a few old upon him until he was satisfied that he completely bewildered. In a recent stagers accommodating themselves on could not bear it or that it could be number of *The Spectator* a quaint and instructive little story was related. Greeted with friendly cheers when he The Duke of Wellington, we were told, was on board a passenger ship in at the time, that First Sea Lord had he concluded a luminous and spirited that there was, he replied, "Then I will go downstairs and put on my (The DUKE was a soldier

rather than a sailor, or he would never have said "downstairs.")

The Spectator, improving the occasion with its usual pointed skill, went on to say with splendid emphasis, "Let the nation go downstairs and put on its boots!" Now that, Sir, was all right; we knew where we were. But unfortunately in the next number of the paper appeared a letter from a correspondent who gave another version of the story. The Captain of the ship, it seems, informed the DUKE that she was likely to founder. And what did the Man of Iron

possible defence of doubtful past, or made long-expected speech on War reply?-" Then I need not take off my

But my own recollection is-though it is a long time since I heard the story -that what the DUKE actually said, on hearing that the ship was sinking, "'F.E.,' as he is still called, reaches his was this: "In that case I must take off my boots" (the better to swim).

Now, Sir, there can be no doubt that the Nation is quite ready to follow the lead of so happy a combination as the Editor of The Spectator and the Duke of Wellington. But we must know where we stand with regard to these boots. Are we to put them on, or to take them off? To go downstairs for them, or to go to bed in them?

May I implore you to elicit for us without delay an authoritative pro-nouncement? I am, Yours faithfully, A WILLING PATRIOT.

"Old Week-end Cottage.-Kent (about oneand-a-half hours by rail, two-and-a-quarter miles by road)."—Country Life. Good old South-Eastern!



Visitor. "How terrible this War is, Mrs. Wilks!"

Mrs. Wilks. "Hush, Miss! My old man won't have it that there is one."

## WAR'S SURPRISES.

My friend Adolphus when at school, Though always a persistent trier, And not exactly held a fool, Was never reckoned as a "flier."

Perhaps it was his ducal name,
Perhaps his undistinguished features,
That marked him out for satire's aim,
For schoolboys are exacting
creatures.

He wasn't bad behind the stumps,
And would have played in the eleven,
But an untimely bout of mumps
Debarred him from that schoolboy
heaven.

He never shone at other sports;
He wasn't brilliant or uproarious;
And nearly always his reports
Summed up his work as "meritorious."

And so, whatever he essayed,
In spite of conscientious striving
He never thoroughly allayed
An unguessed passion for "arriving."

Too negligible to be feared,
Too inconspicuous to be courted,
His blameless way he safely steered
Until to Oxford he resorted.

Within his Alma Mater's gates

He neither stirred our praise or pity; He took a Third in Mods and Greats Then gravitated to the City.

He passed completely from my ken— Excepting at an Old Boys' muster In ante-bellum days—and then Emerged in unfamiliar lustre.

His trench had been severely shelled, Two shots bang in the midst had landed.

But when the wave of onset swelled He bombed ten Bosches singlehanded.

He got his D.S.O. all right—
Some thought he'd earned a higher
guerdon—

But still it broke the spell and quite Relieved him of a lifelong burden.

No longer could his fellows rate
His worth at little more than zero,
One golden hour "beyond his fate"
Had raised him to a full-blown hero.

Therefore believe him not who says
The past must be the present's
measure;

The War-test works in wondrous ways
And brings to light undreamt-of
treasure.

School verdicts often turn out wrong, And boys we thought were "small potatoes"

We now admit were all along Potential paladins or Catos.

# Notice.

In a recent article in *Punch*, entitled "Tomlinson's Progress," there was introduced a character of the name of Miss Withers, and there was mention of a house called Rosedene. It appears that an actual Miss Withers, in whose neighbourhood there is a house called Rosedene, is under the impression that she was referred to in the article. In point of fact the character was purely imaginary, and the author is neither acquainted with this Miss Withers nor with the neighbourhood in which she resides. Mr. Punch absolutely repudiates all responsibility for what was a mere coincidence arising out of the use of familiar names. At the same time he regrets any annoyance that may have been suffered by the lady.

#### Commercial Candour.

Heading to an Indian catalogue:—
"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.
ALL PREVIOUS LISTS ARE HEREBY CANCELLED."



Lady (to policeman on duty). "OH, HAVE YOU SEEN THE ZEPPELIN? WHICH WAY DID IT GO?" Policeman (in best official manner). "Up the street opposite, Madam, and First Turning on the left."

#### A GIFT SHELL.

I DIDN'T like the look of the thing from the first. When Celia had removed the two sandbags and the dirty straw in which it had been packed, and it lay revealed in all its frightfulness in the biscuit tin, I said, "I wish he hadn't unnecessarily. sent it.'

Celia seemed to think me rather found nothing. ungrateful.

"He must have gone to awful trouble to get it past the Censor," she remarked,

shaking the box gently.

"Yes, I noticed the outside wrapper clicking noise. had 'soiled linen' on it-- Don't do that! If you value our lives, the house

"It must have been banged about in coat pocket. the post," she said very reasonably, when we had everybody safely in and I want to see if there's a note in the cellar I gave the gardener instruc-

ed

n-

of

on

rs

se

ed

at

In

ly

er

or

li-

SO

ne

Ly

"Suppose," I said, "all the rough handling it has been subjected to has raised it to-er, boiling point. The works inside, you know-very sensitive, feet deep. I expect."

Celia took a step back and sent Barbara to play in the garden.

neath it," she said.

carried the box and its sinister contents up into the spare bedroom.

We turned it out very carefully on to the feather bed. Nothing alarming happened, except that Celia dropped the empty tin and frightened me rather

Then we looked for the note and

It was just after Celia had raised the pointed end that I heard the noise.

"Listen," I shouted, pulling her There was an unmistakable

The next moment, while I was rapidly considering what to do, Celia and all this side of the street for about a dashed at the window, and for some hundred yards either way, don't bang unaccountable reason flung it open, and dragged me from the room by my

> bed must be sacrificed," I said firmly, "and as much of the lawn as you think necessary. It must be at least eight ingenious, these French fellows-

In half-an-hour I went out and said. warned Brown next door. He seemed rather anxious about his new summer-"I'm sure there's a letter under-house and asked if it would be possible letter. He rather prides himself on to turn the business end the other way. his humour.

"Very well, then," I replied, and I I explained there and then that it was all business end, but sacrificed another eighteen inches of the lawn in his

> After lunch we brought it down. The mattress was rather awkward at the turn on the second landing, but we managed all right until we reached the bottom of the back staircase.

> Then the gardener slipped, fell two steps, let drop his corner, and the shell rolled off.

> Cook, who I always said would distinguish herself some day, caught it. We got it back on the mattress again just before she fainted.

> The evening post arrived as we were all stamping down the tulip bed. Celia read the letter, standing (the irony of it) where the lawn had been.

'I bought the shell," she read, "off a French soldier. When you turn the fuse cap (the brass knob on the point) tions through the grating. "The tulip the clock face appears in the opening at the side. I expect you've discovered the way it works by now. Awfully

"One can never be too careful," I

Celia smiled. I suppose there must have been something funny in Harry's

# THE WATCH DOGS.

XXVIII.

MY DEAR CHARLES,-I hope this finds you, as it leaves me, in the pink at present. My letter is to be about Headquarters. Later I'll tell you what I see and hear when I circulate.

Any man can picture officers sharpening their swords on the soles of their boots, leaping lightly over parapets and dashing into frays; and, if he can't, there are artists enough to do it for him. But no illustrated Sixpenny Press. has ever done justice to the stirring picture, in all its gruesome detail, of A Staff at Work. I am not staff, mark you; I am but a very poor relation of the great Brass-hat family. For the moment, however, I live among them and share their hard lot, and, what's more, I am prepared to stand or fall with them. Yes, Charles, there are those who will tell you that Headquarters in general exist merely for the purpose of prolonging the War. I felt that way myself in my troglodytic past; but not now.

To the ladies the staff-officer is a tall good-looking man who bestrides a horse with a long tail and is never far away from his Field-Marshal; to the reader of feuilletons he is a man of steel nerves and cast-iron expression who pores over maps, as often as not in an ill-lit tent, and deals hourly with questions of life and death in large round numbers; to the junior regimental officer he is an unknown saluted, whatever his rank, on the younever-know-and-its-best-to-be-on-thesafe-side principle; to the senior regimental officer he is an enviable nuisance. This is all very well, but what are the facts? What is an M.G.G.S.? What is a B.G.R.A.? How does a D.D.V.S. get peculiar characteristics of an A.M.S.? Distinguish carefully, extra marks being given for neatness, between a D.A.Q.M.G. and a D.A. and Q.M.G. Which would you sooner be, and why -a D.D.S. and T., a D.A.D.T., or a D.A.D.R.T.? What relation, by blood or marriage, is a D.A.D.S. to a D.A.D.O.S.? If an A.D.A.P.S. meets a D.A.D.M.S. which calls the other 'Sir'? An army being greater than a corps, and a major being senior to a captain, the candidate for honours is asked to suppose a difference of opinion between an Army Staff Captain and a Corps Staff Major and to spot the winner. Lastly, if a Lieutenant-Colonel is removed from his office of P.M. and returned to his regia first step on the downward path?

Most men would answer these riddles, if not in the words, at least after the manner of the sentry whom you ask to direct you to the G.S. Office (the gate of which he guards, if he did but know it). "I don't rightly know, Sir. I've only been in these parts a few weeks."

My servant, having wanted a new tunic a very long time but having failed for all his efforts to come by one, was at last told by an old soldier, "There's a knack about indenting, my lad, and if you haven't got that you're never likely to get anything else." So I believe, it requires a very high order of brain and years of patient industry at the Staff College to learn the system, let alone how to work it. In fact, when you've proved yourself brilliant enough to know exactly what a Staff Officer is, you become, ipso facto, a Staff Officer yourself.

You wender how I, whom you know much too well to suspect of any intellect, can keep my end up in such an atmosphere of knowledge? It came about like this. On September 25th last an affair began which you may recall; it was officially known as "Giving the Ger-dog the cold stomach." It was an affair of some dimensions, but it was no mere coincidence that it happened all along the line at the same moment. It wasn't that all the Generals, French and English, chanced to lose their temper with the enemy simultaneously. No, Charles, strictly between ourselves, it had all been arranged beforehand. quantity in a motor-car, always to be But it was a dark, a very dark secret; only those who had to know knew, and there was more woe waiting for anyone of them who let it out than there was even for the Bosches. And the secret was kept, and but for accident and considerable tact I might to this day be reckoned as one who knows nothing, to work? What are the habits and never knew anything, is never likely to know anything.

It fell out about that time that I was getting due for leave; that is to say, at the end of August my Colonel asked me to name the happy day. thought I'd be off at once; but for some private reason which I myself have never been quite able to fathom, I must needs select September 25th of all dates. What's more, I stuck to it for all his efforts to put me off. He said I'd be late for the partridges; he said I'd be early for the pheasants. I replied that I was going to spend my time in London, and there was no close season for Zeppelins as far as I knew. "Very well, then," he said hurriedly, "September the 5th be it." "The twenty-fifth, ment (to command it), do you congratu-late him warmly as upon an achievement or do you hush the matter up as being for the 25th of October." "September, Sir," I said.

Even in the G.S. office of an Army at midnight a crowd will gather round; and about my Colonel, in his sore dilemma, assembled a little group of interested listeners. They became aware of my existence, even of my leave. When did I propose to take it? "I had thought of September 25th," I explained; "but there seems to be something . . ." My Colonel blushed deeply, firmly closed the conversation, and there ensued the stoniest silence I ever remember to have been mixed up in.

My duty takes me with messages to most of the people who matter, and it is their habit in the kindness of their hearts to interest themselves, at the conclusion of the interview, in my private affairs. To all of them I mentioned my leave and September 25th. I confess that after the first time or two I did this on purpose. It was apparently an excellent jest. It induced them to smile mysteriously at me. When people do that, I always, on principle, smile mysteriously myself. At the mention of that date they would look anxiously at the door, to see if it was shut, and then would ask me in an offhand manner questions which only the inmost inner circle could be expected to answer. In matters of opinion ("How long will the War really last?") I would say my say: in matters of fact I would say briefly I didn't know. In both cases I got infinite credit for extraordinary knowledge, but more especially in the latter.

And so my reputation was created in the highest quarters; it very soon spread down. When September 25th arrived and the supposed inwardness of all my mysterious smiling with regard to it became apparent to all, I was a made man. Nowadays, when other people are asked to say what they think, I am asked to say what I know. At present I am unpopular, but pleasantly unpopular, for my meanness, exceeding that of the Bulgarians even, in not warning people what was about to take

place in the East.

Very well, Charles, disbelieve me if you will. But, say, how do you account for my present official address, which is (omitting, so to speak, the number of the Street) Intelligence, -, B.E.F.

Yours ever, nevertheless, HENRY.

From a notice of Mrs. Asquith's reminiscences of GLADSTONE :-

"Immediately after Miss Tennant's departure he, as was Mr. Wemmick's custom on an occasional afternoon, dropped into poetry." Sunday Paper.

Shade of Silas Wegg (bitterly). "And this is fame!"



Newly-arrived Subaltern. "Is that our wood?" Captain. "Well, No. But we have the shooting over it."

#### RUM.

THERE is a nectar, not distilled Where England's gods and princes Is wakeful and prepared to kill come.

Rather by men of meaner build In needy streets is sometimes swilled At no excessive sum;

But here I deem it no disgrace, When Sol sits down in Samothrace And Father Achi hides his face, To fill my flask with rum.

In this hush'd hour the peasant Turk, The other side of yonder steep, Walks home, I ween, from vineyard work Through rock-strewn scrub where lizards lurk

And snakes are going cheap, To where in some deep-delvéd cell His best Falernian goat-skins dwell, And does himself extremely well And settles down to sleep.

But it is now, when peasants play, That soldiers' toils in truth begin; We may do nothing all the day But feebly wave the flies away And let the best fly win;

But with the dark arrive our rigours, The bags, the bombs, the ceaseless diggers,

While foemen madly work their trig-

And that's where rum comes in.

It cheers me when the night is chill, Or things particularly grave, When only one lone sentry still If Moslems misbehave; Or, while I crawl where no trench is And spiteful missiles round me whizz

From someone in those cypresses, It makes me almost brave.

And when I wake from some brief doze To hear the great Red-Hats have

That they have reason to suppose This is the night our frantic foes

Intend to do their bit: And we sad souls till dawn must act Like men about to be attacked, And not a thing occurs, in fact-I shall be glad of it.

At other times my tot I raise And take it gingerly, like snuff, Not with the wild convivial ways, The deep long draughts of Oxford days;

It is not good enough; For, though in kindly terms I touch On this rich stimulant, as such, I cannot say I like it much, Indeed I hate the stuff.

"Paper handkerchiefs are to be provided for the infants at Church Street School."

Woking News & Mail.

Tishoo-paper, of course.

#### IN THE SUNDAY MANNER.

XIII.—BOMBY AND THE LION.

Bomby walked along with his bow and arrow as proud as a terrier with two tails. Can't you see him, children, in the mind's eye? And then-what do you think?-suddenly appeared a monstrous lion.

Was Bomby frightened? Not a bit. He merely slipped behind a bush and waited.

"What is it?" asked the Fluffy Child.

"It's a lion," said Bomby.
"What you going to do?" asked the Fluffy Child.

"Shoot it," said Bomby.

"How splendid you are!" said the Fluffy Child.

"Aren't I?" said Bomby.

The lion came on and then suddenly it began to purr.

"It's purring," said Bomby. "It's not angry at all."

So they got on its back and rode home.

Wasn't that delightful, dear children? Wasn't Bomby splendidly brave? Isn't this a terrific story?

Next week another equally exciting and thrilling adventure of Bomby and the Fluffy Child.]

5. rmy ind; sore

o of ame my it.? ," I be shed

ion, ence ixed s to id it

heir the mv ien-5th. two

pariced me. on self.

hey , to ask ions rele ters

Var : in y I nite but

ated oon 5th s of gard is a her

ink, At ntly ling not ake

e if acess, the

nce, Y. re-

parn an

And

# THE FOUR-POSTER.

"THERE he is," said Francesca. "I can hear his step on the gravel."

"I'm glad he's come at last," I said. "This suspense has been very trying."

"He's wearing a top-hat," said Francesca, peeping through the window, "and a very nice-looking overcoat. Run and open the front-door for him."

"No," I said, "let the front-door be opened in the usual

way."
"No," she said, "you do it. He'll give us a better price if we're polite to him."

"If he thinks we're grovelling to him he won't give us

anything at all."
"Pooh," said Francesca. "I bet we shall get a hundred pounds for it."

"I bet on a hundred-and-fifty," I said. "You must

remember it's of the best period.

I ought, perhaps, to explain that this conversation referred to the old four-poster bed, the gift of Francesca's the grandmother, which for nearly twenty years had occupied the greater part of the floor-space and wall-space in one of the spare bedrooms. It was as lofty as it was otherwise it's not the kind of work that adds to the value of

immense and gloomy. Any guest who occupied it seemed to dwindle away to a speck on its vast acreage. It is related that a young nephew, spending part of his last holidays with us, overslept himself one fine morning, and that the bed was duly made over his body without his presence being noticed or suspected. In consequence of Mr. McKenna's budget it had

now been decided that the bed was to be sold, and Messrs. | command much of a price." Spindlewood and Sons, the celebrated furniture people, had sent their Mr. Jacobson down to inspect and appraise it.

I welcomed Mr. Jacobson in the hall and immediately felt that paralysis of all the mental faculties which is apt to overcome me in the presence of an expert.

"We will now," I said, "go up-stairs and I will show you the corpus delicti."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Jacobson, "I thought I was to see a four-poster bedstead.'

"So you are, Mr. Jacobson," I said, "so you are."
"But the corpus?" said Mr. Jacobson. "I think you mentioned a corpus of some kind?"

"Quite right, Mr. Jacobson," I said. "It's been in the family a long time, and that's our pet name for it.'

We had now reached the bedroom passage and in a moment I had thrown open the door of the spare room and had introduced Mr. Jacobson to his victim.

"There it is," I said, "as large as life and twice as natural, ha, ha!"

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Jacobson. "I shouldn't say it was quite as large as all that. They sometimes run a good bit larger. We got a bed two years ago from Lord Oldbury's house in Staffordshire-you may possibly have

"No," I said, "not exactly, but I've often heard about it."
"Ah," said Mr. Jacobson. "Then I daresay you heard his bed mentioned. I don't think I'm wrong in saying that bed would give yours eighteen inches in length and a foot in breadth.

"Indeed?" I said coldly. "I shouldn't have thought

that was possible."
"Dear me, yes," said Mr. Jacobson. "I know of a bed in Hampshire that you could pack this one up in and forget all about it."

"Still," I said, "size isn't everything in four-posters.

This one is of the best period.'

"Yes-um-yes," said Mr. Jacobson, "that's just what I'm wondering about. There's some good work in that left-hand post at the foot-late eighteenth-century, I should say, half-way up—but the rest of it's been put in bit by bit. I can see where it's been joined up. Now this part at the

"Ah," I said, "I've always understood that to be the

pride of the bed.

"It may be," said Mr. Jacobson dubiously; "but for my own part I should say it's a recent imitation of a post of about 1740. He went up to it, tapped it with his knuckles, scraped it with his thumb-nail and inspected it with a little magnifying-glass which he took from his pocket.

"I thought so," he said. "Not a day earlier than 1860."

an article. You see, Sir, this bedstead of yours is made up of several different periods. It hasn't, so to say, got a proper period of its own. If I was to describe it to you, or to anyone else, for the matter of that, as belonging, say, to the eighteenth century I should be-ermisrepresenting the facts. It looks handsome in a way, but it's really too much of a botch-up to



"THEIR MASTER'S VOICE" RECORD OF THE KAISER'S FAMOUS ADAPTA-TION OF THE AMERICAN POEM (AS APPLIED TO THE CROWN PRINCE); "I WISH I'D RAISED MY BOY TO BE A SOLDIER."

"But," I said desperately, "I thought four-posters were

always sure of a ready sale at a big price.'

"Ah, Sir, there was a time when connoisseurs were after them very hot, and many inferior articles were put upon the market to meet the demand; but that time's over long ago. Nobody wants to sleep in them and very few people want to buy them now.

"That," I said, "is very depressing, Mr. Jacobson.

What do you advise me to do about it?'

"Well, Sir," said Mr. Jacobson," you could break it up, you know, and either keep the posts as ornament stands or give them away for wedding presents. Or we could take it in part payment for two of our best walnut-wood bedsteads. Or, if you like, we can put it into one of our sales and make a try to push it up to five pounds.

Shortly afterwards I said good-bye to Mr. Jacobson and reported the result of his inspection to Francesca.

"What," she said indignantly, "break up Grandmamma's four-poster, or exchange it for two modern beds, or put it in a sale? Never! We'll keep it."

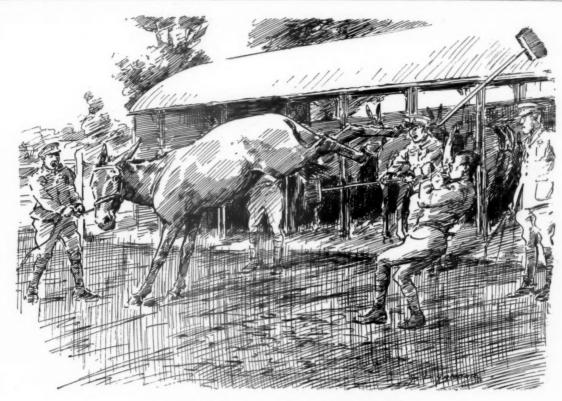
"Yes," I said, "and I'll go on telling people it's of the

"I shan't do that," said Francesca. "I shall say that some good judges have attributed it to Grinling Gibbons. R. C. L.

# A Handful.

"WANTED .- Good Plain Cook, House-Parlourmaid, and Nurse-House-Maid to look after one little girl of five."-Hants Chronicle.

ght bed get ers. nat nat uld oit. he he nv of tle )." ut of ir, is ift, er I u. ne



# HUMOURS OF A REMOUNT DEPOT.

LONG-DISTANCE GROOMING.

# OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

In Eltham House (Cassell) Mrs. Humphry Ward returns to her pleasant field of high politics in an expensive setting. Alec Wing, heir of a fabulously wealthy and detached Whig peer, runs away with Caroline, the beautiful wife of an edious wooden baronet. He marries her in due course, and after a decorous interval she comes back to be mistress of the great Whig palace which old Lord Wing has generously put at the disposal of the brilliant young couple. Outraged society and the Nonconformist conscience determine that Wing shall not get into the Government and that no other women than an eccentric duchess, the ladies of the Embassies, and exotic dancers shall appear at Eltham Wing succeeds to the title and so cannot be kept out of politics, but fails in his attempt to bribe and intrigue himself into place. In his failure he deserts his adorable Caroline, who, after trying to rival the Salon of the Lady Holland of the beginning of the last century, dies of something like a broken heart. Caroline is a charming pathetic figure, dexterously suggested. Wing is a bumptious ass, with little trace of the high talents claimed for him. It is a curious trick of fate which has set Mrs.

traits of three centuries and stuffed with rare treasures of art; with its glitter and bustle; its starred and beribboned statesmen and ambassadors; its political chatter and anxious wire-pulling, even though she deplores the vagaries of its headstrong young master, Lord Wing. But in fact she contrives to make it all a little empty, unmeaning and unseemly-a good deal too much cry for so little wool. And I conceive that, run as a serial by one of our wrecking journals, the whole novel might have a quite considerable success, in addition to that more flattering welcome which the loyalty and gratitude of readers and the author's competent handling of her well-dressed marionettes assures her. One shining merit is that she is herself alertly interested—always an infectious quality.

There is little point in attempting comparisons between the various war-books that have appeared during the past year. Each has its individual excellence. If I were asked to name the chief characteristic of War Pictures behind the Lines (SMITH, ELDER) I think I should say cheerful common sense. Mr. IAN MALCOLM, M.P., writes of the War on the Western Front as it appeared to him during his very energetic employment with the British Red Cross Society. That he happened also to be a trained observer and the Humphry Ward to boomerang-making. Not once, but owner of a literary style were, so to speak, fortunate thrice in these last four years she has written books accidents. The book is, as its dedication to the writer's which seem to bring damage by inference to the causes constituents says, primarily a record of work done. The and conditions she has at heart. I take it she approves things seen come by the way. Part, a noble and terrible and thinks impressive the atmosphere of Eltham House, part, of this work was concerned with the identification of gilt and marbled and pillared, lined with the family por-line graves of those who had fallen in action. This task at

instances of this. But the book is not wholly grave. Mr. MALCOLM has to the full the brave optimism of the busy worker, the very quality that he notices approvingly in others. The illustrations are a very attractive feature of bread-tickets to pictures and drawings by French artists bearing upon the War. Of these latter, one especially, a crayon drawing by Ochs of two amateur critics, entitled, humoured satire.

An Irish story from Mrs. Francis Blundell (M. E. FRANCIS) possesses the added charm of novelty. But Dark Rosaleen (Cassell) shows her as much at home in Connemara as in Wessex or Lancashire. There is indeed an seems to me that Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin has striven

unusual beauty in the setting of this tale; and that feeling which she always shows for the place-spirit, by which the surroundings of her characters become an actual influence in their development, has never served her to better purpose. The mist-laden hills, the wet winds and surging seas of Western Ireland have all been brought into her pages, so that the haunting, exasperating appeal of them is like that of the country itself. This being said, I have to confess that the actual story seemed to me unequal; there are scenes in it that could hardly be bettered, others that leave

one unsatisfied. Perhaps this is because its motive is re-|into potato-pie until one is weary of the very sight of it. and the latter becomes a priest. Exquisitely sympathetic friendship. and tender is Mrs. Blundell's telling of the scene in which Patsy's mother and dying father kneel to receive the first blessing of their son. These chapters, indeed all the Con-naught part of the book, are a delight to read; but later, when Hector has married Norah and taken her with him to Ulster, though the contrast is well suggested, I could not but feel that the story had suffered from the change of air. The end, which I do not mean to tell, is unexpectedly grim, but the horror of it is redeemed by a fine touch of imagination.

Mr. Gerald Lascelles, formerly Deputy-Surveyor of the New Forest (under the Crown), may have had his worries, as every deputy-surveyor (under the Crown) must have, for tenants are always tenants and related in one particular (so other landlords tell me) to the daughters of the horse-

times led the party into dangerous places. Their reward Mr. Lascelles' Thirty-five Years in the New Forest (Arnold), was the comfort they were able to bring back to many that his life had its compensations too. For, after spending mourners at home, especially in their testimony to the love an hour or so in refusing to build a new bedroom or put in and reverence with which these graves are tended by a lighting plant (or even in complying with such monstrous French peasants and privates. There are many moving demands), he could mount his pony and shoot deer, or call out his spaniels and shoot pheasants, or even loiter among the flowers of his pleasant and historic official residence, King's House, Lyndhurst. One thing is certain from popular testimony, and that is that the New Forest was never in the volume; they range from reproductions of German more capable or more sympathetic hands than in his long regency; and this book proves that the Forest never had a better lover. As an author Mr. LASCELLES is easy-going and communicative, and his volume, as the record of the life "Si j'étais à la place de Joffre," is a masterpiece of good- of an English country gentleman of sound sporting tastes, and a right dislike of egg-collectors and the destroyers of rare birds, takes its place among the more excellent outdoor literature.

In Penelope's Postscripts (Hodder and Stoughton) it

at all costs to be "bright' in the peculiar sense that Americans give to that Penelope herself word. almost admits this when she writes in the last chapter, "And where is Herself, the vanished Penelope, you ask . . . ? Well, if she is a thought less irresponsible, merry and loquacious, she is happier and wiser;" and I could wish that I had met her after her reformation instead of before it. For the fact of the matter is that in these Postscripts Mrs. Wiggin's sense of humour has been employed upon material that has been already roasted, hashed, minced and turned



Proprietor of Dullboro' Emporium (with admirable presence of mind). "Mr. Binks, forward!"

ligious; and religion, which cannot always make a good man, Neither Mrs. Wiggin nor anyone else can squeeze fresh fun generally makes a bad novel. Dark Rosaleen is the tale of a out of the idiosyncracies of the Welsh language or the mixed marriage, between Ultra-Protestant Hector McTavish, difficulties that the Briton has in coping with the speech and Catholic Norah Burke. Hector and Pat Burke, peasant of Latin countries. I wish with all my heart she had not lads both, had been brought up almost as brothers, till the made the attempt, because in these days to abandon faith former is taken away to the North by his Protestant father, in a humourist is to take a knock in the very vitals of

> "WHY ZEPPELINS COME HERE AT WILL." Morning Paper Headline.

But they don't come at him; they come from him.

From a book catalogue:-

60. Sinclair's Satan's Visible World Discovered.
61. Sinclair's Fifty Years of Newspaper Life."

Mr. Punch, on behalf of his contemporaries, begs to assure his readers that the two things are not necessarily identical.

"First-class companies have been booked throughout the season, including such as 'Diplomacy,' 'Mr. Will Grumpy,' 'Pearl Girl,' 'Potash and Perlumker,' 'Cirl from Utah,' 'Marriage Market,' 'Oh, Oh, Dolphine,' and other London successes."

Official Guide to Rhyl.

leech, to Oliver Twist, and to the patrons of the present Ambassadors' revue. But there is plenty of evidence, in at Rome."

D),

ng

in 1118 all ng ce.

ar

in

ng

l a

ng

ife

es.

of

ıt-

it

at

at

elf

an st

is

ed

ht

od

d

a-

er

ts

of

d.

d

e

t

#### CHARIVARIA.

certain quarters, that it ought to be based on Fleet Street.

In replying to the toast of the Services singularly inappropriate. Mr. Balfour showed something less than his usual felicity of diction when ceremony."

We read that the Bulgarians obtained much valuable booty in Nish, which, in a telegram of congratulation to its captor, KING FERDINAND described as "a general castle of treachery and lies." This is the first intimation we have had that the Bulgar was running short of those commodities.

A certain public department recently sent to headquarters the usual requisition form for In reply office necessaries. came a circular emphasizing the need for economy, and a letter explaining that every article but one had been reduced by one-half. The exception was Red Tape, another proof of the indomitable persistency of "the thin red line."

The latest variant of the classical phrase runs: Timeo Danaos et dona petentes, and may be idiomatically rendered:

contemplating a sympathetic rise in fortnight.' the price of their commodities.

has probably deviated into accuracy.

the gloves off.

To combat espionage the French CHARIVARIA.

At the Lord Mayor's banquet, the First Lord of the Admiratry said that the whole strategy of the Allies is based on the Fleet. This will, we hope, dispel the notion, apparently current in ternment of Mumm, the champagnegrower-that his name "was synonymous with everything French—except the four letters it contained "—was

According to a Dutch paper the he said that "in ordinary peace-times reprieve of Count HEMPTINNE, a the Navy and Army are drunk as part Belgian nobleman sentenced to death they take a print of the foot of every of the ordinary routine of any public by a German court-martial, was due child within an hour of its birth, with ransom of two million francs. The the infants thus treated to be "changed



"WHY DON'T YOU OPEN THE WINDOW, GRANDFATHER, AND LET SOME OF THE SMOKE OUT?

"NOT LIKELY! LOOK WHAT I'VE GOT TO PAY AN OUNCE FOR IT NOW."

"I am a little uneasy about very Germans spared the hemp and kept benevolent neutrality seeking a loan." the remainder.

Overheard in the "Eastern Counties" A sheep carrying in its shoulder a Overheard in the "Eastern Counties" small fragment of shell realised five a propos of a recent air-raid: "They're pounds six shillings at a charitable sale in a terrible state at ---. My Aunt's the other day; and oyster-sellers are been under the kitchen table for a

The darkened streets of London are After quoting Mr. Asquith's words, said to be responsible for the abandon-"I am determined to win this war," ment of the annual show of the London Der Tag observes sarcastically, "These words will be immortal. They will cause club in the United Kingdom. We ourhis memory to live so long as the history selves have noted a decided disincliof nations and of their wars remains on the part of old birds to be the records of time." For once  $Der\ Tag$  out late these nights.

Climatic conditions, we are told, By a strange mistake the establish- prevented the King of Bulgaria from ment of a new glove industry in New- making a flight in the Zeppelin which castle is described as an outcome of the arrived at Sofia the other day. Poor War. In reality we are just taking FERDINAND is a perfect martyr to cold It is believed that the Cabinet itself

The New York World says that an unfair reflection on an excellent material. After all, kindling wood is often used to kindle something, especially when accompanied by a few scraps of note-paper.

All the romance is going out of life. At an American maternity hospital to the fact that his relatives paid a the result that it is impossible for any of

> at nurse." If this sort of thing is allowed to go on a large number of deserving novelists and dramatists will find that they have been literally stamped out of existence.

One of our Ministers has a grievance against The Observer. He started to read an article headed: "The Great Churchill," and then found it was only a Life of the first Duke of MARL-BOROUGH.

#### Delikatessen.

"Congratulations were offered to Lord De Ramsey on his safe return from Germany. His Lordship made a brief acknowledgment, and remarked: 'Roast goat and sour trout are not very good things to eat.''

Peterborough and Hunts Standard.

"Girl Wanted to take out daily little boy, aged 3."

Birmingham Daily Mail.

In his daily mail-cart, we suppose.

"Mr. Lansing is trying to arrange with the British authorities with a view to publication of the Note on Morning morning."—Scotsman. And Sir EDWARD GREY, breaking into the Scottish vernacular, replied "I will do it the morn's morn.'

Suggested War-song for those members of Volunteer Corps who want to go to the Front :-

"Tommy, make room for your Uncle."

"The farmers take a great pride in their hedges, which are fenced on the inside with two lines of wife to prevent the cattle from eating the foliage."—Northern Echo.

In imitation of the Germans' methods in Belgium.

"The Cabinet is being strongly pressed to invite one or more French generals to sit on the new General Staff."

Evening Times and Echo.

effectively sat on the old one.

#### WAR NOTES.

THE report, published in the evening Press of last Wednesday, that a meeting was being arranged between the Kings of Bulgaria, Greece and Rumania, at Bukarest still lacks official authority, though it has since been confirmed by the Panama correspondent of an Amsterdam paper, and by our own representative at Monte Carlo, the latter adding the further interesting statement that this conference of Balkan monarchs has been summoned by Lord KITCHENER.

The enthusiasm aroused by President Wilson's latest Note to Great Britain has distracted the attention of the American public from the case of Herr Fay and his accomplices. It is felt that, while any attempt on the part of these gentlemen to blow up American ships at the instigation of the German Foreign Office should be discouraged, the matter is one of minor importance as compared with the necessity of insisting that Great Britain should adopt the German ideal of the freedom of the seas.

In view of the familiar behaviour of its captain and crew, the opinion is widely held that the submarine which sank the Ancona was a German U-boat masquerading under the Austrian flag, and the Italian Government is gravely considering whether, now that Germany is at war with Italy, the friendly relations between these two countries can any longer be usefully maintained.

The advertisement given to The Daily Telegraph in the buckmasterful speech from the Woolsack (subsequently endorsed by Lord ROBERT CECIL) has given great satisfaction to the staff of that journal, who now sing every night a chantey beginning, "Buck, master, buck! On, STANLEY, on!" Unhappily this gratuitous réclame is said to have caused considerable umbrage in Carmelite House, and it is doubtful whether The Daily Mail will see its way to continue extending to the Government its wholehearted support.

The rumour that Mr. Annan Bryce, M.P., whose recent activities in the House at Question-time have been exceptional, has been invited to join the Serbian Headquarters Staff in an advisory (civilian) capacity is still unconfirmed, but in the meantime it has been well received in British Ministerial circles.

is about to be conferred upon King Constantine by his Imperial brother-in-law. Following the precedent of his run: In hoc signo vinces.

We have it from our representative in Stony Arabia training for the imminent entry of Kaiser Wilhelm into them up until you've put the receiver back here.' Baghdad.

Tragedy" (reproduced in the current issue of The English) Review), gives the following advice: "When the hour [of victory] strikes let the note be solemn. anthems rather than with comic songs." It is not everybody who could be trusted to appreciate the subtlety of this facetious homily, but we feel confident that the Angel of Peace, whose keen sense of humour is notorious, will be vastly tickled by it. O. S.

# THE TELEPHONE AT THE FRONT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,-I have not yet received my second pip. I know fellows who were gazetted days after me who have two, while I remain, in spite of my peculiar qualifications, a mere Second Lieutenant. Clarence, for instance, has two, and he merely lets out mo-bikes. As for explaining how a telephone works to a red-hat, why, he wouldn't know which end to speak into; and I don't think he ever bumps into the Staff at all.

On the other hand, I suppose I know more about the ways of Staff Officers than they do themselves. Of course, that's my métier. You know the man at home who comes to the back door with a little black bag and a two days' beard, and says he's come to mend the telephone; and you say, "Oh, very well, I suppose it's all right; let him come in, but keep an eye on the spoons?" Well, that's me—

I am the man who brings the telephone to the Staff. They all want it—the D.D.M.S., the A.P.M., the R.T.O.all of them, and I have to take it to them and show them how it works.

The other day I built a telephone line out to Divisional Headquarters at -On the terrace of the château was a Staff Officer in full bloom-all gold and crimson in the October sunshine. I saluted smartly.

"Good morning, Sir; I've brought you a telephone." "By Jove," said the Staff Officer, "splendid. That's just what we want-what? I say, you know, can we talkytalky on it?'
"Yessir."

"I say, ripping; by Jove-what?"

"Where shall I put it, Sir?" He showed me where he wanted it. I connected up the leads and rang up the Corps.

The Staff Officer was delighted.

"What a jolly little bell! And what's that little handle

"That's to ring them up, Sir."

Going up to the instrument he worked the handle round in the wrong direction until he had unscrewed it. He turned to me pathetically, with the thing held up between his thumb and fore-finger.

"I say, I'm awfully sorry; have I broken it?"

I screwed the handle on again and showed him how to turn it. Half-an-hour later, when I left him, he was becoming quite proficient.

I am never technical with the Staff; they don't under-Our Plenipotentiary at Eleusis reports that an Iron Cross stand it. A week or so ago I took a 'phone into an officethe Director or Deputy-Director of something or other, at the moment I didn't notice what. He told me to put the namesake, the EMPEROR CONSTANTINE, the inscription will telephone on his desk. After I had joined it up, I explained to him how to use it.

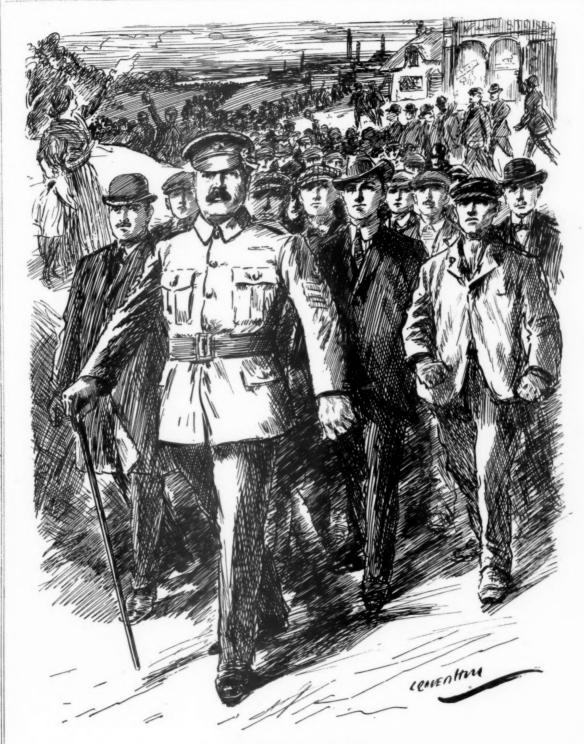
"This end," I said, "you put to your ear; the other end you speak into; and while you're speaking you must keep that a special camel, of thoroughbred extraction, is now in the spring there pressed down. And mind, you can't ring

I also showed him how to ring the bell.

He seemed a little impatient. When I had finished he said, "Your excellent exposition in telephony has been invaluable to me. Good morning." But there was that in the tone of his voice that I did not understand, and as Let us have the I went out of the office I glanced up at the little wooden humour to go forth to greet the Angel of Peace with notice-board above the door. On it were the letters D. A. S.

I have not told these things, Sir, to any but you.

I have the honour to be, Sir, The Only Subaltern who has instructed the DIRECTOR OF ARMY SIGNALS in the use of the telephone. P.S.—I am still awaiting a second pip.



DERBY'S DAY.

WITH MR. PUNCH'S COMPLIMENTS TO THE DIRECTOR OF RECRUITING.

5.

who alifince,

exhe nink the

irse, mes ays' you ome

taff.

O.—

how

onal

was the

just Iky-

the

ound He veen

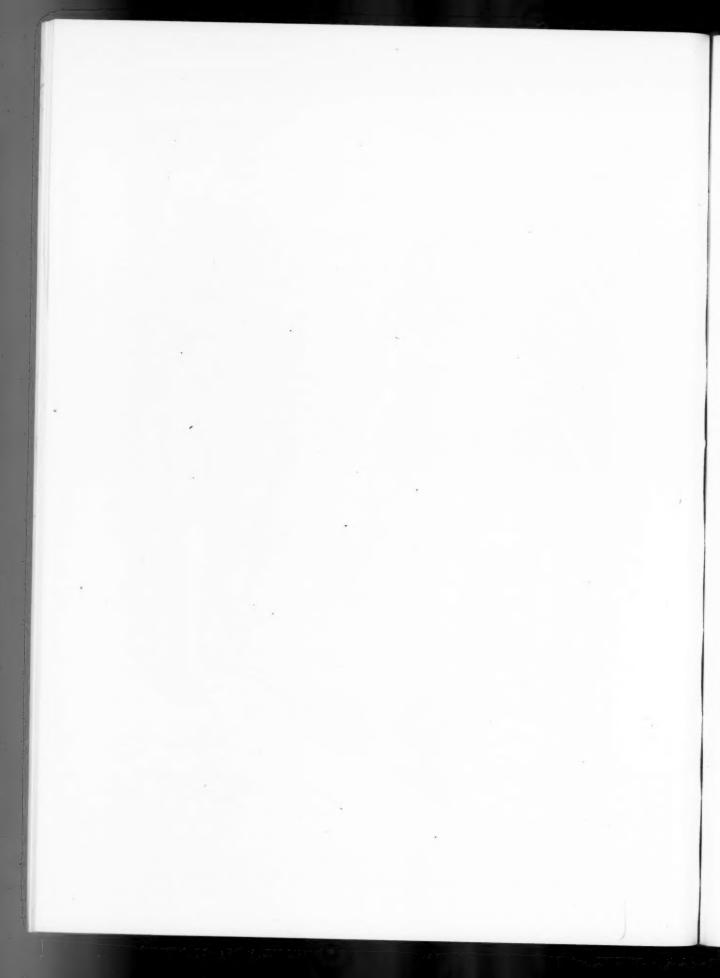
w to was

r, at the ined

end keep ring

d he been that d as oden A. S.

TOR





DURING A ZEPPELIN RAID.

PREDICAMENT OF AN UNSTARRED MAN WHO HAS TAKEN THE FIRST AVAILABLE COVER.

#### ON BELLONA'S HEM.

CHIVALRY.

War, on the impulse, he has had his he was going back? Directly almost. full share; but though he has been at unhurt. He was at home on short leave and riding on the bus-top rather fine day), than of necessity, for he is a soldiers. landowner in the Shires, and he will private. For a man of his tempera- in her reticule. ment they are sound enough.

established ourselves at Piccadilly would be a shame to let you pay that Circus, going West, when an old lady yourself." on the seat in front of ours leaned back and spoke to my friend. She was one It was so comic and so beautiful; and of those old ladies whose curves are I was glad when my friend, although all very soft. She had pretty grey hair we were far from our destination, stood and gold-rimmed glasses, and the voice up to descend.

which, from its kind intonation, is usually called motherly. Turning half round she asked my friend what regi-I was sitting by my friend, Private ment he was in. He told her. And Dash, on the top of the motor-bus. had he been wounded? No. But he had campaign. Having enlisted at the beginning of the been in the trenches? Oh, yes. And

And here the conductor came up with the Front for some months and has "All fares, please." We felt for our been in many engagements he is so far money, but the old lady interposed. "Young man," she said to the Squire of , "I can't let you pay for yourself. for enjoyment and to see more of that I should like to pay for you. It's little strange foreign city, London (it was a enough one is able to do for our brave

Poor Dash, he was embarrassed by have a good four-figure income to his her praise and for a second staggered name, even after the CHANCELLOR OF by her action; but there was a fine THE EXCHEQUER has done his worst light in his face as he thanked her and with it. He has his own reasons, into watched her extract his penny as well which I need not enter, for remaining a as her own from the old-fashioned purse

"There," she said, as she handed the Well, we had not much more than two pennies to the conductor-"it

These are the awkward moments.

On the pavement he spoke. "Another minute and I should have

"Laughed," I supplied.

"No, cried," said the hero of a year's

## Our Acting Adjutant again.

" BATTALION ORDERS.

No. 8621, Pte. P. Jones with No. 9812, Pte. T. Smith and four mules will be attached to the Forty-'leventh Brigade for rations and discipline."

Mules have not yet reported the result of the discipline.

"As an outcome of the war, a new globe industry has been started in Newcastle-on-Tyne."—Staffordshire Sentinel.

Just as an old Globe industry has been stopped (only temporarily, we hope) in London.

"Watch them as they perhaps feed piece after piece of metal into a machine with one hand, pull a lever with another, and push a third with a foot-all at a rate that makes one giddy to watch. As one of our guides would tell you, girls acquire soon a quickness and deftness and aptitude for this kind of work that few men can attain."—Morning Paper.

So few men have three hands, unfortunately.

# CHANGING THE BOWLING.

IT begins to look as if the supply of Crete. Greek Premiers is going to run out. prophetic character.

his Cabinet owing to a triumphant

vote of confidence.

Later.-M. MICHELIDAKIS has consented to form a Government. It is believed that the crisis is already over as the new Premier, commanding a strong minority, should have no difficulty-except a numerical one — in meeting the Chamber, M. Venezelos has given an undertaking that he will support the new Cabinet for not less than two weeks. M. MICHELIDAKIS, who is a convinced pro-Montenegrinist with anti-Bessarabian sympathies, has stated publicly that, in his opinion, KING CONSTANTINE is the greatest living strategist. policy of the new Premier is described as being one of Tender and Affectionate Neutrality towards the Entente Powers. There is no truth in the rumour that he contemplates conveying the benevolence of his neutrality from one side to the other. Athens is calm.

January 15th.—The crisis which followed the fall of the Government is regarded as being at an end. M. Coundouriotis, the new Premier, is very popular in Greece. His attitude is understood to be one of Malevolent Impartiality towards the Central

Impartiality towards the Central

Powers, and the idea that he will ransfer his impartiality from one side to the other is scouted by the well
The Army has been demobilized.

The Army has been demobilized.

The Army has been demobilized.

The Army has been same bay Gelding, thick set, 16 hands, 6 years, 40 guineas. The West Sussex Gazette. to the other is scouted by the wellinformed. Interviewed last night by an Italian journalist he is reported to have said that he regards King Con-STANTINE as the finest of living Diplomatists.

Later.—The list of Ministers with their portfolios is published, and reveals the striking fact that it contains the names of no fewer than four men who have never during the past year held Later.—The new Premier's attitude the post of Premier. M. VENEZELOS is officially stated to be one of Genial has retired from public life.

COUNDOURIOTIS Cabinet by 97 votes and a new set of portfolios, the others its consequent resignation has caused being worn out by constant handling. Sidecar (to servant answering bell). little surprise. Parliament will be In the meantime his colleagues will "Bring me my driver."

immediately dissolved. Athens is join him as Ministers without portbored. M. Venezelos has gone to folio. "The position of Greece as a

They must be getting near the point M. Ralli, who has undertaken to form ever make her chary of operations on when the wicket-keeper takes off his a Cabinet. The attitude of the new the sea-board." pads and goes on to bowl. All past Premier is said to be one of Inert and present news from the Balkans Cupidity toward all the belligerent mobilization of the Chamber, which being now severely censored, any telegraphic information that we publish a personal friend of King Constanting, journment of the Army, the Theoritis upon this topic will have to be of a whom he has always held to be the Cabinet fell without a division this ophetic character.

January 1st, 1916, Salonika. — A Government can count on the active M. Venezelos (who has returned from political crisis has been precipitated by co-operation of M. Venezelos (who is the resignation of M. Venezelos and returning from Crete). Athens is remains unmoved.

THE BROKEN MIRROR. Paddy (who has had his periscope smashed by a bullet). "Sure, there's seven years' bad luck FOR THE POOR DIVIL THAT BROKE THAT, ANNYHOW."

February 19th.—Owing to the political crisis the Army has been prorogued. The defeat of the RALLI Government by 168 votes was anticipated. M. Vene-ZELOS in his great speech on the constitutional situation explained that he day, vide infra:considered that he had given this lot a very fair run. The King has sent for M. Theokitis. M. Venezelos has gone farm of Dingley Dell, referred to in the 'ick-THEORITIS. M. VENEZELOS has gone to Cyprus.

Later.—The new Premier's attitude Inability. Parliament is to be instantly February 3rd.—The defeat of the demobilized. M. Theokitis has ordered gas, and bell, suitable for sidecar.

strictly Continental Power," he points Later. — The King has sent for out in an open letter to his wife, "must

March 9th.-Following upon the re-

Later.—The King has sent for M. VENEZELOS.

Later still,-M. VENEZELOS, in an interview with an American reporter, has categorically stated that he considers King Constan-TINE the greatest Dodger in Eu-

Extremely late.—M. VENEZELCS has formed a Cabinet. He will meet the Chamber this afternoon.

Latest of All.-The scene in the Chamber to-night points to the final abandonment of Parliamentary government in Greece and the establishment of a Dictatorship. M. Venezelos, in an impassioned speech, has frankly stated that he finds it impossible to conduct the affairs of the nation. encumbered as he is with a majority in the House-a position so hopelessly at variance with all the best traditions of Greek government. Athens is quite indifferent. The attitude, which had been already foreshadowed, of the Dictatorship is stated to be one of the Strictest Pusillanimity.

#### An Accommodating Animal.

"GELDING, bay, 16 hands, good vanner or carter. Suit any tradesman. 10 guineas. A reasonable trial or warranty.

Not content with announcing the fall of Nish, The Evening News has lost two more capitals on the same

wick apers,' is the owner of one of the largest private collections of caged wild animals in England."

"No. 26 Owlstone Road, bath (h. and c.), Cambridge Daily News.

5. ortas a ints nust s on e rehich ad-ITIS this hile rom ens for , in can ated AN-Eu-LOS will on. in the enand torimkly ible on, a

ion

all rn-

ent.

een

eta-

the

ner

10

atv.

The

ars.

he

me

lect

ck-

est

in

c.),

11).



"HULLO, BILL, WHAT'S GONE WRONG WITH YOUR TROUSERS?"

"THAT'S HOW I FOUND 'EM THIS MORNING. THE OLD GIRL I'M BILLETED WITH WANTED HER BOY TO HAVE A KHAKI ARMLET."

#### AFTER-CARE OF THE BLINDED SOLDIER.

Mr. Punch ventures to call the atten-

To the Editor of " Punch."

have been trained at St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, in one of the many forms of industry taught there, are now starting again in life for themselves.

We who have been engaged in their training feel very strongly that our responsibilities should not end with the completion of this training. The blind home-worker has little chance of becoming a useful self-supporting member of the community if he is left to himself. The purchase of raw material, the maintenance of a satisfactory standard of excellence and the marketing of articles made represent, collectively, a accomplish satisfactorily.

So it has been arranged with the Council of the National Institute for the Blind that they shall establish a Sailors' Care Committee; President

will be the after-care of these men. Its headquarters will be in London, and it will be under the management of tion of his generous readers to the Mr. Thomas Martin, Superintendent of moving appeal contained in this letter: the School for the Blind at Swiss Cottage.

But very considerable funds will be needed to carry out this plan in a DEAR SIR,—Men who have been businesslike and satisfactory manner. blinded in fighting for us, and who I feel sure that there are many among your readers who will feel that, in spite of the numerous calls to which they have so generously responded of late, this is another to which they will readily respond. In doing so they will be showing the measure of their appreciation for the blinded soldiers who have so bravely taken up the burden which has been laid upon them and have fitted themselves to fight the battle of life as gallantly as they fought the battle of their country.

Contributions sent to me at the National Institute for the Blind, 226, Great Portland Street, W., should be task which is beyond his powers to made out to the After-care Branch of the Institute. Yours faithfully,

C. ARTHUR PEARSON, Chairman Blinded Soldiers' branch, the primary object of which National Institute for the Blind.

#### "BEWARE OF IMITATIONS."

[Imitation eggs and butter and many other food-disguises have made their appearance in Germany.]

Ir your very patient nation Does not raise an angry shout At each nauseous imitation Of the things it does without: If it shows no wish to mutter When you bid it do its best

To eat imitation butter With an imitation zest;

If it feels no need to question Whether Culture which ordained Such a strain on its digestion Is not similarly feigned; If it really is contented

At its various dinner-hours With the masquerade presented— That is no affair of ours.

But one thing we have a voice in: Be your skill however great, There is one thing we rejoice in Knowing you can't imitate: When the struggle is concluded And the sounds of battle cease,

Europe shall not be deluded With an imitation Peace.

# THE INCRATITUDE OF PRIVATE WILLOCKS.

Scene. - Behind the firing line somewhere near "Wipers." Various Tommies scattered about in picturesque attitudes.

Enter Private Bert Willocks, late wounded, now returned to the Front.

Chorus. "Ooray!" "'Ere we are again!" "Our Bertie!" "Room for the wounded 'ero!" etc., etc.

Private Greens. An' w'ere 'ave you

bin, eh?

Private Willocks (a trifle embarrassed). Oh, well, tell ye the truth, I bin down at the Countess's for a bit.

Derisive and profane chorus. Private Greens (truculently). Wot

Countess?

Private Willocks. Countess o' Sandown. Nice place down Sa'sbury way.

Private Greens (struggling to cram a patent tobacco cartridge into an undersized clay pipe). Wot was you doin' there?

Private Willocks (with an attempt at bravado). Wot would I be doin', Vegetable? Con-vale-escin'.

Private Greens (objectionably). Convalescin', was you? Strike me pink, an' what had yer folks done, eh?

Private Mule (Company humourist). Oh, come orf it, Cabbage; you're be'ind the times, you are. Ain't you never 'eard o' our Bert's family, eh? Long-lost heir maskyradin' as a privit . . . romance of the trenches. Wot?

Private Willocks (uneasily). Cheese it, Moke. It wasn't none o' my doin'. (Darkly) They come for me—to th'

'orspital.

Private Greens. They must 'a' bin 'ard up. Wasn't there no orf'cers 'andy? Private Mule. They thought as 'e was

a orf'cer. W'en they sees 'is moustache

they says

Private Willocks (roused by sore subject). 'Ere, that'll do. Wot d'ye all want to start on a chap for? I can't 'elp 'avin' bin at a bloomin' Countess's, can I?

Corporal Jebb. Well, never mind about the Countess. 'Ow did ye find old Ginger an' the girls?

Private Willocks. Well, tell ye the truth, didn't 'appen t' see Ginger,

Corporal Jebb, Privates Greens and Mule, ensemble. Wot!

Private Willocks. Well, wot abaht it, eh?

Private Greens. Nor yet the girls neither, I suppose?

Private Willocks (still trying to carry it off). Neither I did. Leastways-(gives way). Look 'ere, boys, don't be new? ard on a chap. I'll tell ye 'ow it was rd on a chap. I'll tell ye 'ow it was Private Willocks (reminiscently). According to our latest infor-strite. We was goin' along in the There was garden parties. Tea an' Skibbereen is still—Skibbereen.

motor (attempted interruption by Pri-cikes. All very well for them as 'as vate Mule suppressed), bein' taken from like, an' there was Liza standin' on the droppin' things abaht, I did. pavement wavin' 'er 'and. "'I, Bert," says she, "'arf a mo'." An' Lady Eva Blessingham, she was at the wheel, an' she turns an' says, "That an admirer o' yours?" an' I couldn't say nothin' for a 'alf-mile or so, seein' Liza suddenlike like that. An' at last I says, "Yes, Miss," says I, "that's a fair peach, that is-that's a bit o' all right;" an' next minute I could ha' bitten my tongue orf. "Oh, re-ally," says she like that, nice and agreeable. Rotten it was o' me givin' things away.

Private Greens (after a brief silence). Then I don't suppose ye saw Mrs.

'Ookey, neither?

Private Willocks (irritably). Course I didn't. I tell ye I saw none o' 'em. 'Ow could I see Mrs. 'Ookey, me bein' at Sa'sbury?

Private Greens. 'Ookey'll love yer. Wot abaht them messages 'e give yer? "You give 'er them words exact," sez 'e, "or I'll show yer whether I'm a sergeant or not."

Private Mule (with humorous intona-

tion). And 'e will.

Corporal Jebb. Willix not bein' a married man, 'e don't understand them things. Wot's on at the 'alls anyway,

Private Willocks (glocmily). Didn't see no 'alls.

Corporal Jebb. My 'at! Pore beggar!

Wot did ye do, then?

Private Mule. 'E goes out motorin' with Lady Eva, an' 'e says—
Private Willocks. You're askin' for trouble, you are. (Impressively) We 'ad Greeshyan dances.

The derisive and profane chorus is repeated.

Private Willocks. You can laugh if yer like. You don't know nothin'. Very pretty it was.

Corporal Jebb. Did the Countess do

em, Bert?

Private Willocks. Not the Countessshe didn't. But the Lady Eva an' all er lot.

Private Greens. Rather see MAH-REE LLOYD meself. But there's no accountin'.

Private Willocks. An' there was a little kid come there. Only five she was. The 'Ighgate Wonder, they called 'er. She sang "Tipperary" dressed up in the Union Jack.

Corporal Jebb (shuddering slightly). Should ha' thought ye'd 'ave liked a change. Mule 'ere, 'e's about fed me up with "Tipperary." 'Adn't they nothin'

the gift for it, but I didn't seem to th' 'orspital like, an' I looks up sudden catch on to it proper some'ow. Kept

> Corporal Jebb. Did they do you well? Private Willocks. Top 'ole and don't you make no mistake abaht that. Wot with myonise an' cave-ier an-

> Private Greens, 'Ere, stow it, We don't want that kind o' talk 'ere.

> Private Willocks. All right, Cabbage; thought that might fetch yer. We 'ad music at the garden parties.

> Private Greens. Wot kind o' music? Private Willocks. 'Arps an'-an'well, 'arps.

Private Mule. Jews' 'arps or Welsh arps, Bertie?

Private Willocks. You don't know nothin'. (With some lack of conviction) That was good music, that was.

Private Greens (moodily returning to the charge). But d'yer mean to say as yer didn't see no one at all? Wot a time! Wot did yer talk abaht?

Private Willocks. Oh, that was all right. They was thunderin' kind to talk to. There wasn't no manner o' difficulty there. Though o' course (a shade regretfully) it wasn't quite like bein' with our own lot.

Private Greens (with disagreeable emphasis). I should bloomin' well think

Corporal Jebb (reaching out for his mouth-organ). You there, it fair makes me sick to 'ear yer. 'Ere's these folks goes and puts themselves abaht to be kind to yer, doin' everything in 'uman power to give yer a good time, an' 'ere's you, an' wot do you do? Grouse, grouse, grouse for yer low 'aunts an' yer old vulgar 'abits. Yer make me tired. (He begins to play with much feeling "The Swanee River.")

Private Greens (for the first time with genuine enthusiasm). 'Ere's 'Ookey.

Private Willocks (nervously). Well, cheer-o, boys; I'll see you again.

Corporal Jelb (pausing in his melody). Grouse, grouse, grouse! Low-minded, that's what I calls yer. Not but what there's some sense, Greens, in wot you was sayin'. But Willocks-'e's ungrateful.

#### More Pessimism.

"The Daly Mail's Bird's-Eye Map of the Front covers the whole of our advance near La Bassée. It measures 4 ft. by 2 ft. 4 ins."

On a proposal to hold a Sunday concert :-

"Mr. Sheehy said they would not like to turn Skibbereen into a Paris, where they don't recognise Sunday at all."

Cork County Eagle. According to our latest information 15. s 'as n to Kept vell? lon't Wot We age; e 'ad isic? n' elsh now tion) ny to y as ot a

all talk diffihade bein' emhink

his

akes

olks

o be

man

ere's

ouse,

old

(He The

with

y. Vell,

it.

ody).

ided,

what

wot -'e 's

f the

ar La

con-

ke to

don't

tion

jle.



Popular Actor. "I've made up my mind to join the Army. After all one must remember that one is only a luxury."

# RHYMES FOR ALL TIMES.

THE subjoined interesting letter, though it was addressed to us, was apparently intended for a contemporary in whose columns the question of ingenious rhymes has recently cropped up. But we make no apology for availing ourselves of the opportunity of appropriating so luminous and instructive a contribution :-

DEAR SIR,-When I was an undergraduate at Balliol, more years ago than I care to remember, JOWETT often expressed his dissatisfaction with the famous rhyme to Timbuctoo, which he considered much overrated, and one day, at a breakfast party, appealed to me to improve upon it. My effort, a genuine impromptu, ran as follows :-

"One day, while hunting near my villa
Upon the plains of Timbuctoo,
I shot a very stout gorilla,
I shot a very slim buck too."

Jowett was delighted, and for days afterwards was found repeating my quatrain at the most incongruous times and in the most unsuitable placeseven in chapel, so it was said. For a fuller account of the incident I may refer your readers to my Dialogues with the Departed, chap. xi., p. 534-9.

your columns I have, after a long interval of abstention, been moved to ingenuity in which as a youth I gained some small repute, and venture to send you the results :-

- "Italia boasts her Silvio Pellico, England relies on gallant Jellicoe."
- "Worse even than the Suvla Bay loss Has been the fall of VENIZELOS.
- "I'd rather be caged in a leonine den with The brave prophet Daniel than Courtney of Penwith."

Mr. Gladstone, who tried to talk Basque with The Basques, paid a visit to Fasque with His gifted disciple, young Asquith."

"Fasque," I need hardly remind your readers, was the seat of Mr. GLAD-STONE'S brother, Sir THOMAS GLADSTONE, of whom some characteristic anecdotes will be found in my Conversations with Elder Statesmen, vol. iii., p. 952.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully, LEMUEL LONGMIRE. Megatherium Club.

"The booty captured at Nish up to the present amount to 42 guns, thousands of rifles, much ammunition, 700 railway marriages, and many automobiles

Morning Paper.

e Departed, chap. xi., p. 534-9. A case of "marriage by capture" or Stimulated by the correspondence in "automatic coupling."

# THE JEUNE PREMIER.

try my hand once more at an exercise How oft, my queen, in quest of the romantic,

Ere war began we watched the Thespian art

Of Vivian Vere! How positively frantic He drove you with his Fair-Young-Hero part!

While I-I found your taste a trifle rotten-

Was quite forgotten.

To-night, when once again in youthful

Spread out his lures for us, they left you cold;

Your silence said, "Begone to good Lord Derby:

Shirker, be off, and get yourself enrolled!

It seemed your high regard for that young hero

Was down to zero.

You wronged him, fairest. Vivian would be willing,

No doubt, to quit his triumphs of the stage,

Could those who offer one the regal shilling

But overlook his most unmartial age: That lad, in whom erewhile you found

Is fifty-seven!



Wife. "'AVEN'T YOU BROUGHT ANY RELICS 'OME?"

Husband. "AIN'T I ENOUGH?"

# TO PATRICK, AGED TWO.

When Patrick howls, the moping owls

Hoot weirdly, and the Banshee yowls; Groans issue from the chimney cowls; Sly Reynard murderously prowls In search of unprotected fowls; And masons strike and "down" their trow'ls,

And ev'rybody frowns and scowls— When Patrick howls.

Contrariwise, when Patrick smiles, Sunshine prevails from Scotland's Kyles

To Afric's White and Azure Niles; Lame dogs, unhelped, leap over stiles; Prospectors strike the richest iles; At Question time Sir William Byles No more the Opposition riles; And Bernard Shaw no more reviles The overrated British Isles—

When Patrick smiles.

But, whensoever Patrick grins,
Cynics grow gay as harlequins;
Contentment reigns among the Finns;
Kind thoughts preoccupy the Djinns;
And busy barbers, shaving chins,
Deal gently with the tenderest skins.
No more the hardened sinner sins,
Or bullies kick their victims' shins;
Business is good with Courts's, Glyn's,
And all financial paladins;

Port mellows in secluded bins; In fine the round world smoothly spins, War seems a dream and Peace begins— When Patrick grins.

#### FOR VALOUR.

[Austro-German soldiers are said to be compelled by their superior officers to swallow pills to induce courage.]

The use of these pills to promote bravery is likely to be followed by the employment not only of rival specifics but of other contrivances for obtaining effects not easily produced in the military Teuton by ordinary encouragement. We give a few sample advertisements of such articles:—

COWARDS BECOME KINGS, FUNKS BECOME FILBERTS, by means of

DR. WILHELM'S PANIC PILLS FOR PALEST PIP-SQUEAKS.

(Similar to those advertised in Punch's Almanack),

THE BEST COURAGE-PRODUCER ON THE MARKET.

A Company Officer writes:—Since I began giving your pills to my men I have not had to flog more than half-a-dozen a day for flinching,

COOL-AS-CUCUMBER SOAP
MAKES THE SKIN IMPENETRABLE.

A little rubbed into the scalp prevents the hair from standing on end.

Blushing (for one's country). Do you suffer from this painful malady? If so what you want is Mother Eagle's Soothing Syrup. A dose does wonders.

Herr Schmidt writes:—The Lusitania incident brought on a painful attack of blushing, but one or two spoonfuls of your remedy soon made me absolutely shameless.

#### GRIP NUTS.

Take them daily and your step will be springy and your nose high.

Crowds in Unter-den-Linden will break up to let you go by when you move with the Grip-Nuts swing. Civilians do not wait to be jostled; they are in the gutter before you can say Eitel.

SUBALTERNS OF THE GERMAN ARMY SECURE INSTANT PROMOTION by eating CAPTAIN'S BISCUITS.

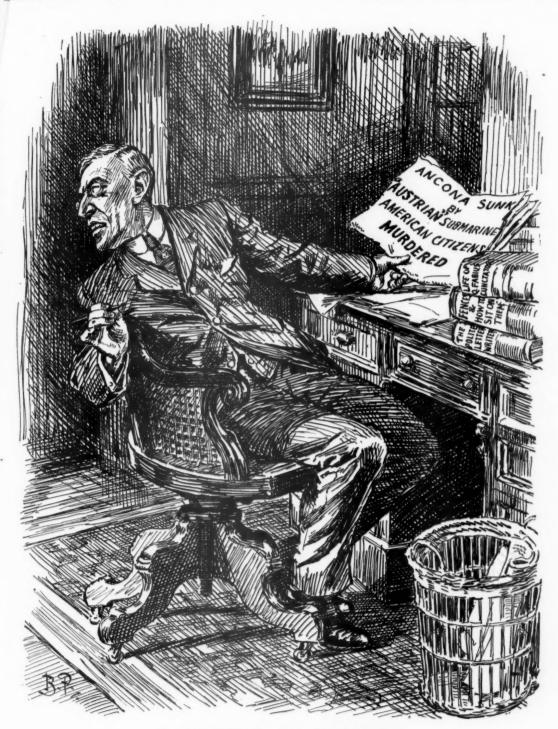
The biscuit for the purpose. Produces such complete confidence in the field that your superiors give you your third star while you wait.

HOHENZOLLERN'S POTATO PORRIDGE.

MAKES YOU CONTENT WITH ANYTHING. TRY IT!

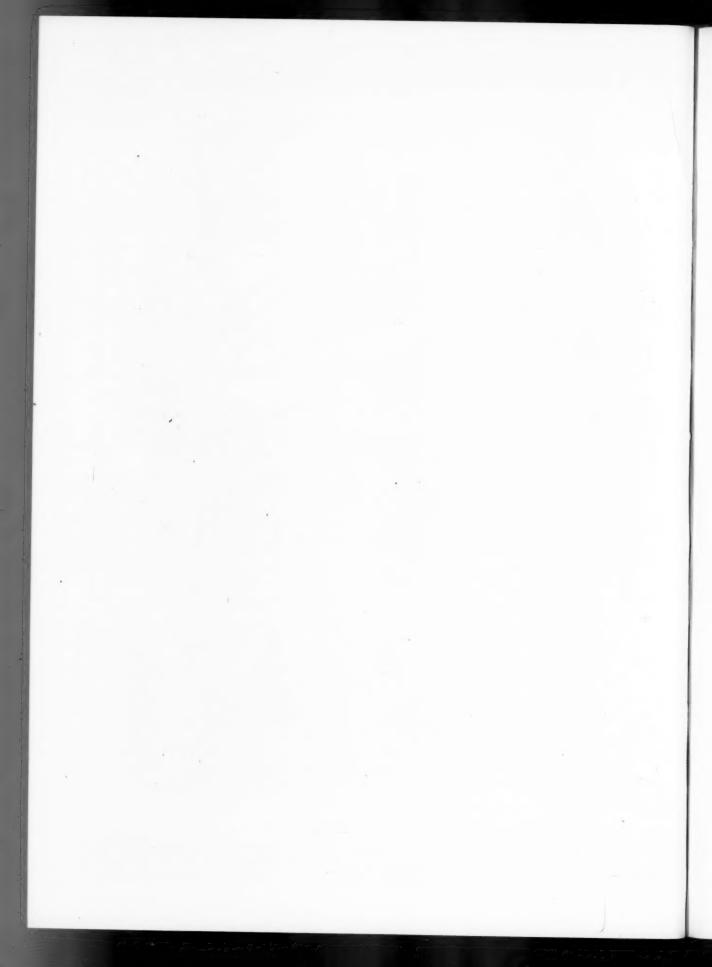
German readers should beware of French's British Expeditionary Force, which is a highly dangerous preparation.

Potato Porridge is what you want (and what you will get). Eat it.



# A MATTER OF ROUTINE.

PRESIDENT WILSON. "THIS CALLS FOR A NOTE.—MR. SECRETARY, JUST BRING ME IN A COPY OF OUR No. 1 NOTE TO GERMANY—'HUMANITY' SERIES."



# ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.) House of Lords, Monday, November 8th.—At time of national crisis the

Commons dally in prolongation of weekend holiday. Noble Lords, heedless of personal convenience, assemble to discuss affairs.

"Reminds me," said MEMBER FOR SARK, looking on scene from Commons' Gallery below Bar, "of pretty story of troubadour's lady-love:

'Sadly she thought of him Whilst others slept.

Whilst we of the Commons make holiday here are the Lords, sadly thinking

of their country, gathered together to save it. A little unkind of Lans-DOWNE, after sitting through three hours of the talk, to remark, 'There has probably never been a more discursive debate.'

JEREMIAH, first Earl of Lore-BURN, led off with chapter of Lamentations. Looked back on story of fifteen months of war and, behold! it was very bad. A Cabinet three years ago deprived of priceless counsel and companionship had blindly blundered along.

Speaking later, COURTNEY mingled his tears with JEREMIAH'S.

"Whether," he moaned, "we look at home or abroad, our old civilisation, which we had built up through long generations, is almost destroyed."

In vigorous speech MILNER brought debate to bear upon actualities of the hour, with special reference to situation in the Balkans. Admitted he trod on unsafe ground. Murmur of sympathy ran over benches when

called a spade a spade with a rope round his neck."

Useful purpose of debate at length appeared in sharp commentary on organised custom whereby, as MILNER, fearless of the rope round his neck, bluntly put it, "such war news as is published has from first to last been seriously misleading." Such as it is, it is withheld from the public till after interval of time that makes it ancient

CURZON replied to this and other Hinted at possibility of criticisms. promptly publishing accounts of engagements without going into details useful to the enemy. After two or three weeks, might be supplemented with names and details.

A clumsy device, but anything better than the present grotesque, unavailing, estrich-like system.

hours round the War. No Resolution tions for his absent chief. MACNAMARA

House of Commons, Tuesday, -House heard with profound satisfaction attacks. statement made by H. W. Forster on behalf of War Office with respect to statement made by H. W. Forster on behalf of War Office with respect to woeful waste of food in Training Camps those Supplementary Questions that throughout the country. Cheery prospect of being mulet to extent of onehalf his income does not chill taxpayers' resolve to carry on the War to his department?" its appointed end. He sees with concern, but without approach to downheartedness, the daily cost mounting up from three millions a-day to five millions. of original Finance Bill passed through



THOUGH ON UNSAFE GROUND, LORD MILNER BOLDLY CALLS A SPADE A SPADE.

he alluded to himself as one "who He will pay to the uttermost farthing, adjournment of the House at a quarter-But, with national business instinct, he past ten, by way of rebuke to PREMIER wants full return for his money.

waste of good and costly food, the result out debate. of lack of system and plan of administration almost incredible in its unintelligence, rouses just anger. No complaint is made of wastage at the Front, where it is inevitable. It is in the Home Camps, where no such excuse or extenuation exists, that a scandal prevails which invites peculation.

According to Forster the War Office, waking up at end of fifteen months, has resolved to deal with the matter.

"A complete organisation is now in existence," he said, "with result that the messing has been improved, economy has been effected and waste reduced.

At Question time little bout between and PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO pardonable.

Business done. - Talked for three ADMIRALTY, who daily answers quesbeing submitted, got home in time for declined an invitation extended by dinner.

declined an invitation extended by Member for West Clare to discuss details of defences of London against Zeppelin

> are responsible for much ill-feeling. "show his inability to reply, or does it really mask gross incompetence in

> "The answer means what it says," was Macnamara's sharp response.

Business done.—Remaining clauses Committee.

Wednesday .- A full House to hear the PREMIER'S speech on moving new Vote of Credit, the fifth since War began. Lord COURTNEY, wearing the white waistcoat of a blameless life, looked on, sole occupant of the Peers' Gallery.

In speech of less than an hour's duration Premier stated that total Votes of Credit amounted to hitherto unheard - of sum of £1,662,000,000. New one would carry us on till the middle of February, that is if current expenditure of five millions a day is not exceeded. Only cheerful note in this portion of speech occurred when he expressed hope that the sum would suffice.

Later there was another gleam when he declared his conviction that "the fine spirit and resources of the Allies will bring the War to a triumphant conclusion.' Business done.—New Vote of

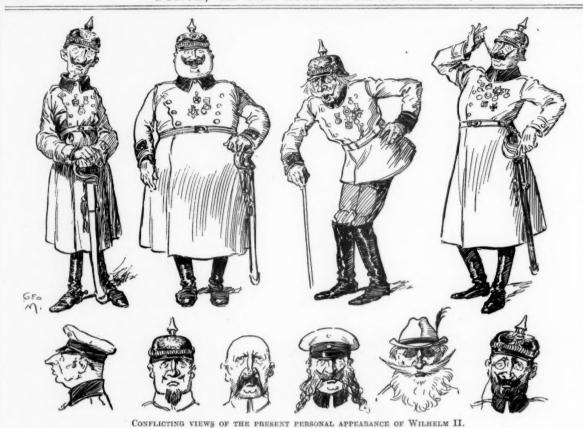
Credit for £400,000,000. Sitting came to abrupt conclusion with and his colleagues in the Cabinet To hear or read of wholesale wanton absent from Treasury Bench through-

> "As far as can be ascertained the intention of the Federal Government is to float a loan of only £500,000,000 before Christmas. other instalments will be left until next year. This will make much less disturbance in financial circles than the £20,000,000 loan." Albury Banner (New South Wales).

> Mr. McKenna is now contemplating emigration.

> "It is announced that an American conference at New York unanimously decided to recognise the German Government in Mexico." Egyptian Gazette.

Judging by what we have read of ex-Colonel Lynch, late of South Africa, Mexico in recent years the confusion is



#### THE ECONOMISTS.

HAPPENING to mention at lunch that explained. I had just come from the International Society's Exhibition and liked a picture logue?" some one else asked. of three women "mid nodings on," I was eagerly asked whom it was by.

(They said "who.")
"I don't know," I answered.
"Well, the catalogue told you, didn't it?" my hostess remarked.

"I didn't have a catalogue," I had to confess.

"Didn't have a catalogue!" "How quaint!" "How extraordinary!" It was generally agreed that not to have a catalogue was one of the oddest things.

"Then you don't know who painted any of the pictures?"

"Oh yes, Ido," I said. "I know some." " How?"

"Well, some artists have the decency to sign their names. Their names in full and clearly, I mean; not just a the jolly Indian bull. And then for the a bus. others I have two ways. Either I go to the desk, give the number and incatalogue."

"Don't they object?"

"But why don't you buy a cata-

"I can't do it," I said; "I can't bring myself to do it. It's an expense I shrink from, and I can't overcome the shrinking. I can go to a picture-gallery in a taxi, pay to enter, and leave in a taxi, and yet be unable to put down the shilling or even sixpence long as it had the outward semblance that the catalogue costs. I could even buy a picture, but I can't buy a catalogue. It's a sign of madness, no doubt. But there is a mild madness in our family.

"Everyone has a blind spot of that kind," said another of the company, and then we got to work on our pet economies.

One man could not take a taxi beyond one-and-fourpence. No matter where he was he had to get out scribble or N, like the man who painted there and then and either walk or take

Another, a lady, could not buy flowers. It seemed to her so monstrous, such an quire the price, or I look over the outrage, that flowers should be charged shoulders of people who have bought a for. They ought to be given away. They just grew and grew beautifully out of his ill-timed jokes.

God's earth (you know this type?), and "I don't do it so crudely as that," I for money to pass and profit to be plained. Horrible.

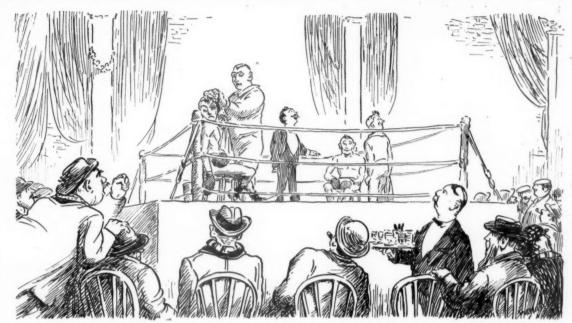
We all agreed.

Here a man interposed, saying if we felt like that about flowers, what about weeds? Eh, what? For his part he struck at paying more than three-pence each for a cigar so long as the War lasted. He used to smoke Havanas, but now he didn't mind what it was so of a cigar.

And so we went on until, after a particularly precious avowal of pet economy on the part of a lady in neutral-tinted butter muslin (or something very like it), we all had a rude shock.

"I quite understand that feeling," said a young man in khaki who was at home for just a week. "I have exactly the same abhorrence of buying large quantities of radium. Two or three pounds' weight is as much as I can force myself to get at a time. absurd, of course, because a cellarful would be much more economical.'

That was the end of it. This ass always ruins serious discussion with



Sportsman (to the man he has backed, who has been receiving all the punishment). "Why aren't you at the Front?

# FAMILY TIES.

(On the way to the "Plough and Horses.")

"WELL, Tom, ol' son, these be strange days when a father bain't at liberty to ask 'is son to 'ave a glass wi' 'm over y'r safe return.' 'is safe return, wi' no more 'n a wound as is nearly 'ealed." . "Wouldn't matter so much if a father

could accept a glass 'long of 'is son 'oo 'alf 'is time never thought t' see 'is ol' mug no more."

"An' I guess y'r pockets be warmly

"We ain't 'ad much time, some'ow, for shopping over there.

"Well, may's well 'ave a drinkwishes'll be the same 'ooever pays. But it don't seem so 'omely like, an' not the sort o' thing to keep a family together, same 's I 've been used to see 'em kep'.

"If I was to pay you so much extry for m' grub at 'ome—weeks I 'm 'ome like ow would that be? An' leave you

to settle 'ere." "'Tis pretty plain as you 'aven't been used to English ways o' late. Things can't be run like that-not now. Each man 'e's got to 'and out the money for the beer 'e drinks. That be law."

"Then if I adds to m' board Saturday night what you drinks to-night, 'oo's to stop me doing that?

"You'd better make it a penny more or less-something to set 'em off the scent if they gets nosing round."

an' because o' the times. I never money an' next to nought to spend it thought to see y'r ol' mug no more."

"A quart for me—that be sixpence, an' a quart for vou-that doubles it-a threw in for luck makes eighteenpence. night's well-wishing, will that satisfy Doing it that way I don't see 'ow y'r avaricious ol' soul?" Doing it that way I don't see 'ow Government can ever get wind o' it nor I don't. You 'and the eighteenpence to me Saturday night same time you 'ands y'r mother y'r board money, an' I shan't be one to split on you, be mine an' t'other 'issen.' neither!

"I see you be the same ol' grab-all as ever; war ain't changed you at all. I said as I'd pay for you, but I've paid for myself already, ain't I now?"

"You paid landlord; that's very

"Didn't you see me doing of it?" owning to that.'

"Well, then!"

"But surelye you ain't going to say as you grudge me the money for beer as was drunk to y'r own good-'ealth? Your paying landlord ain't doing me a favour, is it now?"

be once too often for me.'

"I'll make it sixpence more for luck You wi' the chance o' earning a pot o' on, an' y'r poor ol' father wi' nothing "Sixpence 'll fair baffle 'em, I should but a penny on this an' twopence on say. Let's go in an' 'ave a drink over that to cheer 'im on 'is way."

"I see you be the same as ever-the one to talk a man up an' down till 'e be ready to gi'e you ought as 'll shut y'r mouth for you. If I agrees to pay bob. Then that 'ere sixpence as you eighteen-pence on Saturday for this

"That'll be more in keeping wi' the way I 've always 'eld a family should be kep' together. Families did ought to go 'and-in-'and, not so much o' 'this

"That be a thought o' mine, come along in m' blood, belike, as I got from you. I'll gi'e the eighteen-pence to Mother, come Saturday, long o' m' board-money, an' between you an' me all'll be settled an' done with comfortable."

"You gi'e it to me, Tom; if your "I saw you doing of it; I don't mind mother gets 'old of it she'll stick to it like glue, she will. Fat lot o' good 'twill be to me!"

"But I 'ave your thoughts so wrought into me I can't get away from what flesh an' blood 'ave meted out. Families didn't ought to 'ave so much o' 'this be mine an t'other 'issen' about 'em. All "Paying twice over, though, would comes o' bein' your son - honour I never chose m'self. An' now difference "Then yours ain't the large-'earted between paying you an' paying Mother spirit of 'elpfulness as our good King is a thing I bain't able to see; only 'ave enjoined on us in fighting times? some'ow I fancies most to pay 'er.'

# UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XXX.

(From the Tsar of BULGARIA.)

Most Highly Venerated Brother,-I cannot refrain from writing to you, though it is highly probable that we shall soon meet in what has been described as the tented field. For that meeting I have made all the necessary preparations. Your life and your welfare are of such high importance to our Common Cause that I shall take care not to expose them to any foolhardy risks. I know that, like myself, you are panting to be in the very front line of the battle, wherever the danger is greatest. That, as I say, was my desire; but Radoslavoff dissuaded me. "Sire," he said, "at this crisis in the affairs of Bulgaria we cannot afford to lose your wise counsel and your diplomatic ability even for a single hour. Think of the joy that would be spread amongst our foes if you were wounded. Moderate your ardour and remain where there is some slight prospect of immunity from the dastardly attacks of the Serbians and their Allies. At a distance of twenty kilometres from the Front you can always direct us without losing that calm which is essential. While our soldiers and officers do the rough business of fighting you can, at that distance, smile upon their efforts and reward their merits with your august approval. But above all things, I repeat, moderate the ardour which is natural to a soldier and a Tsar." That was his advice, and, though I must not altogether endorse the flattering terms in which it was conveyed, I was forced to recognise its wisdom and I have therefore adopted it.

What glorious days we are living in! If anyone had told me when I first accepted the Bulgarian throne that it would some day be possible for me to spring to the assistance of your Empire and that of our poor old friend, Francis Joseph, I should have been frankly incredulous. I could not have believed that you, the son of the peaceloving Emperor, FREDERICK, and I, the grandson of Louis PHILIPPE, the Citizen King of the French, should ever be associated together in the greatest warlike undertaking that the world has ever known; that we should be within reach of a position from which we two together shall be able to dictate laws (or, shall we say, to impose lawlessness?) on the whole universe. Yet here we both are, lifted by time and our own efforts to the highest pinnacle of earthly success. He indeed spoke truly who declared that the Prussians were the Bulgarians of Europe outside the Balkans. You yourself will, I am certain, recognise the appropriateness and justice of this pithy declaration, now that Bulgarian valour has again been tested against Serbia, our hereditary foe.

There is only one matter in regard to which I take exception to your proceedings, and on this I will speak openly as a Tsar may properly speak to an Emperor. You have lately caused a woman to be shot in Belgium by a sentence of court-martial. It is true that she was an English nurse and that she had broken the German military law by aiding English and Belgian soldiers to save their lives by escaping from Belgium. Still, the fact remains that she was a woman, and that in the course of her merciful employment she tended the wounded of your nation as well as those of her own. I cannot help thinking that it would have been better and more expedient to spare her life. I do not want you to think that I am squeamish or that I shrink from ruthlessness when ruthlessness is necessary. My record in Bulgaria should relieve me from stiffened the resolution of our enemies, and has cast dis- gave us the thrilling version set out above.

grace on our cause in neutral countries, where Germans are now denounced as butchers of women. This is disagreeable to me, for I wish to shine in public estimation for chivalry no less than for glory. I know I have merely to hint this to you in order to make sure that such an act, so harmful to our reputation, shall not occur again. In everything else I am your profound admirer,

FERDINAND.

#### GENTLER WAYS WITH THE PRESS.

In the House of Commons, the other day, some questions were being asked about the police raid on the offices of The Globe, when the honourable Member for the Pacific (Sir WILLIAM BYLES) asked whether there was not some gentler way of dealing with erring newspapers.

We deplore the burst of laughter which greeted the question, because we are quite sure that several less drastic expedients might have been tried before the sudden intrusion of the police in force.

The gentle word has been known by some of our picturesque writers to break down the most stubborn resolve of even the hardened wrongdoer. To have its full effect it should be spoken by a sweet-faced white-haired old lady, or some frail and fair young thing with moist eyes. somebody at Scotland Yard has a mother or a sister who could have entered The Globe office timidly and, placing her hand on the arm of the Editor or the foreman of the machine-room, or whoever it was, appealed to him affectionately to stop it. Or a fair-haired laddie of six summers might have done it if properly coached, without all that trampling of heavy police boots about the place. Surely the heads of the police have had brought to their notice the potency of the little innocent child in melting the heartthe curly-headed boy and the burglar, little Stephen and the wife-beater, being cases in point.

Then, again, birds or white mice might have been tried. Surely it would not have been beyond the powers of Scotland Yard to introduce a robin into The Globe offices. Ere now strong men have wept at the sight of the little red-chested fellow and have resolved thenceforth to lead better lives.

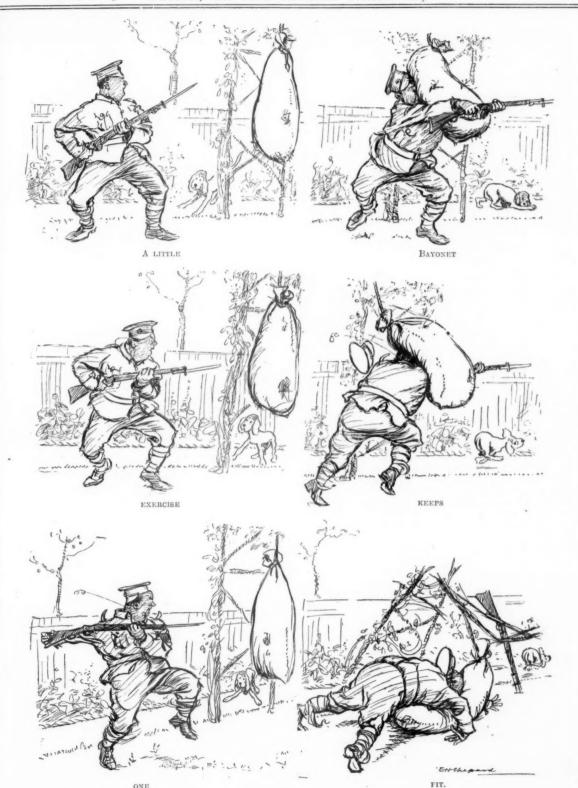
Art and poetry should have been brought to bear. Is there no policeman artist who would have lent his masterpiece, "Sunshine in the Home" or "Telling the Story to Mother," to be placed in the Editor's office for a while to exert its silent influence? And, if it was not convenient for a policeman-poet to turn out a few rhymes at the moment, the works of Ella Wheeler Wilcox can easily be obtained at reasonable prices, and would have had some effect.

Or why was not persuasive eloquence tried? Among the special constables of the division in which The Globe offices are situated are numbers of able barristers. Why were not their services employed?

And there is music. The message of music reaches the heart even more swiftly than the spoken words of a barrister. Couldn't the police band have gone round to the office and played a few selections?

<sup>&</sup>quot;Information now available indicates that M. Briand will become foreign minister as well as premier, with Jules Cambon, who was a Mr. Togery at the outbreak of the war, as his principal secretary." Norfolk Ledger and Dispatch (U.S.A.).

The correspondent who sends us the cutting kindly explains it as follows:-" The cable as received, in describing M. CAMBON, said he was 'AMR TO GERY,' which is, of course, Reuter's abbreviation for 'Ambassador to Germany.' The such an accusation. But even I am clearly convinced that local editor, however, apparently thinking that the passing it was wrong to have this woman killed. The deed has by the Censor of such a phrase was too good to be true,



ans lision ely act, In

i.

ons The Sir tler the stic

e of t it , or rely who her the ec-

ers hat ely

ion

the and ied. and ow ted

 $I_{s}$ terto to for ent, ned the

hy the fa the

ome

is a ). ex-ing rse, The

ing ue,

ONE

# UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XXX.

(From the Tsar of BULGARIA.)

from writing to you, though it is highly probable that we shall soon meet in what has been described as the tented field. For that meeting I have made all the necessary preparations. Your life and your welfare are of such high importance to our Common Cause that I shall take care not to expose them to any foolhardy risks. I know that, like myself, you are panting to be in the very front line of the battle, wherever the danger is greatest. That, as I say, was my desire; but RADOSLAVOFF dissuaded me. "Sire," he said, "at this crisis in the affairs of Bulgaria we cannot afford to lose your wise counsel and your diplomatic ability even for a single hour. Think of the joy that would be spread amongst our foes if you were wounded. Moderate your ardour and remain where there is some slight prospect of immunity from the dastardly attacks of the Serbians and their Allies. At a distance of twenty kilometres from the Front you can always direct us without losing that calm which is essential. While our soldiers and officers do the rough business of fighting you can, at that distance, smile upon their efforts and reward their merits with your august approval. But above all things, I repeat, moderate the ardour which is natural to a soldier and a Tsar." That was his advice, and, though I must not altogether endorse the flattering terms in which it was conveyed, I was forced to recognise its wisdom and I have therefore adopted it.

What glorious days we are living in! If anyone had told me when I first accepted the Bulgarian throne that it would some day be possible for me to spring to the assistance of your Empire and that of our poor old friend, Francis Joseph, I should have been frankly incredulous. I could not have believed that you, the son of the peaceloving Emperor, FREDERICK, and I, the grandson of Louis PHILIPPE, the Citizen King of the French, should ever be associated together in the greatest warlike undertaking that the world has ever known; that we should be within reach of a position from which we two together shall be able to dictate laws (or, shall we say, to impose lawlessness?) on the whole universe. Yet here we both are, lifted by time and our own efforts to the highest pinnacle of earthly success. He indeed spoke truly who declared that the Prussians were the Bulgarians of Europe outside the Balkans. You yourself will, I am certain, recognise the appropriateness and justice of this pithy declaration, now that Bulgarian valour has again been tested against Serbia, our hereditary foe.

There is only one matter in regard to which I take exception to your proceedings, and on this I will speak openly as a Tsar may properly speak to an Emperor. You have lately caused a woman to be shot in Belgium by a sentence of court-martial. It is true that she was an English nurse and that she had broken the German military law by aiding English and Belgian soldiers to save their lives by escaping from Belgium. Still, the fact remains that she was a woman, and that in the course of her merciful employment she tended the wounded of your nation as well as those of her own. I cannot help thinking that it would have been better and more expedient to spare her life. I do not want you to think that I am squeamish or that I shrink from ruthlessness when ruthlessness is necessary. My record in Bulgaria should relieve me from stiffened the resolution of our enemies, and has cast dis-

grace on our cause in neutral countries, where Germans are now denounced as butchers of women. This is disagreeable to me, for I wish to shine in public estimation for chivalry no less than for glory. I know I have merely MOST HIGHLY VENERATED BROTHER, -I cannot refrain to hint this to you in order to make sure that such an act, so harmful to our reputation, shall not occur again. In everything else I am your profound admirer,

FERDINAND.

# GENTLER WAYS WITH THE PRESS.

In the House of Commons, the other day, some questions were being asked about the police raid on the offices of The Globe, when the honourable Member for the Pacific (Sir WILLIAM BYLES) asked whether there was not some gentler way of dealing with erring newspapers.

We deplore the burst of laughter which greeted the question, because we are quite sure that several less drastic expedients might have been tried before the sudden intrusion of the police in force.

The gentle word has been known by some of our picturesque writers to break down the most stubborn resolve of even the hardened wrongdoer. To have its full effect it should be spoken by a sweet-faced white-haired old lady, or some frail and fair young thing with moist eyes. Surely somebody at Scotland Yard has a mother or a sister who could have entered The Globe office timidly and, placing her hand on the arm of the Editor or the foreman of the machine-room, or whoever it was, appealed to him affectionately to stop it. Or a fair-haired laddie of six summers might have done it if properly coached, without all that trampling of heavy police boots about the place. Surely the heads of the police have had brought to their notice the potency of the little innocent child in melting the heartthe curly-headed boy and the burglar, little Stephen and the wife-beater, being cases in point.

Then, again, birds or white mice might have been tried. Surely it would not have been beyond the powers of Scotland Yard to introduce a robin into The Globe offices. Ere now strong men have wept at the sight of the little red-chested fellow and have resolved thenceforth to lead better lives.

Art and poetry should have been brought to bear. Is there no policeman artist who would have lent his masterpiece, "Sunshine in the Home" or "Telling the Story to Mother," to be placed in the Editor's office for a while to exert its silent influence? And, if it was not convenient for a policeman-poet to turn out a few rhymes at the moment, the works of ELLA WHEELER WILCOX can easily be obtained at reasonable prices, and would have had some effect.

Or why was not persuasive eloquence tried? Among the pecial constables of the division in which The Globe offices are situated are numbers of able barristers. were not their services employed?

And there is music. The message of music reaches the heart even more swiftly than the spoken words of a barrister. Couldn't the police band have gone round to the office and played a few selections?

<sup>&</sup>quot;Information now available indicates that M. Briand will become foreign minister as well as premier, with Jules Cambon, who was a Mr. Togery at the outbreak of the war, as his principal secretary."

Norfolk Ledger and Dispatch (U.S.A.).

The correspondent who sends us the cutting kindly explains it as follows:-" The cable as received, in describing M. Cambon, said he was 'AMR TO GERY,' which is, of course, Reuter's abbreviation for 'Ambassador to Germany.' such an accusation. But even I am clearly convinced that local editor, however, apparently thinking that the passing it was wrong to have this woman killed. The deed has by the Censor of such a phrase was too good to be true, local editor, however, apparently thinking that the passing gave us the thrilling version set out above.

A LITTLE











ONE

FIT.

nans distion erely act, In

D.

5.

ions The(Sir the stic sion

ture of et it rely who her the fecners that rely the

rtand ied. and now sted Is ter-

y to for ent, ned the lobe

hy the f a the ome

as a exing rse, The ing ue,

# AT THE FRONT.

to look with enjoyable contempt on on demand. troops who sometimes go into billets.

the fault lay with my sneeze or his parapet. At all events we have now made the latter sneeze-proof.

One of those happy little touches that make war so awfully jolly came along a few days ago. We had a Corporal of another branch of the service attached to us. At least he knew he was attached, but we didn't. Taking advantage of this one-sided arrangement he invaded our mess kitchen at an early hour on the first morning of his attachment and conveyed therefrom sundry edibles and utensils, most notably a glorious brazier that is the object of our cook's pride and affection. When any especially large shells burst in his simmering soups—or as near as makes no matter—his

brow clouds for a moment only, and then he looks at his brazier, and the thought of it brings back the sunshine to his soul. Hence the loss of abreviations, the military postmen abbreviations, the military postmen postmen above the control of the brow clouds for a moment only, and 91st Division, 14th Army Corps, Sixth torted a complete confession a note envelope, now treasured by the C.O., through Corporal Blank's officer, couraging circumstances. through the Brigade, through our Ad-

jutant. It consisted of a request that AT THE FRONT.

Our servants should supply Corporal over by a sister division as a trench our only consolation nowadays is Blank, attached, with wood and coke area. On our occupation the rain began

For our part we hop round from one who should be a blunt man, hates bit of line to another, making the parapets sit up and planting forests of wire.

The last Company Commander I took over from was more than commonly proud because he had heightened his parapet two feet to stop dropping a letter addressed to the C.O. in terms additional premises that no revetments bullets. We went to have a look at of revolting clearness. The addresser, to speak of are to be had, and that two it, and then, unfortunately, just as I no doubt a civilian, had written on the inches of rain is only a minimum was saying, "By Jove!" or "The way you chaps work beats me," or some-lt.-Col. Thingummy, D.S.O. (that is We have indented for a fleet; and thing sympathetic and suitable, I went not our C.O.'s real name, nor is the even a few auxiliary cruisers and some and snezed—and the top two feet fell remaining address an infringement of packets of torpedces would be better in. We never really settled whether censorial rights),275th Infantry Brigade, than nothing, which is what we have

-AND IS.

this trophy was no common bereave- were naturally very much upset. For Te make up for the shortage of German ment. Our cuisine for twenty-four days they kept the letter and pondered hours was damnable—we could have over it. They sent for consulting postfed better in Soho. A search-party men from London, an X-ray apparatus penetrated wherever it might and asked questions of the Corporal, who knew from Scotland Yard. The conclusions nothing about it. But he had counted thus arrived at were handed over to the Perhaps he felt that Mr. Hogge would without our cook's pertinacity. The intelligence branch at G.H.Q.'s, who search was renewed next day; the had Kitchener over for the week-end. Corporal's dugout was entered in his absence and the brazier recaptured, and squarely, and some leading man frog can croak. . . The staff came to me clamouring for among them erased the original address "Anniversary Week will begin with the blood. I sent for the Corporal, who loudly protested his absolute innocence. It only remains to tell that this wild I examined him, and just as I had exshort in the dark succeeded, and the April 19th, inclusive." arrived. It had originated in Corporal records the monumental sleuthiness of Perhaps we ought to say that these Blank, prisoner at the bar, and passed our soldier postmen in the most dis- two items, though appearing on the

100

Of late we live in a marsh handed its winter session, and we ran up It is odd that your proper soldier, against a simple little bit of arithmetic; "If two inches of rain per diem brings

got so far. We are buoyed up-and we need it-by the reflection that the Huns must be even worse off, as they are not in a position to mobilize their canal garrison, or spare any that remain of the U class.

#### Functus Officio.

"Mr. Grime withdraws from the Cleansing Committee. Manchester Guardian.

"There is confusion in the minds of proprietors of Delikatessen shops as to when cold meat may be cold."—Morning Paper. The question leaves us in the same condition as the meat.

"CHAUFFEUR Wanted, over military age, for Tooting." East Grinstead Observer.

It sounds an easy job.

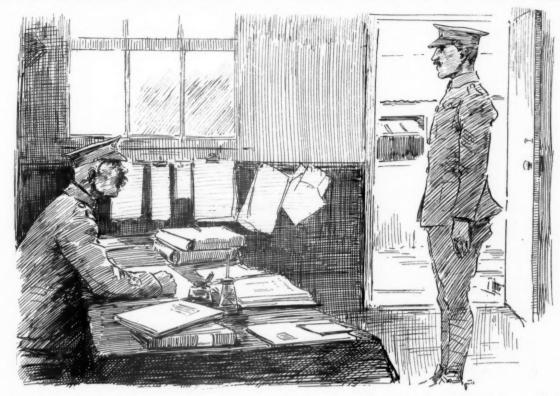
sausages.

"There may have been another reason for

"Every one should keep cheerful; any old

Congregational Magazine.

same page, have absolutely no connection with one another.



Squadron Sergeant-Major (who has been told to ascertain the qualifications of an applicant for a commission), "What kind of an applicant for a commission," What kind of an applicant of Applicant Pretty Good."

Sergeant-Major. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY 'PRETTY GOOD'?" Applicant. "Well, you see, I've got my B.A."

Sergeant-Major. "B.A.! NEVER 'EARD OF IT. WHAT STANDARD 'AVE YOU PASSED?"

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

OF course you have not forgotten Dick, that wholly delightful study of school-boyhcod by Mr. G. F. Bradby. You will therefore be glad to hear that his author has now written more about him. Beware, however, of leaping to either of two conclusions, both wrong—first, that the new volume will be as amusing as its predecessor; secondly, that it will try to be so, and fail. One knows the old tag about sequels. In my own opinion the present Dick is not only entirely worthy of the earlier, but marks by far the For This I Had Borne Him (SMITH, ELDER), and the opening date is July 22, 1914. You see now that this will be Dick with a difference, the great difference indeed that has art of the book is shown. It realizes, more poignantly than anything else I have read, the atmosphere of those Theresham for a lazy summer on the Broads: the diarist, though laughter and the happy trivialities still persist, they ment, but busy with mere mortals' love troubles! It is all

sound, as they did then, like the voices of birds in the silence when a great thunderstorm is creeping swiftly up the sky. So the comedy of Dick reaches the end that the title will have foretold you. In spite of it I hoped against hope that Mr. Bradby might spare us the final sacrifice. But its treatment, when it comes, raises the story to a fine level of dignity and courage. It is not too much to think that this little book will live long as a witness to the spirit of England in her dark hour.

If there exist a more artificial story than The Immortal Gymnasts (Heinemann), by Marie Cher, I have not read highest level that Mr. Bradby has yet reached. Its title is it, nor do I think that I want to. Something of the author's fitness to tackle life and of her peculiar psychology will be conveyed by the statement that the two real heroes of the book-one good and faithful, and the other not so good, fallen upon us all. It is exactly here that the very delicate with a roving eye—are named Varian and Ambry. Their Christian names, if you please. Ambry, having trifled with little Anie, forsakes her for her more dashing sister Estelle, terrible August days when the world was crumbling to and by degrees Varian, who is a budding art critic and pieces amid the pleasant preoccupations of holiday time. only less beautiful to look at than Ambry, having placed At first nothing seems changed. They are all back at Anie with his mother (whose Christian name is Gita), to have her heart mended, takes Ambry's place in that organ. his charming practical wife, Dick, grown to nineteen now There is no more story than that, but it is eked out by the with the delights of Oxford ahead, Betty the maid, old Grapes, parallel romance of Quin and Rina in the abode of Bina's and some equally pleasant new characters. Then comes the father Panta, who keeps a pet of a milk-shop in a London crisis, and at once there enters that strange feeling of unstreet. Have you guessed who they are? Quin is Harlereality that we all remember—a breathless hush in which, quin, Bina Columbine, and Panta Pantaloon, now in retire-

etter have toyed v the Huns

15.

anded rench began n up

netic; rings paraabout revet , how n the nents t two mum and some

ff, as sition garthat

from an. 1 the elika-

meat aper. s in the

over er.

lé). es de sousman n for ually

rnal.

bluc

v old day, day, e.

ese the ieclike a phantasmagoric dream after seeing Schumann's always amusing, were also too voluble. But this would Carnival given by the Russian ballet, reading metaphysics, not be a fair criticism to make of his romance of the and eating lobster and cucumber salad. There is clever Cornish slate-quarries. From beginning to end the interest writing in the book, but it is wasted.

THURSTON'S latest novel, The Passionate Crime (CHAPMAN

the jury, but because he murdered Anna Quartermaine. She was a great lady living in the neighbourhood, and she visited him in his hut one night disguised as a peasantgirl. He mistook her for a fairy, and when he discovered appropriately enough in what he would call the dorn -that she was not he stabbed her with the bread-knife. If this seems a flippant summingup of what thousands of men and women (but principally women) are sure to consider a "beautiful" story I can only say in self-defence that genuine beauty in a story has never yet made me feel flippant. It may be that the monotony of the first part of the book prejudiced me against the second, where the story really begins. I resented the persistent intrusion of Mr. Thurston in the capacity of showman. The first hundredand-ten pages deal exclusively with the difficulty which Mr. Thurston had in extracting the facts in the case from a series of uncommunicative peasants, and might have been condensed into a preface, reading, "I had the deuce of

a job getting this story out of the fellows who had first-hand tric alarms that no one could enter or leave it unobserved, hundred-and-ten pages establish atmosphere, but to my alley will prove to be some secret subway to the house of mind they are as great an offence to a novel-reader as an hour's lecture on the manners and customs of the Irish of marble such as is played with by boys, and a specimen peasantry, delivered by Mr. Thurston in front of the curtain before the first Act, would be to the audience which assembles to see The Passionate Crime when it is explain the corpse. Having paid my tribute to the inproduced as a play.

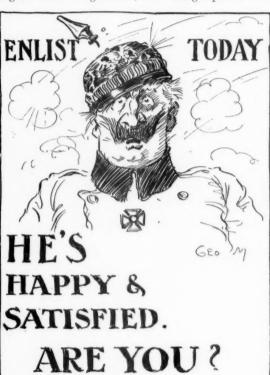
compels me to apologise to Mr. Eden Phillpotts for But the fact is that these murder-mysteries are levellers of having once asked him to give the West Country a rest. style; with their formula of clues and inquests and examinafeet, to the other side of the Tamar. It was, I think, a This consideration apart, The White Alley remains an work that the by-play was apt to overbalance or, at any if you like these mysteries, you may derive a very pleasant rate, to interfere with, the main story. His natives, if

is concentrated upon two points: first, the slate-quarry itself, which throbs with life as vividly as any human Anthony Sorel, the juvenile lead of Mr. E. Temple being, and, secondly, upon the love-story of two fine men for one woman. To the last moment the doubt as to AND HALL)—I call him that because in his dedication which of these men is to marry Edith Re'allack is kept Mr. Thurston distinctly threatens a dramatization of the up, and legitimately kept up; but unfortunately this long story—was a wild, romantic poet who lived all alone on suspense gives us time to discover that she was not quite the Irish hills, and in at least one of his poems made worthy of either of them. Old Delabole, both in grasp "dawn" rhyme with "morn." It was not for this, how- of plot and manner of telling, is Mr. Phillpotts at his ever, that he was sentenced to death and hanged, though I best; but all the same I must pick one little bone with have no doubt that it carried a good deal of weight with him. Long experience of Cornwall has convinced me that

it would be impossible for any young man, however secretive, to "walk out" with any young woman, however artful, for a few days-let alone weekswithout every other soul in the village knowing all about it.

Perhaps you are already familiar with the name of Miss Carolyn Wells-if you are an American you certainly know her, and know that, besides being the author of various popular stories about murders and detectives, she is that much rarer thing, a student and anthologist of humour, with moreover a very flattering regard for the English variety. Naturally, therefore, one approaches her latest story, The White Alley (LIPPINCOTT), in a spirit of comradeship. It concerns a further adventure of Miss Wells's pet creation, the detective Fleming Stone, one of those super-deductors who are so pleasant to read about but would be so exasperating to employ in real life. problem of the tale is ingenious enough. The owner of an estate, so carefully encom-passed by watchmen and elec-

I am perfectly well aware that these suddenly vanishes. Perhaps you think that The White genuity of the task and its solution, I wish I could add that the style in which the book is written is worthy of my After reading Old Delabole (Heinemann) my conscience regard for its author's nice discrimination in other matters. Here, it is true, he has left Devonshire, but only to make a tions they tend so much to common form that there is small jump, which has landed him most happily upon his scarce a writer who can endow them with distinction. fair criticism to pass upon some of Mr. Phillpotts' later excellent example of its kind, from whose bewilderments,



WITH APOLOGIES TO THE WAR OFFICE POSTER.

ld he

est

an

en

to

pt

te

ils th at

ny

re.

ng a

he

dy

of

ou

ly

ıt,

of

he

of

he

er

ey

of

a

SS

of

re

ut

to

10

ii-

ın

n-C-

d.

of

br

en

of le

ld

ıy

of

n.

n

nt

# CHARIVARIA.

FIELD-MARSHAL VON MACKENSEN is reported to have told King Ferdinand that the booty captured by the Germans in Serbia will be handed over to the Bulgarians. This confirms the belief that the Serbians left little of value behind them.

A London borough council has decided that rate-collectors are "indispensables" and cannot be allowed to enlist. This unpatriotic decision has deeply grieved a large section of the ratepayers.

"Popping," as a synonym for pawning, is a phrase no longer heard in the best East-end circles. They speak now of "mobilising securities.

Omnibuses and tramcars are so dimly lighted now that conductors complain that people frequently tender farthings for sixpences in payment for their fares. The same mistake would no doubt have occurred just as frequently with half-sovereigns had not most of them been out of circulation.

A London coroner states that when walking in the darkened streets he always carries a white newspaper to prevent people bumping into him. Unfortunately he omitted to advertise the particular organ he prefers for this purpose. The LORD CHANCELLOR would never have missed this chance.

As official statistics have been produced showing that there is no shortage of food in Germany, it is odd that the Vorwärts should think it necessary to print particulars of the symptoms by which starvation can be recognised. Some of its readers, we suppose, take a morbid interest in rare diseases.

An ex-soldier has enlisted at the age of 78, and Sir ARTHUR MARKcruits in their second childhood.

our attention to a statement in The Spectator that "to hunt with the hare how we find it difficult to think of the and run with the hounds must always first of these worthies as quite English, prove a failure," and seem to think although he certainly made a splendid that there is something wrong in it. We have, however, such a high regard for our contemporary as an authority ingly accept its dictum.



Farmer. "Still on home service, then?" Yeoman. "YES." Farmer. "Supposing the Germans came to England, what would you do?" Yeoman (indignantly). "Why, volunteer for foreign service at once, of course."

HAM is understood to be preparing a service and self-sacrifice, plain living protest against the enrolment of re- and high thinking, discipline and devotion, which produced Thomas à Imitation.

The War is working havoc with our on natural history that we unhesitat- metaphorical expressions. A sergeantmajor who has just been awarded the D.C.M. for bravery at Loos was a In an article on "The Public carpet-salesman before he joined his Schools" The Morning Post spoke regiment. As a term of derision recently of "The mediæval tradition of "carpet-knight" is now defunct.

Dr. DUGALD CLERK, F.R.S., has explained that Germany's failure is due to votion, which produced Thomas à the fact that her philosophers have Kempis, Sir Thomas More, and Sir invariably been of the deductive type. Several correspondents have called Philip Sidney, to name only these The deductive brain, he added, allied to rattention to a statement in The flowers of English spirituality." Some-stupidity and a curious irrelevance, was characteristically German, and often produced absurd results. A certain statesman's "spiritual home," we understand, is now to let, unfurnished.

> Commenting upon the popular demonstrations in Athens on the arrival of M. Denys Cochin, a French paper remarked that King Constantine

# TRENCH-HUMOUR MADE IN GERMANY.

" Fas est et ab hoste doceri."

["There is in England no real soldiers' humour such as we have." Cologne Gazette.]

WHAT badinage is this that rocks the trenches, What jeu d'esprit or military jest That strains the Bosch's ribs, and rudely wrenches

The quivering fabric of his lower chest?

What is this note of mirth whose echoes tingling Through barracks where the lager runs in spate Bring down the roof and set the beer-mugs jingling? It is the humour of the "Hymn of Hate!"

Full of elusive fun and swift surprises, In every jocund phrase and joyous fitte This gay and sparkling anthem crystallises The essence and the soul of German wit.

We've nothing like it. In the dull stagnation Induced by British humour's sad decline, Thomas, relying on a loose translation, Sings it (allegro) all along the line.

Thanks to a nature singularly plastic, Blent with a humble willingness to learn, He soon assimilates the light fantastic Touch of the Teuton's favourite comic turn.

Thus pluck we wrinkles of the foe's imparting; He taught us gas-work in our guileless past; And so with humour—though behind at starting, We still may smile the loudest at the last.

# THE NAVY IN A NUTSHELL.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. A. H. Pollen in "Land and Water.")

THERE have been no purely naval activities this week that require comment, but I have none the less matter of the greatest moment to discuss. For I regret to say that my little squares neatly drawn one above another. critics have been throwing doubt upon some of my conclusions. That is a question which I must go into at once and in detail. Not that I wish to hold myself above criticism; I know very well that any one who has reached a pinnacle as a Naval Expert must be prepared for it. But, holding as I do that the views that I put forth in this journal are of national importance, I cannot allow them to be assailed. One of my critics, writing in the Press, has-I deeply regret to say—brought to light an old story against me which I had hoped was safely dead and buried. It worries me: now that the cat is out of the bag it worries me confoundedly. He declares that I am not a sailor. Well, I must face it. It is true, I am not. It is not, strictly speaking, my fault. I trust the public will not jump to the conclusion that it was either my fault or my parents'. In any case, deeply anything—except my position on this journal—to be a the Atlantic liners. Not a bad idea for a layman. Sailor. But my laicism is chronic.

And while I am on this question I may add that the

not to be branded as an amateur. I am thoroughly well grounded; I have got the thing up; I do know my subject. And I may add in self-defence that I have been entertained -in peace time-more than once on board a battleship. I could call plenty of witnesses to show that the Navy has always been my special hobby. I have quite a passion for calibres and displacements and things, and have had ever since I was at school. There is no deception about it. I

can only hope therefore that the public will receive the shock of my laicism without flinching.

Another critic draws attention to a passage in which I stated that the Navy will be perfectly satisfied as long as the German Fleet remains lurking in Kiel. The bare suggestion of what my words have implied, according to his reading of them, has made my hair stand on edge and set my teeth on end. The idea that I could have imputed to Sir John Jellicoe's command the slightest satisfaction at not meeting the foe would be absurd enough to any one who knew me and my sentiments, but my words would seem to have carried this construction to the critic in question, who goes so far as to attribute it to my laicism. No one knows better than I the high spirit of the Sure Shield. I have often commended it in these columns. All that I meant to imply—and I must apologise profoundly for the ambiguity—was that, as long as the German High Seas Fleet refused an engagement, the British Navy was doing all it could. I feel confident that my words were not misunderstood in the wardrooms of the Fleet.

I have decided on this occasion to hold over my usual weekly prediction that America will declare war upon Germany within the next few days. I hope to be in a position to revive this feature in our next number, but something depends upon the ineffably illogical Bernstorff.

I have been fortunate enough to receive a large number of delightful letters from charming people in relation to my quaint account of the sinking of the Königsberg. That is no great surprise to me as I felt certain that it was bound to please. The consensus of opinion, both in my correspondence and in the Service Clubs, seems to be that my gunnery deductions were correct.

If there is no further news from the Adriatic, the Ægean, the Baltic or the Black Sea, I shall hope to return next week (which I shall do very gladly) to my little quadrilateral diagrams of the Submarine "blockade." One of my foremost critics, surely in a fault-finding mood (even I cannot satisfy everyone), has been making merry at the expense of these poor diagrams of mine and has asserted that the figure three conveys its meaning quite as directly as three very well that my readers will not agree with him. An article of this kind cannot exist without diagrams-that much I have learned from a study of the work of my distinguished military colleague upon this journal. They break up the page and give the thing an appearance of diversity, besides tending to excite curiosity in the reader. Nothing could be more effective than my diagrams. If you want to know how many ships have been lost you have only to count the squares, pricking them off as you go along with a pin. It is just on such points as these that I hope I am of service to my readers, who have perhaps less time and ingenuity than I have, by collating the newspaper reports and expressing them diagramatically. The thing can also be done even more satisfactorily with a box of bricks. That is how I do it at home-if I may give as I deplore it, it is now too late to do anything. I lie away a personal secret. I have the whole thing built up awake at night and think about it. I would give almost on the smoking-room mantelpiece, with coloured bricks for

All the same, though I am not a professional, I am effect of searchlights upon Zeppelins—as a guide to gunnery -may be usefully tested by working in a dark room with a suspended banana and an electric torch.

#### The Point of View.



# CHURCHILL S'EN VA-T-EN GUERRE.

Winston (through force of nautical habit, to Sir John French). "COME ABOARD, SIR!"

915.

ve the

hich I ng as e sugto his e and ted to ion at y one

would ic in cism. Sure ımns.

pro-rman Navy were usual

upon in a but ORFF. nber my at is ound

orremy ean, next eral orenot e of

the iree low An hat lisiey

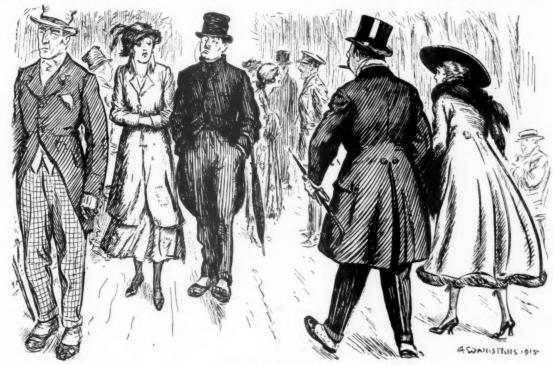
of ler. If ou ou ese ve

ug ly. a ve up or

19 ry h

of





WAR ECONOMY.

Lady Sybil de Vere. "Do look at those extraordinary people. Their clothes are quite new!" Sir Hugo. "ROTTEN BAD FORM!"

#### MY WORKING-PARTY.

"It's sickening," said Margery; "mother's going to the Buffingtons and says I must go with her."

after-lunch indifference of the middleaged; "the Buffies aren't so bad."

"They're beastly. And Sheila's biking over this afternoon too. We mend the Convalescents' socks on Mondays. a strained interval.

You'll have to look after her till I "Yes," I answered simply; "I won come back.'

The door banged violently and I was was up at Oxford." alone. The worst of a youthful sister is that she takes so much for granted.

Sheila is a fashionable and determined young person who gracefully combines the youthfulness of sixteen with the sagacity of a dowager. I am really afraid of her. At 3.30 the door was flung open.
"Hullo!" exclaimed a brisk voice.
I smiled foolishly.

"Let me put your bag down."

"No, thank you. This," she swung it defiantly, "is my work.

"Oh," I answered humbly, "irregular verbs or arithmetic?

I gave her the chair on the other side of the hearthrug and watched her

a remark about it.

"What are you doing for the soldiers?" she asked loftily.

"Well, er-" I began, overcome "Buck up!" I urged with the callous by the suddenness of the attack. "I write a—er—little cheque sometimes, and," I added hastily, "I was a special constable once."

"Can you darn?" she inquired after

the Balliol Blue-stocking twice when I

"Then perhaps," she said graciously, you would like to help.

I started on a pale pair and all went well until-

"Mind the blood doesn't stain," she remarked.

"A little bit gay for the Line, aren't they?" I picked up a purple-and-magenta mixture. "This chap's probably a Surbiton Hussar."

Sheila examined some of my work. "I say, are you quite sure you won

that stocking for darning?

I answered promptly. " Quite," "Give me a tube of magenta, please."

wrench forth the contents of the bag. pairs of socks—at least I had pushed attributed to them, are indeed rare aves,

It seemed to hold a good deal. I made the needle about inside them until the holes got smaller.

That night I went to bed feeling I had done my bit.

The next evening Margery dashed in late for dinner.

"I've been to see Sheila," she announced briefly, and, turning to me, added, "I say, old thing, you've made a pretty beastly mess of young Henry's socks. I don't know what he'll say when he comes back from school. He's rather particular about his socks.'

"His socks," I repeated vaguely-

"Yes; they forgot to send the soldiers' mending from Broadmead yesterday. so Sheila was told to darn her brother's socks instead.'

Extract from the advertisement of a well-known firm of poultry fanciers :-

"This is where the value of their first-rate laying strains tell. They produce eggs in large numbers right through the bad weather, and that their customers do this also is proved by the many hundreds of letters receive monthly.

We congratulate Messrs. -& Sons on the excellence of their birds, but still When Margery got back we had more on that of their customers, who, finished tea and I had mended seven if they possess the remarkable powers

### THE WOTTLER AND THE MATRON.

I am the husband of a Quartermaster. That may mean nothing to wards the hotel. I found an electric book on Quartermasters which ELKIN that KITCHENER has a light and easy job compared with a Quartermaster. In actual fact a Quartermaster is responsible for the stores in a Red Cross Hospital and spends the greater portion of her waking hours filling up forms about torn pillow-cases and broken plates. The Quartermistress-I decline to have a Quartermaster as I am not surprised at their heroism. up?"

A man who dare face rice pudding need dread nothing in this world.

At night, when I leave my special constable duty, I call for the Quartermistress to escort her home. Though a veritable dragon in a storeroom she is a little timid in the dark. Then, as I am badged and armleted, that great person, the hospital matron, condescends to exchange a word or so with me. She is a magnificent person, and as she sweeps down on me in her official uniform I feel absolutely confident about the War. Nothing could beat her. If she could be marched along the British lines I know the Bosches would break and flee.

Still I am nervous when she speaks to me. It is like talking to a Zep- Stubbs?

On this night she bore down on me. "We shall have rain to-morrow," she said, and I felt that the elements would obey.

"You have noticed an hotel opposite?" continued the matron.

"Is there one?" I murmured. Guilty man that I was, I had often taken refuge in it when the Quartermistress had not and I had dreaded waiting for her under the matron's severe eye.

"Yes. Listen to that," said the

There was a sound of revelry from across the way.

"That has been continuing all the evening. It must cease."

"Do the wounded object?" I inquired timidly.

"They do not. Many of them manifest a spirit of reprehensible frivolity in matically. war-time. I object. Is this a time for

stop it at once?

Automatically obedient I walked toyou, but if you read Miss Muncaster's piano in full blast. I removed my armlet and ordered a beverage-not Mathews has published you will find from thirst but from diplomacy-and appealed to the landlord.

"Is that to be kept going all night?" I asked. "It gets on the nerves of the matron of the Red Cross Hospital."

"Well, Mister, Councillor Stubbs uses this 'ouse and he's a wottler if ever there was one.'

"A what?"

"A wottler-a chap 'oo says, 'Wot 'll spouse-tells me wonderful stories you 'ave?' He 's not a mineser; mineabout the appetites of wounded heroes and the quantity of rice they consume. a beer. Where was you brought

HIS ROOF THE OPEN SKY.

Clergyman. "Instead of spending your life wandering about THE COUNTRYSIDE AND SLEEPING UNDER HEDGES, WHY CANNOT YOU ACT LIKE A MAN AND GO OUT AND FIGHT FOR YOUR HEARTH AND HOME?"

> " Well, what about

wounded and missing, and now he's only reported wounded and not badly 'urt. So Mr. Stubbs wanted to stand drinks to all in the 'ouse; but this new regulation-

"What's this got to do with the piano?" I interrupted.

"Well, he's left money for a cigar for every customer, and he's paid for the finished form-filling and stock-taking electric piano to be kept going all night. none of them war-workers. Left five bob in coppers to be put in the slot. Now I'm anxious to oblige a lady, but I promised to oblige Mr. Stubbs. He's a wottler if ever there was one. It'll take all night to work is money off.

I returned to the hospital in fear and trembling.

"The piano will cease playing directly the money that has been put down for it is exhausted," I reported diplo-

"I have always found that any in- As sold in the Elysian Fields.

'The Merry Widow'? Will you please structions I give to a special constable are promptly attended to," beamed the matron.

The next day, as I passed the hotel, the landlord stood at the door.

"She come," he said, nodding towards the hospital.

"What did she say?" I asked

'A lot," returned the landlord. "Er-anything about me?

"She said that if I wouldn't take no notice of a special-and she didn't blame me, as they was such a poor lot—I'd got to take notice of 'er. Yes, I stopped the piano. I told her that Mr. Stubbs was a true wottler, but she said that it was wottling that was losing us this War. She ain't got what I call the wottling spirit. A fine figure of a

woman if you like, but no wottler. I don't expect she ever stood no one a pint."

Now I wait for the Quartermistress in the road.

"Such manners may have been current last year-avant la guerre. But now vons avous change tout cela."

Indian Daily Telegraph. Yes, the "yons" have changed a great many things. Even the French language has not escaped.

"The Nairobi Defence Force will rendezvous on C. Company Parade Ground, near the Presbyterian Church, at 5 o'clock this afternoon. The new unit will for the first time be re-spected by His Excellency the Governor and Commander in

Councillor Chief."-Daily Leader (British East Africa). Our own "G.R.'s" should take com-"You see 'is son was reported fort; their turn of deferential appreciation will come.

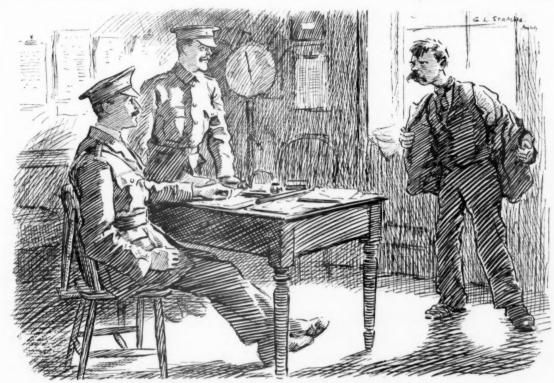
> "Bleachers and dyers in various towns in Lancashire yesterday began handing in notices to leave work in order to enforce their claim to an advance of wages between two and three shillings a week in the case of weekly wageearners, and 10 per cent. in the case of peaceworkers."—Scotsman.

> Why this differentiation? They are

"New Cumnock School Board, Wanted by the above named School Board, a female certificated assistant teacher. Salary, £65 per annum, rising by annual increments of £5 to £95 if untrained, and to £1000 if trained.' Glasgow Herald.

A good chance for an intending Methuselah.

"People who desire longevity drink water. Those who have tried it and failed should try Beer."—Japanese advertisement.



Recruiting Officer. "I'm afraid you won't get past the doctor."

Puny but pugnacious Recruit. "I bet it won't be for the want o' tryin'. Where is 'e?"

#### MALENTENDU CORDIAL.

The alliance with France in our suburb is imperilled—nay more, it is all but suspended. The regrettable incident only shows how a mere choice of words, spoken without a suspicion of malice or evil intent, may in a single infelicitous moment undo the loving labour of years.

It happened in this way. In our suburb we are nothing if not original, so it occurred to us to give a concert in aid of the Belgian Relief Fund. The clou of the entertainment promised to be the performance of a French lady vocalist,

a refugee, who had been a professional.

The eventful night arrived. Each artist was introduced by our curate, who constituted himself a kind of articulate programme, and then the French lady's turn came. Now I am quite sure that the curate, a most earnest-minded young man, was guiltless of any intention of facetiousness in his introduction of Madame Chambellan; he was incapable of it. Yet before she had started to sing the aria, "Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix," the audience broke into delighted laughter, and continued to give vent to subdued giggles during the first few bars of the song. Gradually, however, it dawned on them that no humour was intended, whereupon their attitude became, and remained to the end, one of half-aggrieved bewilderment, as of people who have been unwarrantably deceived.

Madame came off the platform in high dudgeon, declaring she had never been so insulted in her life and that "ces Anglais" were still the rudest, the most stupid and the most perfidious people in the world. For how should she, poor lady, ignorant of "Sister Susie Sewing Shirts for Soldiers," appreciate the fact that her auditors had been

led to expect a French variant of that popular ditty by the curate's announcement, expressed in the following terms: "Madame Chambellan will now sing a chanson from Samson, by Saint-Saëns"?

#### TWENTY-TWO.

TWENTY-TWO

At the end of the week, if he 'd seen it through, We left his grave in the curé's hands; I met him as I was coming away—
A white-haired man in cassock and bands—
And I showed him where it lay.

"Twenty-two—
Yet he's older than you or me, M'sieu,
And the riddle of time for him is read.
Yes, I will see the grave kept trim,
And after the prayers for our own are said
I will add a prayer for him."

Twenty-two—
Someone will bitterly weep for you;
Yet she'll lift her head with a wonderful pride:
"He was my son, and his life he gave.
Shall I grudge such a gift, tho' my heart has died?
He was brave: I must be brave."

Twenty-two—

Ah! for the dreams that can never come true:
All that the world should have had in store!

He was willing to die, though he loved to live.

We must be ready to follow—the more
That we've many less years to give.

stable ed the

hotel,

15.

g toasked

ke no lidn't poor Yes, that it she osing I call of a ut no

Quar-

xpect

ant la avous aph. have many rench ped.

Force mpany Pres'clock v unit be reev the er in rica).
comppre-

rns in notices claim three wage-peace-

y are

anted demale 65 per £5 to d." ald.

water.

water. ld try

# THE WATCH DOGS.

My DEAR CHARLES,-I may not be in a position at the moment to give you information at first hand from our own trenches, but I can give you the next best thing-life stories of great soldiers from the opposite trenches.

I don't recollect his name (Fritz as likely as not), but, whatever he might call himself, it was just fifteen months ago when he suddenly realized the intensity of his belief in himself and everything German, and his scorn of all other nationalities, temporarily excepting certain possibles in the Near East. A passion for war came over him; battles and bloodshed, he discovered, were things which appealed irresistibly to his fair godlike Teuton manhood. His newspaper told him what a fine fellow he was and what a warlike lutions and German submarines and nature was his; when he came to think of it, he saw how true this all was, especially the part about being godlike. He itched for War, for which, it appeared, he was already scheduled, and his first experience of the horrors of it did nothing to change his mind. He deal besides), giving them, in another came undaunted and unscathed through a period at a training centre in the interior, a period of garrison-duty in occupied Belgium, and even more strenuous soldiering in a side-show on the in France did not lack movement, being Eastern front, where, with nothing more than a dozen or so heavy siege batteries and at most a gross of field guns behind him, he had to keep his end up against hundreds of dangerously angry peasants, armed with real sticks and stones.

He not only held out, he liked holding out, and he was quite annoyed when he was told to give over for a day or two and come down to a soft job in the West. They reminded him that he had shown himself to be a finer fellow even than originally supposed, and at last he came to see that, even if things were to be easier and less worthy of him in the new area where the enemy hadn't any sticks or any stones and had been strafed into an abject inertia, he had had a hard time and deserved a period of rest and quiet. It would be hardly worth while taking his rifle with him, he suggested, if the enemy was as done in as all that. "Perhaps you'd better," they told him. "It is just possible the French and English may attempt some half-hearted violence in their last dying spasm;" and so he entrained, and told all his friends whom he saw en route that he would write them long letters from his new quarters, where he expected to be very quiet and have a lot of time on his hands.

train approached the Western front; he was asleep at the time, but his holiday beginning woke him up. His first treat was a great spectacular bomb-dropping turn by a French airman. For this he was in the front row seats, so to speak: long after it was all over he laboured under the impression that he had been the target instead of the privileged audience. He said he really should want some months of repose after that, and was told that he would get it sure enough if he wouldn't just mind helping to restore so much of the train as could be found to so much of the line as was left. He took them at their word, as became a well-disciplined Teuton, but he couldn't help being puzzled when he remembered their earlier statements that the Allies had practically no ammunition left, what with English strikes and French revosuchlike. However, he and his fellowtravellers, who were in the same case, thought perhaps that this was the last shell and got rid of the "practically." But the English airman who was next featured upset that argument (and a good bomb or two, what you might call the "All change here" chit. Our holidaymaker concluded his journey on foot, but even his country stroll somewhere enlivened by the Crump family, in their side-splitting entertainment presented by our gunners.

Twice detrained from above, much harassed by public nuisances of all sorts on the level, and lastly, even while unpacking his valise in his dug-out, rudely shaken from beneath, this ardent enemy of ours lost first his ardour, then his enmity, and conceived such an affection for us that he must needs run across the open that very night in order to be, as he now is, among us.

By the way, you'll take a morbid pleasure in hearing that he quite agrees with your view as to the trend of affairs. We are being thoroughly beaten on all sides; the Central Powers win all the way. He has this in writing from the people who are doing it. We asked him, if this was so, why he was in such a hurry to throw in his lot with ours. But we had asked him such a lot of questions by that time that one can quite understand his answer being a little confused.

This Fritz is not the only interesting person I've come in touch with just lately. I have found the Royal Flying Corps people not wholly depressing. On occasion I borrow off them a gallon of petrol to see me home: the pleasure is theirs, they say; the honour is mine, His holiday began in earnest as his I protest; the petrol is, of course, if Sister is driving.

yours, Charles. These airy fellows talk of war as if it were a day's shooting and they the cock pheasants with the best of the fun up aloft. Upon my word, the hen who hatched such birds should be a proud, if anxious, mother!

Other people quite well worth meeting are our French Allies. I see a lot of them these days, and it won't be long before we are exchanging kisses. The old Chief of the French side of my business rolled up the other day. and my particular ally saluted according to our several ideas of proud humility. He waved all that sort of thing aside, gave us a hand each to hold, called us his infants, his brave infants, his very brave infants, and we concluded the parade by shedding a few tears of affection and joy together, still holding hands. To-day I have with some pains composed and written out orders for our new French department, "signed by Henry, Lieut., for Lieut.-Col. Commanding," which concluded as follows :- "In end of account, you will you remind that, the responsibility of the French Service of whatyou-may-call in this Army being to you, Mister the Colonel will well wish to have all the confidence in you, he will count on you and he will you reinforce altogether and all at once if you you find in the embarrassment of the undiscipline.'

Our idea of our ally as a soldier is that his élan and gay courage are very much more remarkable even than supposed; but for the dull heavy work of continued warfare there is wanted, if we may say so without offence, the more stolid qualities of the English. On the other hand the French opinion of their ally as a soldier is that his dash and devilment are really astonishing, even to the most expectant critic; but for the sordid monotonous strain of this trench business it needs (a thousand pardons!) the duller persistence of the French.

Yours ever. HENRY.

"'NO FAT' GRIEVANCES.

PLENTY TO COME FROM TURKEY AND GREECE." Morning Paper.

We have added this to our collection of "Glimpses of the Obvious."

"Two mounted the parapets and the skirt of the pipers was audible above the crash of bombs."—Egyptian Gazette.

The tartan must have been of a peculiarly loud pattern.

An advertisement:

"DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR.

Morning Paper.

We always do so if we can, particularly

lk

ng

he d.

ld

of

ng

he

d-

ıd of

to

ve

ve

a

er,

ve

en

t-

or

n-

ıt,

1-

ti-

to sh

1e

ou if

of

at

eh

1:

ed

id

er

as

nt st

2. 32

of

irt

of

11-

### THE HERO OF THE HOUR.

As it was my first time home on leave from the Front, I had expected that my tales of battles would create a certain amount of interest amongst my friends and relations. My haversack was filled with German buttons, pieces of shrapnel, shell fuses and other instruments of torture, picked up on the stricken field or bought in French shops, and my tongue was eager to be telling of hair-breadth escapes.

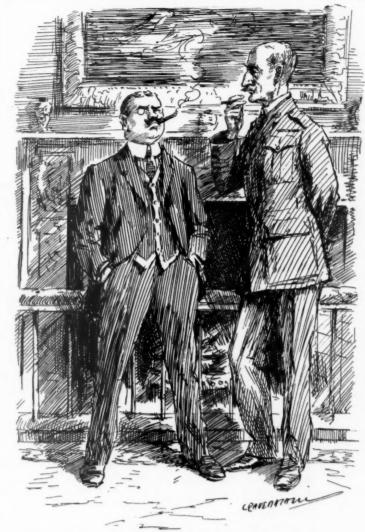
My arrival in Hampstead certainly caused a little interest. My parents were glad to see me safe and sound. My sisters, so they said, were proud of me. My aunt, who believes that everyone should be sent to the Front the day he enlists, and kept there until he is killed, wished to know when I was going back. I obliged her with the date, and we sat down to dinner.

They asked me how I liked it, and I started on the tales. They listened in polite silence to what I had got to say. Somehow the souvenirs in my haversack began to lose their value, and I decided that they had better stay where they were till a more favourable opportunity for exhibiting them presented itself. I turned the conversation from wars and rumours of victories to the latest theatres. They were not interested, and by the time we reached the coffee I had decided that they preferred to talk rather than listen.

Had I seen a Zeppelin? Did I hear about that last raid? Would I like to see the piece of bomb that the housemaid's young man had found, and the housemaid had presented to the family in recognition of an extra half-day out? Was I talking of going to a theatre, and didn't I knew that a London theatre was the most dangerous spot in the world?

This conversation, in its turn, bored me to distraction, for I was one of the lucky two hundred of my battalion to emerge undamaged from the last scrap. But it showed me that to produce my relics of the field was to invite indifference and a further half-hour of Zeppelin anecdotes, so I pleaded acute fatigue and went to bed.

Next day we talked of Zeppelins and their frightfulness from breakfast to teatime. Then, as I found myself the least important member of the family, I sought out a male friend and together we went to Shell Out. Luck was with me, for they came. I heard them whirring in the distance and I saw search-lights playing on the sky. I never saw the smallest trace of a Zepp., happy and uplifted.



"DON'T YOU THINK I SHOULD LOOK BATHER A FOOL IN UNIFORM?"

"Well, of course, my dear fellow, it isn't much of a disguise."

dragged my tie sideways, I ruffled my the things I 've collected.' hair, and I filled my pockets with my souvenirs from the Front. Then I a shell nose, four German buttons, two down into the cellar.

"Did you see them?" exclaimed hero of the hour. my eldest sister. "They came right over-

"See them?" I interrupted, for my and I didn't care to, for my object was time had come. "Why, bombs were achieved, and I returned to Hampstead falling all round me, and one exploded so near that it blew me ten yards up

They were all in the cellar when I the road! Look at the state I'm in! let myself in quietly and stole upstairs The shrapnel was bursting all over the to my room. There I rubbed some place! And two German officers fell earth from a pot of chrysanthemums out and landed in the middle of the on my clothes and some dust from street within five yards of me! I took the mantel-piece on my face. I some souvenirs off them. Look at all

crept down stairs, opened and closed German badges, and the remainder of the front door noisily, and clattered the assortment. The family looked at me in awed admiration. I was the

#### An Irishman's Rise.

"The news that Major --- has been pro moted to the rank of Captain was received with much pleasure by his host of friends." Free Press (Wexford).



First Lady. "I don't know what we want a censor for. He doesn't seem to please anybody." Second Lady. "Well, I don't wonder. Look at the price of lump sugar!"

# THE PARALYSIS OF THE TENTH PLATOON.

(A Tragedy of Trench Warfare.)

STOUT miners all, their ardour knew no check
While forth we fared upon our warward way;
They wrote long letters from the ship's safe deck,
Behind the boom of some Ægean Bay
(Breathing the hot inflammatory soul
Which comes, it seems, from always carving coal),
Of how they heard the hideous cannon's roll,
And many a vivid but invented fray.

And when we sought the catacombs of strife
The lust for slaughter yet illumed their eyes;
On the way up they nearly took the life
Of two black braves from Afric (our Allies);
They longed to leap from out the sandbag's screen,
And in close combat satisfy their spleen;
While I, who, truth to tell, was not so keen,
Hardly persuaded them it was not wise.

The slow days travelled, and no blood was drawn,
Yet long their hearts were lionlike and large,
For oft we woke them, on the cool still dawn,
To arm and hasten to the battle's marge,
And braced them up for some tremendous bout,
And when, of course, the General washed it out,
We said to-morrow would supply, no doubt,
Their fearful wish to make (or break) a charge.

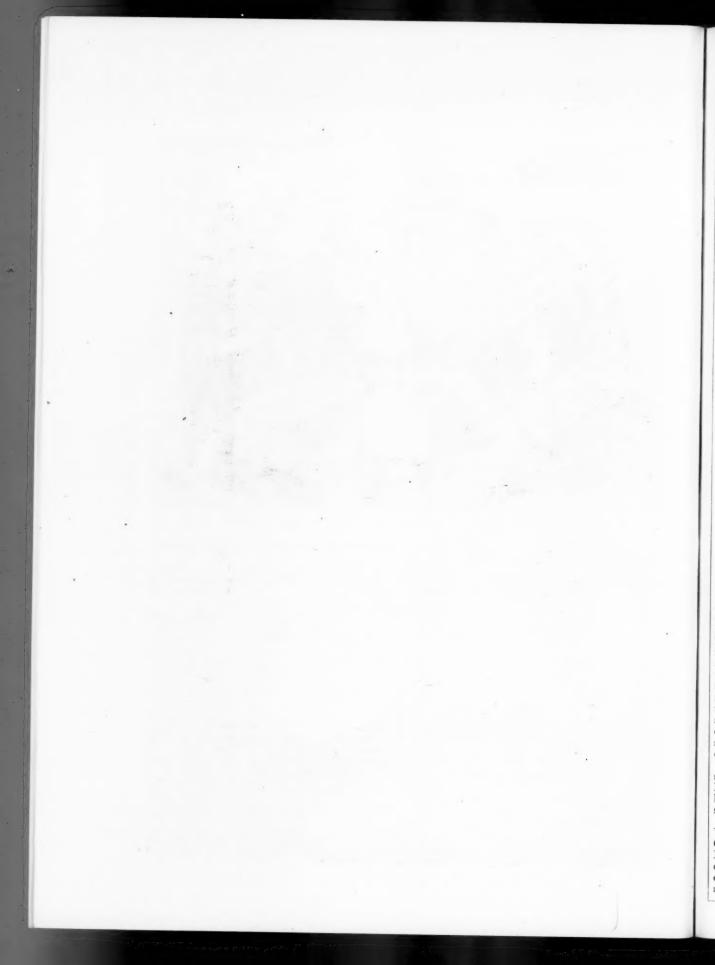
Then, like a terrier too often spurred
To "seek" the quite imaginary rat,
Darting, all eager, at the lying word
With busy sniffs where never a rodent sat,
Till a vile doubt affects the brute with gall,
That it may be there are no rats at all,
And heedless now he hears his master's call,
And sits and wonders what he's getting at—

A dark distrust encompassed my platoon;
Bored and incredulous they lie and brood;
I say it's Ramazan, the sacred moon,
When pious foes are likely to intrude;
Night after night I venture to aver
That something still may possibly occur;
They hear me sweetly, but they think I crr,
And on the parados prepare their food.

I know not if indeed the gleam is gone
That did inflame this melancholy crew,
Or if deep down some ember carries on,
And, when at last the Turk comes creeping through,
As some old golfer, once considered warm,
Is deadliest yet where thick the hazards swarm,
They in a flash may find their ancient form—
Then Allah help the Faithful if they do!



THE PERSUADING OF TINO.



# ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



ASQUITH, BALFOUR, LLOYD GEORGE AND EDWARD GREY, BEING OVER MILITARY AGE, ARE, AFTER SEVERE SCRUTINY, ALLOWED TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY FOR A SHORT TRIP TO PARIS.

circumstances attendant upon his resignation of the post of Chancellor of Exchequer and Leader of the House. To-day I heard his eldest son, standing in same place, recount circumstances attendant upon resignation of Ministerial office and seat in Cabinet. WIN-STON had advantage over his father in matter of weather. When the former made his historic speech spirits of audience were depressed by incursion on the windows.

RANDOLPH's career was irretrievably settled when he "forgot Goschen. sympathetic interest.

In opening passage of his speech of statement made last week as to in from every part of House. attitude of Cabinet towards Serbia

House of Commons, Monday, Novem- | which led to Attorney - General's | felicitous phrases, summed up general ber 15th.—Twenty-nine years ago I resignation. "The fact," he said, "that opinion. "My Right Honourable heard Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, I do not take my place on the Front friend has," he said, "dealt with a very

With sly hit at whom it might concern (he was talking at the moment of Lord Fisher's doubts and hesitations touching Expedition to the Dardanelles), he declared he accepted responsibility for his written and recorded opinions expressed in every case "before not after the event."

touches in a speech of an hour's duration. Scrupulously avoiding personal of dense fog. As Winston spoke the attack or even sharp criticism upon sunlight of a frosty afternoon played colleagues from whose inner council he had withdrawn, he contented himself with detailed explanation and vindication of his own conduct, more especially Effect upon future of Winston will in relation to two episodes of whose be watched by the public with keen failure persistent rumour has made him bear the brunt-attempted relief of Antwerp, and the, at present, abortive Winston gently chaffed Edward attack on the Dardanelles. Listened from an inner coat pocket. Promptly Carson, seated on Front Opposition to throughout with closest attention, at half-past four he rose. Successfully Bench, awaiting opportunity to pounce encouraged by frequent cheers, he sat repressing inclination to preface his on Foreign Secretary in correction down amid prolonged applause, joined

PRIME MINISTER, in one of his a statement.'

standing at the corner of bench behind that reserved for Ministers, explain criticism on those who do."

delicate situation not only with ability and eloquence, but also with loyalty and eloquence, but also with loyalty and discretion."

> No higher tribute could be paid, nor, coming from this quarter, one more valuable.

Business done. - Report stage of Vote of Credit for £400,000,000 agreed to without dissentient voice.

before not after the event."

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Lord
These the only light Churchillian Fisher, like K. of K., is a rare visitant to House of Lords. Busy men with plenty of work to do, they feel they cannot waste time in an august assembly which one of them calls "the Talking Shop." FISHER partly made up for prolonged absence by coming in this afternoon excessively early. Seated himself on Front Cross Bench. Waiting for stroke of half-hour at which public business commences he conned a broad sheet of manuscript produced remarks by shouting "Ahoy!" he said. "I ask leave of your lordships to make

not muster more than a score. Regard- between two opinions. At Question less of empty benches the Admirat read on in loud voice which in this his first attempt conquered faulty acoustics methods of recruitment would not be House, testifying to personal popularity of Chamber that have proved fatal necessary. If hope and belief are not to many more experienced speakers. Certain references to him had been made on previous day by Winston Churchill. Having been in the service of his country for sixty-one years, he was content to leave his record in the hands of his countrymen.

personal explanations affecting national tion Time, vice Chancellor of Exinterest when my country is in the midst CHEQUER, still busy with his Budget.

of a great war.

mark about desirability of expressing age who develop sudden yearning for of meat, a ton of mustard, a ton of

opinion "before not after the event," he sat down. Only for a moment. Tucking his sheet of manuscript in breast-coat pocket he abruptly left House. If anybody had anything to say on the subject let them speak. For his part, in the briefest maiden speech ever delivered in either House, he had said all he had it at heart to say.

In Commons a full House awaited PREMIER's statement about compulsion. At Question Time he was heckled by group of Members seated among his nominal supporters who believe themselves more competent to conduct the War than the newly-created

other House by that eminent military au- provide themselves with special per-Severe catechism elicited nothing fresh. Accordingly, when second reading of without good cause." Appropriation Bill was moved, making opening for debate on any topic ranging from China to Peru, WHITEHOUSE cidentally he referred to Lord DERBY's circular on subject of coyness of unmarried men as "an insult to the House and a gross breach of its privileges.'

By this time PREMIER had retired, "engaged on duties connected with the "make it absolutely impossible for mission to leave the country. EDWARD him to be here." Having, indeed, GREY, personally conducting the little a bird, he could not at the moment be on Treasury Bench.

ably performed. Effectively defended kings, departed.

At the moment their lordships did PREMIER from accusation of halting realised he must have the men, and, BONAR LAW unmistakably indicated, he will compel them to come in.

Business done.—Commons read Appropriation Bill a second time.

House of Commons, Wednesday .-In temporary absence of PREMIER, "It is." he added, "unfitting to make BONAR LAW answers for him at Ques-

A statement by Home Secretary With this dig at Winston, possibly shows how tightly the net is being from one command stated "In the allusive to his former colleague's re- drawn round eligible men of military month of October we saved 800,000 lb.

Scene: War-work drawing-room on Sunday. Hostess. "OH, SHOUT OUT, COLONEL, IF YOU FEEL THE NEEDLES IN THAT THING. IT'S A PIN-CUSHION DURING THE WEEK.'

thority from St. David's (not the Bishop). mit for the voyage. "And," added Sir John Simon, "it will not be given

SARK tells me of a rather awkward episode attendant upon the earliest working of the new Order in Council. returned to the charge, protesting against compulsion in any form. In-OF THE ADMIRALTY and the MINISTER of Munitions arrived at Dover on their way to conference with French Government in Paris. As they were about to step on board the packet-boat they were approached by emissary of Home War, which," Bonar Law explained, Office with demand to show their peralready started for Paris, and not being party of excursionists, furnished explanation in French tongue. Home Office man naturally confused. Whilst Task of replying to debate was de- he hesitated the captains, and (if the puted to Colonial Secretary. Admir- Censor will permit me to say so) the No doubt admiring these seals of his

GEORGE CAVE, taking his seat on re-election after his appointment to and approval of his promotion.

Business done .- Finance Bill through

Committee.

Thursday. - In debate on Appropriation Bill, much talk about reckless waste of rations in the trenches and in training camps at home. speaking on behalf of War Office, threw flood of light on situation by simple statement. As result of stricter supervision wanton waste has already been checked. Yesterday report received

> pepper, ten tons of salt, ten tons of bread, and a ton of

bacon.

FORSTER beamed with honest self-congratulation at this evidence of efficiency. House rather inclined to regard it as painful confession of amazing miscalculation. Problem takes form of Rule of Three sum. If in one month, in a single command, ten tons of bread and a ton of bacon, not to mention meat, mustard, pepper and salt, are chucked away by the ton, what has been the aggregate of waste over a period of fifteen months in respect of an Army of a million men?

The harried tax - payer cheerfully suffers personal

Council or even the General Staff, dis-respectfully spoken of this afternoon in of the War they will be required to generously to feed our gallant soldiers he gives up luxury of breakfast bacon, cuts down his butcher's bill, toys with the pepper-castor and the salt-cellar and saves up odd crusts of bread. But this ton of wasted bacon, so to speak, sticks in his throat.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill read a third time.

"I have had several kind anonymous donations, which are most encouraging to us at the present time. Official receipts have been forwarded as usual." Hoylake and West Kirby News.

The anonymous donors now understand what it is to "do good by stealth and blush to find it fame.'

From Miss F. E. MILLS Young's recent novel, The Great Unrest, p. 59:-"Among the tall reeds a swan was sitting, busily hatching her annual brood of signets; the male bird was swimming about near her." wife's affection.

15. t on t to with the

arity

ough opro-

kless nd in TER hrew mple iperbeen eived the 0 lb. n of , ten n of with tion ncy. l to nfesulaorm Tf ngle read t to ard,

eked

has aste

teen

an

yer

onal

rder

she

euts

the

and

this

cks

Bill

ona-

the

for-

and

and

G'S

ing,

his

ets er."

s.



N.C.O. "'ERE, ARE YOU AN ARTIST, OR A POET OR ANYTHINK?" Recruit. "No, SIR." N.C.O. "WELL, GET YER 'AIR CUT BY NEXT PARADE, THEN."

#### NEO-MONTESSORIANISM.

[Suggested by a perusal of A Dominie's Log, by the Scots schoolmaster, Mr. Neill, who, according to The Weekly Dispatch, has had the "tremendous courage" to run his school on the no-discipline lines.]

I know that I am teaching badly when my bairns are quiet. Noise is essential to life and I want to teach my bairns how to live. Every good schoolmaster should do all that in him lies to promote the dominion of din. The man who said that silence is golden was a cream-laid ass.

No self-respecting bairn should ever be without an adequate supply of cobbler's wax. I make a point of giving each of my bairns a fresh ball of this precious substance at least once a week. It not only pleases them but it "Jacob." has often enabled me to stick to my work long after I should have naturally left my chair.

all boyish instincts are sound, I have pants. purchased and presented one of each to every bairn in my school and

encouraged them to bring them into send him to the top of the class. class. I do not insist, because insist- boys are always unpopular, and the ence is a crime. As a matter of fact lesson is rarely wasted. only two of my bairns have declined to come into line. The results are most

The cult of spelling is one of the greatest curses of our educational system. No really great man was a good the Seventh Heaven. speller. Shakspeare spelt his name in nineteen different ways, and I encourage my bairns to follow his great example. One of our best lessons consists in spelling our names with the fewest possible number of right letters. I have given a prize to a bairn who for babes. spelt his Christian name without a single letter right — "Gekup" for

I object to age and experience; I am all for youth and empiricism. The duty of a schoolmaster is not to teach, but As a boy my great ambition was to to preserve the youthfulness of his possess (1) a Jew's harp; (2) a saloon pupils by adopting their standpoint, pistol. Acting on the principle that and dress. I always wear short thick

If one of my bairns misbehaves, I ading under the alias of Chadband.

The prime essential in essay writing exhilarating, though so far I have only had two flesh wounds in the leg. is to know absolutely nothing about the subject. Then and then only is it possible to approach it in a spirit of fresh and vital detachment. All knowledge is dangerous, but ignorance is of

> I have not been caned by my boys for a fortnight. But it is too much to hope that this immunity will last much Corporal punishment for longer. schoolmasters is as necessary as milk

> "Miss — would be grateful to any lady or gentleman who could recommend her as Single Footman."

Wallington and Carshalton Herald. We admire the lady's courage. She is too brave to serve as a Married Footman after Mr. Asquith's explicit pledge.

"'Truth,' cries Lord Milner, 'truth all round.' round.' Thus spake Pecksniff that unctuous advocate of 'Terewth.'"—Evening Paper. This was when Pecksniff was masquer-

## LIFE ON A HALVED INCOME.

have not hitherto been very encouraging. To begin with, my income is already half my income; that is to say, of my outlook.

don't even half-meet me half-way,

my somewhat overdue Michaelmas rent; not for the full rent, but for half. As I pointed out to him in my letter, if I was expected to live on half my income, it was clear that I could only afford to pay half rent; and as he too was doubtless living on the same principle, it would save him a lot of unnecessary book-keeping if I only remitted the half he was morally entitled to spend. On receiving his reply I was agreeably surprised to find my own cheque enclosed.

a cheque for the rent in full, failing instead of whole-poaching a half-egg. which he threatened to put a man in possession-a whole one.

wages.

indicative of acute indignation or disap-My efforts to live on half my income pointment I shall pretend I made a mistake.

In the interim I am doing my best to halve everything possible. The other it is exactly half what it was eighteen morning the cook-general was laid up have an eight." months ago; and the attempt to live in bed, the inclement weather having on a quarter of the income to which I brought on a bad attack of asthma, have been accustomed has shown me which, owing to the increased cost of with appalling clarity the hopelessness drugs, she had not taken the necessary steps to ward off. As I had to get my As matters stand at present I feel I own breakfast I thought it would be a intention of getting the dentist to stop am ploughing a very lonely furrow, good opportunity to try to poach half an a runaway bicuspid which had been People upon whose co-operation I confidently relied are not helping me a bit. I found I could peach the yolk alone, or charging these times?" I asked when They don't meet me half-way. They a simple matter. But when it came to guinea," he replied. "But," I said, "I which is the least they could do if this severing the conglomerate mass into am attempting to live on half my inhalf-income business is intended to be halves the egg slid all over the dish, and come. Can't you meet me in the at all reciprocal. For instance, last ultimately found a destination on the matter of your fee?" "Certainly," he

week I sent my landlord a cheque for hearth-rug. However, I succeeded in said. "My fee for total extraction is

Husband (after smash). "Dabling, something seems to tell me that in THESE TIMES OF NATIONAL CRISIS WE OUGHT TO MAKE A SACRIFICE BY—ER—DOING WITHOUT THE MOTOR."

He 's going to live on no income at all. poacher, though from the subsequent Major who, at the words "Eyes front," He's not going to do things by halves." result I am still very hazy in my mind expected the eyeballs to go back with a This latter part of my surmise proved as to whether I have really effected an click. to be correct. My landlord demanded economy in half-poaching a whole egg

My next attempt was in the matter ossession—a whole one. of boots. I possessed a pair, one of which was worn out, the other with I then sent for my cook-general, and many months of useful service before via the inclement weather, her asthma it. I can't explain why they should and the increased cost of drugs-each have been in this uneven condition, topic cropping up out of the other with unless I have unconsciously formed perfect naturalness-I adroitly intro- the habit of walking more with one leg duced the subject of a reduction in than with the other. Be that as it may, I went to the bootmaker's and And now I am wondering whether placed an order for one boot. He been in these days her emphatic "Not 'alf" was a cordial simply wouldn't listen to me. The is a generous wage. acceptance or an indignant repudiation more I placed the order the less he of my suggestion. I wish I were better listened. Finally, in desperation, I versed in the actual meaning of catchillowers. phrases. Meanwhile I don't know I said, had been born with only one whether she will expect thirty shillings of the month. or three pounds at the end of the month. I shall begin by giving her thirty shill-ested as to inquire the size. I told NAPIER'S famous despatch is quite ings, and then if she raises her eye- him an eight. "Eights for a child?"

brows, her voice, Cain, or anything else he exclaimed, glaring at me fiercely and suspiciously. "Yes," I answered. "You see, though I said the child had only one foot, what I really meant was that it has Siamese feet-joined together, you know. That's why I must

But my attempt was (pardon me) bootless. Lastly I found that what a contributor to Punch has already affirmed-that dentists are not reducing their fees-is correct. I went with the

half - a - guinea — just half; and you may take the tooth away with you if you like."

Thus for a hideous five minutes I had the melancholy satisfaction of living at half my normal rate of expenditure.

" Councillor said he was present when a gentleman was engaging nurses over the telephone, and the girls were talking the salary up by degrees. When the figure reached £120 he could hear them turn up their noses from where he stood."-Evening Paper.

The worthy Councillor "Good!" I thought. "He's a sport. retrieving most of it, and put it into the must be a relation of the Sergeant-

> "Mr. George H. Greig of Winnipeg, secretary of the Livestock Association, will arrive in Vancouver to-day to support the call that has been sent by Augustine Church to Rev. Leslie Pidgeon of St. John's Church, Vancouver."—Daily Province (Vancouver).

> The reverend gentleman could not have had a more appropriate backer.

> "Experienced Parlourmaid Wanted for 20 minutes from London; wages £28, all found."
>
> Morning Paper.

> Even in these days £1 8s. 0d. a minute

"At last the long-expected missive arrived, and it contained one word, 'Peccavi!' An Hindustani scholar was sought, and he translated it. 'I have sinned (Scinde)!'"

new to us.

ly d.

ad as

e) a f- g e p n u

n A I i-e e is steeh seen

## THE EVE OF THE GRAND INSPECTION .- A G.R. NIGHTMARE.



I AWAKE TOO LATE.



HURRY ON A FEW THINGS,



AND LEAVE THE HOUSE WITH A FEELING THAT ALL IS NOT WELL.



TEN MILES TO THE PARADE GROUND--IMPOSSIBLE!



BUT STAY!



Now we're off!



MACHINE GIVES OUT. HOWEVER-





Reynolds Shoved in the Front, of Course.

And then—Inspection!

I SHALL HAVE TO CUT OUT SUPPERS.

## THE NOVEL.

"Francesca," I said, "I've quite made up my mind. It's going to be done.'

"I'm sorry to hear it," she said; "it will be too short."
"No, no," I said; "it'll be just the right length."

"It never is, you know. You may be relied on to get it

much too short. "Don't talk nonsense, Francesca. The length is settled."

"And that," she said, "is just what I complain of. always comes out as no length at all; and then we shall have you going about the house for a week or two looking like a German soldier clipped for action.'

"That," I said, "is mere insolence. Besides, it has nothing to do with what I'm talking about. I shall do it there be a plot in it?" in a hundred-and-twenty thousand words.'

"A hundred-and-twenty thousand snips, you mean. You can't use as many words as that, you know. And, if you did, you couldn't count them."

"Yes," I said, "I could. It's perfectly easy. I should either average it at three hundred words to a sheet of

"I do not know," said Francesca, "what this poor gentleman is talking about. I trust the world will be kind to him, for much learning hath made him mad. Come,"

she added sharply, "what are you driving at?"
"I am driving," I said, "at my first novel, which I am going to start without fail in half-an-hour from now.

"Gracious heavens!" she laughed, "I thought you were talking about getting your hair cut.

"Francesca," I said impressively, "I have noticed with growing regret a tendency on your part to neglect the higher things of the mind. I want the mantle of FIELDING and you throw round my shoulders a hairdresser's linen sheet. How, I ask you, can Art (with a capital A) flourish in such an atmosphere?"

"Art," she said, "with or without a big A, can look after itself. It generally has to. But if you're really going to write a novel I take back all I said against your having your hair cut. I have noticed that in novels novelists are always contemptuously referred to as 'long-haired.' Now I want you to be an exception, so you can go at once and get your hair cropped close to the skull."

"Then," I said, "I shall be contemptuously referred to as 'short-haired." I think I shall write my novel with my hair as it is.'

"And then," she said, "you'll be contemptucusly referred to as 'medium-haired.' You're sure to be caught whatever you do; and besides your hair will grow as you go along. You'd better give up this strange idea of writing a novel."

"You are not," I said, "very encouraging. Is it nothing to you that you should some day be referred to as the original of Alexandra in the novel of that name, or that men and women, when they see you, should nudge one another-

"Men and women don't nudge one another in the best circles. They've given it up with butlers and motor-cars and other luxuries. There's an Anti-nudge Society, and I'm going to belong to it."

spoken of as the wife of Carlyon the novelist. What a glorious day that 'll be for us!"

see where I come in."
"Don't you?" I said. "You'll have a lot of reflected glory, and so will Muriel and Nina and Alice and Frederick. Their paths through life will be made easier for them.'

"Well, well," she said, "let us hear something more

about this wonderful piece of work. What's it called? Alexandra?

"No," I said, "that's another one. This one hasn't got a title yet.'

"What is it about?"

"Oh," I said enthusiastically, "people, you know-men and women, and some of them fall in love with one another, and other people interfere with them; but it'll all come right in the end-trust me for a happy ending-and some of them will be agreeable people, and some of them disagreeable, but we can kill most of the disagreeable ones off in a railway accident, and then the nice ones can have their

money. How does the idea strike you?"
"Yes," she said, "I think I see what you mean. Will

"Nothing too violent," I said. "Just a gentle under-

current to keep things together.

"It'll be rather a queer undercurrent, won't it, if it does that? However, you know best, of course. Will there be

"There isn't much done in heroes of novels nowadays; but I think I'll have one.'

"Blue eyes?"
"No," I said, "dark brown, the sort of dark brown that has a red flash in it in the dark."

"You're thinking of dogs," she said. "And, by the way, who's going to take the dogs out for walks while you're

writing your masterpiece?"
"Arrangements," I said, "must be made for the dogs. I can't afford to subordinate fame to a Great Dane and three

Pekinese spaniels."
"Well," she said, "you'd better be off now and make a start. There's no time like the present."

"Yes," I said, "there is. This time to-morrow will be much more like the present. I shall begin then."

"You might start on your hair to-day."

"Yes," I said, "I will,"

"And don't forget about the dogs," said Francesca.

R. C. L.

#### A LITERARY WAR WORKER.

(The favourite reading at the Front is, we are informed, the novelette of the more sentimental kind.)

In these days of stress and tumult, when the frightfulness of war

Readjusts the private notions which were prejudiced before, It behoves the present critic to express his deep regrets For his strictures on the makers of the nation's novelettes.

He has sneered at them and found it far from easy to forgive Their adeptness at the splitting of the frail infinitive;

He has sniggered at the love scenes, where, in sylvan spots

Eva emptied over Ernest all the slop-pail of her heart.

But to-day the case is altered, now that somewhere that is French

'Tis the novelette brings comfort to the troops that man the

Tommy, resting from his labours, is perusing with a zest "Anyhow," I said, "that won't prevent your being How Sir Brandon hugged Belinda to his large expanse of breast.

"It'll be all right for you," she said, "but I don't much Here's a luck to such romancing; may ideas be never short

To the British novelettist of the sentimental sort!

May whatever gods inspire him keep his fancy free and fit, For he's Tommy's favourite reading; so he does his little d? got

en er, ne ne ea eir ill eres

s;

at

re I ee

e



Joan. "Parson 'e be always askin' for money for 'is new "eatin' apparatus." Why don't 'e just say, plain, as 'ow 'e WANTS A NEW SET O' TEETH?'

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The name of the Baroness von Hutten recalls agreeable memories of Pam, whom she created and projected, for our benefit, into the field of literature. I regret not to be able to assert that in Birds' Fountain (HUTCHINSON) she has reached her ancient standard. If she set out to write a trivial tale, flavoured with something more than a soupçon of naughtiness, about highly uninteresting people, she may be said to have achieved a considerable success. As to the characters, my profound conviction is that all of them, with the possible exception of Mr. Immenham, a butler, would be the better of a sound spanking. The heroine is Mrs. Cloudesley Dorset, whose tiring-room is described in the opening chapter with an amplitude and particularity of male reviewer. She is supremely shallow-pated and very beautiful, and, having passed what the author describes as a petty useless silly little life, she finally entangles herself in an intrigue with Mr. Archibald Hood, a Don Juan. Her husband is so deeply devoted to her that, to ensure her happiness, he is willing to put her in a position to marry her adorer and to settle seven thousand pounds a year on her. I ought to add—though this does not explain Mr. Dorset's complaisance—that she is able to "smooth her hair with absent skilful fingers," a pretty trick to which I invite the attention of Messrs. Devant. The story oscillates

and embraced at the grave of their child. Mr. Hood's fate is not described, but I trust we are entitled to assume that the statue of the Commendatore will get him.

Quite one of the most remarkable books I have encountered for a long while is My People (Melrose). When I tell you that the name of the author is CARADOC EVANS you will perhaps be able to make an intelligent guess at the nationality of the People described. But no guessing could give you any idea of the quality of these horrible (I use the word advisedly) studies. The Welsh peasantry have been written about before now, in a variety of aspects; here we have them, or, as I would prefer to hope, the lowest class of them, from within. Not a trace here of poetry, imagination or those pleasing manifestations of the Celtic spirit that we have learnt to associate with Art movements detail calculated to bring a blush to the cheek of a hardened and the soulful eccentricities of the over-educated. I can best compare My People to the grimmest passages from HARDY, told in the language of the Old Testament. The sordid brutality of them is only half relieved by a gleam of savage humour that the author sometimes permits himself in the telling. It doesn't sound pleasant, does it? Yet the power of the thing is altogether undeniable. For page after page Mr. Evans holds you, as The Ancient Mariner held The Wedding Guest, and your unwilling attention has no chance of escape. A word of warning however; My People is emphatically not a book for indiscrimate leaving about, even in these days of toleration. Mrs. Grundy is not between elopement and reconciliation, and finally comes so much flouted as ignored by Mr. Evans. One feels down with a bang on the right side of the fence after that he is telling of what he knows and has himself experi-Mr. and Mrs. Dorset have, to the surprise of the latter, met enced; it is this that gives its horrible fascination even to the most repellent of the stories. The fact that they are has to me, a welcome escape, when health demands it, also literature will make me watch the writer's future work from the immense and inexorable obsession of warfare; with interest.

It is a long time since I read a new novel which reminded me of Charles Reade, who latterly has been no one's model. Yet all the way through Mr. Edward Noble's story, The Bottle Fillers (Heinemann), recollections of Hard Cash rose before me. Not only is there in it a young man the victim of circumstances, and usually in search of a job, but the book was written with a reforming purpose, the Trade (or Plaster Saint, as that august body seems to be known at sea) to check rascally owners. So long as he is at sea Mr. Noble is fine. He can marshal a storm with the

best and prove every step of a fight with the elements. But on land he is less convincing, and I must confess to getting as tired of Lucy as of her forerunner in READE's too lengthy attack on private asylums. Nor do I think it necessary for Mr. Noble to be so ruthless to both hero and heroine (not to mention their only child) as he is. The book would have been no worse and the reader would have been far happier had O'Hagan and his young wife escaped from the final wreck.

Those who only know their "GEORGE A. BIRMING-HAM" in a mood of boisterous humour may not recognise him as a grim retiarius throwing his net of Gossamer (METHUEN) over the politicians of his native land, Covenanter and

Nationalist alike, with distinctly hostile intent. It is a he meets people whom he has a very happy knack of Sir James Digby, disgruntled victim of Land Purchase, is the narrator of this acceptable trifle of a tale. The other chief folk are a glib-tongued Nationalist, Gorman (a sketch not void of malice), and Ascher, a subtle, likeable financier of German nationality, who, when the War comes, deals fairly with the nation that has been for so long his kindly host. I hasten to say, in these suspicious times, that this doesn't mean that Canon HANNAY is a pro-German. So far as I can make out he has been recently and quite enormously impressed by the delicate texture of the financial network which covers and holds together the world—this is really his "gossamer"-and has worked off his new and perhaps somewhat amateurish wonder in this mild discursive book. But I can honestly say that I read every word of it with interest, for the reverend author has a jolly way with him, even when he is not meaning to be funny.

"I offer," says Sir RAY LANKESTER, in a preface to Diversions of a Naturalist (METHUEN), "these chapters to the reader as possibly affording to him, as their revision There's many a slip 'twixt the eye and the lip.

to which I should like to add that, whether my health demanded it or not, I have tried and approved of his prescription. The articles here have already been published in The Daily Telegraph under the name of "Science from an Easy Chair," surely as seductive a title as the wit of a Professor could find. The author, however, has not only a nice taste for titles, but also the knack of presenting scientific facts in a form that will not disagree with the most delicately shy digestion. Even I, who thought myself author's desire being to see more justice done to the brave a "douser," and now discover that my twig "plunged" men of the Merchant Service (who fill our bottles and merely because my muscles became fatigued, must accept larders) and more vigilance on the part of the Board of this blow to my illusion with a good grace, out of pure gratitude for the tonic quality of Sir Ray's Diversions.

It was doubtless because Mr. RILEY knew that the hero

of his book, Netherleigh (HERBERT JENKINS), would have to be taken with a grain of salt that he housed him in an attic so that the salt should be of the right kind. Certainly it is not easy to believe in this young man of twenty-five. He is suffering from heart troubles and has been so completely confined to his room that he knows nothing of life but what he has learned from books, casual conversation and the country view from his window. If you can believe in himand I advise you to tryyou should have a good many laughs and quite a number of smiles over his record of the life which he starts at the instance of a new doctor who tells him not to be a mummy any longer but to wake up. His travels don't take him far beyond his village, but



Editor. "This joke isn't bad. But what has the picture got TO DO WITH IT? IT SEEMS TO BE MERELY A STUDY OF SEA AND SKY." Marine Painter (who has turned to humorous Art). "WELL, IF YOU READ IT AGAIN YOU'LL SEE THAT IT'S A CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO MEMBERS OF A SUBMARINE CREW."

hostility pleasantly disguised by a sub-acid, cynical humour describing so that you get to know them and like them. and a genial detachment. A dispossessed Irish gentleman, Occasionally he seems to see them with eyes that have more experience than the conditions justify; but that is where Mr. RILEY comes in. After all, you can't expect an author to publish his hero's manuscript altogether unedited.

#### Another Poser for Lord Derby.

"A married man who enlists under the deferred service scheme and is sent back to civilian life would be permitted to marry, and when he was called up his wife would be entitled to separation allowance." *Manchester Evening News*.

Yes, but which wife?

"GERMANY'S LACK OF METALS. SUGGESTION TO BREAK UP STATUTES."

Eastern Province Herald (S. Africa).

Germany appears to be faced with "Red ruin and the breaking-up of laws."

An optician's advertisement:-

"OSCULISTS' PRESCRIPTIONS ACCURATELY EXECUTED."

5.

s it,

alth

pre-

d in

an

of a

only

ting

the

self

ed "

ept

ure

ero

igh

uld

ı a

sed

the

ght

not

ing

e is

les

ely

hat

life

ned

er-

try

If

ood

a

his

he a

im

ny

ip.

im

ut

of

m.

ve

is

an

ed.

nd

ne

#### CHARIVARIA.

A BOOK which is having a great vogue in Berlin describes the entry of the German Army into London, and mentions incidentally that the troops marched over London Bridge, as the Charing Cross Bridge had been demolished on the previous day by heavy German artillery. We are glad to see that this insidious attempt to enlist the sympathy of Londoners for the invader is being countered in advance, as the South-Eastern Railway Company is proposing to improve the appearance of this engineering atrocity.

story of a soldier's letter to his mother being destroyed without his being told

the reason, "I feel safe in saying that this is the work of one of the base censors," was perhaps unduly hard on his colleague. He may have been merely stupid.

Golf as played by the AMIR OF AFGHANISTAN is a great improvement on the ordinary Scottish variety. There are no bunkers on the course at Jalalabad, and tea is served on every green. This has given a new lease of life to several overworked jokes about caddies and spoons.

In a review of Lord REDESDALE'S Memories,

London, claimed as his own "Lord Beaconsfield's celebrated epigram, 'London is the key of London.'" The Saturday Review is too modest. That epigram is entirely its own.

We understand that the American motor-car manufacturer whose advertisements are being so ostentatiously refused by certain British journals is quite happy about it. So long as his name gets into the papers every day he doesn't mind how little he pays for the publicity.

In view of the scarcity of clothing materials an invention for preparing paper in such a way as to make it suitable for almost every article of apparel has been welcomed in Germany. The Kaiser is greatly taken with the idea, and has instructed the CHANCELLOR to compile a popular pamphlet entitled, "What to do with the Old Treaties."

chastened condition is the statement on the notepaper of Wolff's Telegraphic Bureau that "it assumes no responsibility of any kind for the accuracy of the news which it circulates." But the statement that its despatches will in future be known as "Lamb's Tales" is as yet unconfirmed.

He is a big strong-looking young man, and has tried again and again to get into the Army, but never a doctor will pass him. However, he has not yet given up hope, and wrote home the other day, "If they won't take me as a The Censor who wrote, a propos of the Front as a chaplain." combatant, damme if I won't go to the



THE SUPER-PATRIOT.

The Saturday Review says that Prince economy the Government have ordered spread to yield to individual effort." Lobanoff, the Russian Ambassador in the substitution of steel nibs for the time-honoured quills in the House of Commons writing-rooms. But they have not yet ventured to abolish or curtail the Members' £400 a year. Their motto is: "Take care of the pens and the pounds will take care of themselves."

> It is not true, we see, that the Brixton policemen, when directing the traffic, wear a red lamp on their backs to prevent themselves from being run down. Another suggestion that their boots should be covered with luminous paint was rejected on the ground that it might give too much information to enemy aircraft.

The American Ambassador at Berlin has described the brutalities inflicted upon British prisoners in Germany; but we have as yet seen no protest from the American Ambassador in Considerable difficulty, we are told, was London against the provision of "free experienced in fitting out the Sphinx.

Further evidence of the enemy's shooting for German officers at Libury Hall."

> An ingenious lady has discovered that a box closely packed with newspapers can be used for cooking on the "hay-box" principle. As fourteen or fifteen copies are required to keep a saucepan" on the boil," our more inflammatory contemporaries are expecting a large addition to their circulation.

A "Patriotic Season-Ticket Holder" writes:-"In an issue two or three years ago you stated that the German Ambassador had made representations complaining that whilst certain notices in the South-Eastern and Chatham railway carriages were rendered in French, the German version was omit-

ted. As a result, no doubt, of the publicity you gave to the matter, the railway company actually had new notices prepared :-

' Do not lean out of the win-

dow. Ne pas se pencher au dehors. Nicht hinauslehnen.'

Now, Sir, I have 'done my bit.' I have used three quarters of a packet of court-plaster and the gummy edges of sundry envelopes in surreptitiously obliterating the NICHT.' I have also ruined both blades of my pocket-knife upon the impenetrable enamel of this unpatriotic legend; but the evil is too wide-

Lord Pontypridd, opening a bazaar at Treharris recently, said that, though he was a member of many clubs, a Welsh Nonconformist chapel could not be beaten as a club. It is understood that the Committees of the Devonshire. the Reform and the National Liberal are contemplating the institution of Pleasant Sunday Afternoons in the hope of retaining his lordship's distinguished patronage.

"An old coloured print. Napoleon Crossing the Alps, and several other people; price £30.

The Bazaar.

It was a firm rule of Napoleon never to undertake a campaign single-handed.

"Wounded soldiers are taken by well-known Cairene inhabitants to see the sights of Egypt in pyjamas."—Sphere.

## THE UEBERLAND ROUTE.

(Réverie of a Sultan.)

Or course it's very nice for me, And should, by rights, promote a gay mood, To keep the course to India free For WILLIAM's passage; this should be The best of fun for MEHMOUD.

I ought to like, for his pure sake, Remembering how superb a Boss it is, To hang about in Ferdie's wake And watch the vulgar Bulgar break Our record in atrocities.

And yet the prospect turns me blue. Must I (God's shadow as I am) lick The Kaiser's crushers, should be do A grace to me in passing through, And light at my Selamlik?

Let's hope he may not turn aside To share with me an hour's inertia; But, taking Bosphorus in his stride, Push on to make the East his bride By way of poor old Persia.

Else he may find the foe en route, Ready to bar his road at Bagdad, And Father's mouth will then be mute To LITTLE WILLIE'S cry for loot :-"Me for the Indian swag, Dad!"

O. S.

#### THE SOUVENIR.

THEY were a carriage - full of "veterans," returning on short furlough from Flanders-the new kind of veteran, made by just the fifteen months of hard campaigning that had filled their lives without cessation since they had landed to the tune of "Tipperary" in August of last year. Veterans, yet so close was their youth behind them that it would not be denied, and bubbled out of them in strange contradiction of their warworn appearance. Stories of Mons, the Marne and "Wipers" were incongruously interspersed with reminiscences of callow larks and ingenuous anticipations of the times they were going to have during their

First one and then another produced some treasured souvenir that he was carrying back—a helmet, a piece of shell or shrapnel. They all displayed their trophies, excepting one somewhat older, hard-bitten man, who sat a little aloof, taking no part in the loud talking and showing but small interest.

At last one of the men addressed him directly: "Wot 'ave you got?'

"Nuthink," he replied shortly.

"Wot! not an 'elmit nor nuthink to giv yer gal?"

"Ain't gort no gal."

"Well, yer ole mother, then."

"'Ere! Never you mind abaht my ole mother, or you'll get a thick ear, me lad!"
"Ow! All right, 'Arry."

"And," fiercely, "my nime ain't 'Arry!"

"Blimey! Marmajuke, then."

A row seemed imminent, but peace was restored on the understanding that "Ginger didn't mean no 'arm.'

"Funny your 'aving no souveneers," ventured one of the peacemakers ingratiatingly. "They ain't 'ard to find."

"Ain't gort no use fer 'em. Mug's gime, I calls it,

crawlin' abaht wiv shells and bullets dropping all arahnd yer, tryin' to find an 'elmit. Fat lot of good an 'elmit 'ud be to me if me 'ead was blown orf gettin' it! Wot's the blinkin' good of an 'elmit if you 've gort no 'ead to put it on when yer showing it to people, eh?"

"But if you was to come acrost one, in a wye o' speaking,

I s'pose, nah, you'd pick it up?'

"Ow, if it was to come into me and, as you might sye, I wouldn't mind, same as a souveneer wot I did 'appen to get. It's the only one I gort, and it was just shoved into me 'and wivaht looking fer it."
"Was it, nah? And wot might it be?"

They all became interested.

"Ow, it ain't much." And he produced a small iron door-knocker from his pocket.

"W'y, that's only a blinkin' knocker," said Ginger; "I s'pose yer pinched it off of some pore old Frenchwoman's

cottage door.'

"Well, if yer thinks that, yer a bit aht, then, Mister Body-snatcher. That there knocker 'as an 'istory, it 'as, wot I'll tell yer abaht, if you blokes can keep that there Ginger's mahth shut before I 'as to close it permanent by knockin' his buck teeth dahn his perishin' throat!"

The necessary guarantees being given, he resumed. "This 'ere knocker 'as an 'istory, as I ses. One nightmust 'a' bin lawst December-I was in Wipers: a perishin' cruel night it was, too. There was a bitin' wind and rain, and I was just abaht fed up wiv the 'ole job. I was goin' dahn one of them side streets, just orf the Clorth 'All-you know the plice as it was then-pore ole Wipers, ain't much left of it nah!"-there was a sympathetic murmur of assent. "Well, as I was sying, I was walkin' dahn this 'ere street, sloppin' an' 'obblin' along them blinkin' cobbles in the dark, w'en I sees one of them French pubs, wot they calls 'Eastaminets,' wiv a cosy light. Dim, o' corse, but warm-lookin' and snug, an' a bit of a sing-song comin' aht. Not 'xac'ly the sime as a Bermondsey pub of a Saturday night, but lively for that 'ole of a Wipers. 'Ere goes,' ses I, thinkin' of a few pints of that there French beer, wot is wet all right, but don't seem to touch the spot. O' course there wasn't no double swing doors, with 'Public Bar' writ on them—just a plain door with this 'ere knocker. So I gives a knock, and waits there in the drivin' rain. After a bit, seeing as no one come, I ups with the knocker again to give a fair ole belt wiv it, and——"he paused while they all leant forward anxiously—"blimey! if a blinkin' Jack Johnson didn't blow the 'ole 'ouse out of me 'and!"

## The Capital of the Abbasids.

"BAGDAD, which figures so largely as the city of the abased caliphs in the Arabian tales."—Cork Constitution.

There is good reason to hope that the misprint will shortly be justified.

From a review of Mr. Eugene Corri's Thirty Years a Boxing Referee :-

"Full of admiration for the matchless courage and splendid endurance of the old-time men of the ring, he still thinks that baking, viewed as a great national sport, was never in a healthier state than it is to-day."

Mr. Corri will now give the reviewer one in the bread-

"Large quantities of herrings and sprats have been netted by the Avoch fishermen in the Inverness Town Hall during the past week." Highland Leader.

We print the extract as received, but feel sure there is some catch in it.

ind 'ud the put ng, e, I to

"I n's ter as, ere ent

nd vas rth ers, urin' em ch ht. f a d-f a of n't ble in its ne elt ard ow

phs

urs

ng, nan

id-

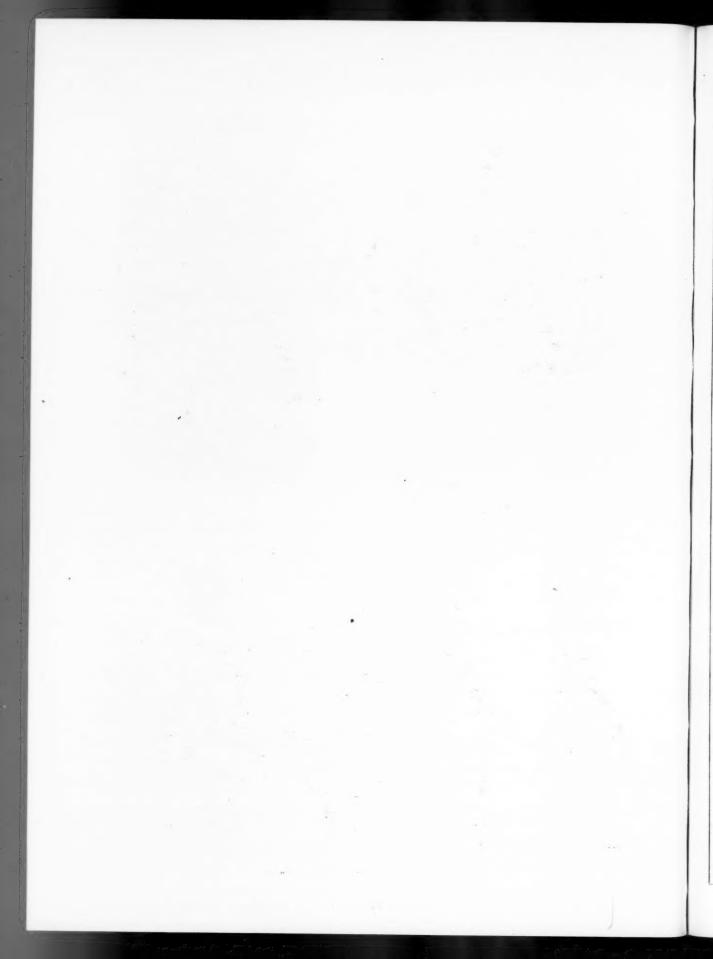
the

is



THE PROMISE OF WINTER.

Russia. "MY SEASON, I THINK."





DARKEST LONDON.

- "DROPPED ANYTHING?"
- "WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR, THEN?"
- " No."
- "LEICESTER SQUARE."

## THE WAY TO THE CITY OF LIGHT.

IT is not with the City of Light that I am concerned—sad City of Light, still shocked and perplexed, although steadfast enough, by GUILLAUME's pitiless ambition! My theme is the journey thither, which, no doubt with excellent reasons (for I am one of those few eccentric creatures who believe that Downing Street knows more and is wiser than Fleet Street), is being made increasingly difficult every day. For what does the fair land of France, already so burdened by its own cares, want with civilian strangers, however noble their motives? The fewer, obviously, the better.

Getting to France, then, never very easy since the cloven hoof of Prussia showed through the iron heel, is now an ordeal indeed. Let me indicate some of the stumbling-blocks.

To begin with there is the authorisation. Perhaps you went to France a month or so ago properly attested do, according to your philosophy. by the various responsible War Office It may come in two days' time; it people. On the strength of their may be a week; it may be a fortnight.

passport in hand, at 19, Bedford Square, anyway, who are you, with your slender there a more pathetic fallacy. What was, isn't-that is the new verity, and is war. no one knows more of new verities than the gentlemen at 19, Bedford Square. Are you acquainted with these gentleceptible. They deeply regret, but the authorisation is not in order. Since it was valid much has occurred; new regulations have come into play ("play" is good); in short, you must get another. Is there no possibility of squeezing through without it? None. The portidiom of the day, the lid is on.

Probably, being a person of foresight, on the passport is viâ Dieppe. you had bought your ticket, taken seats, engaged a cabin, written to the you say brightly, expecting re-considerhotel. Everything must now be cancelled, and there is nothing to do but wait the new authorisation. This you "but the Boulogne route is closed for

It may come in two days' time; it either by Dieppe or Havre." signatures you present yourself again, One never knows in war-time, and, ing that the rough weather has set in

naturally supposing that all is well. Red Cross connection, compared with What was, is, you say. Never was men who hold trenches and kill Germans? Healing is secondary. This

While you are waiting everything with you goes to pieces. You cannot make engagements, because at any men? If not, don't be. They are moment your authorisation may come; granite, marble, crystal, petrified teak you cannot work, because you are so everything that is hard and insus- unsettled. Besides, you told everyone you were going, and to show up again is banal. You are therefore reduced to idleness and seclusion.

This goes on for ten days, and then suddenly you are free to approach the geological museum at 19, Bedford Square once more, and your visa is cullis falls, the mountain closes; in the given you, and all apparently is well until you notice that the route marked

"But I have my ticket via Boulogne."

"I am very sorry," says Mr. Flint, people going to Paris. You must go

You survey him blankly, remember-



Fair Visitor (to soldier wounded in his right arm), "But how lucky for you that you can write with your left hand."

Jock. "AY, MISS, I'VE MA FAITHER TAE THANK. WHEN I WAS A WEE LAD HE SAYS, 'Noo, Jock, You jist learn the cut yer finger-nails wi' yer left hand, an' then it disna' matter sae much if ye lose yer right ane.'''

and you are the worst sailor in Europe. He prepares his desk for the next applicant.

Nothing more can be done, and you hurry out to telegraph again for seats and a cabin on the Dieppe route.

The next day you rise early for the Folkestone train, the boat for Dieppe to the land and the sea is calm, and now sailing from Folkestone—an added hour of agony on the merciless seaand reach the port punctually enough, only to learn that, owing to unexplained causes, there is no service to-day. To go back to London being absurd, you take a room at a Folkestone hotel and get through the day as best you can, conscious with a certain dread sinking that the wind is rising every minute and a terrible gale is imminent. You express your forebodings to fishermen at the harbour, and they hold out no hope. A stiffish storm is inevitable. You buy sevenpenny novels, and hate them. You play billiards with any stranger humane enough to take you is a double number of passengers toon. You beat a young Naval officer day, owing to the defection of yester- Waterloo.

who is rather good, but the rude buffetings at the window deprive you of any joy in that feat. In the night you wake to find your worst fears realised—the hotel is shaking in the tempest. You raise the blind in the forlorn hope that the blast is confined are swiftly disenchanted. You return to bed and cannot sleep for the beating of your heart.

The next morning fortifies your worst terrors. The waves are mountains high, but the boat is going, and you have not the pluck not to join it. After all that has happened you simply must go.

You hurry on board early to see if your cabin is reserved all right and find that your telegram arrived too late. . . .

Have I said enough to deter the traveller to France? There is, however, more to follow.

day, and the steamer does not get away until three hours after time, when the sea is infinitely more lumpy. On the crossing it pitches and tosses away another good hour; so that (dropping a veil over the grisly horrors of the passage) you are not at Dieppe until seven instead of four. Once there, and your passport, for the second time that day, being viséd, and your baggage, for the second time that day, being adjudged innocuous, you try to find a telegraph office, but learn that there is now nothing nearer than the head bureau in the town; and here your only gleam of sunshine in a depressing day cheers you.

Having asked the way and lost it. you stop an English soldier-for Dieppe is full of A.S.C. men—and inquire where the Post-Office is. I give the dialogue verbatim :-

Yourself. "Can you tell me where the Post-Office is? I want to send a telegram.

Mr. Atkins (in broad North Countree). "Ah don't know where it is. But will you give me a drink?'

Yourself. "I'll give you a drink willingly if you'll give me a Post-Office

Here T. A. begins to shout, "Hi! Hi!" to some distant friends.

They stop and shout back, "What is it?

T. A. "Hi! Come back! Ah've found a moog.

Yourself. "Mug! Oh no, my friend, that's torn it. You can go to Tophet; I'll find the Post-Office myself.'

You then ask a Frenchman, find the way, and telegraph to your hotel that your train will be four to five hours late - a telegram which you subsequently discover no one will dream of delivering until to-morrow is growing

You then return to the station and have what dinner you are able to swallow, and walk up and down waiting for the train to start, which it does at nine-thirty, or forty-five minutes after it was due to enter the Gare St. Lazare.

At last it gets off and, maintaining a snail's pace, creeps into Paris at exactly 2.20 A.M.

Now who will lightly adventure upon a visit to the once Gay City? Nor will you be missed if you don't go.

"The following are transferred from Reserve to Regular Bns. as temp. officers, with dates of seniority as shown against their names:— R. Berks R.—Sec. Lieuts. . . . A. J. G. Goodall (March 26, 1815)."—Morning Paper.

The train from London is late, there How the Mess must be looking forward to this gallant veteran's stories of he

he

ly

ng

10

til

bi

at

is

d

m

## TO A BAD CORRESPONDENT IN CAMP.

To Lieutenant John Samp, 26th Regiment, The Canadian Camp,

East Sandlingborne, Kent (Or anywhere else about England that the Regiment may have been sent).

> Dear John,—All your kith And your kin (counting me) Are dissatisfied with

The scant treatment that we Have received in the matter of letters since your transport in June put to sea.

One brief note as you sailed
Thanking me for the socks,
And the picture-card mailed

From the Liverpool docks,
With two sheets to your mother from
Reading, haven't busted the old
letter-box.

Now, if nothing is back Of your taciturn way But congenital lack

Of the right thing to say,
Here's a little set form for your letters
which you're welcome to use day
by day:—

Dear Mother, [Aunt, Cousin]—
I take pen in hand
In more health than I was in
When not so much tanned
By our open-air marches and drillings
in this fine soldier-fashioning land.

For some twenty-four hours,
You'll be happy to know,
We've had plenty of showers
[Blizzards, sunshine, or snow—
The third item won't do for the nighttime, but with long English days it

may go].

We're just back to our huts
From ten hours in the trench,
[Route march, at the butts,

Drilling, studying French]
And my brain [tongue, hand, eye] is so
weary I could fall asleep here on
the bench.

This county of Kent
[The valley of Dec,
The banks of the Trent,
York, Salisbury,

You've a copious choice of encampment]
is something I wish you could see,

At each moment one stops
With a gasp of surprise;
The most exquisite hops
[Maidens, conslips, pork-pies]—
I gather them often by armfuls—furnish ever a feast for the eyes.



A STATIONARY STUNT.

P.O. (giving his views on the changes in the higher command at Kiel). "I don't see what difference it makes to them, Sir, who's in command. Why, a bloomin' chicken-farmer could do the job as it stands."

Down the green shady lanes
Of the neighbouring park
Float the tremulous strains
Of the cuckoo [thrush, lark,
Newt, medlar, tench, cairngorm, or
lamprey], and my cares fly away

But this must be all,
For the bugles of camp
Blow [any old call]
And I'm hearing the tramp

as I hark.

Of the guard taking [any old duty], so remain, Yours, etc., J. Samp.

With this bit of advice,

Which, unless I 'm deceived, Ought to have in a trice Your pen-palsy relieved,

I remain, your fond cousin, Priscilla. by a ru P.S.—We have really been peeved. in beer.

#### Exclusive.

"It is interesting to note that Messrs. Ballantyne, Hauson and Co. were the printers of Sir Walter Scott's novels, while in recent years they have turned out Hall Caine's works."—The Aberdeen Free Press.

"RUSSIAN BLACK SEA MOVES."
Daily Paper.

There is now no longer any excuse for confusing it with the Dead Sea.

From a feuilleton:-

"Rupert, though he said nothing, doubted his own ability to battle through those raging wages. He had never swum in water."

We trust this does not mean that Rupert, like some other people affected by a rush of wages, is going to swim in beer.

# THE WATCH DOGS.

My DEAR CHARLES,-The other day area. I had phut-phutted a couple of amongst the motor-cars, motor-lorries, motor-ambulances, other motor bicycles 12.52 P.M. to the moment, and a most Nobody appreciates more than I do the contrast between my present facilities nobody sets out on his morning rounds mine. But virtue doesn't flourish on the moment I should have chosen to snaffling a slice of Uriah's ewelamb.

this occasion, so there was nothing for it but to leave a message and return didn't touch on the food question. It ton Crush." Had I had the time I is my business to know something would have inquired into this; as it about languages and I think I should have caught any reference to lunch that identical regiment moving out of even in his. So first I cursed my luck, and then I gave the old bicycle a kick ling away in that direction. I often and off we skidded back, over the same suspect, on reflection, that I've caused old hens, for home, where I was met the old fellow to get mixed up in the with a request from Sergeant-Major for an interview at once. He gave me a chit, referring briefly and coldly to my faithful description of myself in block leave. I told him that all previous letters on white cardboard, stating that opinions were cancelled and he was I was not proceeding on duty and was undoubtedly the finest Sergeant-Major anything but sick. who had ever managed to survive the dreadful business of being a Lance- for seats in the Pullman car. Being Corporal.

My leave was scheduled to begin on the following day; the following day was scheduled to begin at twelve midwas a boat scheduled to leave an hour or two before midnight, and I had no doubt of my ability to defeat the other schedules if I could only get to the port of embarcation in time to do it. And to think had sat down with him to his old ewelamb (tinned at that) my chance would have been lost long before I'd got Victoria, S.W., at 2 A.M. on a Sunday back to where Sergeant-Major and the morning in war-time.

leave-chits grow!

Cigarette by way of ration, I upped completely we are losing. Anyway, it's

and offed, dropping a piece of mudguard a gay welcome we get from London, I was away at the far end of the for some time been aware of a suspicious noise, as it might be something dozen kilometres or so over care-worn about to happen, but I wasn't being roads and hackneyed side tracks, all too inquisitive and officious about it. Once stop to inquire into the ailments of these machines and they'll pretend as thrusting as my own, not to mention they're dead. In due course a lump villages, twinkling in the valleys beconvenient moment, too, as you'll agree. neath us, doused their lights at our approach, mistaking us for hostile aircraft.

When I had got my transport into a and the housekeeping difficulties of the rest path and myself on the quay there men in front, where the trouble is; and were still a few minutes before the sailing of the boat. I am always glad with intentions more virtuous than to meet a new face, but this was not a motor-bicycle, and when I arrive I run up against what seemed to be a find I have mislaid that conscience couple or so of armies arriving. When which should make me refrain from I was safe past them at last I ran into affling a slice of Uriah's ewelamb.
Uriah, bless his soul, was out on hind. "Say, officer," he said cheerily, usion, so there was nothing for believe a message and return "Everywhere," said I. "Be an old the Highland orderly was dear," he begged me, "and put me on very nice and cheerful about it all, but to my shemozzle. They're the Egmonwas I told him briefly I'd just seen the harbour gates, and I set him doubwrong battle. For the moment my brain was fully occupied in writing a

Reaching England at last I fought small I was among the winners. It was a difficult hour of the night for the food-people to compete with, but, not to be put off their hospitality by a little night, and I happened to know there thing like that, they served breakfast on us before we knew what was happening. The company that can do a large deal in eggs and bacon and marmalade at 11.45 P.M. deserves to make its fortune, even if it be in five-franc that if Uriah had been at home and I notes, slightly soiled. Finally we found ourselves flung into the light and life

No doubt we are sent back to England With never so much as a gas helmet from time to time like this in order to old man who works there, and knew (No. 2095B pattern) by way of kit, or a check our optimism. Out here we are Park Drive Best Virginia Gold Flake apt not to notice how rapidly and broken not to be called upon.

at —, other ballast at — and at Charles. For myself it was the second , and finally parting with my time, and I knew what to expect. My silencer at -.... As to the last, I had young companion of the hour was inclined to think that no one loved him and he'd much better go back to the trenches and eat worms. The policemen, upon being hailed, didn't respond; they were very dignified, even suspicious. Four hotels refused to let him so much as lie down on the tessellated the silly egotistical hens which abound of metal fell off with a clank, but came floors of their marble halls, and the in these parts and have long ago lost what little sense they had in peace join on again. But we left it to itself threatened them with legal proceedings times. I arrived at my men's billet at and proceeded so noisily that the little if they didn't. It was our threat alone which recalled to the mind of Gold Evening Dress that he had a room vacant. The price of one night in that room was equivalent to the subaltern's wages for three days in the mud; we proposed that it should be halved, because there was only half the night left, but it remained double because there were two beds in the room. When my friend agreed to that, or anything else, he was asked whether he had any luggage; and when we explained that he'd started out with his suit-case and top-hat box in one hand and his cabin trunk and golf clubs in the other, but had given the lot to a poor man who sat begging at the corner of a communication trench, the official, puffed up as he was with pride and regular meals, insisted upon being paid in advance.

This is a true story, Charles, and if you want to go round and discuss it with the man, I'll give you his address and half-a-dozen hand-grenades to

explain yourself with.

But at home how different! I believe, when we come back again in the dead of winter, they'll still produce that last dish of green peas fresh from the garden, "kept back special for you, Master Henry . . ." Ah! there's little to be said, but lots to be thought. And then it was all so short, so soon over; but what there was (as Mr. George Robey says) was good. When I found myself back at Victoria I considered the gathering of officers, all great but some greater than the others, and I wondered to myself, how many of you, for all your greatness and dignity, your importance on parade, your habit of commanding and being obeyed, saluted, deferred to and believed in, for all your top-boots, daredevil caps, red flannel tabs and eyeglasses—how many of you, just about a week ago, were being sent (sent, mark you) round to the potting-shed to say a word, any word would do, to the old, you in long clothes, and would be heart-

Yours ever, HENRY.



Territorial Driver (getting dangerously near the sea). "'ALT, CARN'T YER? I'M ONLY FOR HOME SERVICE, IF FOU AIN'T!"

## THE STRAFING OF STRAUSS.

(By an All-British Composer).

HERR RICHARD STRAUSS'S latest piece proceeded with. of frightfulness, "An Alpine Symphony (referred to in Mr. Punch's Almanack),

As I anticipate that a description of work. it would be too much even for the analytical genius of Mrs. Rosa New-Tone-Poem in four paragraphs, to be

known as The Printing Symphony.

The orchestra will be considerably augmented, the reinforcements comprising six Typewriters, a Telephone, two Linotypes, an Eb Autoplate, four Large Picas, a Long Primer, three Double Octavos and two Double Sextuple Rotaries (by kind permission of Associated Newspapers, Ltd.).
An impressive introduction by the

Double Octavos is followed by an for the Typewriters, with Telephone obbligato. As might be expected in so advanced a work, no shift key signature is given. The movement comes the music then becomes wilder (allegro to an abrupt stop, the second para- furiosissimo inespressibile), neither time | Fleet still has the "Nelson touch.

(recitativo) by the Long Primer that the MS. has been accepted and will be

This statement is made the subject of a lively fugue (alla brevier), begun may be regarded as a direct challenge by the strings and wood wind; at the to British composers in general, and sixth bar the Linotypes enter with a myself in particular. Accordingly, by counter motive suggestive of the Diaway of reprisal, I am producing a work volo d'Imprimatore, to which reference which is to be absolutely the last word, is made at intervals throughout the

The third movement begins with a quartet for the Picas, andante canta-MARCH, I furnish one myself, and am bile, displaying to the full the mellow giving the readers of Punch the benefit beauty of this noble family of instruof it in advance. It is a Typographic ments, accompanied pianissimo by the rest of the orchestra, which at the two hundred and forty-third bar have just made a brief quotation from the Typewriter theme, when the Autoplate enters with a triumphant roar, and after chasing the Picas away in a succession of minor sevenths and thereby establishing a personal ascendency, dominates the proceedings for the remainder of the movement, which ends in a series of massive chords, announcing (con forza) that he's there allegretto con grazia ma non troppo in because he's there, an excerpt being 15-16 time, scored as a double trio made at this point from the popular marching song.

The fourth paragraph opens with a short résumé of the preceding subjects;

graph beginning with an announcement | nor key signatures being given, until it reaches a climax with the entry of the Rotaries, and finally comes to an overwhelming conclusion on the seventh inversion of the chord of the Submerged Tenth, the discord, in accordance with the best principles of modern Cacophony, being "left to evaporate."

The work is to be performed shortly

at the Caxton Hall.

#### Hard Times in the West Indies.

"Among the lot of Eatables supplied ex recent arrivals are the following:

Lucas Best Fire Bricks. Lucas Best Tapered Bricks. Best Bristol Hand Picked Temper Lime. Steam Pipes ‡ to 4" dia, with fittings. Pig Lead. Blue Grit Grindstones. Sheet Copper."—Daily Gleaner (Jamaica).

"This big tract of land, if placed at the disposal of men ready and willing to cultivate it until the owners actually require it for building or otherwise, would enable nearly 200,000 men to cultivate all the vegetables needed by an average family of, say, five persons.

Morning Paper.

Are vegetarians so voracious?

"The simple folk of Devon and Cornwall, it is said, maintain that the shades of Drake and Nelson have returned to earth to inspire their successors to emulate their triumphs, and it is on record that from May, 1803, to August, 1905, Nelson was out of his ship but three times."—The Malay Mail.

A pity he couldn't stay there another ten years or so, though, of course, the



Maid. "Please, M'm, you didn't leave enough for the sweep."

Mistress. "What do you mean? I gave you a shilling."

Maid. "Yes, M'm; but the sweep says chimneys is gone up."

## TWITTING THE TURK.

II.

WITH faces flushed and eyes like wine The men sat mute along the line, And some polemical design

Was palpably in view;
A flare soared sudden through the murk;
They turned unflinehing toward the

And shouted all they knew.

No ordered cheer, but each man cried The sound on which he most relied, Or just invoked the Soccer side

Of which he once was proud; A milkman happily "Milk o'd," Myself I simply said, "Well rowed!" But said it very loud.

A wilder din you will not meet; It hit the hills, it shocked the Fleet, And many a brave heart dropped a beat

To hear the hideous choir,
While the pale Turk, with lips tight set,
Peered out across the parapet
And opened rapid fire.

For it was clear the Christian cur Intended something sinister, And Pashas hastened to confer

On that hypothesis; Stout souls, they felt prepared to cope With stratagems within their scope, But, Allah, what was this? Far down the lines the Faithful heard And had no notion what occurred, But plied their triggers, undeterred

By trifles such as that; From sea to sea the tumult spread, Nor could a single man have said What he was shooting at.

Then spoke the guns, and gave it hot To the offensive choric spot Where we, who shrank from being shot,

Had long since ceased to be; And even Asiatic Anne Disgorged a bolt of monstrous plan, Which fell into the sea.

I would that night Byzantium
Had been at hand to hear the hum
And count the cost, a fearful sum,
Of so much S.A.A.,

For no one but the Moslem knows
The way the ammunition goes
When he is on his day.

And what of those whose mad caprice Had frightened half the Chersonese? Did they, repentant, know no peace,

And, when at dawn there crept
A sheepish hush o'er crag and glen,
Pray that they might be better men?
Instead of that they slept.

And a despatch, in pleasing wise, Spoke of "a daring enterprise Against some enemy supplies," Adding this tragic note:—
"The casualties of the force
Were sixty men extremely hoarse
And one severe sore throat."

"Guillotine Cutter, for bindery department: also Man, for despatch; ineligible for Army." Liverpool Echo.

We hope the Germans will not learn how we dispose of the surplus population.

"Of the many stories related of the Prince's doings in France, the most interesting was contained in a letter from a soldier who told how his Royal Highness left his motorcar during the battle at Loos in order to examine the situation, and, on returning to the spot where the car had remained, found that it had been destroyed by a chance shell. Unfortunately there is no confirmation of this story."

Evening Paper,

We note the word "unfortunately." It confirms our view that sub-editors, as a class, always put their own interests before anybody else's.

"STRANDVILLE II. v. St. JAMES' GATE II.

Played this evening at Croydon Park before a small crowd of spectators. . . . the Greek Government took note of the Strandville II.''

Dublin Evening Mail.

A welcome intimation that Greece is going to play the game.



PRIVILEGE.

PEER, to M.P. (pointing to War Correspondent). "POOR DEVIL! IF HE'D BEEN ONE OF US HE COULD HAVE SAID ANYTHING HE LIKED."

f n a FI n v s a s F n n v s a iii n b n iii n in the Four T per h the the risk

#### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

teeth in disappointment at lost opportunity. To have wiped out Prime Minister, Foreign Secretary, First Lord of Admiralty and Minister of Munitions by one blow dealt from heavens the Government might set an example in respect of which the public are it, would have been stroke of Kultur their new colleague. more pleasing in Berlin even than sinking of Lusitania.

Appointed business being further consideration in Committee of Budget Bill, attendance scanty; proceedings prosaic. CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER informed Committee that sale of scrip vouchers of War Loan in small denominations amounted to five millions Submitted fresh sterling. proposals for making investment more attractive to

wage-earner.

At Question time TENNANT made interesting statement with respect to comparative salubrity of life under canvas and under system of billeting. Doctors in charge of recruits report that when men quit tents and go into billets serious amount of sick- FOR USE AT QUESTION-TIME. more healthy."

grind slowly in Committee. Another long sitting devoted to process.

Tuesday.—House still economy-hunting. Thought it had "found" when attention." the other day vacancy created on Equity Bench by retirement of Mr. Justice Joyce, Evidence forthcoming other track. It appears that the Headfrom various authoritative quarters that state of business in Chancery Court could be easily carried on with remaining judicial forces. Question an annual rent of £410 per annum. immediately put on paper inviting This trifle been paid since the War PRIME MINISTER to refrain from filling up vacancy and so save £5,000 a year. This stirred high authorities to unparalleled activity. In reply PREMIER enabled to announce that a new judge to do on 112th day of the second year had already been appointed.

However, there was another opportunity of saving the lesser sum of two under consideration." thousand a year by indefinitely deferring appointment of successor to what is the phrase "under consideration." Major Winston Churchill, attached to

in the trenches, described as a well-paid ber 22nd.—Emulating patriotic example | Cabinet recognised as place of honourof the Lords, Commons began the week able retirement from active work suit-Cabinet colleagues, safely back after BRIGHT or WINSTON. Most approcomed. Von Tirpitz left gnashing his of this ancient family: "Take care

appeal to body of gentlemen whose during continuance of the War, salaries

CLOSEST CLOSEST ATTENTION"

PROPOSED CHRISTMAS PRESENT TO OUR HARD-WORKED PREMIER,

ness forthwith develops. [Subscriptions already received from Hogge, Pringle, Kinloch-"Under canvas it is much Cooke (twice), Rees, Dalziel and Will Thorne.]

peace time, are assured. PREMIER the Lobby and tea-room to guess what rode off on his consecrated reply that this postponement might portend. "the matter is receiving my closest

Thus repulsed on two favourable lines of attack the economists turned off on quarter Staff located at Hull endeavour to make themselves comfortable in offices leased at Station Hotel at an annual rent of £410 per annum. began. Forster pleaded that sum included firing, lighting and caretaking. Still, when you come to think of it—which the War Office are beginning of the War-it seems a bit stiff. "Other premises," he added, "are now

More blessed than word Mesopotamia

Attention next turned to luxury pre- on question of Recruiting.

the Grenadier Guards and now serving valent at public banquets. BATHURST, spokesman of people of small means (EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.) post of inactivity. Office of Chancellor officially enjoined to practise economy, House of Commons, Monday, Novem of Duchy of Lancaster with seat in suggested that during the War all such functions as the LORD MAYOR'S Banquet in London and the Dolphin and Colston with sitting to-day. Premier and three able for veteran statesmen like John Banquets in Bristol shall be discontinued. PREMIER full of sympathy. perilous Channel crossing, warmly wel- priately Pennefather (Heraldic motto But, really, this was a matter in which individuals and public bodies must

above the earth or from waters beneath in economy by reducing the salary of keenly expectant. Economy like charity should begin at home. When House This the sort of thing calculated to of Commons voluntarily relinquishes,

> which only the other day, in time of profound peace and unbounded prosperity, were conferred in breach of hon-ourable and time-honoured distinction among Legislative Assemblies, its cry for economy will become more effectual.

Business done. - Budget Bill at last through Report stage. Remains only to be read a third time.

Wednesday. - Pretty full gathering when SPEAKER took the Chair. Many attracted by anticipation that, in accordance with notice, Home Secretary would introduce Bill sus-pending Parliament Act, and so avoid dissolution in January. Answering urbane LEADER OF OPPOSITION, PRE-MIER stated that introduction is postponed till next week.

Business done.—Mills of Budget Bill salaries, fixed on scale arranged in Whereupon Members went out into

Business done.—With assistance of considerably less than a quorum several small Bills advanced a stage. Adjourned at twenty-five minutes past six.

Thursday .- On motion for adjournment till Tuesday, HENRY DALZIEL, never weary of well-doing, pleaded for an extra day's work. "Why not meet on Monday?" he asked. Reckoned that business on hand could not be disposed of otherwise than by sitting up to Christmas Eve. Why waste a day a week when Providence had placed it at their disposal?

Impetuous MARKHAM went one better. Suggested that House should sit continuously and merely adjourn for one day at Christmas, returning on Boxing Day with renewed strength to deal with forthcoming Derby Report



Tommy (finding a German prisoner who speaks English). "Look wot you done to me, you blighters! 'Ere-'ave a cigarette?"

Premier, happily undisturbed by grievous prognostications of overburdened Legislature scamping its work (as mentioned, having finished appointed task, it adjourned yesterday at twenty-five minutes past six), cheerily assured perturbed House that before prorogation ample opportunity will be given for discussion of every question of public interest.

Business done.—Walter Long introduces Bill to restrict during War the rents of small house-property and interest payable on mortgages of such property. With at least four more hours in hand for working out salvation of the country, House adjourned at twenty-five minutes to eight, in good time for dinner.

#### Intelligent Retrospection.

"Jews' College.—The next examination of persons intending to become teachers of Hebrew and Religion will be held at the College on the 23rd and 30th of January last."

The Jewish World.

"At noon yesterday a meeting of the full Cabinet will be held at 10, Downing Street." Bristol Times and Mirror.

"As a result of the Vincent-Fitzgerald fight, Fitzgerald sustained a broken right jaw and a fractured left jaw."

The Cairns Post (Queensland).

We hope the injured pugilist appreciated this delicate distinction.

#### TO BILL, AGED SIX.

ALTHOUGH I'm just ten times his age And long have cut, upon life's stage, A figure quite austere and sage—When will is pitted against will I am the abject slave of Bill.

His parents are my lifelong friends And often ask me for week-ends, But, though his father is my host, It's Bill that really rules the roast, And, when I do as he disposes, Life is not all a bed of roses.

If it is wet a tale of bricks Is given me to pile and fix, And when the structure stands on high, With not a single brick awry, The fabric, as my labour's crown, Bill has the right of knocking down, While I must gather up the blocks And pack them neatly in their box. Released from Architecture's claims We turn to our Olympic games, With Bill as driver, me as horse, Pursuing our erratic course Between the tables and the chairs, Or even up and down the stairs. Until the midday meal draws near, And nurse removes my charioteer.

But, if the weather's bright and fair, Bill hales me forth to take the air; He makes me run exhausting races And visit all his fav'rite placesTool-houses, chalk-pits, hollow trees, And caves explored on hands and knees; But always when the gong's vibrations Recall us from our divagations, Bill makes me promise not to talk To anyone about our walk: "Remember it's a secret"—so Homeward the two explorers go.

Bill is a tyrant, I admit,
Yet may the old and the unfit
Win in his company relief
From sharp anxiety or grief;
For Bill no dismal paper reads
That mutinous misgiving breeds;
He never talks about the War,
But he is rich in fairy lore;
His laugh is my best anodyne,
His ignorance is half divine,
For Heaven still close about him lies
And has not faded from his eyes.

## A New Æneid.

"The story of the midnight virgil of three detectives in the Minchin Motor Works at Kingston was told to-day before the local magistrates,"—Evening Paper.

"The British submarines' effective control of enemy traffic in the Baltic is reported from Germany to be most annoying for German commerce, especially as the German Admiralty firmly believed they had made the Baltic a mare clausa."—Evening Paper.

This false concord bodes ill for a genuine peace.

#### SUMPTUARY LAWS.

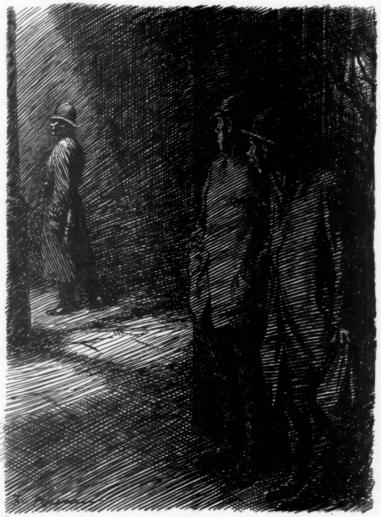
DEAR MR. PUNCH,-On the principle that the best brains in the country should be at the disposal of the Government at the present crisis, I feel it my duty to make a few suggestions on the economic situation. You may take it from me that we can afford to win if I may be allowed to show us how. But it may be a tight squeak, and there is only one way to do it. That is by killing two birds with one stone; otherwise we shall soon be short of stones.

While, Sir, we pursue as a nation a single aim, it is just as well in all details of the enterprise to have a double object in view. I am very glad to see that one member of the House of Commons has employed himself in devising projects which, while they have essentially a fiscal intention, are also meant to nip luxury in the bud and put the brake on extravagance. He wants to levy a tax of five shillings in the pound on all hand-reared pheasants, and soon we may look for the institution of a new and picturesque Pheasant Licence. Any unlicensed bird that gets into the bag might well be claimed by the local Red Cross Hospital, thus giving the tax a third desirable tendency. A rebate would no doubt be allowed on all such as died a natural death, and if there was any difference of opinion on that point the bird could be submitted to a post-mortem, for which a small fee would be charged. (Licensed birds would have to wear a badge or leglet.)

ns

Then again, in view of the shortage of milk, it is proposed that Cat Licences be issued at a guinea a time, except in cases where a cat is kept solely for the destruction of mice. This is another excellent idea. there is bound to be a considerable loop-hole of escape unless the cat is called upon to make good. Many so-called mousers are mere pets. A demonstration could be arranged with Government mice. Or, simpler still, a Mouse Licence might be imposed upon all Freehold Cat Keepers which would have the effect (besides bringing in revenue) of keeping the cat up to its canaries should be taxed, with the suitable for scarves. (These would be work in clearing the house of them. Much can be done along these lines. This is no more than a promising beginning. If cats are to be licensed the cases of the mongoose and the guinea-pig must come up for reconsideration.

give a man a distaste for his own fireside by robbing him of the solace and as Exempted Rabbits or Hares.) companionship of his domestic pets improved recruiting returns.



First Burglar. "DISGRICEFUL, I CALL IT! GREAT 'EFTY YOUNG FELLER LIKE 'IM OUGHT TER BE IN THE ARMY."

inclined to levy a duty on :-

consumers of seeds that might other- might be placed in a later group.) wise be used for the upbringing of edible and egg-laying fowls. exception of those that have been starred.) specially trained as fly - catchers. Canaries.)

(2) TAME RABBITS AND HARES (Belgian Hares would of course be excused out of deference to our Allies). An ex-Further, Sir, anything that tends to ception to be made in favour of such as are designed for the table. (Known

(3) GOLDFISH. - In this case percannot but operate in the direction of haps the Licence duty should only apply to such as go beyond the number

Working on these lines I should be of two in any one household. We must have something to brighten our (1) CANARIES, which are notorious homes, after all. (Or at least these two

> (4) SILKWORMS. - Except such as All are engaged in spinning khaki silk,

There can be little doubt that such These would be known as Controlled wise and considerate taxation would have the effect of raising money, conserving the food supply, assisting voluntary enlistment and bridging the gap between exports and imports.

I am yet again Yours,

STATISTICIAN.

#### Tactless.

"Plain Typist Wanted (female)." Morning Paper.

## AT THE FRONT.

THERE's really nothing I hate talking about more, but, talking about You people who compete for having trenches, have you in England heard been most directly under the Zeppelins yet of the awful case of S 245?

material sent to adjacent companies, battalions and brigades, by devastating farmhouses and stripping bare all the R.E. material dumps within two miles of the line, we made that sodden chaos of shell craters into a recognisable trench.

Finally, when it had stood two nights' rain without disappearing, the O.C. company was just indenting for a D.S.O. with two clasps, when an order arrived saying, with the brief ambiguity natural to all military orders, that the two platoons holding S 245 would proceed to take over S 216.

Having satisfied himself that this involved the desertion of S 245 he laughed sardonically, ground his teeth, ordered the bearer of the message to be shot at midnight (if the Q.M. had sent up enough candles), and went to look at S 246. S 246 was just what S 245 had been, only, of course, one worse.

We got to work on it; but then a new factor su-All available material had already been put into S 245, so we wired for more stuff for revet-

be scrapped." Having used this we was none available through the ordin-S 245. We did what we could.

Then arose the urgent question of heating. This time we did not wait to wire. We dug into the shattered and up every fragment of woodwork that yards of the first. had been therein sunk since the War began, and used it in the braziers of O.C. right company. S 246 to the last fibre.

no right to be shocked at the order that | 'em in just behind our mess all the after- | change in the population.

constructed and occupied as soon as explosions. Next I met O.C. left com-

Well, we took over S 245 with two the other afternoon, in a somnolent practically into my dug-out from halfplatoons and instructions to "make it condition watching the humid disingood." Having inspected it we wrote tegration of the mess dug-out when duly scandalized and sympathetic out a curt little chit to the effect that there was a rushing through the air Later on I learned that the mortar had we weren't a reformatory, and then tore from above, and a noise like someone nearly (but not quite) massacred two it up. By using all the material sent lifting the plug of an enormous bath, passing generals and practically (but to us, by stealing all the

Mr. Johnkins (who has overslept himself). "HA, THE ZEPPELINS AT LAST! WELL, I'M GLAD I INSISTED ON EVERYONE SLEEPING IN THE BASEMENT.

material from S 245, which is now to ploding bodily. I went outside when this 'ere Muddy Lane?' the lava had stopped coming down and wired for material for dug-outs. There found that a trench mortar had dropped a young mine about the size of a hotel ary channels, but we were referred to three yards off the dug-out. At least I will swear it wasn't as much as thirty. I spent the rest of the afternoon with the signallers, cajoling a battery into He should know all about it. some warlike act, while twenty-three dishevelled ruins of S 245 and brought further devils descended within a few

After "Stand to," came along the

"Do you know," he said, "that con-

arrived next morning, "S 245 to be re- noon?" I admitted I had heard some pany (mine was centre). "It's extra-You people who compete for having been most directly under the Zeppelins are not the only ones. I was sitting, past two to half-past four." I was

> not quite) wrecked head-quarters; and eventually mine was the only sector for some miles round which did not report heavy bombardment. I had originally thought out a rather effective little brochure about it all, but, with everyone else suffering so, it seemed up to us to keep our own woes dark. But it was a rare lesson in the human instinct of borrowing trouble because mourning suits you.

> Atkins is really best when an ordinary mortal might be contemplating suicide or desertion. From a mile behind our line runs a communication trench named Muddy Lane. In parts it is excellent. In parts you go in, during rainy weather, up to your middle. One night, after it had been pouring for some weeks, a fatigue staggered up this appalling swamp, carrying out-size hurdles weighing about eight hundred-weight apiece, brought from a good two miles back. As they arrived in the fire trench, grunting and sweating and looking - if one could have seen them-like a wet landslide, the last but one turned to the last man and observed reflectively, "I

ments. To this we got the answer, "Use | followed by another like Vesuvius ex- | wonder now, Bill, wot made them call

From a list of papers read at the Royal Society:-

"The Bird's Heart. Communicated by Prof. E. H. Starling, F.R.S.'

"The State of Kansas had for 30 years had the benefit of prohibition, and there the deathrate (71d. per 1000) was the lowest of any place on the face of the civilised globe." Bromley Chronicle.

Having taken this rash step we had founded trench mortar was plugging This accounts, of course, for the small

ne nake m lfas ic. ad vo dly or ch bly c-it se ıp es re ct een ht or le a h [n

n ng ur it ne ed p, es nht k. re tne ke ut ın ıll

by

ny

ıll



Fashionable mother is stricken with remorse by the CRY of Her Children; "Oh, Mummy, why can't we have some new clothes?"



AND SHARES HER NEW DRESS WITH THE FAMILY.

## A LETTER FROM GRETCHEN.

Berlin.

DEAREST ELSA,-We are very gay and brilliant here - opera, theatres, dinners and dances, and flags fluttering and bells ringing constantly for some new triumph. The last occasion was two days ago, when we were told the glorious news that our brave troops are at Calais and have fired great guns across the Channel and reduced Dover to a little heap of rubbish, as it well deserves

Our dear Kaiser often pays a brief visit to the Schloss. He is so busy, my Elsa, so busy preparing for the wonderful times that are coming when our triumph is complete. Our Princes are all going to be Kings, and our great Kaiser has not only arranged about their kingdoms but has found time even to design their crowns, and also a new, splendid, very large crown for himself when he shall take his new title, Emperor of Everywhere. That wretched Britain is to be broken up into three kingdoms again; and besides these there will be many kingdoms to be given away. When all our Princes are provided for, our adored von HINDEN-BURG and our brave von Mackensen will each be King of somewhere; our VON TIRPITZ was also to have been a King, but there has been a little alteration of plans lately, and he will perhaps be only a Viceroy.

times. I had the honour and happiness to meet one of our Princes at a reception the other night. You will guess which of them it was when I tell you that at first he graciously refused to dance, and sat on a couch, making comments on the dancers and laughing not doing it quite at once. -laughing so loud in his own charming way; and then he jumped up, snatched me from my partner (me! your Gretchen), and said I was the only pretty girl in the room and danced with me himself. He said many gallant things to me, and I ventured to ask him by what title we shall know him when the War is over. He laughed very loud and said, "If I'm a good boy Father will give me Russia, but if I'm a bad boy he'll only give our noble Kaiser himself! me Scotland or Ireland"; and he laughed louder than ever and whirled me so fast that, proud and happy as I little tanzfest for Sigismund and me. felt, meine Theure, I was not quite I was very, very anxious to look charmsorry when the dance was over.

bosch has been in great trouble. Her stead of a Schmidt-Müller gown. If youngest son, the Hauptmann Karl, of only I could have had the wicked This is very alarming. We trust it the Prussian Guards, is a prisoner in Niniche (who was sent back to her won't burst,

he was made to go on all fours and draw a great wagon full of stones all day, and was beaten with sticks! The Freifrau was like a mad woman, her big fists clenched and her eyes glaring (even we, her relations, dared not go near her), and she drove to the Schloss and threw herself on her knees and tore her transformation and her mantelchen. and cried, "Majesty, is it to be borne that a von Bundelbosch is to be turned into a dray-horse and beaten with sticks?" Our noble Kaiser promised to see to it, but that very day a letter came from the Hauptmann Karl. He wrote from a place called Bonnington Hall, and told his Mütterchen that he is well, has enough to eat, a good bed, a servant to wait on him, a piano to play (so that he can accompany himself when he sings the "Hymn of Hate"), billiards and tennis, and a large park to walk in. But he complains bitterly that he has nothing to do, that he is getting fat, that he is bored, and that they give him beef and mutton in spite of his demands for pork! Cruel barbarous islanders! It makes one's blood boil to think that they look on while an officer of the Prussian Guard loses his beautiful waist and suffers boredom and that they give him beef and mutton when he loves pork better! But the Hauptmann Karl will be avenged soon.

My Sigismund came to Berlin on Ach, liebe Freundin! How my heart leave two days ago. He looks well swells with pride and joy to think I and handsome, and has won an Iron am a German girl! I give a little Cross (I am particularly glad of this, "Hoch! Hoch!" all to myself someonly man in Berlin without one). He tells me we can crush our enemies and end the War any day we please. I said, "Then why not do it at once, my Sigismund?" But he says there are good reasons of a private nature for

> He hurt me a little by looking me over and saying, "Girl of my heart, you have become a dowdy. Gott in Himmel! What a costume, and what a hat!" I said, "You do not speak like a kind betrothed or like a good German, my Mündchen, and you even come near to speaking lèse-majesté. All foreign modes are now verboten. These are our German autumn fashions, designed, even to the hats and boots, by

My Grossmütterchen, the Gräfin von Dumpfendorf - Mumpenberg, gave a orry when the dance was over. ing, so I took my life in my hand and wore a smuggled Deucet creation in-

barbarous England, and she heard that own shameful country) to do my hair! My Bayarian maid, Bertha, was even clumsier than usual, and when I looked at myself at the mirror, ach Himmel! I lost my temper. "Pig of a Bavarian! What have you done with all my beautiful hair?" I exclaimed, and I slapped her stupid face and made her weep. Chide me, my Elsa, for I deserve it. I, a von Dumpfendorf-Mumpenberg, to forget myself thus!

It was a so-happy evening. My Sigismund did not look at me critically any more. He seemed to think me quite chic-no, no! we are never to say that wicked word again. Instead of chic we are always to say zudemneuestenundfeinstenstilgehörig.

Ever thine. GRETCHEN.

#### THE DIRGE OF THE DRESS-COAT.

["Evening dress optional but unfashionable." West End Theatre announcement.]

LET us rise up and part, O vest and bags,

My brethren in the trio of "glad rags"; Our fashionable reign is dead as mutton

The butcher's knife has carven into scrags;

We are démodés, cloth and thread and button;

Our brilliance fades, our shapely outline sags,

O vest and bags.

Let us give up, old things, let us decease. No longer now the splendour of your crease

Appeals, O bags, to Algernon or Bert: No more, O vest, as in the hour of peace, Your sable curves enframe the bright "boiled shirt"

When London says "A merciful release!" Let us decease.

But haply we may find a haven yet Ere from the earth we ultimately "get"; Some red-nosed mirth-provoker of

the Halls May wear us still for fun; or, being set Beside a chimney hat within the walls

Of some museum, we may find "to let" A haven yet!

## A "Roomy" Car.

"MOTOR CARS, CYCLES,

BEESTON, Humber-road, double fronted, two reception, six bedrooms." Nottingham Guardian.

Suitable for caravanning.

"This mine has just been added to the collection of war trophies in London. It is growing daily."—Daily Mirror.

ir! 7en red el! in! my l I ıer rf-My lly me to ad m-

nd

0 nd it-

ur t:

ht

of

et



Highland Lass (to wartime postman). "Hoo are ye likin' yer job, Sandy?" Sandy. "No ava! Hoo wad fou like the walk sax mile up the glen wi' naethin' but yin picture-postcaird for a bit lassie's collection?"

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A LITTLE while ago I remember writing that each of the war-books now jostling one another from the Press had its individual and special excellence. That of Between the Lines (SMITH, ELDER) I should set down as realisation for the stay-at-home of actual fighting under modern conditions. Many of the other war chroniclers deal only sparingly with the absolute killing and being killed that are at the heart of the whole hideous business. Not so the writer who calls himself Boyd Cable, and who (as he tells us in his Preface) has composed this book, all of it, within sound of the German guns and for the most part within shell and rifle range. His especial aim has been to explain "what lies behind and goes to the making of these curt and vague terms in the war communiqués." To this end many of his chapters (which you may remember in The Cornhill or The Westminster) are headed by one of those phrases which, though use has now made them familiar, remain mysterious

I have myself read it three times with increasing admiration. For this alone Between the Lines would be a book that no one should miss.

The Princess Catherine Radziwill has written, Messrs. Cassell have published, and I have read Sovereigns and Statesmen of Europe, a stalwart book illustrated with eight photogravures and priced at 10s. 6d. net. Of these three achievements mine is, perhaps, the most noteworthy, for in regard to style and interest it must be said that the book does but little to help the reader who comes to it with a desire to be initiated into the mazes and mysteries of European diplomacy and to learn the qualities of those who have lately directed it to such calamitous issues. For instance, it does not carry me any further in my knowledge of Russia to be told that M. Kokovtsov "has an exaggerated idea of his facility in speaking foreign languages -a trait which is noticeable among other middle-class people whose early surroundings did not entitle them to the right of expressing themselves in any other idiom than their own. It is the saddest part of M. Kokovtsov that he to us who only see the War through reports darkly. their own. It is the saddest part of M. Kokovtsov that he "Artillery Support," "Advanced Trenches," "Nothing to is middle-class, in spite of all his efforts not to appear so." Report"—these are the words that he has translated into Again in the pages devoted to M. VIVIANI we learn that a pictures so vivid that at times the roar and reek, the whole certain lady said of him that he would go far "because the terrific nerve-wracking tension of trench-warfare seems to first time I saw him he was still eating with his knife, leap out at you from the pages. It is a terrible and thrilling whilst yesterday he did not even attempt to do so with his glossary that will be read and re-read in countless homes. fish-knife." This unexpected remark is said by the Princess One chapter especially, called "The Mine," is really a short to have delighted all in the room, and she adds that "this war-story of which any writer in Europe might be proud; paradox had a deep meaning." All I can say is that it is over her interests, and trying to lead her on the path of prosperity and greatness." The book is full of these lightning flashes of insight and epigram.

It has often been my privilege to suggest that you should read such and such a book; now here is one, The Queen's Net (Hodder and Stoughton) that I wish to urge you in the strongest terms not only to read, but to buy.

helping one of the most practical and deserving works that this time of crisis has called into action; secondly, because you will at the same time give yourself a great deal of pleasure. For this book, which Mr. HAROLD Begbie has written about the "Queen's Work for Women Fund," and certain persons who have been helped by it, is emphatically not one that needs the cloak of charity to cover its artistic sins. It has a value of its own, apart from its object, as being supremely written, with that highest art that eliminates the writer altogether, and leaves the reader face to face with the persons described, as living realities. And how they live, and the strangeness of the stories they tell! One has continually to remind oneself with an effort that here is no novelist's make - believe, but existence as it has been actually endured by

gently-born women in these last terrible days. Unexpectedly, perhaps, there never was a more heartening book, one more full of kindness and courage, and even heroic laughter. The persons of whom it treats are all -with perhaps one odd exception-at the present moment entirely happy people; the horror from which they have been gently lifted, and wherein others are still struggling, is the background against which they stand out in cheerful contrast. There is, I hope, no need to speak now of the aims and achievements of the noble and chivalrous scheme which The Queen's Net has been written to help. Buy the book for yourself, read it, as you will, between laughter and tears, and you will understand what work it is to which our Greatest Lady has given her name and energy.

All the profits from the sale of The Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Gift Book, which is edited by Mr. George Good-Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON for the benefit of those who have than this rather thin and faded chiffon.

not my idea of a paradox, but then possibly I am too lost their eyesight in the War; and when that eloquent fact middle-class to appreciate all the sacred things that are has been stated I feel that your hands are already feeling involved in the due employment of a fish-knife. Of our for the three shillings which are asked of you for the help own King the Princess is good enough to say that "he has of so humane a cause. Incidentally you will also be doing shown himself a faithful servant of his country, watching a good turn to yourself, for this book is no medley collected in haste and pushed between attractive covers, but a volume that contains excellent work by both authors and artists. Mr. H. G. Wells, for instance, has contributed a tale that no admirer of his ought to miss, and Mr. Hugh Thomson's frontispiece is a delightful example of his delicate manner. We are perhaps becoming a little sceptical about the work attached to well-known names in a volume of this kind, but here I can assure you that the sceptics will draw blank-And this for two reasons. First because you will thus be or almost blank. No check to our charitable impulses can

be possible while a chance is given us to lighten the sense of tragedy in the lives of those who have fought and suffered for us: but the only royal way to assist our blinded men is to help them to help themselves, and this is the work which is being so wonderfully done-as Mr. CHARLES MARRIOTT tells us -at St. Dunstan's, Regent Park, a work to which it was his privilege, and is mine, to direct your generous hearts.

If you are a close student of the work of Mr. George Moore you are no doubt already familiar with that one of his early stories which originally appeared under the title of A Drama in Muslin. Anyhow, it has now been republished under the name of Muslin (Heinemann). Thechange is to be commended, as there is certainly more muslin than drama about the tale; one might even

add, in captious mood, that the muslin is of no special quality. For the rest the book remains a comedy of Irish manners in the early eighties; rather more than a little sordid in theme (was Dublin society of those days so frankly husband-hunting?), but engagingly youthful both in its manner and outlook. There is youth even in the attempts to outrage the sensibilities of the libraries. Daring for daring's sake was still a big adventure in those days; it has become commonplace now. Fortunately the maturer Mr. Moore has been so kind, in a new preface, as to give the reviewer of Muslin a friendly lead. "A comedy novel, written with sprightliness and wit," is what he thinks of it. Elsewhere he notices that the theme is very much that of A Doll's House (which I should not have thought myself), and concludes a sympathetic notice of his own heroine with the pronouncement that she "gives me much the same kind of pleasure as a good drawing.' And, as I suppose Mr. Moore ought to know, I will content myself with passing on to you his verdict. Personally CHILD and published by Messrs. JARROLD, will be given to I shall continue to like other work of his a great deal better



PASSPORTS.

Assistant in Tourist Office. "Sorry to keep you waiting, Madam-I MUST FINISH ASSISTING THIS GENTLEMAN WITH THE DESCRIPTION OF HIS FACE.

act

ing

elp

ing ted

me

sts.

hat

N'S

ier.

ork

but

-

ean

nce he

he ive

us:

to

is

m-

he SO

Ir.

us

ent

ch

nd

111

se

of

011

dy

of

ch

er

as

be

in

ag

re

ut

en

at ok

S:

ne

n-

W

d.

is

1e

ot

e

ly

er

#### CHARIVARIA.

When in Vienna the German Kaiser had his portrait painted by an Austrian | their own bark. \* \* artist, and the Neue Freie Presse, in describing the picture, says, "The face, as represented by Schmutzer, is an open book." A book that wants bindingin Russia, for choice.

In reply to representations made by the Roman Catholics of Germany on behalf of the Armenians, the IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR has replied that "the ment, has been at constant pains engine and was obliged to come down to better the situation of Turkey's in the German lines. There two Gerbeen a long time dead." Our Scottish Christian subjects." Thanks to this friendly intervention half-amillion Armenians will never suffer

It is lèse-majesté in Germany to criticise unfavourably any composition of the WAR LORD. Privately however, the IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR is said to have remarked that the Imperial telegram of congratulation on his birthday, "which, unfortunately, you celebrate for the second time in this war," was slightly ambiguous.

again from Turkish misrule.

In connection with the recent changes in the Austrian Ministry it is stated that the Austrian Parliament has never met since the beginning of the War. The inference that this alone has enabled Austria to hold out so long receives no support down Westminster way.

From the list of Christmas books issued by the German publishers there would appear to be an extensive man staff officers arrested him, and, deep. demand for British sea-stories, such having had the engine put right, inworks as Robinson Crusoe, Treasure books are issued by the German Admiralty to the sailors in the Kiel Canal, Germans; and down he came in in order to give them a notion of the triumph. ocean.

German, not English, must become the speak German is a pariah." The choice, mutually exclusive?

A Berlin Professor, lecturing on the use of trees as fodder, stated that experiments have already been made in the other day with a medal. Asked "numtives."

animals will be trained to subsist upon for. The other girls said, 'The Bel-

Lord KITCHENER has been justly complimented on the amount of travelling that he accomplished during his three weeks' absence from London. But his exploits sink into insignificance beside those of his colleagues. They were all over The Globe in half the time.

German Government, in friendly communication with the Turkish Govern-British airman had trouble with his us some day; but that, except we are

BROOK

NOVEL CHRISTMAS GIFT.

TO ENABLE YOUR MALE FRIENDS TO FORGET ALL THEIR NO-TREATING, EARLY-CLOSING WORRIES.

sisted, with menacing pistols, on his It is suspected that these had taken the precaution to strap him- you want it to get to me."

HOUSTON CHAMBERLAIN insists that the rigours of the trenches. But it from 9 a.m. in the morning. was quite superfluous. One of his universal language, and says, "People brother-officers has described how, on must learn to see that he who does not the very first night of his arrival, after consuming the ordinary rations he's all right.

feeding dogs with beech-wood. It is how she got it, she replied, "We were hoped that in time these intelligent asked who the British were now fighting giums,' but I said, 'The Serviettes,' and they gave me the medal.'

> Extract of a letter from a soldier to his home:-"All the French boys and girls can say 'Souvenir.' It is the only English word they know."

An unnecessarily gloomy view of the new War Bonds is taken by The Aber-The latest story from the Front (not deen Evening Gazette, when it says:

> contemporary is on safer ground when it asserts that certain classes "would invest more freely in War Loans if the vouchers were made liquid."

> Lord HALDANE has uttered a surely otiose warning against entering at this time into peace negotiations with the ruling junta in Germany, on the ground that they may go back now in order to leap again later on. As he very properly says, "We do not intend to have any leaping again later on." Lord HALDANE as an eligible bachelor is now expected to move that 1916 be dropped from the calendar.

One of our social chroniclers tells us that a titled lady has recently undergone an operation, "performed by a specialist who prefers to be known as plain Mr. Blank.' It is a curious whim, but he has, of course, constant occasion to realise that beauty is only skin

A wounded soldier, writing from Island and The Pirate being freely advertised, though of course in trans-over the British lines, the airman, who Please label my fruit cake 'socks' if

A British consular officer, returning from the Far East on a Japanese liner, was startled, on nearing port one day, to Some anxiety was felt as to the read the following notice, signed by the With the fervour of a renegade Herr ability of Major Churchill to stand Purser: "All Consuls will be opened

#### "MR. FRY'S SECRET.

.... the girl's head in numtives whom he once on a time wholeheartedly encouraged to as he puts it, is between the gutter and the guttural; but are these terms and talked interestingly for an hour." once on a time wholeheartedly encouraged to remain in a tadpole condition as far as their and talked interestingly for an hour." So long as he can impart information discover the underlying meaning of his show." Morning Paper.

> The girl was a mermaid—that is clear A little girl came home from school enough. But we are fairly floored by

## UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XXXI.

(From MAXIMILIAN HARDEN, Editor of the "Zukunft.")

SIR,—It has rather been my custom to criticise Kings and Emperors in the columns of my paper than to address them directly by means of a letter. Indeed, I have shrunk from allowing my name to be mixed up with those who in this age appear to me to be phantasms of the world-brain called up into what is only a semblance of existence, having no substance and no relation to reality. Still, even these shadowy appearances that flit across the face of things have their influence. One must reckon with them in a world which is often ruled by shadows; and thus it comes that I, who am but a hardworking publicist, earning my daily bread by the labour of my pen, address myself to you, the high and mighty Kaiser, whose nod is supposed to shake the spheres and whose lifted hand shatters kingdoms into ruins.

For yourself as a man I may say that I have no veneration. You are the chief of the gloomiest and coarsest Court in Europe. No attempt that has been made to lighten the darkness and to mitigate the harshness of that Court has had more than a momentary success. Now and then a young and gay-hearted princess might appear and shine for an instant, but she was immediately drawn down into the vortex and, to all intents and purposes, she disappeared. It would have needed something more than youth and smiles and innocent gaiety to resist the oppression of the combined sabre-clanking and hard pietistic influences to which the new-comer was exposed from the time of her entrance into this dreadful circle. And so it has come about that there has been no check-none, at any rate, that in the least availed-on your own baffling and impulsive personality. At one moment you would pose as the War-Lord, fierce and be-starred and be-helmeted; at another you would show yourself as the glorified huck-ster of world-power, intent on gaining by commercialism all that your heavy diplomacy might fail to accomplish; and then, hey-presto! you would change again and would invoke in sanctimonious accents a tribal god whom, with the aid of the narrowest and most primitive Hebraism, you had invented as joint guardian with your own exalted self of the traditions of the house of Hohenzollern.

And now the natural result of all this feverish striving and all this posturing has happened, and we Germans are at war. For sixteen months we have been at war, and the end is not yet. On all sides money and blood are poured out like water. We are determined to achieve victory, but our foes too are stubborn and are resolved at whatever cost to bring us to the ground. So the fighting and the deaths and the sufferings continue and desolation threatens the world. And in the midst of this unexampled welter, in which our earth seems to be returning to chaos, are heard faintly, but with increasing distinctness, the voices (some of them German) of those who ask for peace before universal ruin is utterly accomplished. As to this it is right that we should not deceive ourselves by indulging in a hope that nations whom we have attacked are, any of them, in the mood to lay down their arms or to cease from defending themselves and from attacking us. By our own acts we have closed the avenues that might lead to peace. If we hint that peace is now possible our enemies retort upon us the destruction of Louvain, the shattering of Belgium, the sinking of the Lusitania, what they call the foul murder of Nurse CAVELL-in a word, all those acts which we have performed with the justifiable intention of producing terror and thus of shortening the War and Truro Lane."

which are now seen to recoil upon us and to lengthen the period of our sufferings. It is bad for a nation to become a victim to sentimentalism, but there are different kinds of sentimentalism, and perhaps the worst and most dangerous kind is the anti-sentimentalism of the more brutal kind of soldiers who see nothing but guns and shells and bayonets and armies, and forget that their acts may rouse a spirit against which the most powerful armaments cannot in the long run prevail.

Your faithful Editor, MAXIMILIAN HARDEN.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF THOMAS.

In Summer we suffered from dust an' from flies, The flies in our rations, the dust in our eyes, An' some of our fellows they drooped in the 'eat, But the Bosch, oh, the Bosch, was perspirin' a treat!

There were times when we longed for a tankard o' beer, Bein' sick o' warm water—our tipple out 'ere, But our tongues might be furry an' throats like a flue, Yet it's nothin' to wot the fat Bosches went through.

Now Winter is 'ere with the wet an' the cold, An' our rifles an' kit are a sight to be'old, An' in trenches that 's flooded we tumble an' splosh, "Wot cheer?" we remarks. "It's the same for the Bosch."

If we're standin' in two foot o' water, you see, Quite likely the Bosches are standin' in three; An' though the keen frost may be ticklin' our toes, 'Oo doubts that the Bosches' 'ole bodies is froze?

Are we sleepy or sick or 'arf dead for a meal? Just think of 'ow underfed Bosches must feel! Are we badly in need of a shave an' a wash? Consider the 'orrible state o' the Bosch!

So 'ere 's our philosophy simple an' plain: Wotever we 'ates in the bloomin' campaign, 'Tis balm to our souls, as we grumble an' cuss, To feel that the Bosches are 'atin' it wuss.

#### Omnivorous.

After a Harvest Festival:-

"Our thanks are due . . . to those who furnish the wheat, barley, oats, bread and apples, which are afterwards greatly enjoyed by the choir boys."—Parish Magazine.

"'O grave, where is thy victory, O death, where is thy sting?' said the great writer, Hall Caine."—Daily Telegraph.

But we fancy he had been anticipated.

Extract from a resolution passed by the Council of the English Kerry and Dexter Cattle Society:—

"An entry form must be filled up giving the name, colour, date of birth, names and addresses of the breeder and owner."

Owners and breeders who may object to giving these personal details will be glad to see that the resolution will

Owners and breeders who may object to giving these personal details will be glad to see that the resolution will require confirmation at the next Council meeting.

"Sir Arthur Priestley predicts that for years after the war the modern Hun will crawl about the world like the parish dog in India."

Jersey Evening Post.

Very different from the parish pump, which is a fixture.

## Impending Apology.

In a report of a recent discussion re the lighting regulations as given in Lake's Falmouth Packet:—

"Councillor —— supported the street lamp at the corner of Truro Lane."

# THE POLITICAL ECONOMIST.

Member of Parliament (to working-man). "LET ME SEE MORE THRIFT, MY FRIEND. YOUR WAGES HAVE GONE UP; WHEREAS—LOOK AT ME—I HAVEN'T VOTED MYSELF ANY ADDITION TO MY FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS A YEAR."

15.

the come ds of erous and of onets

spirit the

eat! beer,

flue, igh.

h, the

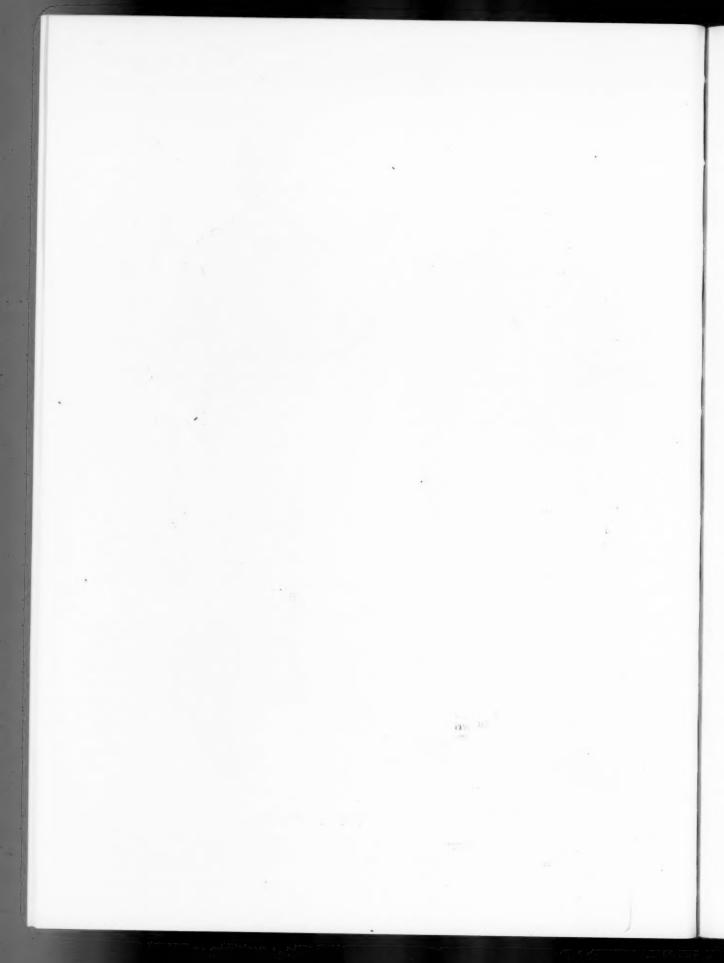
g?'

the late per-

the a.''

gu-

of





Old Gentleman (engaging new chauffeur). "I suppose I can write to your last employer for your character?" Chauffeur. "I AM SORRY TO SAY, SIR, EACH OF THE LAST TWO GENTLEMEN I HAVE BEEN WITH DIED IN MY SERVICE."

## THE NEW VIVISECTION.

Few recent books have been more piquantly promising than the collection of portraits of Sir RABINDRANATH TAG-ORE, by Mr. ROTHENSTEIN, with a commentary by Mr. MAX BEERBOHM. That Max, the peculiarly Occidental quiz and delineator of the foibles of London's artistic and literary butterflies, should devote himself to the appreciation of the famous Indian mystic is considered morceau. to have as many elements of, let us say, Mr. FRY's absorbing excursus is surprise as often get mixed together largely devoted to a comparison bebetween two covers.

This book, however, odd as it may be, does not stand alone. Other artists and critics have also been at work on similar collaborations, and we are able to some extent to outline their activities. As to the series of portrait studies of Lord Northcliffe by Herr Rae-MAEKERS, with descriptive text by Sir JOHN SIMON, no information has yet reached us; and we are similarly to seek as to the more juicy particulars of a luscious septet of presentments in colour of Lord HALDANE's character made of Mr. Selfridge by Mr. John Hassall, it imperative that he should have with joint appraisement by Madame two eyes, each in the usual place on DU BOCCAGE and CALLISTHENES; nor either side of the nose, no matter what have we had any opportunity yet to the sacrifice in æsthetic rapture. examine the twelve versions of the fascinating but little-known physiog- this extraordinary book.

nomy of the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL by Mr. Augustus John, with analytical letter-press by Mr. W. W. Jacobs, which is so eagerly awaited by the cognoscenti.

We have, however, been favoured with advance proofs of the ten views of the more prominent facial peculiarities of Lord Haldane by Mr. Sargent, with a eulogy by Mr. ROGER FRY, and we can wholeheartedly recommend this

tween Lord HALDANE's visage as it now is and what it might be had it been designed by an artist of pronounced futurist or even vorticist tendencies. In a scholarly aside on the superiority of the Cyclopean ideal of beauty over that commonly admired to-day, the essayist rises to lyrical heights. He shows us the Cyclops in all his savage charm, with one eye in the middle of his forehead, and then proves clearly that the precision and philosophic calm

We prophesy an immense success for

## A PARDONABLE ERROR.

THROUGH London lately as I went There smote mine ear a sound of

And, strange to say, the instrument Of this was but a newsman's boy Who plied with much reiterated bawl-

His most untuneful "calling."

When his announcement of the news Against my tympanum was hurled, I thought of Mr. Browning's views About the "rightness" of the world, And cried: "The wings of Nemesis awaken,

And Wrong is overtaken!"

But when I neared the youth and scanned

The flaring placard which he bore In one unwashed but honest hand,

I quickly came to earth once more. This was the headline: "KAISER IN VIENNA";

I thought he said "Gehenna."

#### Not a Popular Beverage.

"It is proposed to increase by about 2d. per 1,000 gallons the charges for water in Man-chester. The revised scale will mean an additional annual revenue to the Corporation of £0,000."-Gloucestershire Echo.

## ON THE SPY-TRAIL.

You don't know the Hill Farm, perhaps. Well, it is only about two miles from Jimmy's home. Jimmy goes there sometimes; not for anything in particular-he just goes there, and when you are there of course there you are, and that's how Jimmy met the farmer. He met him in the orchard; not by appointment or anything silly like that; he just happened to meet

Jimmy says the way the farmer kept on swishing his whip about nearly made him fall out of the apple-tree. He wished he wouldn't keep on re-

minding him of things like that, as it made the apples curdle on his stomach like anything.

Jimmy tried to bargain with him. He asked the farmer how many swishes he really wanted to have at him to feel quite easy in his mind about it.

When the farmer said twenty, Jimmy climbed four feet higher up and asked the farmer if he would like to hear him recite "Casabianca.

The farmer didn't care much for poetry, Jimmy says, so Jimmy asked him if five swishes, and what he would get if he caught him again, wouldn't do if he showed the farmer how to move his ears and scalp at the same time. Jimmy also offered to throw in a certain cure for freckles. But no!

Jimmy says it is very funny how everything bad you have up a tree. Jimmy says he thought of was what the world went round on, when suddenly the farmer asked him his name, and that settled it, because the farmer had heard all about Jimmy's spies he had caught.

He told Jimmy that if he would bring his bloodhound for him to look at and could have as many apples as he liked.

Jimmy says it is wonderful how nice bring his bloodhound back in the cart.

Jimray says he was surprised when

Jimmy had last seen him in London, ing a bit, Jimmy says. where his mother took him to have a meal somewhere.

stopped eating. Jimmy knew the man Jimmy says very few vehicles passed at once, because when his mother took him to a restaurant when he was in had to go on the path with one wheel London the man showed them where in the ditch. One gentleman in a

The man didn't recognise Jimmy, but he told him he had come to help the farmer with his harvest. He didn't charge the farmer anything, he came red face. because of the War, and of where England would be if he didn't.

Merchant. "RATHER POOR STUFF, THIS NEW PASTE, SMITHERS." Office Girl. "I THINK, SIR, THAT YOU ARE INADVERTENTLY USING MY COMPLEXION CREAM.'

horse, and as the man was buckling the and then made his horse run away. ends of the reins to the collar the horse kept trying to kiss him in the middle sway with the bumps. bloodhound Faithful and the German of the back, and the man kept saying, had a little difficulty with the collar, Jimmy says; he said it was only a daring him. Faithful soon got on its show him how he caught spies, he fourteen-and-a-half collar and the horse track; he chased it all round the cart took a large seventeen.

farmers are when you come to know perhaps he had better undress the horse them. The farmer told Jimmy that he and begin all over again when the be killed, and good bye. He seemed a was sending a man in to the town, and that Jimmy could drive in with him and matter. Jimmy says the farmer seemed The horse was very gl to ease the horse's mind a lot.

he went into the yard, because the man he liked driving, but it was always best

who was harnessing the horse wore a to wear spurs, and he wished he had black tail coat and bowler hat, and brought his with him. He was swank-

It was one of these light spring carts, Jimmy says, without any springs, and Jimmy was so surprised that he you sat on the side instead of on a seat. them on the road, and most of them motor car had been playing a tune on his horn for some time before he could get past, and then he was so glad that he turned round to let them see his

Jimmy got Faithful in all right, and the man told Jimmy he could drive the

horse back, because Faithful kept trying to sniff a piece out of his trousers, and he couldn't keep his eve on Faithful and on the horse.

Jimmy was very glad to rive. You see Jimmy drive. knows all about the way to make horses go. You do it with a prickly burr, and you put it under the horse's tail for him to hold there. Jimmy knows about prickly burrs be-cause they teach him nature study at school. He is very fond of nature study.

Jimmy says they bumped a good deal because of the springs that weren't in the cart, and the man tried to hold on to the bottom of the cart, they went so fast.

Jimmy says it was like those pictures where you take artillery into action,

Jimmy says the man was a bit except that they don't use burrs. But done comes back to you when you are puzzled with the harness. He told Jimmy was all right because the Jimmy that he had got the waist-band butcher boy showed him how to drive all the mistakes he had made in dicta-tion, and how he had said that an axiom what you buttoned the horse's braces to. boy always stood on the top of his cart Jimmy says it was a very loving whistling, with his hands in his pockets

Jimmy says all you have to do is to

Jimmy says the man's bowler hat "Lie down, will you!" The man had came off and began dancing about on the bottom of the cart at Faithful and and tore it limb from limb, Jimmy The man had just told Jimmy that says, just to show it. The man didn't says he had better undress the horse say anything except that they would

The horse was very glad to see the farmer again, it wanted him to make a On the way the man told Jimmy that pet of it and not let it out of his sight.

The farmer was surprised when he

ad k-

nd ıt. ed m el a m ld at is nd 1e 1a is n 0 V V u r. e 0 Ś

1. e

d



Officer (visiting Sentry). "AND WHAT ARE YOUR DUTIES?" Sentry (after a few minutes' hesitation). "To prevent any unauthorised person from entering Government property and to STOP ALL AIR RAIDS.

saw Faithful, Jimmy says; he told Jimmy that he thought he had got rather a large collar on him. But Jimmy told him it wasn't a collar; it hat; and it had "Otto Schmidt' written in ink on it.

man and then at the leather band, and then at the man again, and then at the leather band, and he kept on doing it, Faithful, who was trying to scratch his ear off with his hind leg.

Then he said, "Dang my buttons if you bain't a German!'

"The writers agree that the British Staff officer is chosen solely for his ability and training and that at the front he is now working from between 8 and 9 p.m. until about eleven o'clock or midnight.'

New York Herald (Paris Edition).

Yet some of his critics have tried to make us believe that those are just the hours that he devotes to bridge.

#### The Leather Bottel.

"We are now faced with a series of regulations so stringent that we shall have to drink with our shoes in our hands, like the Jews at the Feast of Passover."—Morning Post.

## SPECIALITY TURNS FOR THE MUSIC-HALLS.

A WELL-KNOWN music-hall manager was the leather band out of the man's has stated that the most attractive sketch for a popular actor to produce (iii) on the Variety stage is one that displays Jimmy says the farmer looked at the him in what the public has come to regard as a characteristic situation. But in this age of condensation why not go further and have the situation and then finally he looked at old without the sketch? We append a suggested programme, such as should prove an enormously popular success on these lines :-

> THE COMEANSEEUM. PREMIER VARIETY HOUSE. Change of Programme Weekly. Everything Else Strong. Your favourite Artistes in their Speciality Stunts!

(i) Sir George Alexander will stand with his back against a chair or table, and relate a Ten-minutes' Anecdote (with French quotations) to a family circle of antagonistic vulgarians.

An Act without its equal for charm and deportment.

- (ii) Mr. FRED TERRY will give an exhibition of Ironic Bowing. The Navarre and Pimpernel Bows, etc. Also the Glad Eye as made at the Court of King Charles the Second.
  - Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY, Champion Theatrical Prevaricator of Europe, will Lie.
- Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER will consume an entire Five-course Dinner, and simultaneously deliver a Monologue on the sins of Society.

(The only Actor who can be impressive arec la bouche pleine.)

(v) Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER (Lightning Mental Contortionist) will submit to cross-examination by a Committee of the Audience, and will undertake to recover from at least three damaging Admissions.

Also Back-slapping, Winking, and other popular features.

- Sir Herbert Tree will imitate a Zeppelin located by search-lights.
- (vii) Finally Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL (Strength in Silence) will give a Dumb Show Illustration of the text: "It is better to be taciturn than beautiful.'

## A CHAT WITH SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

I AM an uncle. I don't say it in any boasting spirit, but simply to show you that I have a stake in the country. I found my nieces the other evening in the nursery.

Lillah, looking distressingly bored, was lying face downwards on the floor. Phyllis was putting the hands of the clock back, lest, as the ancients had it, bed-time anticipate her.

My arrival was not the signal for a furore.

"Here's Uncle James," said Lillah, without emotion, while Phyllis said nothing at all.

Luckily I knew the way to rouse them.

"Good evening, babies," I said. When the uproar had died down they decided that I might be of some use.
"Tell us about the War," said Lillah.

"Yes," echoed Phyllis.
"The War," I began, "is a very terrible thing.

"That's what Mummie says," said Phyllis with an air of reproach.

I apologised for having pilfered someone else's mot.

"And Daddy says," added Lillah, with obvious effort, "it's a disgrace to sillyvisation.'

"And he says, damme, he wishes he was a bit younger," said Phyllis with immense gravity.

"Daddy says," Lillah went on, "that we are fighting for the flag. Are we?" "Certainly," I answered.

"Do the Germans want our flag?"

"They want everything." "Why couldn't we give them one like it?" asked Phyllis with deadly

common-sense. "Because they can't even keep their

own clean," said I. "They could send it to the wash,"

pondered Lillah. "They will have to," I answered

"Daddy says we are fighting for

sillyvisation too. Are we?"
"Your father," I said, "is always right."

"I know," said Phyllis gravely. "I wanted to see if you knew."

"Your Uncle also," I said with moment Daddy himself appeared. hauteur, "is seldom wrong."

There was a ponderous silence. "Mummie told Daddy," said Lillah, "that you weren't ever very bright."

"Oh, indeed!" said I. I shall say a few hard words to Margaret about that
—putting ideas into the children's

"And when we've won," said Phyllis, " will we have sillyvisation?"

"I hope so."

"What will it be like-a fairy-tale?"

"Very probably." "Daddy says it's freedom. What's freedom?

"Freedom," I said "is-er-being able to do what you like."

"Then won't there be any policemen after the War?"

"Oh yes, we shall keep the police-

" Why?"

"Because the streets would look so bare without them."

They looked at me with suspicion; even at that tender age they could not believe in an æsthetic ratepayer.

"Do people like the War?" said Phyllis.

"No," I answered. That was easy.

"Not even the Germans? "I think not."

"But if nobody made the big guns there wouldn't be any war?'
"Er—no," I said.

"Then why do people—?"
"Well—er——"I stopped. I could see that my last rags of reputation for brightness were going. I was in the Uncle's last ditch.

"When you are older," I began; but Lillah interrupted.

"And why don't policemen take the people who make the guns?" It was Phyllis's shot.

" And if nobedy wants the War what makes it go on?

"And if it's a disgrace," queried Lillah, "why does Daddy want to

"And why," began Phyllis; but I put up my hand.

"One day," I said, "I must tell you the story of Socrates, who had to drink a very nasty medicine called hemlock.' "What for?" said Lillah.

"For asking too many questions," I said.

"Were the people who gave it to him the people who didn't know the answers?" said Lillah.

"Yes, they were," I said, as I rose. I took out my watch.

"Good heavens, it's after bedtime!" "Does your watch say right?" said Phyllis.

"It sometimes underestimates, but it never exaggerates," I said. At that

"Good-night chicks," he said. "Has Uncle James been amusing you?"

"We've been playing with him," said Lillah with gravity.

And if ever there was a double entendre I'll swear it was there. And so they went to bed.

"I don't know," I said to George as we went downstairs, "why you called your daughters Lillah and Phyllis; their real names are Scylla and Charybdis." Well, there derminster.

But George is a dull man, and simply said that Charybdis Watson would have sounded ridiculous.

## SEASONABLE (?) NOVELTIES.

A CATALOGUE of Christmas toys contains a Mechanical Motor-accident and a Realistic Trench-warfare model, "with apparatus for Poison - Gas. Surely this method of preventing children's minds from dwelling upon the cheery side of life is capable of further extension, as under :-

THE FROZEN-PIPE DOLL'S HOUSE.-Charmingly-furnished six-room House, with complete model system of Leaking Pipes. Real Water can be made to run down the walls. Paper peels off, etc. Endless Fun for Young and Old. 7s. 6d.

Larger, with workable Kitchen-boiler Explosion, and death of Cook. 15s.

THE INFLUENZA DOLL.—Exquisite model, with hand-painted Red Nose, dressed in real blankets. On being squeezed the Doll emits a cough similar to that produced by severe bronchial congestion. 6s.

Superior quality, with Double-Pneumonia effect. 8s. 6d.

ELEGANT MODEL CINEMA THEATRE, with Igniting Film and real Flames. Just the toy for a Thoughtful Child. Complete in box, with four refills of combustible Model Audience. 21s.

THE LITTLE DENTIST .- Entire outfit, including miniature Forceps, Gags, Gasbags, etc. Will keep an entire Nursery happy for hours. Help Baby with his Teething. 5s. 6d. the set (or, including model Electric-drill and old Illustrated Papers for Waiting-room, 12s.).

#### IN FLANDERS FIELDS.

In Flanders fields the poppies blow Between the crosses, row on row,

That mark our place; and in the sky The larks, still bravely singing, fly Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow, Loved and were loved, and now we lie In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe: To you from failing hands we throw The torch; be yours to hold it high. If ye break faith with us who die We shall not sleep, though poppies grow In Flanders fields.

"Will this war bring us to Kidderminster?" English Churchman.

Well, there are worse places than Kid-



COME ALONG, SLACKER, OR I'LL PUT LORD DERBY ON TO YOU!"

## THE UBIQUITOUS SCOT.

WE learn from The Daily Chronicle that Mr. RICHARD NORTHCOTT has compiled and privately printed some notes on the life and operas of DONIZETTI, which establish the interesting fact that the composer's grandfather was one DONALD IZETT, a native of Perthshire, who went to Italy, when the name became "Donizetti.

GRIEG'S Scottish origin - his forbears spelt it Greig-is already well known, but several other famous Italian musicians and poets also hailed from beyond the Tweed. Thus recent genea-logical researches have revealed the interesting fact that Bellini assumed that name as a tribute to the memory of his grandmother, who was born at Peebles, and whose maiden name was Belle Leney. VERDI'S grandfather, who was out in the '15 as a Jacobite and took refuge as an exile in Italy, was a certain McIverdy, which was abbreviated in the next generation to the name associated with so many masterpieces of the lyric stage.

MASCAGNI, the composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana," had for his great-grandfather a native of Drumnadrochit, who rejoiced in the patronymic of MacSandy. in Florence was soon Italianized into He emigrated to Florence to spread the ALIGHIERI; while PETRARCH'S name is of Irishmen and Irishmen.

with which we are now familiar.

Mascagni's great rival, Leoncavallo, the light at Inverness. is, if not a pure Scotchman, at any rate a Scotch derivative. His father, a sturdy denizen of the Trossachs, who land also holds her own. Signor D'Anwould be astonished could he but know of his son's musical genius, for he was at his best but a poor performer upon the McTavish, famous for a thousand firepipes, was a prosperous crofter named brand tricks. Indeed, 50 great was Steed—Donald Steed. Greatly addicted his fame that he was known as Dan to Shakspeare, and especially Macbeth, his favourite saying was, "Lay on, Macduff "-so much so that his friends came to speak of him as "Lay on" Steed. When, later, his son moved on to Italy, in the inveterate Scotch way of getting farther and farther away from the native heath, he retained the affectionate and humorous preface by which the old man had been known, but gave the "Steed" its Italian equivalent-thus producing Leoncavallo, an interesting example of the evolution of a nom de pays.

It seems that two of the greatest Italian poets were also of Scots extraction, Dante being a descendant of a Dundee jute merchant named Alec Gair, which on his becoming a resident

cult of the bagpipes and soon adapted merely a condensed form of the Chrishis surname to the euphonious form tian name and first syllable of the surname of his father, Peter Archibald, a Scots soldier of fortune who first saw

> Among modern Italian writers Scot-NUNZIO, before he emigrated to Italy, was a young Aberdonian named Daniel Nonesuch, and, on arriving in the new land of his adoption, he quickly Italianized this nickname into the world-wide style which we all know-D'Annunzio.

The list might be indefinitely extended, but we may content ourselves by observing that Italy is not alone in her indebtedness to Scotland. name of the great Trojan hero, HECTOR, clearly points to a Caledonian ancestor, and the imitation of Edinburgh which is furnished by the Acropolis leaps to the eye of every intelligent tourist.

#### A Snub for Posterity.

Extract from a letter signed "Nationalist" in The Irish Times :-

"Every eligible Irishman who emigrates, turns, whether or not he realizes it, a deaf ear to the cry for protection of unborn generations



Hospital Orderly (to inmate on "chicken diet"). "Change for you to-day, mate. Your chicken ain't rabbit-it's fish."

## THE CONVERSATION BOOK.

- I 'AVE a conversation book; I brought it out from 'ome, It tells the French for knife an' fork an' likewise brush an' comb;
- It learns you 'ow to ast the time, the names of all the
- An' 'ow to order hoysters an' 'ow to buy cigars.
- But there ain't no shops to shop in, there ain't no grand
- When you spend your days in dugouts doin' 'olesale trade in shells;
- It's nice to know the proper talk for theatres an' such— But when it comes to talkin', why, it doesn't 'elp you
- There's all them friendly kind o' things you'd naturally
- When you meet a feller casual-like an' pass the time o' day—
- Them little things as breaks the ice an' kind o' clears the air.
- Which, when you turn the phrase book up, why, them things isn't there!
- I met a chap the other day a-roostin' in a trench,
- 'E didn't know a word of ours nor me a word o' French;
- An' 'ow it was we managed, well, I cannot understand, But I never used the phrase book, though I 'ad it in my
- I winked at 'im to start with; 'e grinned from ear to ear;
- An' 'e says "Tipperary" an' I says "Sooveneer"; 'E 'ad my only Woodbine, I 'ad 'is thin cigar,
- Which set the ball a-rollin', an' so—well, there you are!

- I showed 'im next my wife an' kids, 'e up an' showed me 'is, Them little funny Frenchy kids with 'air all in a frizz;
- "Annette," 'e says, "Louise," 'e says, an' 'is tears begun to fall;
- We was comrades when we parted, but we'd 'ardly spoke at all.
- 'E'd 'ave kissed me if I'd let 'im, we 'ad never met before, An' I've never seen the beggar since, for that 's the way o'
- An', though we scarcely spoke a word, I wonder just the
- If 'e'll ever see them kids of 'is . . . I never ast 'is name!

#### Another Impending Apology.

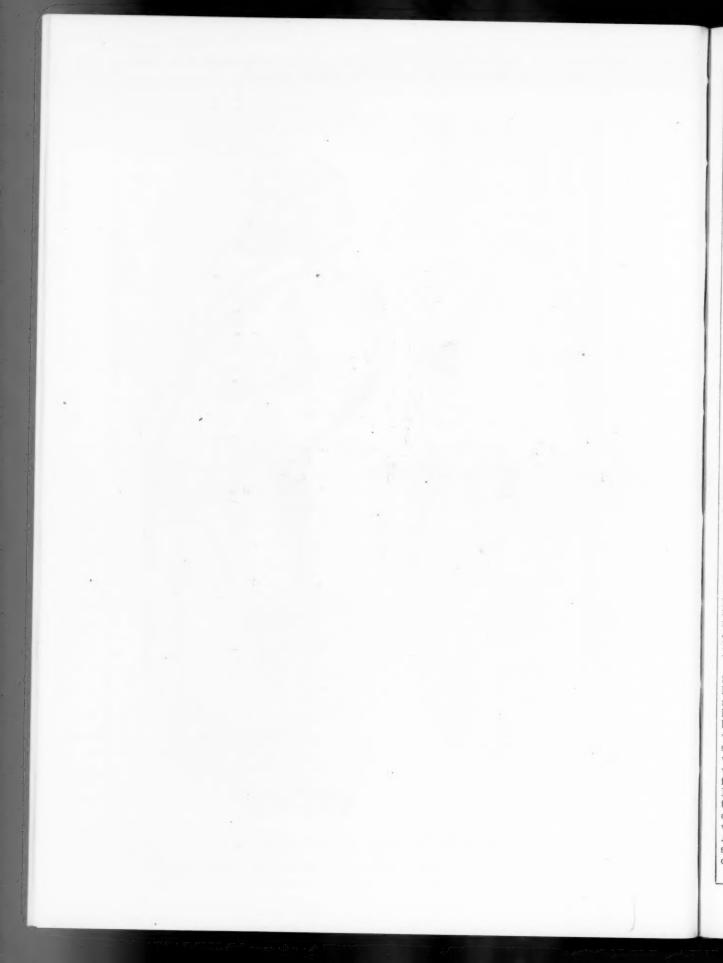
- "It is worth nothing that Messrs. S. Pearson and Sons have lent three of their directors to the Ministry of Munitions."

  Daily Chronicle.
- "Wanted for East Coast, Curate. One not afraid of occasional bombardments. Apply Vicar."—Church Times.
- "Why not install a canon?" asks the parson who sends us the cutting. But perhaps so high a dignitary would not pay sufficient attention to the Vicar's maxims.
- "Outside, a pair of soldiers were playing shuttledore and battle-cock."—Hereford Times.
- A new game for the "Bantams," presumably.
  - From a description of a Budget Night at Westminster:-
- "Some two thousand peers and diplomatists looked down from their respective galleries upon an animated scene, their black coats and white waistcoats, dotted with bald heads, and sprinkled with khaki uniforms."—Wanganui Chronicle, N.Z.
- This remarkable scene seems to have been overlooked by our Toby, M.P.



# AN UNAUTHORISED FLIRTATION.

THE KAISER (to Austrian Emperor). "FRANZ! FRANZ! I'M SURPRISED AND PAINED."



### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.) House of Commons, Tuesday, November 30th.—Such a storm in a teapot! Home Secretary, under misapprehension, made inaccurate allegation against The Times. Wrote immediately to that journals of House as "Adjourned." paper admitting his mistake and apologising. There, it might seem, matter opportunity for not only damaging a War to predestined end.

Minister but of securing bold advertisement far beyond possibilities of posters on the wall or displayed announcements in columns of contemporaries. Times accordingly daily hammered away at Home Secretary, accusing him not only of malversation of fact but of disingenuousness and dishonesty in attempts

to exonerate himself.

In such circumstances Home Secretary's best friend might have whispered in his ear Mel-BOURNE'S famous inquiry, "Why can't you leave it alone?" If advice given certainly not accepted. Questions over, Home SECRETARY interposed with rejoinder that occupied more than

a full hour's delivery.

Indiscretion contagious. Lord ROBERT CECIL interposed to "say a word about my own position. Impetuous MARKHAM created diversion by dragging on the scene MASTERMAN, of whom no one was thinking. DALZIEL told interesting little story as to how Home Secretary, meeting a private Member in luncheon room on day fateful question was raised, concocted a little plot. Jones (of Merthyr), the private Member referred to, declared there

wasn't a word of truth in the narrative. Sark, looking up at clock pointing to hour at which adjournment must nent. His "Wait and see" has become necessarily take place, "haven't I a classic, useful to minor humorists in heard something about the country the magazines or at parish meetings. being engaged in greatest war ever His assurance that a certain matter waged since battles began? Isn't there brought to his notice is receiving his something said about Serbia being most careful consideration wards off a wiped out under feet of Germany as was Belgium a year ago? Isn't there fighting in Flanders, peril in the Pressed to say whether if Parliament East, decimation of dauntless heroes at be adjourned before result of Lord the Dardanelles? What's this in to- DERBY's Recruiting Scheme is anday's Roll of Honour - killed and nounced it will forthwith be summoned wounded 36 officers and 968 men? And here's the House of Commons spending a whole sitting in wrangling over personal questions.

full seven hours long, was not sufficient Member arises it will be for the for high purpose to which it was devoted. Standing Order provides that, may consider suitable." with specially decreed exceptions, proeleven o'clock. Accordingly debate the Paper called by the Speaker, and raised by Home Secretary stands on his chance was gone.

taking his seat as Member for Merthyr would end. Those who anticipated cheered from both sides. His victory such ordinary commonplace result regarded as pledge from unexpected how marked characteristics of a nation don't know their Times. Here was quarter at whatever cost to carry on survive through the ages. More than

"MERTHYR WILL IN."

Mr. G. Roberts and Mr. Edgar Jones introduce a big 'un-Mr. C. B. Stanton for Merthyr.

Wednesday .- PRIME MINISTER al-"Dear me," said the MEMBER FOR ways at his best amid fusillade of quesmultitude of inconvenient inquiries.

To-day struck out a new phrase. They were filmed first, we suppose. scheme is submitted.

As matter of fact the whole sitting, occasion contemplated by the Hon. McKenna was "forging ahead.

Government to take such steps as they

Whilst the Hon. Member was framing ceedings may not continue beyond Supplementary Question next one on

Business done. - Increase of Rent Bill Business done, - None. STANTON in tactful hands of capable Walter Long read a second time.

Thursday.-Interesting to observe a century ago CANNING, dropping into poetry, wrote:-

> "In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch

Is giving too little and asking too much.

In course of important debate on export of goods to neutral countries, a topic that attracted audience of twenty-nine Members, shown to-day that Holland is taking far too much in the way of linseed-oil and giving extremely little in way of explanation as to what eventually becomes of it. In first nine months of present year excess of export to Holland over similar periods before the War amounts to 29,000 tons. Shrewd suspicion that, in breach of international law, this surplus is reexported to Germany, where it is found equal to supply starving population with material for 2,000 tons of margarine a week.

BIGLAND threw fresh light on problem of continuance of War.

"If," he said, speaking as one having authority, "we could prevent Germany from importing oil and fat the War would be over in seven months.'

Business done .- A few small Bills advanced a stage. Got away home just before ten o'clock.

#### Pupils are Cheap To-day.

"PRIVATE School for Sale; 20 pupils; all included, £20."—Birmingham Daily Mail.

"We know of theatres where, in spite of increased prices, in the late afternoon and evening, it was a physical impossibility to pack another person into the house—and a good many were packed, nevertheless.

The Bioscope.

"Home Government is considering the advisability of a forged loan." Jamaica Daily Chronicle.

to consider the situation when the It is supposed that this startling and quite untruthful announcement was "I can say no more," he gravely due to a misreading of the report that remarked, "than if and when the as Chancellor of the Exchequer Mr.



PRUSSIANISED HISTORY, OF ENGLAND.

SEQUEL TO A WELL-KNOWN STORY ABOUT KING ALFRED.

### THE LUCK OF THE LICHTHOUSE.

Crossley is an old friend of minewe were at the same public school, where he went by the name of "Kinks" argufying. He is quite sound about panying Turner's wonderful picture of He therefore directed the men to be the War, the need of crushing Prussian militarism and so forth, but he ever hear the story of Louis XIV. and observing that the Eddystone Lighthas an unpleasant way of discount- the Eddystone Lighthouse?" I asked. house was so situated as to be of equal ing all claims on behalf of the Allies "No," said Crossley rudely, "nor yet use to all nations." to a greater humanity in the conduct the story of William the Conqueror of the War. His favourite phrase is and the Crystal Palace; and I don't see at least a good egg in parts.' "Six of one and half-a-dozen of the what on earth it has to do with the other." When I met him at the club question. last week his candour was at highwater mark. When I quoted the latest I produced and read my extract, which instance of German frightfulness, he runs as follows :at once retorted, "Well, what about Louis XIV.?

'Grand Monarque' for nothing.'

"Oh, indeed," said Crossley. "Per-Prussians?

a stone in my sling which I discharged transaction reached the ears of the

"You don't? Very well then." And

"While the second Eddystone Lighthouse was being erected under Mr. "Louis XIV.," I cautiously replied, Rudyard's superintendence, a circum-"flourished some two hundred and fifty stance took place which may be thought years ago. But he wasn't called the to possess an interest that will justify its insertion on the authority of Mr. Smeaton. Louis XIV. being at war haps you are not aware that he waged with England during the erection of this the Government's Bill to stop increases of war with the utmost barbarity against building, a French privateer took the rent in the House of Commons. the Dutch, the Austrians, and the men at work upon the Eddystone Rock, together with their tools, and carried In self-defence, we suppose, since the Now a knowledge of the campaigns them to France, when the Captain ex- present Parliament proposes to occupy of Louis XIV. is not my strong point, pected a reward for his achievement. the premises for a longer period than but by a pure piece of good luck I had While the captives lay in prison, the was originally intended.

with great promptitude. Only a few French Monarch, who immediately days before I had been looking at the ordered them to be released and the plates in Turner's Picturesque Views of captors to be put in their places, dethe Southern Coast, and had copied out claring that, though he was at war with -but we hardly ever meet without a passage from the letterpress accom- England, he was not so with mankind. the Eddystone Lighthouse. "Did you sent back to their work with presents,

"Good egg," observed Crossley, "or

### Commercial Candour.

's DELICIOUS HAM AND TONGUE. None like it in Leicester.' Leicester Daily Mail.

"EASTERN THEATRE. SERIOUS GERMAN REVERSE. REUTER'S SPECIAL WAR SERVICE," Grocott's Penny Mail (South Africa). The printer rose to the occasion.

"Mr. Long will move the second reading of

Daily News.

### THE IMMINENT PROBLEM.

I shut up the catalogue hopelessly and put it on the table.

"As for me," I said firmly, "I have decided about my Christmas presents; I shall give everybody putties.

"You can't," said Barbara; "remember what Aunt Alicia said when she sent us the second-hand table-centre, 'It's not the gift, it is the spirit behind it.'

I frowned.

"If your Aunt Alicia knew the spirit behind the coffee-machine she got from me last year-

But Barbara cut me short.

"Your besetting sin," she said, "is laziness. What you ought to do is to find out people's tastes-and then the whole thing is perfectly simple.'

"Putting that into practice," I re-joined rather bitterly, "what do you consider are the tastes of my nephew, Richard Edward Keith?"
"Poor little mite!" said Barbara.

"Why, he's only eleven months old."
"For all that," I said, "his tastes

may be very pronounced, for all you know. Bibs, for instance, may be like the collars I have seen advertised, which explain the wearer. 'The bib which proclaims the business baby,' or 'Smart gent's bib for the babe about town.' "

Barbara sighed.

"Children are certainly difficult,"

"Then," I went on, "there is Joan, who I admit is getting on and will never see five again; but she doesn't seem to have developed any tastes.'

"Dolls," murmured Barbara.

"Joan already has twenty-seven," I answered. "Of course, if you like to encourage large families amongst women without independent means-

"Don't be ridiculous," said Barbara. "Well, there you are!" I returned. "Put your theory into practice, and where are we?"

"I wasn't talking about babies," said Barbara.

"Considering," I answered, "that Christmas is a show run entirely for you have the root of the matter in puff.' you.

"Well," she said, "adults can have their tastes studied, anyway.

"Do you think, Barbara," I remarked sternly, "that I am going to spend December going round like a private detective, spying on the little peculiari- broker." ties of my friends? 'The innocent conceits that like a needless eye-glass or black patch give those who wear them harmless happiness.' Do you warden.' My dear Barbara, what a know who wrote that, Barbara?"



Hosier (displaying latest invention in collar-pins). "KEEPS COLLAR AND TIE IN PERFECT REPOSE, SIR. IT IS AN ESSENTIAL TO SMARTNESS OF APPEARANCE IN THE TRENCHES.

"GEORGE ELIOT," said Barbara

"Bother," I said; "I thought I could plough you on that one; and it isn't very helpful either, unless I give babies of all ages, I don't consider that Richard a monocle and Joan a powder-

> "If Providence was really provident," began Barbara slowly, "babies would be labelled when they arrive.'

> "You mean," I said, "that it would appear in The Times: 'The wife of Marmaduke George Bone of a stock-

"Something like that," she said.

"Or," I went on eagerly, 'Of twins -a married woman and a fine churchsplendid idea!

"Of course," said Barbara, "if it turned out that it was going to be a burglar or something-

I waved the objection aside.

"Oh," I said, "one would have to have a conventional phrase for that. People like the Kaiser, for instance, would just get: 'The wife of F. Hohenzollern, Esq., of a great, great grief.' You see that would cover anything in the nature of a failure.

"And it would simplify Christmas amazingly," I added, "white spats for financiers, dolls' houses for married women, and some assorted women's movements for babies that were going to grow up into spinsters."

But meanwhile I don't know what to give either to Richard or to Joan.

the tely the devith ind. be

nts. ghtqual " or

). g of

the ру an

### AT THE FRONT.

WE are enjoying a rest.

There can be no doubt about this, because we have been told we are, on very high authority.

occasional battle to break the monotony, for a period of fifteen months he always gets a rest.

To a rest two items are indispensable :-

1. Mud.

2. A nine-hours' day.

Only a few days ago we did not know When they told us we were going to be rested, though we did not that rest consisted in long hours of of candles and pepper per man? (c) sleep, warm comfortable billets, perhaps a dinner or a matinee now and men's health? (d) Why we mollycoddle again, and a few bright, brief and the men? and, lastly and most humorbrotherly parades.

marched deliberately out of a civilized town to a soggy malodorous marsh, Quarter? where some war-weary A.S.C. driver carrying, and dropped them disgustedly one would notice.

But no, the eagle eye of some redspangled controller of our destinies replied, "Three ounces.". spotted the jettison and said, "It's a rest camp!

And that is how we came to be where we are.

There are no temptations. The mud is not deep enough to drown oneself, and no good soldier ever uses his rifle or side-arm to commit suicide with.

For two days we lay in a condition of bleak and comatose resignation,

programme. It provided for nine hours' military training per diem-with intervals for meals; for there was this not required to do the nine hours straight off. This routine began at daylight and ended at dusk.

In case any slacker should be cast down by this prospect, the very Exalted and Benevolent Person who had planned the Rest visited us and assured us that this was to be a complete vacation; that the men were to be encouraged to holder as he stared at a sheet of foolsplay football and hold sing-songs after cap. afternoon parade. Singing and football, it appeared, would keep the men thoroughly cheerful. The idea was, of course, quite new to us. We asked of thing to shake people up. Buck him how many hours after dusk he up recruiting. Give people to think would like the men to sing for; and furiously and all that sort of thing,

for luminous footballs. But we regret to report that there have already been several cases of men not singing either on the line of march or during the leisurely evening hours which should be given over to harmless revelry. When the British soldier has been Footballs of the required type, moreinto trenches and out again, with an over, have as yet not been forwarded

Fortunately, however, we have numerous other healthy occupations in our copious spare time. We are kept busy by all sorts of red-hatted explorers whose curiosity goads them into visiting the less wet parts of the Rest Camp, and, after complaining that we have allowed it to get into a disgraceful condition, inquiring—(a) Why we do believe it for a moment, we imagined not build huts? (b) What is the ration Why we do not take more care of the ously-(e) Whether we have any comnot forwarded them to the Proper

It is stated, but unconfirmed, that had got tired of the tents he was one of our newest subalterns met some Commander-in-Chief or something the into a couple of feet of mud, hoping no other day and was asked by him in the intervals of saluting what was the extent of the field-ration; whereon he The General clicked his teeth smartly and asked the subaltern whether that was all he knew about fuel; and the subaltern said that in the trenches indeed the men got two pounds and a half and in billets four pounds, but in this deleted spot it wouldn't run to more than three ounces, and you had to steal that. As the subaltern is still uncashiered these exchanges may not be as reported. while our complaints passed through The men surveyed their new home on accuracy of this statement and also the usual official channels to the usual arrival in silent bewilderment. They official terminus. (Wicker, 2s.  $6\frac{1}{2}d$ .) received the programme without comment. It took two hours' tactical training of five units to extract from Private Thomas, who commonly speaks the public mind, the observation, adgenerosity in their justice-we were dressed to the four winds during an "easy": "And to think that there's some as would spoil an 'eavenly 'oliday like this 'ere with grousin' !'

#### THE WAR POEM.

THE Senior Watch-keeper sat at the Ward Room table busily biting a pen-

when he had gone away we indented replied the scribe.

"Good on you," said No. 1. "Want any help?

"Yes, you can all lend a hand. You see the idea of it is to show the bounders at home the unity of the enemy and their enthusiasm for war. How they all think alike and their singleness of purpose. The sort of thing that soldier Johnnie did, the sportsman who wrote about steamengines and things."

"RUDYARD KIPLING," hazarded the

"Pav."

"That's him," said the poet. "I want lots of names of German places so as to show people what they are doing all over the world. How's this for a start-

" In Walfisch Bay I heard them say?"

"There's a real swing about that," said No. 1, "but it's not German."

"What's not German?"

" Walfisch Bay."

"I don't see how I can alter that Then we were sentenced to rest. We plaints, and if we have why we have line," said the poet with firmness. "Who's to know I didn't hear Germans talking there?"

"How would this do for a start"-

from the "Pay".

"Across the bund at Swakopmund?"

"Who knows if they have a bund?" objected the poet. "I must be accurate to have any world-influence. Give us some more good German names.'

"Dar es Salaam," from No. 1.

"Rotten," said the poet. "That's Arabic, and no decent poem could fit it in anywhere."

"Well," said the "Pay," "here's another start :-

"It fills my soul with mournful wonder That Huns still walk the Apollo Bunder."

The poet was inclined to doubt the rejected it as not within the immediate scope of his endeavour.

"There are lots of Germans in Shanghai," interrupted the young Doctor, "and in Hong Kong, the

Governor-

The poet remarked with considerable dignity that he was not starting a Limerick competition. No doubt the eccentricity of old gentlemen from Peru or the levity of young ladies from Balham might lend themselves to humorous metrical treatment for the amusement of callow medical students in peace, but what lots of people didn't yet realise was the fact that we were

I ventured to break the sticky silence

"Not if silly asses don't interrupt," he said. "When I once get started, it 'll come easy enough. It 's all here, he added, tapping his forehead. "It'll



Mr. Pessimist (cheering up for once). "British Mesopotamian success. Mrs. Pessimist, "That's the worst of it, They mess up all their successes."

be a bit soul-stirring when finished. I'll get on with it now so as to clew it up before turning in.

At breakfast the Corporal of Ward Room Servants asked if the piece of paper he had just picked up from under my chair were mine.

Thereon was written:

In Walfisch Bay I heard them say, I heard them say in Walfisch Bay.

The poet had clewed up before turning in.

Great talkers these Germans.

"Mr. BRYCE feared that business would be strangled by the excess profits tax, as in many cases the money to pay it would have to be buried."—Morning Paper.

Doubtless a development of intensive culture. The buried talent has hitherto been considered unproductive.

"Steeplejack wanted. Top price to a really good man."—Provincial Paper.

In this trade there is always room at the top.

"Wanted a Greyhound, preferred black, height 75 to 80in., male, thoroughbred.—Full particulars to be sent to Miss ——, Rotterdam, Holland."—Our Dogs.

Dutch hares had better look out when the 6ft. Sin. greyhound lands on their riveted on the roadside.

### THE LAST CHANCE.

(A Romance à la mode.)

A gusty rollicking wind screamed and whistled over the long white road that curled like a ribbon on the bare face of the moorland, buffeting and swaying a man and a girl who struggled against it. The man's eyes, hardened to all weathers by long spells in the trenches, swept keenly and searchingly, almost fearfully, over the waste, as if he were looking for something he feared was not there, some help, perhaps, some opportunity. His uniform and his scars showed that he had faced his country's enemies; but here, on an English moor, he was palpably a prey to nervousness. Tension and the consciousness of approaching crisis were written in the set of his jaw and on every line of his lean sunburnt face; at times the blood throbbed painfully in his temples as a gust of hopelessness swept over him, a suffocating dread that this, his last afternoon of leave, was to be irrevocably ruined, to remain a memory to shrink from all his days. Had he looked at his companion he might have seen the questioning, sympathetic, perhaps pleading expression in her eyes; but his gaze seemed

beside the road, a mere furrow in the heather, he flung himself on his knees and looked towards her dumbly, beseechingly; and she stood above him, a slender figure, her skirts spread round him by the wind, and the face that she bent towards him was anxious, pitying, almost motherly. And then with steady hand, albeit a trembling heart, while she held her breath, he struck his last match, and lit a pipe of Benodoro tobacco: flushed and triumphant he rose, and she, cheeks aflame and eyes shining with the glory of desire satisfied, lit her Benodoro cigarette at the glow. ADVT.

#### Commercial Candour.

A Bombay merchant advertises :-

"This butter, manufactured from the best cream, will stand any high temperature if kept in a cool place."

"Certificated merchant captains and officers should not enlist having regard to the paramount importance of maintaining British sipping."—Glasgow Herald.

A nasty one for Lord D'ABERNON.

"The Germans [in East Africa] were in possession of heliographic plant which they used both day and night."

Manchester Guardian.

As the Irish emigrant said of England: And then suddenly, in a little hollow "The sun shines always there."

Want You the the

15.

war. their rt of the eam-

the 66 T laces are

this 9 11 hat,"

that ness. hear

nd?" urate

re us

t "\_

hat's fit it ere's

der." t the also diate

is in oung the erable

ng a t the from from s to r the dents

didn't were ilence t the

upt," arted, iere."

"It'll

#### CONSTABULARY TACT.

WE emerge from the police-station and fall into step together as we start lady in white, suddenly changing the our beat.

"I can't spare time to go to the police court this week," says my com-

"Nor I; but it would be just our luck if something turned up tonight."

"Well, we must be tactful."

"That's it - courtesy and tact. Unless there's a murder.

We are just exchanging the War yarns of the day when a loud shouting is heard from a side-street.

"I'm afraid that's on our beat," I murmur. "Let's walk slowly so that they can see us coming."

Very majestically we march down, making as much noise as possible; but the row made by the combatants is so great that they don't hear us.

Let me describe the military position. The entrance to the fort—a small house -is guarded by a lady in mysterious white attire armed with a saucepan. From the fact that she has bare feet I judge that a night alarm has turned out the guard. The slip of garden in front is held by a gentleman simply attired in a pair of trousers and braces. The temperature is about 40. The moral temperature a little above 212. A stout lady leads the attacking party. The garden gate is either jammed or locked and she is making valiant efforts to get over the fence. Behind her a gentleman, who combines in his attire a frock-coat, carpet slippers, and a red cricket cap, acts as support. A subtle odour of beer pervades the air.

"Now then-now then-what's all this?" we say genially but firmly.

The stout lady tumbles back from the fence.

"She called my son a German swine," she says, pointing an accusing finger at the lady in white, "and 'im been twice wounded and once gassed."

One felt that the lady in white lacked discrimination in abuse.

"I called 'er a German swine," protests the lady in white.

"We got evidence ter prove it," says trousers plus braces.

"You - called - my - son - a - German-swine," says Frock Coat with tre-mendous emphasis. "I'm a Briton, I am. I got British blood in me, and when a man stands on my feet I let 'im 'ave it."

"'Er," says the stout lady-"I'll push her face in, I will.'

She makes another effort to scale the fence.

"I've got evidence ter prove that she called my son a German swine," says tating on the advantages of tact.

Frock Coat, tapping me confidentially on the shoulder.

"'Oo stole the rent-book?" says the subject.

The stout lady, driven to fury by this remark, tries to flop over the fence. The moment for tact has arrived. I take her and Frock Coat by the arms. "I can't hear what you say because of the wretched noise those people make. Come up the street and tell me all about it.

I walk up the street gripping the stout lady firmly, for I feel that she is the dangerous explosive.

"Now, Mother," I say, when she is at the corner, "why should a respectable lady like you lower herself to speak to a woman like that?"

"Ah, you're a gentleman, you are. You see 'er in 'er true colours at once." She begins a lurid biography of the lady in white-who ought, I feel, to have been dressed in red. Frock Coat taps me on the shoulders after each statement and says, "I got evidence ter prove it."

"We was talking it over in bed," says the stout lady, "and it come over me that I must get up and tell 'er what she was. Calling a wounded 'ero a German swine!

"We got evidence ter prove it," persists Frock Coat.

"Well, Mother, suppose you go back to bed. If you touch that woman and she gives you in charge, I'll have to run you in. Now it would pain me awfully to run in a lady like you."

"I'm a Briton," says Frock Coat. "I got a Briton's feelings and evidence.

"And a weak ches'," says the stout

I jump at the point. "Out on a cold night like this. What will you say to your brave son, Ma, if his father gets pneumonia?"

"Albert, go in at once," orders the stout lady

The stout lady pauses on the doorstep. "To-morrer, I'll go round and tell 'er jus' what you said about 'er, an' smash 'er bloomin' winders.

I wait for my colleague. He comes up radiating tact.

"What did you do with the others?" "Oh, told them not to get mixed up with a low lot like that. Now they're safe in bed.

"The other lady's going round to smash their windows to-morrow.'

"That's all right," says my unscru-pulous colleague. "We're not on duty then. Wonderful what a bit of tact

We pace the darkened streets medi-

#### "PI"

### (An Indian Dog.)

UP in the hills, some seasons ago, A half-caste dog-thief had me on show: And you'd never suspect, to see me now, That I went those days by the name of "Chow"

Irish and Airedale and more am I. But mostly bazaar-dog-call it "pi."

Black of coat with a vest of white And nothing about me approaching

An Irish head and a curling tail, And legs that haven't been drawn to scale;

So I was when the man came by And, knowing his business, bought this pi.

I'm not very clever; I do no tricks; I sleep and swallow enough for six; And when we go out on the hunt for

I'm always in at the tail of the pack; But I've still got teeth for him who'd

To burgle the house in charge of the pi.

English dogs, six months in the year, Look at me sniffing and say, "What's here?"

But my reply to each lordly pup Is "Patience, my lad, till the days heat up.

Then short is their breath and glazed their eve.

But I'm quite happy-for I'm a pi.

When your terrier's down with a score of ills

And retriever and spaniel must off to the Hills.

When the Memsahib's gone and the punkahs play

And the nights are longer and worse than day,

Into my kingdom then come I, And Master says, "Thank God for the pi."

We boast no morals, we claim no birth, And our figures are often a source of mirth:

But we're always cheery, we don't go wrong,

We'll love you kindly and love you long

And you'll find out here that it's best to buy

The dog of the country-and that's the pi.

"Charming old Smuggler's Cottage, modernised (Kent); suit officer's wife.'

Morning Paper.

But if we are to gather that the fascinating owner goes with the premises the officer, especially if he is a Custom House Officer, might have other views.

w: W me

ng

to

ght

for

'd pi.

VS

ed

ore

to

he

se

for

th.

of

go

ou

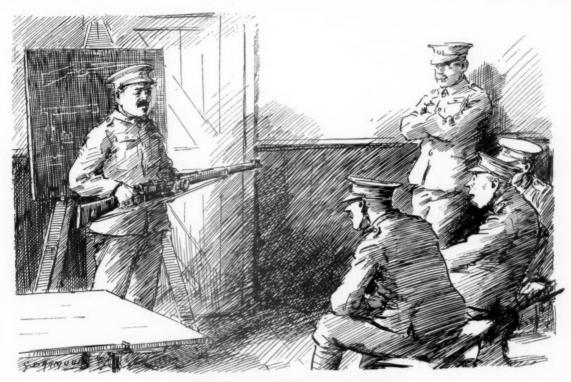
est

's

rn-

ci-

ses m VS.



A PROMISING TRENCH FIGHTER.

Instructor. "Flynn, ye've not been attending. What do ye know, now, with all the instruction I'm afther giving?" Private Flynn. "Och, well, I know if ye'd want to hit a man over the head, it's the thick ind ye'd be doin' ut with."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Obviously at this time there is very little new to be said about so established a classic as Sir Sidney Lee's Life of Shakespeare. One can but give it the salute to which its rank and record entitle it. The occasion of the salute is its reappearance, revised and enlarged by the author, and equipped by Messrs. Smith, Elder in the attractive bravery of reset type. Since the first edition appeared in November, 1898, Shakespearean research has been both active and fruitful; the resulting fresh knowledge, gained by Sir Sidney himself or by the fellow-workers to whom his Preface pays tribute, has been embodied in the present volume. Especially is this the case with the documents that elucidate the stage-history of the Elizabethan era. There is also a fund of highly interesting information derived by the author while the volume was in course of preparation question the annexation policy of the official poetry department at Berlin, the undeniable fact remains that, in spite gallery. Round it linger vivid Memories, which Messrs. of all posthumous temptations, the author of Henry V. Hutchinson publish in two portly volumes. Temptation to

remains an Englishman. So Sir Sidney Lee's reminder of this comes, especially at the season of book-buying for Christmas, at a timely hour.

Through a long cheerful life Lord REDESDALE has known more of men and cities than did ULYSSES. He has studied both with keen eyes, and is happily gifted with a picturesque style that presents his recollections in vivid form. He is old enough to have seen Louis Philippe strolling along the terrace of the Tuilleries. He knew Countess Castiglione, whose vaporous drapery, displayed at a ball at the Tuilleries, shocked the Empress Eugénie. He saw the funeral procession of the Duke of Wellington and the fight between HEENAN and SAYERS. He was at Eton in HAWTREY'S time and at Oxford in Pusey's. He shot four buffaloes in the Far West and played the cornet at the HANDEL Festival. He was an intimate friend of KING EDWARD VII., to whose memory he devotes an illuminating chapter. from the archives at Stratford and from the wills at ABD EL KAEBER, the famous Arab chief who fought France Somerset House of Shakespeare's Stratford friends. An for years. He was intimate with Richard Burton and looked examination of them seems one of the things that one is in upon Brigham Young at Salt Lake City. One of the most astonished to hear no one else had previously thought of charming of his personal recollections recalls a visit to Garri doing. Anyhow, here are the results, adding greatly to BALDI at Capri. In a brief sentence he strikes the keynote the value of a book of which the publishers state their of the Liberator's character: "Simplicity combined with belief that it "makes a direct personal appeal at this period great dignity." He was on intimate terms with Whistler, of British history to every reader of British nationality." Carlyle, Rossetti, Frederick Leighton, Disraeli, Lord And so say all of us! Presumptuous as it may appear to Henry Lennox, Lord Wolseley and Lord Randolph

Office is limited. One quotation appreciated by the Young Men seated to-day round the Old Mahogany Tree, under whose shade F. C. B. for many years presided, must be given. Writing of schoolmates at Eton Lord Redesdale says: "I must mention Sir Francis Burnand, who for so many years led the merriment of the nation. Did I talk of memories? Here at least is no memory, but a Happy Thought, for he still lives as gay, as bright, as laughter-loving and laughter-compelling as when he was a Fourth Form Boy. He remains the real Peter Pan, the boy who will never grow old." Of his many lifelike portraits the most attractive is that of the author himself. Undesignedly he makes the reader acquainted with a light-hearted, straightforward, resourceful man with a keen sense of humour. Of his genial nature it suffices to say that, dealing with a multitude of men over the space of 796 pages, he sharply criticises only two. They are wider than Poles asunder. One was Lord John Russell; the other—Oscar Wilde.

which he has already extracted so many best-sellers, has now turned his attention to the fruitful fields of historical romance. The accuracy of the history of Beltane the Smith (Sampson Low) is a matter that need not detain us; as for the romance Mr. FARNOL'S countless admirers will not need to be told that this is laid on with no niggardly hand. There are fights and escapes, tortures and love-making to satisfy the most exacting; everything in short that the public demands from its costume - fiction Mr. FARNOL sees that it gets in good measure. Even the chapterbegin with that headings delightful adverb "How," a

of it; beginning with "How Beltane lived within the Green- author long continue to be one of the marvels of his age! wood" (mark me that word "Greenwood!") and ending with "How they came to Pentavalar City," and "in the moonlit dusk she gave her lips to his." But of course before this happened there was the villain, a right caitiff varlet named Pertolepe the Red, to be overcome in fair fight, then spared with that super-sportsmanship that always sways the hero in the early chapters of books of this sort, then to gain, as villains will, a temporary but terrific ascendency and finally—but I must not discount the satisfaction of that finally. In short a pleasant yarn of its not very unfamiliar kind; and if at times you feel that its wanderings have not taken you further from Wardour Street than, say, Soho Square, this but giveth a heartening sense of that are to be had. security to the timorous. Beshrew me! Master Farnol, but so jocund a screed should be a-printing from now till Candlemas. Marry come up!

I have not the pleasure of Mr. Alfred Capper's acquaintance, but, after reading his A Rambler's Recollections and Reflections (ALLEN AND UNWIN), I wish I had; for the impression I get from that book is that he is an extremely good sort and just the man to have by one to This seems rather long for grace-even with drinks!

quote is hard to resist, but space in Mr. Punch's Booking | while away a dull evening. In the matter of books of reminiscences I am a little exacting. It is seldom that the power of the human "I" is able to hold me. I turn away and browse on fiction. But in Mr. CAPPER's bulky volume there is an unaffected gaiety which made me feel, when I came to the last page, as if I had been turned out of a cosy club on a winter night after listening to the discursive conversation of a man with a pleasant voice, a wide experience of men and cities, and a keen sense of humour. In his capacity of Thought-reader Extraordinary to the civilised world, Mr. CAPPER has been everywhere, met everybody, and seen everything; and the cream of his memories is contained in this book. Both as an entertainer and as a collector of things worth remembering he has had unique advantages, for his is a performance which appeals to every class and nationality; and we have his word for it that he was just as big a success among the Tamil coolies as at Marlborough House. Naturally, thirty years of this sort of thing put a man in an excellent position as a Mr. Jeffrey Farnol, deserting the present age, from is ten-and-sixpence, but I think I can conscientiously recommend the investment of

that sum in Mr. CAPPER.

In a world of flux and uncertainty it is good to be able to count on something; more particularly as in London, in the month of December, one assuredly cannot count upon the rising of the sun. But that "C. E. B." will have a copy of verses in The Evening News is beyond question. Come rain, come shine, there is his punctual Muse, always alert, always pointed, always ingenious and urbane. Such of the verses by "C. E. B." (who is also, be it known, "Touchstone" in The Daily Mail) as bear upon the War he has now collected in a

pleasant trick that has thrilled me since I first met with it in Windsor Castle. I need not conduct you through the tale of Beltane's adventures. There is lots and lots their re-reading as when I conned them first. May their

The Catalogue of Christmas Books, which has been issued co-operatively by the Publishers' Association of Great Britain and Ireland, is designed to help the public to a choice of books of the year or of the season and to remind them of the best standard works. Booksellers, especially in the country, have long been in need of a representative catalogue of saleable books, and here they have it in a most seductive form, admirably arranged and delightfully illustrated. It is to be supplied to the retail trade at a small fraction of its actual cost for free distribution to the public; so nobody has any excuse left for not buying the best books



A TEMPORARY LAPSE.

Distressed Pessimist. "IT'S ODD-VERY ODD! BUT SOMEHOW, JUST AFTER DINNER I NEVER CAN GET MYSELF TO FEEL AS THOUGH THE GERMANS WOULD WIN.

### Commercial Modesty.

From a brewer's advertisement:-

"No order for less than one dozen bottles can be accepted. It will therefore be necessary for our Half-Dozen Customers to forward their instructions each fortnight."-Birmingham Daily Mail.

"HALF-HOUR'S GRACE FOR DRINKS WITH MEALS." Morning Paper.

5.

s of

the

way

ume

an T

eosy

sive

eri-

his

ised

ody,

s is

as a

que

to

or it

lies

this

SB

ence

usly

it of

and

be

ing;

on-

em-

unt

sun.

ave

ing

ion.

here

ays

ays

uch

B."

wn,

aily

War

n a

KIN, t in

heir

ued

reat

o a

ind

ally

tive

ost

lus-

nall

lie;

oks

heir

e!

#### CHARIVARIA.

to hear the Chancellor's speech that seats in the public galleries of the Reichstag were at a premium. At Claus to raise a team for his sleigh. Westminster, on the contrary, the public will not listen to peace at any price.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S Message to Congress, in its denunciation of traitors in the United States and its avoidance of names (German or other), reminds one of the Perthshire Highlander who had had a quarrel with the Duke of ATHOLL at Dunkeld. On going home he narrated his interview with his Grace in forcible and picturesque language. "But surely," said the guidwife, "ye didna say a' that tae the DUKE?" " Na, na,"

only stood in ta middle o' ta street and swore at lairge."

A subscriber to The Newport and Market Drayton Advertiser complains of the activities of the Censor, to whom he attributes the fact that all that was left in that journal of a portrait-group of the officers of a well-known regiment was a few faint smudges. We rather think that the official blue pencil slipped and what he really meant to obliterate was a statement on the same page that "Peace can only be permanent if the Kaiser is removed-by Edgar Wal-

these incitements to assassination.

Extract from a soldier's letter (forwarded by Censor): "They are sending intoxating shells over to the germans now. i supos thats where our rum issue is going, and then they talk about no treating in England."

Mr. Knight's explanation of his unfortunate candidature in the Cleveland Division is that, being forbidden by the Liquor Control Board to "stand SAMUEL," he had to stand himself.

On learning that Marshal von HINDENBURG had told a newspaperman that war was suiting him "like a seaside-trip," Grand Admiral von TIRPITZ is said to have remarked that, for himself, war suited him like an inland excursion. \* \*

If our stockings are empty this Christ-mas we shall at any rate know whom a protest against the new liquor minds one of C. B. Fry.

taken to eating reindeer, and a first examination :-So great was the anxiety in Berlin consignment of 6,000 animals has been slaughtered in Sweden and sent across the Baltic. It will be hard for Santa

> were engaged one day last week in deciding whether a colliery pumpman was of pious memory, by purchasing three pennyworth of sweetmeats. And yet there are parsimonious people who say we have too many judges.

Answer to Correspondent :-- Yes, the said the worthy, "she great Delane was only twenty-three deemed to be in a position to economise,

THIS IS NOT AN A.S.C. MAN GUARDING STORES. IT IS MERELY AN AVERAGE INFANTRYMAN WITH THE ORDINARY ALLOWANCE OF COMMOD-ITIES, IF WE ARE TO BELIEVE THE ADVERTISERS' ACCOUNT OF WHAT IS INDISPENSABLE.

removed—by Edgar Wallace." Our authors ought to be spared when he became Editor of The Times; of the Greek people is with the Allies."

Montreal Evening News. but he was not the Boy-ED whom the Americans are dispensing with.

> We are tempted to wonder whether Mr. Roosevelt knew what he was talking about when he described the Presidential message as "worthy of a Byzantine logothete." Byzantine is the last adjective that applies to Dr. Wilson, and a logothete was not a "word juggler," as at least one of Mr. Roosevelt's commentators supposes, but an official who might be described as "Secretary to the Treasury."

> As a proof of the rigours of the Macedonian winter a correspondent at the British Headquarters states that ink froze in fountain pens. Even the

Censor's pencils looked quite blue.

The attempt of the advocates of a "Business Government" to capture

Business Government" to capture

The attempt of the advocates of a "Business Government" to capture

to blame for it. The Germans have regulations recalls a famous cross-

Counsel. Are you a heavy drinker? Witness. That's my business. Counsel. Any other business?

Tommy's father had gone to the Three Justices of the King's Bench | Front, and his much-loved Uncle Geoffrey had a post in the War Office. This was Tommy's prayer: "God bless dear rightly convicted of aiding and abetting Daddy and bring him home safe from a vendor of refreshments in breaking the War; and God bless Uncle Geoffley the Sunday Observance Act, passed in and bring him home safe from the the reign of King Charles the Second War Office."

> It is rumoured that a national economy campaign is to be conducted on the lines of Lord DERBY's recruiting scheme, and that it will begin with the sending of a letter to every householder

> > This is to be followed up by a personal cauvass, conducted by volunteer inquisitors of both sexes; and persons who have made adequate sacrifices will be furnished with a badge in the form of a War Loan voucher. The whole scheme will be explained in a pamphlet entitled, "Social amenities, and how to promote them.'

#### A Bird of Good Omen.

"An immense crow that witnessed the arrival of Lord Kitchener at the palace cheered Britain's War Secretary as heartily as it did Mr. Denys Cochin, Minister of France, thus evidencing that the heart

"The State Department refuses to announce whether it has determined to revoke the exequator of Dr. von Nuber, the Austrian Consul General in New York."

Morning Paper.

Everybody knows that the Austrians have had a lot of trouble with the Poles, but we had no idea that they had abolished the Equator.

"My Greek informant himself saw a party of Austrian and German gunners starting for Chanak (at the Narrows), and a railway official told him that a battery of German 10mm. guns had recently been sent there."

Morning Paper.

Narrow guns for Narrow places.

"Bucks .- Unique family mansion, dating

### CULTURE AND THE COLOSSUS.

["A giant statue of Admiral von Tirpitz, similar to Berlin's Hindenburg, for nailing purposes, will shortly be erected in Wilhelmshafen. . . The Grapd Admiral is posing in uniform, with oilskins, seaboots and sou'-wester . . holding a telescope in the left hand, while the right is reaching out for his instruments. The eyes are gazing into space, far away over the distant seas, where the heroes of Germany's sea-power carry out his orders . . " of Germany's sea-power carry out his orders .

Wilhelmshafener Zeitung. The Berlin Academy of Art has protested against the scheme "in the interests of the prestige of our German Art and Kultur."]

HIGH o'er the harbour where his squadrons ride Collecting limpets on their leisured keels, Snug in their dug-out, safely barred inside From every wave that chops and wind that squeals, Behold the effigy of TIRPITZ graven "For nailing purposes" at WILLIAM'S Haven!

Colossal in his oilskins see him stand, His giant trotters booted for the main; A telescope employs his larboard hand, A rude sou'-wester tops his teeming brain, And, fashioned on a supernatural scale, His hoary whiskers creak before the gale.

Note, too, the gaze of that Tremendous Tar, With what a searching eye he scans and scouts The faint horizon's limits, ranging far

To get his High Sea Navy's whereabouts, And finds the billowy prospect strangely bare Because the High Sea Navy isn't there.

Meanwhile he stretches forth, to touch his gear, A fist to starboard, so by wireless means To let his views impinge upon the ear Of any remnant of his submarines, Bidding their brave commanders work his will, And try to catch a few more babes to kill.

And worshippers, not waiting till he's dead, Propose to hammer homage, fore and aft, Into his frame, from heels to wooden head (Brass homage for Old Brazen-Face), and graft A wealth of pimples on the Grand Sea-Rover With any nails that HINDENBURG leaves over.

What though the pundits of Imperial Art Lift a protesting academic bleat? This is the darling of the nation's heart, Made lovelier by the Lusitania feat; The people cries for nails! let none usurp its Right to select the fitting meed for TIRPITZ! O. S.

MY MOUSTACHE.

EVERY day since my papers had gone in I had had a good look at it, morning and evening. When I inclined my head sideways some of it really seemed quite long and bushy; but viewed full-face I must admit it looked somewhat scanty. Still, although its growth was slow it was undoubtedly sure. I occasionally-about 465 times a dayran the tips of my fingers along it, and none of it rubbed off. I had even pulled it with tweezers, and it had not come out. I showed it to a few chosen friends, and after one had said that nitrate of silver was good for removing moles, and another had observed that all the best niggerminstrels invariably blacked their ears, too, and I had ultimately explained what it was, they unanimously agreed that it could never be taken for anything but a moustache,

time I was due to report myself for duty to my C.O. it would not disgrace me.

And now I was actually en route for my battalion headquarters at Puddlecombe-on-the-Ooze. Before I had lunched at the railway-station restaurant I had taken a glance at myself in one of the many mirrors the establishment possessed. My moustache was still there, but looking a trifle wasted, I thought, and I began to wonder whether I had moulted any of it on the way without noticing it. However, after I had lunched (and I must own that I did myself exceptionally well) I took a final look in the glass, and to all appearances I was as well equipped as the hairiest Ainu. "I shall not be ashamed of that, at least," I said to myself as I settled down in a corner of the carriage for my three-hours' journey to Puddlecombe.

"What's that dirty mark on your lip?" roared the Colonel suddenly as I was in the middle of explaining

to him who I was.

"That's what puzzles me," remarked the Adjutant before I could reply. "I asked him about it, and his answers were suspiciously-well, to say the least of it, suspicious." I started with surprise. I could swear that the only remark made to me by the Adjutant had been, "And how are they all at home?" However, I let that pass.

"It's intended to be a moustache, Sir," I began. "I don't care what it's intended to be," snapped the Colonel. "The question is, is it or is it not what it is?"

"Yes, Sir, it isn't-that is to say, No, Sir, it is," I stammered, astounded beyond measure at the extraordinary importance the Army apparently attached to moustaches.

"Well, it's a precious poor one, whichever it is—or is not, as the case may be. What's your opinion?" he asked, turning to the Adjutant.

"Quite so," said the latter. "Indeed, one might say even more so."

"Just so," said the Colonel. "Now let's get to the bottom of this matter. Where did you get it from?"

"I grew it," I replied in astonishment. "All by myself," I added, as if pleading extenuating circumstances.

"His parents did not help him with it, I can vouch for that," observed the Adjutant pleasantly.
"What seed did you use?" asked the Colonel.

"The very best, I assure you, Sir," I answered in desperation, as I began dimly to wonder if there was some War Office fertilizer I ought to have used and through ignorance had omitted to do so.

The Colonel approached me with a magnifying-glass in his hand. "Why, it's skewbald!" he cried. "Some of it's brown, some of it's flaxen, and-bless my soul!-some of it's ginger. You grew it in a pot! Why on earth didn't you bed it out?

I racked my brains for some reminiscence of the law governing the billeting of moustaches on private individuals.

"King's Regulations, page 993," muttered the Adjutant.
"I won't have him," raved the Colonel, resuming his seat. "I won't have an officer that looks like athe by, what's the fellow's name?'

I was about to tell him who I was when the Adjutant said, "Charlie Chaplin."

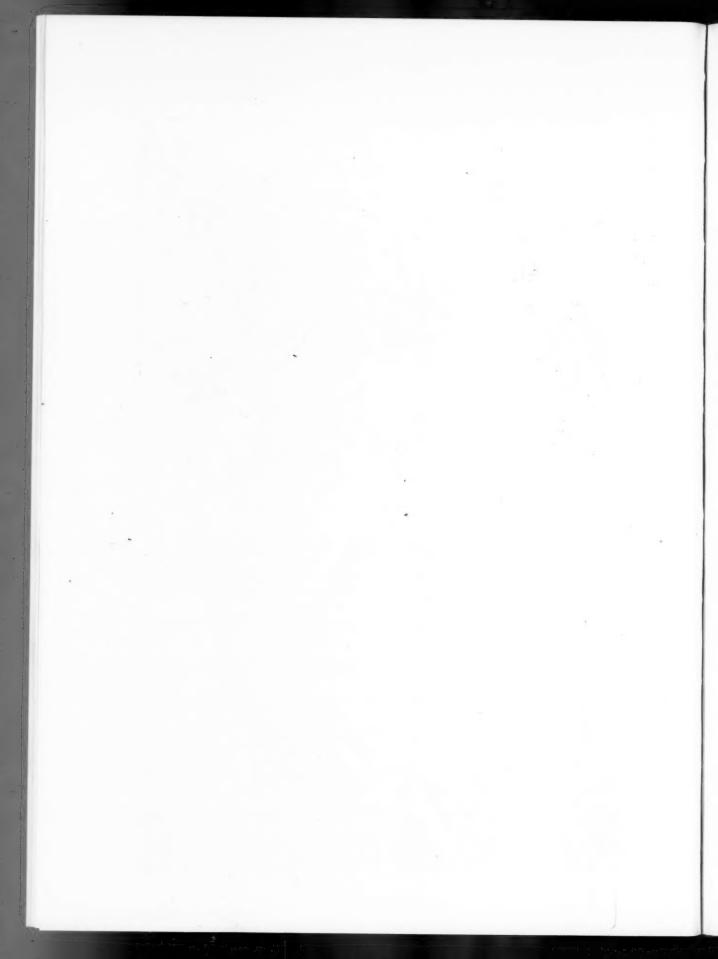
"Excuse me, Sir," I put in hastily, "it's nothing of the sort. It's-

"Do you mean to insinuate," said the Colonel angrily, that the Adjutant doesn't even know your name? I shall have you conducted to the padded mess-room, and the M.O. shall remove your moustache, hair by hair, and

I hadn't the faintest idea what he meant, but it sounded though in the long-clothes stage. Hence I felt that by the dreadfully degrading. I thought of my mother and sisters,



THE TUG OF PEACE





Tommy (to his prisoner). "Do you understand English?" German. "I A LEEDLE UNDERSHDAND." Tommy. "WELL, THEN, BLIMEY! YOU TBY AN' 'OP IT, AND YOU WON'T 'ALF BLOOMIN' WELL COP IT!"

and how proud they were of me. If I had only had an

Adjutant, who was busy at a cupboard in the corner of the room. He was obviously getting the wozzler ready.

"Wozzle 'em was what I said," shouted the Colonel.
"Wozzle 'em! WOZ-zleham Junction! Change here for Puddlecombe, Sir," said the Guard, putting his head in at the window.

#### THE PRESS IN WAR TIME.

WE observe that a German Professor has just issued a manifesto imploring the public not to destroy old newspapers. We have no doubt the German people will obey the Professor; they would never have been where they are the temptation to destroy some of the German newspapers must be very great.

The idea seems to be to use them for bedding for cattle, and we hastened to consult our Agricultural Expert, whom we encountered fortunately on our annual visit to Smithfield. He gave us the following notes:

In my opinion the thing seems all right, but it won't be "turned into steaks."

We may as well admit that, if it can be made to work, aunt or a grandmother I feel almost sure I should have along with the parallel scheme for feeding pigs of cinders thought of her too. thought of her too.

"Wozzle them, Sir?" I could only repeat blankly, a still be far distant. On paper the cattle may do all right, horrible grinding sound coming from the direction of the but in practice difficulties are sure to arise. In the first place the censorship will have to be much more strict than it is if awkward facts in the situation are not to become the common gossip of the shippens. There have been many references in the German Press to a general slaughter of stock, with a view to preserving the grain supply; this might easily create a panic and put a whole herd off its

Then again-especially in finishing beasts for the fatstock markets-the most careful consideration in the matter of diet would be necessary. I shrewdly suspect that some of our own newspapers, which have already been accused of helping the enemy, may find their way into the troughs of the Fatherland. Failing that, a daily ration of had they not obeyed their professors. And yet and yet the Frankfurter Zeitung might be recommended, with courses of Vorwärts at intervals as a sedative. But something more stimulating would be needed in the later stages, the Berliner Tageblatt perhaps. As a final dose nothing could possibly be better than a bale of the Kaiser's telegrams to TINO. These would have to be taken with a block of Attic salt.

The experiment will be watched with interest by agriculvery comfortable. I notice however that, as the Professor turists. It may be that at the German Smithfield—if there warms to his work, a wider vision opens before him, and he suggests that papers might also be used as fodder, so that, will be announced as "PRIME: PAPER FED." And at the after having fed the mind of man, they would go on to least it is a happy way of disposing of any scraps of paper nourish the bodies of his dumb friends, and ultimately be which may have threatened to interfere with the Kaisen's

Destructive Sword.

### OUR "HELPFUL" SERIES.

No. V.—Economy.

(After the style of Mr. Arnold Bennett, at it again in " The Daily News.")

Now that I have rolled over my opponents-in spite of their references to my fiction - on the question of must get on to some other topic. From my unique correspondence I judge that there are still some people who don't understand the argument for war economy. I will therefore restate it and show them in a moment just exactly how it is.

To economise is to save money.

Money is saved by doing without things-not by adding to one's expenditure.

If we all economise faithfully we shall not spend so much money as we did before.

If these facts were understood there would be less confusion in the public mind than there is, despite the fact that human nature is human nature.

There are two ways of economising—the compulsory and the optional; that is to say the forced and the voluntary. Forced economy may involve a good deal of inconvenience. Voluntary economy might have the same effect were it not that human nature is human nature. (You can always get out of it that way.)

I will now explain where economy is reasonably to

blame landlords for the state of affairs, results could be expected. If we all moved into smaller houses and the -and then we could all move back. But that demands unanimity. -

(b) Food.—Optional economies might possibly be brought about. But I doubt lines is ultimately uneconomical. it. You see human nature isvery reason. To this day all meat is supposed that money can be saved by overcooked in Great Britain-every travelling less and travelling cheaper. time. To this day potatoes are allowed Don't you believe it. I can see no to stand in cold water before being earthly reason why those of us who boiled. To this day toast crusts are have been accustomed to travel first-monument: cut off before it is served. To this day class should not continue to do so;

of the art of feeding is profound and ment. Why not? The money is simply shocking. And you may be sure that transferred to the railway company, and a nation capable of these grotesque you may be sure that the railway com-

much on clothes. All women spend some ridiculous manner. The same Invisible Imports it is clear that we far too little, which is a grotesque folly, argument applies generally. You are profound and shocking. I am con- quite safe in buying the best cigars, as vinced that there are not enough and your tobacconist is sure to be a less never have been enough new gloves in reckless spender than you are. Again, circulation. The duty to economise what about motors? We read of in dress is a very urgent one; but let us begin by trying to spend enough, when we may hope to have something reasonable to work on in making about the country in dog-carts? No proper reductions. And mark you, one ever spoke of a pleasure-bus or a the spectacle of streets full of shabby pleasure-cab. It is pure prejudice, people, of ill-groomed men in taxi-cabs. Some say that we should sack our

> TO THE STAIRWAY E CH

Soldier. "This stairway don't seem to me to be moving very FAST.

Citizen. "AH, THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'VE BEEN USED TO DASHING ABOUT AT THE FRONT ON THEM MOTORS AND FLYING-MACHINES."

(a) Rent.—Nothing doing here. I and dowdy women at matinées and I blame building societies and adversely affect our spirits. It would not be neglected as it is. mortgagees. Everyone is to blame, but play the deuce with our moral. Nothing also are being neglected, which is a the upshot is that unless the thing can possibly be done in this departing pity, for we shall live in a horrific were organised on a large scale no ment. (See "Helpful" Series No. IV. void without them. But above all -" Moral.")

(d) Domestic Service.—No; it looks present large houses were allowed to attractive but it can't be done. You uplifts moral like a voracious constand empty for a bit, rents for big can only dismiss a servant by shutting sumption of recent novels. Reduction houses would come down with a run up part of your house. And you cannot in practice shut up part of a house. It is sure to burst open again, as long as human --- Any economy on these

and to this hour bananas are eaten nay more, I hold that those who used bles that of his mummy."

without their skins. Our ignorance to go third might well try the experifollies will never economise in food. pany will use it to the best possible Why should they? So that is no good. advantage, whereas if you keep it you (c) DRESS. - Well, we don't spend are pretty certain to chuck it about in

> chauffeurs, but that seems to me to be a fallacy. Suppose it were generally attempted. Suppose that Sir EDWARD GREY drove his own car. What should we think of the spectacle of our FOREIGN MINISTER down on bis hands and knees in the mud of Whitehall looking for a puncture—while the GREEK MINISTER was waiting for him at his office? I can imagine nothing more destructive of our moral.

> (f) Drinking. — Something should be done here. But it will not be done. The Government seems to have surrendered to the miserable argument that human nature is human nature.

> (g) Distractions.—I see no objection to dancing.

On the contrary a practice which No, no! It must not be. It would makes so directly for efficiency should Theatres more money must be spent on books. Nothing steadies public opinion and of expenditure must not be confounded with true economy.

Here ends my list. The conclusions are, I know, profoundly true. If we all make up our minds once and for all (e) TRAVEL.—Great misapprehension to economise faithfully on the drastic The waste is awful, I admit, for that exists on this point. It is erroneously lines here set forth—we can afford to

A Family Likeness.

Underneath a picture of an Egyptian

"The face of Ramses II here closely resem-

d le u n e S S of a h

ır

ır e e

d



Visitor. "How delighted you must have been when you heard your son had won the V.C.!" Scotch Wife. "O AY! I WAS PLEASED ENOUGH, BUT I WASNA SURPRISED. HE STOOD UP TO ME ONCE!"

### A MANOR IN THE AIR.

ever numbered some very odd names. Southern retreat whither, to the delight of the wags, Mr. Balfour often just too small for that, as you can now journeyed for his week-end holiday-"Clouds," the seat of the WYNDHAMS. the protection of the wood that rises Could there be a much more fascinating behind it, so quiet and self-contained name than "Clouds"? And then there is "Wrest," Lord Lucas's Bedfordshire Very old it is, but home, now transferred, how suitably, into a hospital for soldiers. And there days of placid even life, the editors of illustrated weeklies always recollected of other pictures-"Compton Wyn-

But the new name which I have just discovered, and which fills the one of the smallest that can be described as a "gentleman's place," but whole grave but serene. assuredly that. Somewhere in Sussex, Western Sussex.

leaves and mast and soil, with the in summer would be night stock and of this statement.

in the South. Then a turn into a narrow either side and a scurrying pheasant in gate! There is no lodge—the house is see for yourself, for there it is, under

Very old it is, but good for many years more. The frame is of timber and plaster, and a Horsham stone roof. is that Midland paradise which, in the These stones are a little damp and moss-covered (for our ancestors insisted on building in a hole, or where would with gratitude when they were short Friday's fish come from?), and the place is as Tudor as QUEEN BESS herself, in whose reign its foundations were dug. The chimney stacks, all smoking with the thin blue smoke of logs, are of inward eye with joy, is a house on a tiny Tudor bricks, and the chimneys smaller scale than these-a manor- are set not square with the house but house rather than a mansion, perhaps cornerways. A long low façade with the central door in a square porch; the

A path of more Horsham stone leads to the door, with thyme and lavender It is not near the station, and to springing from the interstices undisreach it you walk or drive along wind- mayed by the feet of man, and smooth ing roads just now sodden with rain, lawns on each side, and under the

Downs rising not too many miles away lemon verbena and tobacco plant and mignonette. On the roof a few white The stately homes of England have lane, with the bare trees of a copse on fantails; a spaniel near the door; and a great business of rooks in the sky. Everyone remembers that beautiful front of you, and behold the white Through the windows of the lower rooms you see the greenery at the back of the house and a suggestion here and there of books and pictures-everything that makes a house a home.

Beside the house on the right are the stables; and on the other side a dark shrubbery, and beyond that more lawns and gardens and the fish-pond.

Do you see it? Perhaps you have already seen it differently; for how could you help forming some mental picture of it when in every carriage on the L. B. & S. C. R. is posted up the notice, "Passengers to Lower Blinds"?

To me "Lower Blinds" is just such a manor-house as that,

#### Stellenbosched?

"General leaving through war, nearly 5 years' character."—Morning Paper.

### Austrian official report :-

- "A memorial service was held on December 2 by our troops in the sandjak of Novi Bazar and Mitrovitza, the population enthusiastically participating.
  - Manchester Evening News.

but smelling of the good wet Sussex diamond-paned windows a bed where There is no reason to doubt the truth

### THE WATCH DOGS.

IZZZZ.

MY DEAR CHARLES, -You should drop in one of these evenings at "A" Mess, just to see the odd collection of specialists who go to make up our company. These are the people who have the Bright Ideas.

First there is the Colonel, whose business in life is horses, Sir. He is a soldier of the old school, courtly and kind till it comes to a matter of business with a regimental transport officer. Then he develops a nasty suspicious side to his nature, no doubt calling to mind the affair of a certain "horse, draught, one" of earlier days of the campaign. Once upon a time the Nth Division (let us say) found itself the possessor of a horse which it did not love, but which would not die. Being wise in his generation the officer in charge very wickedly prefixed another number to that already there before he turned the beast adrift. In due course the Colonel became aware of the irregular existence somewhere in France of a horse marked NNth Division (let us say) and behaving in a suspicious manner; and, also in due course, the NNth Division got Colonel's pained surprise in the matter. The responsible person was invited to explain it and not to be deterred from putting the explanation in writing by the fact that it would certainly be used in evidence against him.

Now it happened that the NNth Division had not at that time left England, but were none the less ready on that account to oblige the Colonel. They were prepared to furnish any number of explanations, but for the one, feeling bitterly that the establishment of the NNth Division was com- him "Sue," which is short for sewage, plete without it, had trotted away from ALDERSHOT (possibly in high dudgeon), made its way to Folkestone, jumped the B in BOULOGNE, been shaken off again, boarded a train for MARSEILLES, not made more welcome to the Colonel enemy through whom it was passed :--"For your guidance, please.

Then we have a most diabolical Capis only one man in the Mess of sufficient | well-dressed Staff Sergeants.

intellect to take part in his highly technical conversations, and that is the Lieutenant, in the same business but the other side of it, known as Antidotes for Same. They are rarely in complete harmony, but recently they combined to beg, borrow or steal a horse off the Colonel. This put the Helmets they possess? Colonel, always anxious to encourage youth and energy, in a fix; as he said, you supply one sort of horse for riding purposes and another for experimenting on. They, of course, could be no more explicit with him than I am being with you, for, as we all now know so well, "les ennemies oreilles nous écoutent."

Then there's Eliza, a very necessary euphemism (as you'll agree) for his technical description, Liaison Officer. You are not going to be told even what his business is; no one is allowed to know that. We suspect that he is kept in the dark himself. Whatever it is, he carries it about with him on his long journeys in a little bag. I have only managed to see that open once, and then he was helping himself to a piece of chocolate out of it. However, he never fails to bring back with him at night the very latest news from the very highest authority. He hints at it, behind closed to hear of the same thing and of the doors, in the most discreet of whispers; and sure enough there it is in next morning's paper, officially denied.

Don't let yourself be deceived by the dignified bearing and intellectual refinement of Captain -—. He will discuss with you diplomacy and the fine arts; he will condescend, in an academic vein, to remark upon the nuances of feminine fashions, but on the whole he will leave you under the impression that the principle of his existence is noblesse oblige. Nothing of the sort: he's the Inspector moment regarded the following as the of Army Ashpits. There never was a most attractive :- "The horse, draught, rubbish tip in the area but he must needs get to the bottom of it. We call

Next comes the General Staff Officer. The hurried nature and inconvenient times of his meals induced us for a long off the pier while the M.L.O. was time to look upon him as a busy man, snatching a hasty but well-deserved but now Lord St. Davids has shown meal Elsewhere, grounded at or near him up. We therefore assume his timetable to be: -9 A.M. to 1 P.M., beer and the drops, strolled up-country to have bridge; 2 P.M. to 5, cocktails and piquet; a look at the trenches, taken a foolish 5.30 to 7.30, whisky and auction; 8.30 dislike to the latter, galloped back to closing time, wine, women and song. Those solitary nights he spends on and when apprehended was doubtless duty are given to absinthe and the more intending to preced thence to some vicious forms of patience. Is it not all PLACE UNKNOWN." This minute was very, very sad? To the casual observer looking in, a General Staff office looks by the remark upon it of an old like a particularly dull insurance office always working overtime, instead of which it is, of course, a sink of iniquity, the female portion of which is cleverly tain known as Patent Processes. There disguised as unattractive and not too

Last, but not least, comes the Camp Commandant, whose lot it is to do adjutant over us, amongst others. The other day, in performance of his duty, he posted a notice in the Mess:-

NOTICE.

Will Officers please state how many Gas

H. H. Humber, Capt., Camp Commandant.

For some days the only result was as follows :-

NOTICE.

Will Officers please state how many Gas Helmets they pos

H. H. Humber, Capt., Camp Commandant.

H. H. HUMBER, Capt. One.

Even that failed to encourage the others, and this was the complete text of the notice when last seen :-

NOTICE.

Will Officers please state how many Gas Helmets they possess?

H. H. HUMBER, Capt., Camp Commandant. Н. Н. НСМВЕВ, Сарт.

Thank you.

One.

H. H. HUMBER, Capt., Camp Commandant.

Last night we had a guest, a most engaging Colonel of one of the new units. His youth was spent soldiering, his middle age in commerce. His full maturity finds him in his element again. He said he wasn't feeling quite himself at the moment, having that morning had on the carpet (the Orderly Room carpet) his own bank manager. War is war and platoon commanders must be treated as such if the riflebarrels of their platoons don't shine bravely through the rain. "Understand clearly," he said, "if this happens again you're for it, and you can do what you like about my confounded overdraft."

"It's a hard life for an old soldier," he told us, but the old soldier doesn't set about to make it harder. On receiving summary orders from the War Office to report for duty, his first action had been to issue equally summary orders to his private chef to the same effect. He kept the fat, jovial but thoroughly surprised fellow by him while the Testament was sent for, and himself swore him in then and there. And so, within a few hundred yards of the Hun, the good cook continues daily to produce divine novelties from tins of bully beef and plum-and-apple jam. He takes his revenge for forced marches by wearing on all occasions a faded straw hat with his uniform, laughing at all threats of imprisonment. "I hate punishing my men," said the Colonel. "Quite," said we.

Yours ever. HENRY. mp

do

he ty,

Gas

t. vas

Gas

ext

Gas

ost

ew ng, ull in. mmrly er. ers lene erns do led r," set

ng

ce ad ers ct. ly he elf 50, he to of He es ed ng te

el.

### OUR SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER AT THE FRONT.

[This modest gentleman, feeling that the only flaw in his snapshots is the unavoidable omission of his own figure, has asked to have the story of his courage illustrated in black-and-white.]



I HAD SOME DIFFICULTY IN REACHING THE FIRING-LINE.



IT WAS LUNCH-TIME WHEN I ARRIVED, AND I GOT A GOOD PICTURE OF THE TRENCH METHOD OF TAKING REFRESHMENT.



HOWEVER, I WAS ORDERED AWAY BY A WELL-KNOWN V.C.



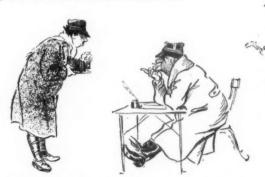
HAVING TAKEN PART IN THE SPIRITED CHARGE OF THE -THS.



I PROCEEDED TO THE FRENCH LINES, WHERE I OBTAINED A UNIQUE SNAP OF SHELL ACTUALLY LEAVING GUN.



I WAS THEN ARRESTED. MY GUARDS WERE OF THE FAMOUS —TH REGIMENT.



Ordered by an eminent Colonel to be shot, I was able to snap him in the very act of passing sentence.



THANKS TO THE COURTESY OF CAPTAIN —— I WAS PERMITTED TO TAKE MY LAST PICTURE JUST AS THE ORDER TO FIRE WAS BEING GIVEN . . . PLEASE NOTE TIMELY ARRIVAL OF REPRIEVE.



A MATTER OF COURTESY.

GALLANT HIGHLAND OFFICER TAKING A LADY VOLUNTEER'S SALUTE.

### THE AUSTRALIAN.

["The bravest thing God ever made."-A British Officer's opinion.]

THE skies that arched his land were blue, His bush-born winds were warm and sweet,

And yet from earliest hours he knew: The tides of victory and defeat;

From fierce floods thundering at his birth, From red droughts ravening while he played,

He learned to fear no foes on earth—
"The bravest thing God ever made!"

The bugles of the Motherland

Rang ceaselessly across the sea, To call him and his lean brown band

To shape Imperial destiny; He went, by youth's grave purpose willed,

The goal unknown, the cost unweighed,
The promise of his blood fulfilled—

"The bravest thing God ever made!"

We know—it is our deathless pride!—
The splendour of his first fierce blow;

How, reckless, glorious, undenied,
He stormed those steel-lined cliffs we know!

And none who saw him scale the height
Behind his reeking bayonet-blade
Would up him of his title right

Would rob him of his title-right—
"The bravest thing God ever made!"

Bravest, where half a world of men Are brave beyond all earth's rewards, So stoutly none shall charge again
Till the last breaking of the swords;
Wounded or hale, won home from war,
Or yonder by the Lone Pine laid,
Give him his due for evermore—

W. H. O.

#### In a Good Cause.

"The bravest thing God ever made!"

Mr. Punch begs to remind his gentle readers of the great and not very difficult service they can do to our gallant Soldiers and Sailors, whose worst enemy is boredom, if they will collect all the Magazines and Books which they can spare for the need of the Camps Library (Sevenpenny Editions are in great request), and simply hand them, unwrapped and unlabelled, over the counter of the nearest Post Office. No postage need be paid.

### In the Cradle of the Deep.

"Admiral Sir John Rushworth Jellicoe, Commander-in-Chief of the British Grand Fleet, celebrated his second birthday yesterday in keeping watch over the enemy's vessels."—Southern Daily Echo.

"Mr. Villiers told the audience the circumstances of an exciting adventure when he was taken for a German spy, by a French gendarme. The same morning three German spies had been shot. So he told the gendarme how he was an Englishman and a friend of their Mayor's, but it was only when he presented the gendarme with a note for 25 centimes that he got his release."—Hull Times.

We gather that the gendarme was a stamp-collector.



eat ant , if ney my em, est

of day

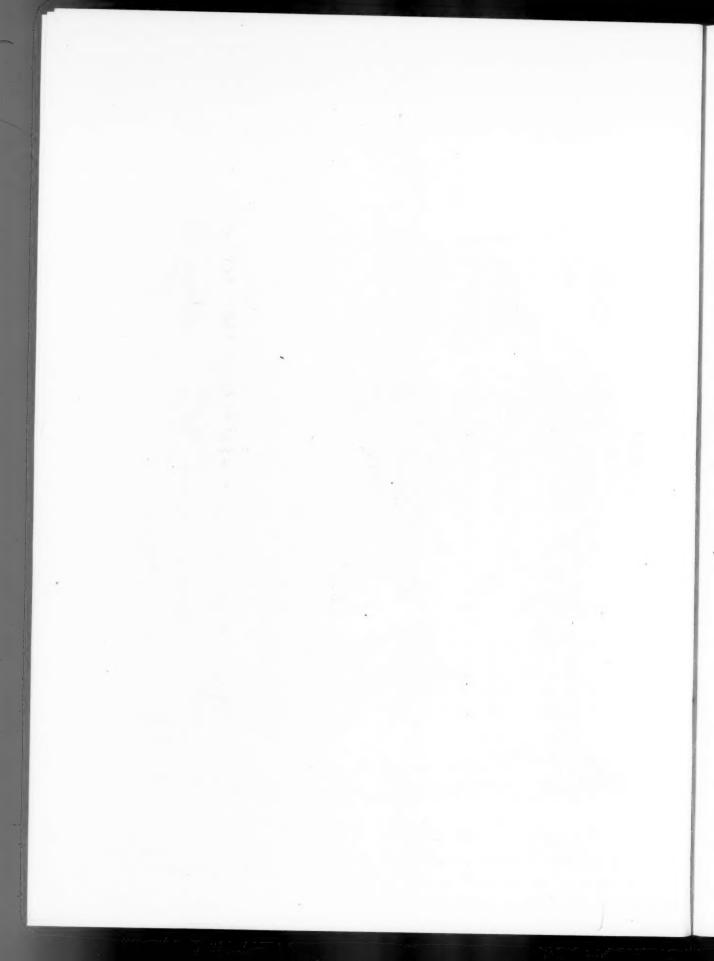
ing me.

neir

## AN EMPTY VICTORY.

Imperial Sculptor. "I WANT YOU TO SIT FOR MY COLOSSAL FIGURE OF 'VICTORY."

Germania. "YES, SIRE. MIGHT I HAVE A LITTLE SOMETHING TO EAT FIRST?"



### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, December 6th .- As usual, lion's share of Questions fell to lot of Under-Secretary FOR WAR. Also as usual, TENNANT'S replies were excellent alike in substance and manner.

The art of answering Questions satisfactorily not easy of full attainment. rank and of age known at the War Office as "eligible," must avoid pertness, but should be able occasionally to gratify the almost infantile desire of he is the prize of an Austrian crew sonally influential, section of the Com-

House to be amused. He must be frank in statement whilst discreet in measure of information conveyed. In dealing with multiplicity of inquiries, a considerable portion born of personal vanity or desire for self-advertisement, he must live up, at least in appearance, to the Pauline example of suffering fools gladly. At the same time he must be able at rare intervals to administer sharp rap on knuckles to a pest of the Question-hour who momentarily excels himself.

TENNANT too gentle by nature, too courteous by habit, to distinguish himself in last field of action. Other requirements necessary to success in difficult position he daily exhibits, achievement rendered easier by fact that he has modestly won his way to favour of all sections of House. with possible exception of Herr GINNELL, who is inclined to class him with his colleague, the IRISH

SECRETARY.

Business done. - Finance Bill further considered on Report. New Clauses introduced by Chancellor

OF EXCHEQUER.

Tuesday. - Often wondered of was prominent amid group of implacables above Gangway on Opposition side. Theirs not to reason why. On Treasury Bench was a Ministry scheming for Home Rule and other legislative iniquity. Business of group for Holderness Division active and sedulous in this patriotic mission. When Might triumphed over Right during continuance of War.

News comes this morning explaining Prrr that it would be a good thing if Bill through Committee.

mystery. his country in whatsoever capacity to the public exchequer a considerable Wilson volunteered for service as proportion of money drawn from it in King's Messenger. As he was coming the way of official salaries. Enlisted home, due in good time for Christmas the King in the good work, His festivities at Tranby Croft, Austrian Majesty contributing a sum from the submarine suddenly popped up. Com- Civil List. mander boarded Greek vessel that carried STANLEY, his fortunes and his despatches, and bore them off in custody. tion. They recognise that, like Captain

House hears with regret of the mis-A Minister, especially one of junior adventure. In spite of, perhaps because of this observation lays in the appliof, his occasionally boisterous manner cation on it." If Ministers relinquish STANLEY a general favourite. Some part of salaries hardly earned the

A BIRRELLIANT IDEA.

late what had become of STANLEY rather than of a German. His treat-speech. WILSON. In days that are no more he ment during coming festive season may accordingly be more Christmassy.

Business done.-Another uneventful Report stage. Half-an-hour after midnight permitted to pass it.

Wednesday .- Much talk in Lobby alluded to was to obstruct, if not ab- about BIRRELL's suggestion that by solutely stop, their progress. Member way of setting example, process more I call opening the door to the thin edge potent than giving advice, Ministers should accept reduction of salaries

and Home Rule Bill added to Statute There is closely relevant precedent Will come to a close?" asked Mr. Book he slacked off attendance. Since for self-denying ordinance. More than Lough. "No, Sir, not the slightest," War began—to-day at least two of his a hundred years ago, when PITT with cheerily answered the PREMIER. old compatriots are seated on Treasury his back to the wall was fighting Bench cheek by jowl with ancient enemy—has disappeared from parliamentary scene.

Natoleon, it was necessary to impose than that the passing of Walter Long's Rent to course to by the passing of Walter Long's Rent to the passing of Wa

Always ready to serve His Majesty's Ministers contributed

Members keenly interested in CHIEF Secretary's public utterance on ques-Bunsby's sage remarks, "The bearings

> mons who desire to see the Mother of Parliaments relieved from increasingly undignified position will receive irresistible impetus. Members can't go on taking full payment of £400 a year voted to themselves in time of peace whilst they insist on their constituents practising self-denial.

To-morrow the Reichstag meets. IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR expected to indicate terms on which the WAR LORD may be prepared graciously to grant peace to prostrate Allies. In speech at Guildhall in October last year, PRIME MINISTER plainly indicated terms upon which the Kaiser may have peace. By un-designed coincidence he to-night indicated the latest attitude of the Allies on subject.

"If," he said, "proposals of a serious character for a general peace are put forward, either directly or through a neutral Power, by the Enemy Govern-ments they will be discussed by the Allied Governments."

This intimation is at the service of the IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR for any use he cares to make of it when giving final touch to his

Business done,-Rent Bill in Com-

Thursday,—PREMIER announces that sitting dealing with Finance Bill on arrangements have been concluded with Law Officers of Crown for reducing their rate of remuneration during the

"That," said Herr GINNELL, "is what

of the wedge.

"Has the right hon. gentleman any idea when the Parliamentary Session

Business done .- Budget Bill amid



Scenes from a revised History of Great Britain. A SEQUEL TO THE SIGNING OF MAGNA CHARTA.

### SALE PRICE.

Scene-" The Plough and Horses."

"OVER-REACHED 'erself a bit-well, well.'

"'Oo be you 'ludin' to, Luther Cherriman? Friend of yourn?'

"Gi'e 'er a name an' done wi' it-

that's what I says." "'Er name's well know'd to all--

Annie 'Arbour, that 's 'er name.' "But no partic'lar friend o' anyone

'ere, fur as I knows.' "Went to school wi' 'er, I did.

Carrotty curls, she 'ad-bit of a knowall then.

"Bit of a know-all still, an' nosey wi' it, so the womenfolk seem to say.

"Still I be fair sorry for the woman

"Tell us 'bout it, then."

"Ain't you 'eard?'

"Don't 'ear nothin' of 'er 'cept once in a way. She an' my missus don't see 'xactly eye to eye-that's 'ow 'tis. Case o' bein' uncommon cleverthat's what 'twas. You all know 'er boy 'listed matter o' three months back -nobody couldn't stop 'im no longer, nor they couldn't.'

"Spit o' 'is father, that boy-strong, 'ardworkin' chap as ever walked, 'is father were."

"An' died o' a wapse's sting, so they do say. Stung an' dead an' all in less time 'an 'twould take to lift a row o' potatoes."

gi'e 'er a sort o' 'scuse for tyin' that boy o' 'ers to 'er apron-strings.'

"Apron-strings not strong 'nough to 'old 'is father's son, though, when it 's war a-callin' 'im.'

"They do say as 'is mother's tongue be a thing to flee from, too. 'Tain't as if 'e 'ad a pack o' brothers an' sisters to share it wi' 'im, neither.'

"Shouldn't 'a said 'e were old 'nough for full-blown soldier. But time do fly, an' no mistake."

"Nor 'e wasn't old 'nough for part 'e claimed—that's the way 'twas. But a fine up-standin' lad, an' when' 'e gi'e in 'is age as eighteen, if anythin' were thought nothin' weren't asked. Don't do to ask too much in war-time.'

"Ask no questionses an' you don't 'ear no lies.

"There you be gettin' on wrong tack again, George, same as usual. came first in this 'ere case, an' the question as might have proved it one was left out-that's all.

"You chaps don't need to arguefy fore it be time to quit.'

"It be 'ceedin' simple, what I got to tell. 'Ere be fine up-standin' son, all joggety like to be off, an' 'ere be 'is mother clingin' 'old o' 'im still, like "Losin' 'er 'usband, same as she did, grim death. Yet off 'e goes an' calls 'isself eighteen, 'e does, an' says as 'ow 'e'd been 'lowin' 'is mother fifteen bob a week, all told. Consequence is 'e gets a man's pay an' 'is mother she gets 'er tidy bit as well. An' to make up for it King an' country they gets the strongest young chap in these 'ere parts—same as 'is father' 'fore 'im, 'oo were a cert'n match for any man, but not for wapses."

"Annie 'Arbour weren't satisfied, though, if I guesses right?"

"You does guess right—an easy guess. Annie 'Arbour, she couldn't rest no'ow wi' 'er son recruitin' an' not a soul to nag at from daybreak to sundown an' round again. So she tried this way an' she tried that for to get 'old o' 'im again, an' not a morsel o' chance did she see. Then all of a sudden it come to 'er, an' she thought she'd struck it fine.'

"'Ow was that, Luther?"

"She devised it all very careful an' business-like, I be bound to say. Got is birth certificate down from London, bout that. Tell us your yarn, Luther, she did, thinkin' to floor th' authorities wi' that most proper. Sixteen, birth



Recruit (who has been kept waiting for medical examination). "You've kept me waiting about here for over four hours," N.C.O. "And what about for, my lad? You've kept us hanging about here for fifteen months!"

certificate set 'im out to be—all of it in black-an'-white, as solemn as Judgment Day. Authorities couldn't deny it—an' didn't try."

"What did th' authorities do, then?"
"Cut down 'is mother's 'lowance,
'im bein' under age an' not likely to
'ave ever earnt all that 'ere to give 'er.
Now she do 'ave to go on workin' for
'er livin', same as rest of us."

"Authorities didn't gi'e 'er back 'er

son, though, did they?"

to

is

ce

ls

W

b

e

10

e2

ts

re

00

ıt

d,

ot

d

et

t

"Knowed a trick worth two o' that, seemin'ly. Th' authorities weren't born yesterday. Kep' 'er son, they did, an' didn't as much as thank 'er for lettin' 'em 'ave 'im at sale price, as you might say."

"Canon Scott Holland will lecture at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Charing Cross, on Wednesday, November 31, at 5 p.m. Subject; 'The Nineteenth Century.'"—The Challenge. Memo. for the lecturer: "Take care of the months and the centuries will look after themselves."

"Mr. Rennie, in drifting away from trade unions, thought some illuminating remarks about women."—Norwood Review.

But seems, perhaps wisely, to have kept them to himself.

### ROOSEVELT ON WILSON.

(Lines from an unwritten poem).

HE never touches any meat; Canned beans are what he loves to eat; He dare not drink his grape-juice neat; His life-blood has no more of heat Than you can find in driving sleet.

He thinks in his profound conceit That he is of the world's élite; He is disgustingly discreet; His policy, half bluff, half bleat, Invariably spells Retreat.

I 've searched the lexicon of Skeat In vain for epithets to treat, In any manner fit and meet, This acid prig, inane, effete, Who sits in mine and Lincoln's seat.

So, when I see him on the street, The pedant absolute, complete, Fish-like and smug from head to feet, I long to batter, bash, and beat This blamed Byzantine Logothete!

#### Journalistic Candour.

"New Days reflects the new spirit of the times. Never a heavy, dull, lifeless organ of the pseudo-intellectual variety, it is always 'vile."—Advt, in "The Methodist Times."

"Is it not time that the right of the Mosensteins and the Siegenbergs to become Morleys and Curzons was restricted? We should like to suggest that no naturalised alien should be allowed to assume a new name until his family had borne it for three generations. But we have doubts whether this plan is practical."—Evening Paper.

We have great pleasure in sharing these doubts.

"No gift of divination was needed to foresee this move [the invasion of Serbia]. In fact it was foreseen months ago, but all warning of it was suppressed by the Censor. And thus the Foreign Office was surprised."

Morning Paper.

The Censor ought to have remembered that Sir Edward Grey relies on the Press for all his information.

"If you want a first-class Bloater you can get one from — & Son. Send postal order for 1s. 6d. We will send package carriage paid."—Wiltshire Times.

Who says that there are no bargains to be picked up in war-time?

"Judging by the subscription list, the attendance at this concert will be even larger than at the last, when many were unable to gain admittance."—Montreal Daily Star.

Let's hope they've enlarged the hall in the meantime.

### AT THE BACK OF THE FRONT.

ABOUT 10.30 o'clock on the night of er, 19—, I was shivering in my tent and trying to extract a pair when an orderly dashed in with a message marked "Urgent or ordinary" She made a discovery to the made

It appeared therefrom that no less a person than -- was going to in-

spect us to-morrow.

I read on with comparative nonchalance (chalance was out of the question at that temperature) until I came to a bit about Company Commanders. (I was, in a manner of speaking, a Company Commander at couldn't have got it all in on a card, that date. I believe I got an extra sixpence a day for it, on account of I was coming myself so soon." the responsibility, you know-or perhaps it was to keep a horse with; anyhow, "Company Commanders," read the message, "will be expected to know everything.")

More words may have followed and our doc. thoughtqualifying even this moderate expectation; but as a matter of fact I suddenly realised just at this point that I was ill-horribly ill; had been for

weeks.

With a feeble gesture and a few curt decisive orders I indicated to the orderly that I wished him to hand A HIGH-CLASS COLLEGE FOR POLITICAL the message on to the Sergeant-Major. Then I fell back and would have swooned but for—— I can't really think why I didn't swoon. Perhaps because there was no one looking.

There are various ways of squaring doctors. It happened by chance that I had a great number of socks on hand. The strength of a man is his weakest kink. Our doctor's kink is socks. You can't give him enough. He has an idea, apparently not shared by official sources of issue, that socks save the men from frostbite. Anyhow, next day he provided me with a motor-car a Parliamentary career. and a disease-I learned its name by inspector. I believe in giving some of the younger men a chance.

They brought me gradually here. We arrived at dead of night and took the place by complete surprise. Eventually we were lined up and asked to account for ourselves. I assured them thirty-two years' service, had been in the country nineteen years and was

a Bush Baptist.

The R.A.M.C. Corporal seemed dubious, but allowed me into B Ward. There a sister woke up and inquired Members. what was the matter with me.

I told her.

She seemed incredulous and asked me again.

I repeated my lesson twice, and even then I was sure she didn't believe me. "Where have you got it?" she

"Haven't you a card?" she began

"I'm awfully sorry," I said, "but I've had none printed since war broke out. You see-

"I mean a card saying what's the matter with you-from the clearing station?"

"No," I said. "No; you see, they and it wasn't worth writing a letter, as

She sent me to bed.

Next day the doctor came round.

told him nearly the whole truth.

"Fact is," I said, "the division's resting,' and I'm most awfully fed up,

"I see," he said. "How long have you been out?

I told him.

He was a very sensible sort of doctor.

#### HECKLEBURY HALL.

ASPIRANTS.

Principal.

Sir Arthur Markham, Bart.,

Assisted by

Professor Sir HENRY DALZIEL. Professor Joynson-Hicks. Professor Sir William Byles. Professor PRINGLE. Professor RONALD MCNEILL. Professor Hogge.

Professor ARTHUR LYNCH. Professor GINNELL. THE curriculum of the College is

specially designed to prepare pupils for

Especial attention is given to shy, heart - and left another officer with retiring and silent boys, with a view to the company to swank before the encouraging them to speak and assert themselves on all occasions in a spirit of fearless independence and aggressive importunity.

The dominant note of the College is

the Note of Interrogation.

Besides attending lectures by the greatest experts in the Inquisitorial that I was seventy-seven years old, had Art, pupils assemble twice a day, at 12 noon and 5 P.M., to take part in a contest which faithfully reproduces the conditions of Question Time in the House of Commons, the professors acting as Ministers and the boys as

pupils who have asked the most em-

barrassing, the most irrelevant and the most truculent questions.

Lessons in self-defence form an integral part of the curriculum. Classes are held daily in boxing and ballistics (Professor RONALD MCNEILL), fencing (Professor Arthur Lynch), jujitsu (Professor Sir William Byles), Greco-Roman wrestling (Professor Joynson-Hicks), and pig-sticking (Professor Hogge).

N.B. - Ill-tempered, violent and quarrelsome boys are judiciously treated on a new system of intensive culture, so that their idiosyncrasies may be turned to the best possible account.

Testimonials received by the Principal:

DEAR SIR,-Although my son has only been for one term at your College I am glad to say that he has already largely conquered his hereditary bashfulness. Only yesterday he asked his aunt at luncheon, in the presence of the Vicar, how long she had dyed her hair.

Gratefully yours, PAUL PRYOR.

DEAR SIR,—In sending you cheque for next term I wish to express my indebtedness to your admirable method of instruction as illustrated by the progress of my son Jasper. This morning he asked me whether I intended to give him a war-bonus in the shape of an extra shilling a week pocket-money, and when I replied that I must consult my bankers before answering the question, he threw his plate, containing poached egg and bacon, at me with extraordinary accuracy of aim. I attribute this result to the excellent training he has received from your Professor of Ballistics; and beg to sign myself,

Yours truly, CHICKERING PECK.

DEAR SIR.—Before he went to Hecklebury Hall my son was the most backward boy I ever knew. He is now the most forward lad I have ever met. We never know what he will say or do next. He has revolutionised our home life, and my wife seldom leaves her room in the holidays. You are at liberty to make any use you like of this letter.

Yours faithfully, HADDEN DOONE.

DEAR SIR,—I have no sons, but if I had twenty I would send them all to your school to be turned into Hecklebury Finns. It is the finest product of our times and the only school where the young idea is instructed on the sound principle of being always "agin the Government." Heaven prosper your noble efforts to elevate the practice of Ministerial tail-twisting to the dignity of a high Art, I had almost said a Religion! Why should Prizes are awarded every term to the the Americans have the monopoly of it?

Your admirer, DAMPIER PEEVEY.

15. d the n inasses istics neing ijitsu reco-SONessor and eated ture, y be

pal: has llege eady ash. his f the hair. R. eque v inthod proning

1 to e of

ney,

sult ues-

ning

with

ttri-

ning

or of

ekle-

ack-

now

met.

or or

our

ves

e at

e of

if I

1 to

kle-

luct

nool

lon

ays

ros-

the

ting

had

ould

it?

Y.

Ε.

К.



Captured German Officer (to English Officer in charge of German prisoners). "You fight for money; we fight for honour." English Officer. "AH, WELL! NEITHER OF US SEEMS TO GET WHAT WE WANT, DO WE?"

### THE UNIVERSAL PRETEXT.

"In future," said the restaurant proprietor, "we will have only Colonial and American meat. That will save something.'

"But," said the manager, "the difference between English and foreign is to for it but more water." us, who buy so much, very slight, and our customers won't like it.

"They won't know," said the proprietor.

"They'll suspect," said the manager. "What am I to say if they send for me and ask me point-blank?"

"Say?" said the proprietor. "Say that it's English but that the chef has take. cooked it badly. Say that we can't count on the kitchen any more owing can always lay the blame on the War.' to the War."

"Understand," said the tailor to his foreman, "I won't pay any more for labour, not another farthing.

"But it looks as if you will have to," replied the foreman. "There is a least-glucose, swedes, whatever it is." scarcity of girls.'

"No, I've been bled enough," said the tailor. "If they don't like it they can leave it. We can always get others

"I doubt it," said the foreman; "and the work will be badly done."

"Everyone makes allowances now. Say it's owing to the War."

"Well," said the brewer, "we're up against it now, what with extra duties

"I doubt if it will stand any more, Sir," said the manager. "It's about as thin as we can make it now.

"Well, you must try something," said the brewer, "and, after all, the said the manager. houses are tied and we can give them what we like. Do your best.

"I will, Sir; but I think it's a mis-

"Pooh! who's to object? And we

"It's absurd," said the jam manufacturer, "to use so much fruit. Nowadays all that's wanted is the sweetness and the suggestion. Increase the alloy by another fifteen per cent. at

"Won't that be rather dangerous?" the manager inquired.

"We'll take the risk," said the manufacturer; "but I don't feel nervous. We can always say it's the War.

"What are you making our best accentuated the difficulty.

"Never mind," said the tailor. Turkish cigarettes of now?" the tobacco magnate inquired.

"The same tobacco as usual," replied the manager.

"Well, don't do it any more," said the magnate. "Mix in at least a third of the No. 3."

"At the same price?" the manager asked.

"Of course. We must get some-thing out of it."

"We had raised the price already,"

"Well, I wish it," said the magnate. "They'll probably notice something and kick," said the manager.

"Oh no, they won't. They re prepared for things like that. They'll think it's the War."

And after all, why not? If we have got to have a war, let's make some use of it.

"Trousers, fit 38-in. chest, 5/-" The Bazaar. The "lower chest," presumably.

"The sock industry is new to the Isle of Man, and it took some little time to get the work on its feet."—The Methodist Recorder.

Possibly the three legs of Manxland

### COUGHS AND COLDS.

"Francesca," I said, "I'm afraid my cough is no better; wuff-wuff-gruff-ruff-wuff.

"It's your own fault," she said. "If you would only consent to take your cough-mixture regularly you'd have got rid of it long ago.'

"Francesca, how can you bring yourself to say such things? I certainly took a good strong working dose yesterday-or was it the day before? Anyhow, I'm sure I took something yesterday, and it hasn't done me a bit of good—gruff-wuff-gruff."

"If," she said, "you want a cough to yield to treatment you must first of all treat it."

"I've m

"But that's just what I have done," I said. "I've disappeared." given it all the nice things I could think of. It has had dozens of delectable jujubes, and scores of pastilles, and so small and so few. jars of black-currant jam in hot water; and yesterday I gave it breakfast in bed so as to humour it, and—wuff- and leave them on all the armchairs?"

gruff-wuff-this is all the return I get for my kind-

ness."

"Well," she said, "you're not the only person in the world who's got a cough. I've got one myselfhack-hock-hank-and it's every bit as bad as yours, only I don't complain about it to everybody. just bear it."

"No, you don't," I said. "You cough it and I bear it. It kept me awake for an hour last night."

"Yours kept me awake for an hour and a-half."

"You must be mistaken," I said coldly. "My cough's not the sort that can keep anybody awake except its owner. It isn't a loud cough. It's a gentle cough with a digging movement which is splen-

didly effective-gruff-gruff-ruff-wuff. Now your coughisn't a real cough at all. It's just a harsh, metallic, as to get first hold on the newschoky bark.'

LOOKED AT HIS LEGS.'

"My cough," she said with dignity, "is as nature made it. And, at any rate, I'm using the cough mixture." poured herself out a dose and drank it down.

"Francesca," I said, "you have great courage. Give me the bottle and let me, too, attack the enemy with this nauseous stuff. There, I've drunk it—wuff-wuff-gruffer-ruffer-wuffer. Bah! it only makes it worse."

"It's made mine much better. I couldn't cough now if I wanted to.

"For heaven's sake," I said, "leave it at that. Let it b. Don't ask it to come back."

"I should be ashamed," she said, "to show such terror of a poor little cough. Compared with your great St. Bernard belief is you'd put it down to cigarettes. of a cough mine's only a sort of Yorkshire terrier.'

"It's managed to get on my nerves all the same."
"But your nerves," she said, "are such easy ones to get on to.

"Yes," I said, "a child could get on to them, or a curate or a monthly nurse-anything from a boy practising a bugle down to a motor-car."

"And women," she said, "are expected to go through life without nerves."

"Yes," I said, "that's only fair. Women have got to keep the home together, and they couldn't do it properly if they indulged in nerves."

"How anything so irritable as a man could ever manage

to be a breadwinner I can't make out," said Francesca.
"We will not pursue," I said, "these investigations into our respective nerve centres. Is anybody else in the house going to have a cough?"

"Well, all the children have got colds, but you've been so wrapped up in your delectables that you haven't

"I've noticed that nearly all my handkerchiefs have

"Poor dears," she said. "Their own handkerchiefs are

"Yes," I said, "but why do they do them up in balls

"It's a mute appeal," she said, "to a hardhearted father. And James has got a bad cold.'

"He has," I said; "I've heard him sneezing a good deal more than is compatible with his age and his position as seneschal. Somehow a sneeze and a butler don't seem to fit in together. I suppose the maids are not going to be left out of this."

"Not they. They 've caught a nice plump cold apiece. And in a day or two they and James and the children will all be coughing like mad."

"It is," I said, "a most delightful prospect, and all owing to you.

"To me?"

"Yes," I said, "to you. You began it. Every day,

when it's about time for the evening paper to be brought I'll admit for the sake of argument that you've got one in, you start edging nearer and nearer to the library door so

"There never is any."

"No, but you think there's going to be, and you sit posted up against the draught between the door and the window, trying to look quite purposeless, until the door opens and then away you sail in a tornado of sneezes with

"You're a wonderful observer," she said. "You attribute it all to evening papers. Now I attribute it all to tobacco. If you didn't smoke so much you wouldn't be so liable to colds, and if you didn't catch a cold nobody else would-so there!'

"I never heard such nonsense in my life," I said. "Gruffwuff-ruff-gruffer-ruffer-if I were laid up with measles my

"And I shouldn't be far wrong," said Francesca. "Hockhack-hank-hack-you'd better have another go of mixture R. C. L.

"Rome.-The German Peace Assassin thanks the Pope for his work in favour of peace."-Provincial Paper.

Another synonym for the Kaiser, we suppose.



Dealer. "Well, Sir, of course you must take the 'oss or leave 'IM. THERE 'E IS, WITH ALL 'IS IMPERFECTIONS ON 'IS 'EAD, AS THE POET SAYS.' Prospective Customer. "AH, YOUR FRIEND THE POET CAN'T HAVE

ugh

erly age nto use een en't ave are alls 11," rdnes 've bod mnd al. la in he be ve

old

or nd

be

ost

all

u.

W.

ht

SO

sit

he

or

th

ite

30.

to

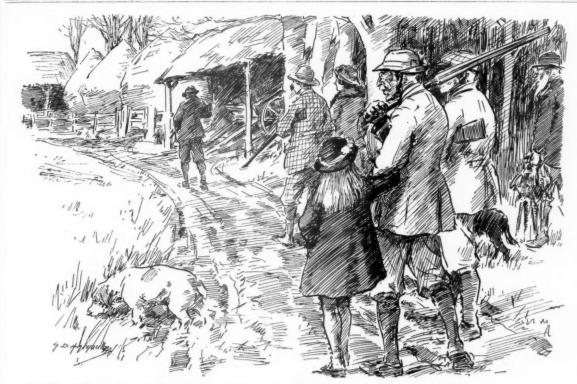
ff-

ny

k-

re

nis



Daughter. "Who's that gentleman, Dad, walking all alone?" Dad. "That's the man who missed five woodcocks one after another—the only ones we've seen this season,"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Messrs. Constable & Co. have been fortunate in starting their new series of Makers of the Nineteenth Century with Delane of "The Times"; they have been still more fortunate in finding such an exceptionally accomplished biographer as Sir Edward Cook. It takes an editor to appreciate an editor-his daily difficulties, his occasional triumphs, his frequent anxieties. With all these things Sir Edward has had long and varied acquaintance; and in this admirablywritten book he gives us with many a shrewd comment and illuminating sidelight the benefit of his own experience. Delane, who was almost as particular about the "graveyard" of The Times as he was about the leading articles, would have entirely approved his biographer; and the biographer, for his part, could desire no more inspiring subject. John Thadeus Delane was only twenty-three when John Walter the Second requested him to succeed the great Thomas Barnes, who had earned for the paper the title of "The Thunderer." He had had but a year's experience of journalism, yet he accepted the responsibility with the same level-headed confidence that he displayed throughout the thirty-six years of his editorship. Before he was thirty his reputation was secure. He had the confidence of the proprietor and of the innumerable statesmen and other big-wigs with whom he was in daily communication; what was perhaps even more difficult, he had his team of leader-writers (some of whom, like HENRY REEVE, were inclined to kick over the traces) well in hand. central body of British opinion on which the fate of Minis- sions of a Coster in Belgravia, meant as a counterblast to

tries ultimately rests. No personal fads or party prejudices obscured his judgment, and, though he often made mistakes and had to practise "the gentle art of curvature," The Times was never long out of sympathy with the Fortunate in his proprietors-who renational feeling. garded the dignity of their paper as more important than its profits-he was able to make the gaining of influence rather than of money his objective; and, as the almost inevitable result, he gained both. Every journalist should read his Life-the old for remembrance, the young for inspiration; but anyone who is interested in the social and political events of the Victorian era will find it as good reading as any novel, and a great deal better than most.

Was there ever a volume of recollections with so little trace of egotism, even to the point of the concealment of essentials, as Mr. RICHARD WHITEING'S My Harvest (HODDER AND STOUGHTON)? But I suppose his idea was to lay stress on the stored, not the sown, grain; on impressions and verdicts rather than happenings, which are only touched upon so far as they are necessary to elucidate. The fastidious phrasing (sometimes perhaps a little obscure in intention) marks the journalist of a long departed school, who, though he makes no particular grievance of it, views with concern the stress and hurry of our day of giant circulations and the queer policies that contrive and sustain them. It is of interest to know that the author of No. 5, John Street entered journalism out of craftsmanship-he had been apprenticed to Benjamin Wyon, "chief engraver of Her Majesty's [QUEENVICTORIA's] seals"—vid some sketches His aim was to inform, interpret, and direct that great in The Star, under Justin McCarthy, of the alleged impres-

James Greenwoop's "Amateur Casual" in The Pall Mall. rectories, his squires and parsons and all their pleasant As Special Correspondent in the Paris of 1867; Geneva of little world, gives us an account of a country in which The Alabama Convention; Madrid of the Carlist rebellion; wealth is a wickedness and often a punishment, and where Paris again, with the friendship of Hugo and Gambetta; ungenteel poverty rules the roast and oppresses the opulent. America; Berlin in the eighties; Petersburg (that was) Mr. John Howard, who penetrated into this country, was with Turguenieff—he has not lived a dull life or given a startled and disconcerted by the furious indignation with dull, though, may be, a quiet, reflection of it. The general which a proffered tip of sixpence was repelled by an reticence sharpens our wits to understand the faint allusions inhabitant who had all the appearance of a tramp. He and induces a very pleasant glowing sense of intelligence when we succeed, to counteract the chill of disappointment kind-hearted native attempted to relieve him, for his own when we fail. One must quote the verdict of "a brilliant good, of his rich watch and chain he naturally pursued the Irishwoman" on a certain fantastic countryman of hers who shall be nameless: "You make a great fuss about Mr. Hobson "had come his biggest cropper over a workedhim. We have a man like that at the cross-roads of every out silver mine, in which antimony or some such metal was village snacking every passer-by for the benefit of the discovered the moment the shares seemed to be worth

crowd." And neither this nor the author's own vehemence on the same too much discussed subject is the product of war passions. It is the only touch of spleen in a gracious book, which you may close with the verdict: There goes an honest Radical.

I suppose that detective or spy stories may be regarded as a mild form of intoxicant, and in this case I can promise that you will find The Thirty-Nine Steps (Blackwood) an agreeably exhilarating blend. Indeed, I am not sure that its consumption should not be confined to certain restricted hours, say 5 to 6 P.M., or from 10.30 onwards. To begin sipping at it in the morning would certainly be fatal to the day's work. In his pleasant little Preface, Mr. John BUCHAN refers to it as belonging to that type of romance "where the incidents defy the probabilities and march just inside the borders of the possible." There could be no better definition of the wild and whirling adventures

and breath-taking climax. For this alone The Thirty-Nine Steps would be well worth your climbing, despite the undeniable steepness of some of them.

abandoning for a time his beloved country-houses and charmingly told.

was doomed to be still further disconcerted, for when a

nothing, with the consequence that they jumped up again to unheard-of altitudes." When this crash came his wife had submitted to wealth with a noble resignation. She had taken a large house and filled it with expensive furniture, had bought silks and laces for herself and had clothed her children in the richest attire, thus taking her punishment like a true woman. Those who desire further and better particulars of this surprising country and of the manners and customs of those who live in it are referred to the book, where the whole scheme is worked out with the greatest ingenuity and just that amount of semi-solemnity which is suited to so Erewhonian a subject. It is a happy essay in grotesque but suggestive topsyturvydom. It may even prove to have a truly practical utility now that we are all bidden to give up half our incomes. But in Upsidonia they wouldn't have let you invest in a War Loan.



AFTER THE EXPLOSION. "Wot are yer worryin' abaht, Bill?"
"Cawn't reach my pipe."

A Little House in War-Time

that engulph Mr. Richard Hannay, from the moment when | (Constable) ought to be given a roving commission; I a supposed corpse walks into his London flat and demands mean that it should be found here, there and everywhere, protection till the last breathless minutes when—but I so that one may have a dip into it and pass on. To read certainly shall not tell you about them yet. At times one it through at a sitting—as I did—is to come to mild loggermay feel in retrospect that the border-line laid down by heads not so much with the book itself as with Agnes and Mr. Buchan has been overstepped; but this is in retrospect | Egerton Castle's idea of it. "We trust," they say in a only and belongs to the next-morning mood. At the foreword, "our pages may add a little mirth more to the moment the thrill of *Hannay's* evasions and escapes and gallant spirit abroad." Well, I discovered very little disguises holds one too fascinated to worry over the to make me laugh, but I did find something to refresh and question whether they could ever have happened. If I have a criticism, it is that the dressing-up motive is a out to be funny they seem to me to leave the bull's-eye trifle overworked. But if you should be tempted into some unscathed, but when they are telling us of courage in the impatience over this let me beg of you to hold on for the face of danger, of anxieties nobly borne, or of the beauties sake of the last chapter, which provides a quite original and joy of their garden, they hit the centre of the target every time. Without conscious effort they create a bond of sympathy with their readers which is very real and enduring. This is what is called an intimate book, but eyes that are merely curious will get little satisfaction from its In Upsidonia (Stanley Paul) Mr. Archibald Marshall, pages, its appeal being solely to lovers of a simple chronicle 5.

sant

hich

here

lent.

was

with

an

He

en a

own the

nia a

ked-

was

orth

ence

n to hen

had

h a

had

illed

ure,

s for her

tire,

nent nose

etter

sing

ners

live

ook,

is

test

ount i is

n a

ssay

tive

even

ical

all

our

onia

you

ime

: I

ere,

ead

ger-

and

n a

the

ittle

and

are

eve

the

ties

rget

d of

lur-

hat

its

icle

#### CHARIVARIA.

clastic.

Having read a moving description of

War is a wonderful thing. During the second battle of Ypres the following indent was received by the Stationery Office at the Front:—"Kindly let bearer have 4,000 yards of tape, red, for use with respirators." And so for once this material, instead of stifling military ardour, actually enabled it to breathe.

We learn from The Woman's Magazine that the work of a famous black-and-white artist is in such constant demand that he can only escape a breakdown by rushing off to his cattle-ranch in Western America. Lest our readers should imagine

that one of our own eminent draughtsmen is pointed at we hasten to say a cow-puncher.

An officer recently received the following postcard from his little daughter, who has just gone to a boarding-school for the first time:—"MY DEAR DADDY,-Please answer by return. Is a lieutenant's daughter higher than a captain's niece?"

Civil servants, professional men and others of similar position who have been called up for service in Austria are allowed to wear a yellow armlet to distinguish them from soldiers of inferior social status. If the use of French expressions were still permissible out there they would be known as the "jaunesse dorée."

was pointed out that in the Journals season, instead of one, in order to avoid month.

of the House of Lords certain names entertaining the representatives of the Synthetic rubber has once more been star, or a tick, but no one seemed to time. discovered, according to a notice issued know whether these marks indicated by the Frankfort University. This time that they were present or absent. it is attributed to "co-operation between Lord Atkinson said he had found the local professors." It is supposed the word "hic" against one name, that they evolved it out of their inner but with commendable discretion did consciences, which are notoriously not speculate as to what that may have implied.

"Meatless and Fatless Days" in Ger- newspapers. Rolled together as tightly many, a tender-hearted Briton writes: as possible, they are steeped in paraffin "Christian charity may forbid us wish- and cut into segments, one of which is ing them, even in war-time, Heatless sufficient to heat a soldier's rations. and Hatless days, but no exception can If the British War Office should adopt be taken to our providing them with the idea it may be possible by a judi-Fruitless and Bootless ones." the idea it may be possible by a judi-cious selection from our Press to dispense with the paraffin.

IN DARKEST LONDON.

Nervous Lady. "To the other side of the street, please."

that none of them will admit to being Funeral" had a prescient admiration

thought

Rarer, intenser, Upgathered for an outbreak, as it ought, Chafes at the censor !"

\*\* In a laudatory speech about Germany's allies Herr Naumann referred to Bulgaria as a country that is washed by the Black and Ægean Seas, and will soon reach the Adriatic as well. Like Lady Macbeth Bulgaria wants a lot of washing, and for the same reason.

It is a mistake to suppose that America is not suffering financially through the War. We learn that President Wilson has been put to the In a peerage case the other day it expense of two diplomatic dinners this Personally we fry ours, but only once a

of peers had against them a cross, a rival belligerent Powers at the same

A serious attempt is to be made to clear the trenches from rats; and it is found that four trained rat-killers can clear twenty miles in thirty days. As there are ten thousand miles of trenches on the Western Front alone it is suggested that the ranks of the Highland Italy has found another use for old Regiments should be searched for Pied Pipers.

> Extract from school-girl's examination paper:-" The Lines of Torres Vedras were lines written during the Peninsular War. Torres Vedras was a very clever and strong-willed man. He wrote these lines to his daughter to

commemorate this dreadful war."

In the case of a youthful jockey making two thousand a year the King's Bench has decided that as an "infant" he is not liable to pay income-tax. Several elderly millionaries are now asking whether this applies to second childhood.

The following letter was recently intercepted by the principal of a girls' school, addressed to Miss D. Robinson, Girls' College, Shrimpville-on-Sea:-

Junior School,

--- College for Boys,
Shrimpville-on-Sea.

MY DEAR DÖROTHY, -Fright-A correspondent reminds us that fully sorry I have not written before. How Browning in his "Grammarian's your Coll.? I am not in the 1st XI for footer for the British Press of to-day:—
"That's the appropriate country, there man's thought."

"That's the appropriate country, there man's thought."

"That's the appropriate country, there man's thought."

"That's the appropriate country there man's thought."

"That 's the appropriate country there man's thought."

P.S. I am frightfully sorry but I have forgotten you sirname if Robinson is wrong.

Note .- It was.

"An unexploded 12 in. shell has been found at the Corporation refuse destructor works at Bradford. The assumption is that it was brought home by a soldier, who thoughtlessly disposed of it by throwing it into the ashpit." Daily Paper.

As a 12 in. shell weighs 850 lbs. it seems a very large assumption.

"To clear the complexion. First I buy a yard of Turkish towelling which I make up into two washing-gloves: one of these I keep for the face only which I boil every week." Home Chat.

### A NON-STOPPER.

["'To save expenditure in printing,' the Northfleet (Kent) Urban Council have decided not to punctuate the official reports of their proceedings."-Observer.]

Mr. Punch, sympathising as he does with all kinds of economy, here tries his hand at a similar retrenchment, going even a step further and eliminating capital letters; but never again!

the friendly neutral who has been visiting germany austria bulgaria greece and turkey at the instigation of mr punch has now presented his report which runs as follows

my last place of sojourn was berlin where i was fortunate in being able to take part in the celebration of herr bode's seventieth birthday no one would guess that there was any war so enthusiastic were the crowds and so numerous and worthy were the presents which included a genuine victorian leonardo another sign of the perfect tranquility of berlin and incidentally of the untruth that there is any food shortage was a policeman standing by the brandenburger gate who though a copper was not requisitioned by the war office and though exceedingly plump was unmolested by the housewives of the city

passing on to vienna I was admitted to the honour of an interview with the aged emperor who is in the very pink of senile decay he said it is not true that the austrians are tired of the war on the contrary we enjoy every minute of it and its popularity increases daily nor are we in need of food it is only the other half of my empire that is hungary loud laughter i then essayed the balkans and succeeded in obtaining an interview with the royal recluse to gain admittance to his present throne room which so great is his people's love for him is in the lower basement of the chief safe deposit of sofia was the work of only a mere week and i was then allowed to speak to him not directly but through a perforated wall of steel several inches thick and not until after i had been searched to the bone we had however a charming talk and he reaffirmed his devotion to the kaiser and his conviction that after the war is over bulgaria will be second in power only to the german empire

in turkey whither i next passed eager as i am to provide you sir with all the facts that can possibly flatter us i found complete contentment on every side except possibly among the armenians who however have not been heard to complain for some time possibly because they are dead having bought a copy of the times at yildiz kiosk where it is on sale daily and greatly in demand

interviewing the king who was gratified rash?" to hear that a play named after him is now holding the adelphi at least he thought it was called tino and i thought it was more tactful not to put him right but of course it is really tina he informed me that he spends all his waking hours and they are many wondering whether he loves england more than germany or germany more than england and some day he hopes to know always provided that he can keep venizelos at arms length while he is making up his mind

having thus fulfilled the mission with which you were so good as to entrust me i shall be glad to receive a cheque

### MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO.

It was a murky night, and the room with its cheerful fire seemed particularly inviting when I entered and addressed myself to the man who was busily writing in a book.

"I've come at last," I said.
"Pleased to see you," he answered.

"I should have come long ago," I continued, "only, you see, Jones and I had a small bet as to who would stick out the longer. I find Jones went yesterday, so here I am.'

"Yes, you are," he admitted, "but-" "I'm five feet ten," I went on, inter-rupting him. "Chest thirty-nine—or forty, I'm not sure which. Not bad, eh?"

"Excellent," he agreed; "and I should say you weighed about twelve

stone.'

"Pretty right," I said admiringly; "but I hope you don't propose to multiply them all together and prove me the Beast in the Revelations.

He smiled gravely.

"Then there's my age," I went on. "Can you guess that? or shall we postpone further discussion of my statistics until I've seen the doctor? I'd better see him to-night and get it over. Suspense would be very painful."

"Yes, perhaps you had better. I fancy that 's his step outside now.

He darted out of the room, and after a minute or two returned in company with a sombre-faced man with such a pronounced professional air that it seemed almost to form a halo round him.

"You want to see me?" he inquired

"It's usual, I believe," I said. "Shall I strip?"

"I don't think it will be necessary. Just tell me how you feel."

"I thought you always insisted on viewing the subject in puris naturalibus, but no matter. As regards your question, I feel all right."

"No drumming noises in the head?

i entered greece and had the felicity of No sudden desires to do something

"None at all. Just ready to do what I'm ordered.'

"That's right. What made you come here at all?"

"Duty alone," I told him.

"H'm," he murmured, raising his eyebrows. "Perhaps I'd better have a closer look at you. Come this way."

He led me across a court-yard into a snug surgery, through which we passed into a room filled with weird-looking instruments.

Having examined me with the aid of divers pieces of apparatus for about half-an-hour, he put them aside and turned to me.

"You're quite all right," he said. "You've nothing to fear.

"Thanks," I said. "I feel as sound as a bell.

"You are. Good night."

"I suppose I may tell the other chap I'm perfectly fit?" I asked.

"If you want to," he said nonchalantly.

"The doctor has passed me," I told the inquisitor, "so we can soon polish off the rest of the business. I sign something, don't I, and get a shilling or so?"

A look of surprise spread over his "If the doctor says you're all right, I suppose you must be," he said slowly. "But what's that you said about a shilling?"

"Have you given up the timehonoured practice? I didn't know, but it doesn't matter anyway. what can I join? I think I should do rather well in the R.F.A."

His eyes suddenly lighted up with understanding. He rose and led me to the door.

"You must have mistaken the way in the fog," he said kindly. "The Recruiting Office is round the corner to the right.'

"Then this?" I gasped.

"This," he said, "is the Lunatic Asylum. Mind the step." But I had already fallen over it.

#### WAR THRIFT.

I JOURNEY by the Streatham tram My own true love to see;

I used to buy sweet marjoram For my sweet Marjorie.

But now Bellona rules the scene; When I go there to tea I take a dab of margarine For my dear Marjorie.

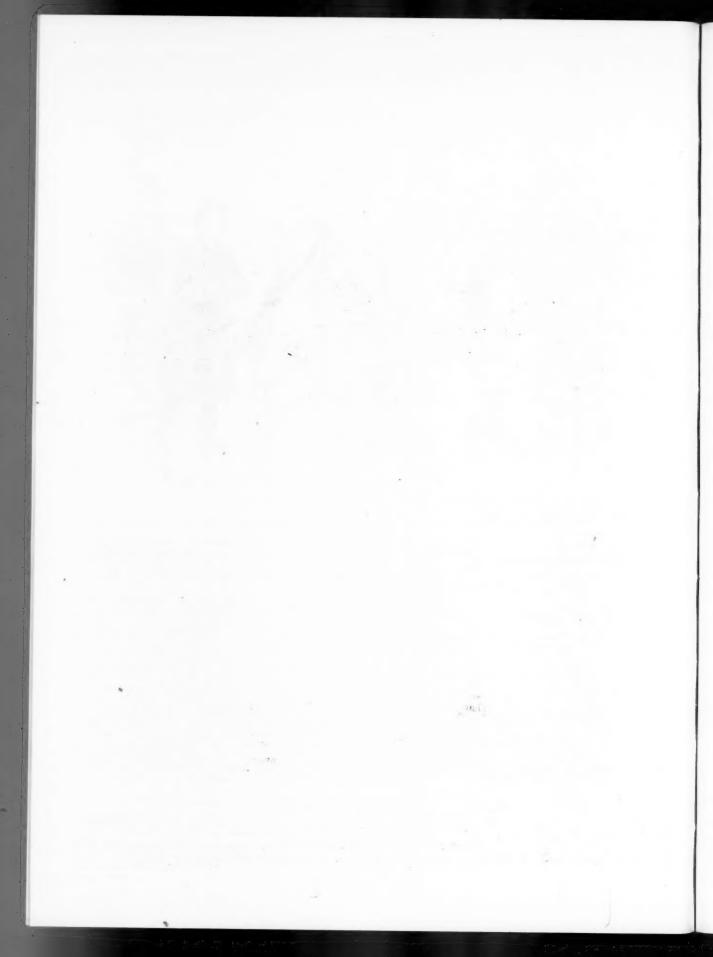
From a bookseller's catalogue:-"Coleridge's Ruins of the Ancient Marines." This hitherto unknown work should be acquired for the library of the Royal United Service Institution.



# CAROLLING BY COMMAND.

GERMAN CHANCELLOR (singing). "GOD REST YOU, MERRY GERMANY, LET NOTHING YOU DISMAY."

KAISER, "A LITTLE LOUDER, BETHMANN; AND PUT MORE CONVICTION INTO IT."





Village Clergyman. "CAN I HELP YOU AT ALL?"

Artilleryman. "YES, SIB, YOU CAN."

Clergyman. "WHAT SHALL I DO, THEN?"

Artilleryman. "Well, Sib, if you wouldn't mind going a bit further up the street the horses will understand the LANGUAGE BETTER."

### OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER. (A Point of Style.)

Is not this a charming letter from Isobel?

DEAR UNCLE PUNCH,-I thought you might like to know that Tony and I are writing a story, because Tony says these writer fellows make pots of money, and he knows a chap at school whose father is one, and he gets a shilling a word, and if we write a lot of words that would be ever so much, wouldn't it? And perhaps we'd get more for the big ones; and we're going to put it all into the War Loan and win the War, and then Father and Tom can come home again. It's quite easy except just the beginning, because we both got "Very good" for spelling last plot, and Tony's bought a book," How to write Short Fiction," which tells us exactly how to do it.

I'll tell you all about it, Uncle right too. Punch, because I know you're a "3. Grip your reader right away. literal old gentleman, and I expect Have a snap in the first sentence. It

book says:-

original. Ask yourself, 'Could anyone have thought of this?' and if the answer is 'Yes' it's no good." Well, that's all right, because Tony Sutherington is most awfully brave, and he's been out to the Front and got all the and Tony said that made it look as if letters we can find in the paper after his name; and he's in love with Isobel Bruce, who is the prettiest girl in the county, and she refused him when he was a clerk before the War, but marries him when he comes home wounded. Many people couldn't have thought of Do tell us which you'd say, Uncle that, could they? And you don't think Punch, and we'll let you read it before it will matter their having our own Christian names, do you, because that will make it so autozoological, like dear Isobel, but I should try "The David Copperfield, when we become jaws of Lieut., etc." I'm sure it will term, and I've thought of a splendid David Copperfield, when we become famous?

"2. It must be topical." That means about the War, you know, so it's all

"3. Grip your reader right away. you've had some practice at stories is a good plan to always as a general lost upon the enemy either.

yourself. You see, this is what the rule begin (why did that make father laugh, Uncle Punch?) with the hero or "1. The plot must be striking and heroine's name, and let it be an attractive one."

Now we come to the difficulty. I began: "Lieut. Tony Sutherington's, D.C.M., D.S.C., M.V.O., D.S.O., V.C., M.D., K.C. jaws snapped like steel," it was his jaws that were D.C.M., etc.; so he put, "Lieut. Tony Sutherington, D.C.M., D.S.C., M.V.O., D.S.O., V.C., M.D., K.C.'s jaws," and I don't think that's right, because it looks as if the jaws had belonged to just the K.C. part. anyone. ISOBEL. Yours always,

That is a very difficult question, be a lovely story.—U. P.]

"The sight of the men asleep on the parapet during these long nights always impresses me profoundly."—Morning Paper.

The spectacle would probably not be

### A TERRITORIAL IN INDIA.

here. At first, misled by semi-official purpose of being trained under favourable conditions in the gentle art of ments, which rendered war training for on parade. the time being almost impossible, we began to perceive our error.

are not, after all, destined to be useful formalities and the harsh ways of the afternoon you would probably find one

in the manner of fighters, but to serve our purpose during the Great War by being merely ornamental. We have, in other words, come to the conclusion that it is our sole duty by the splendour of our appearance to impress the peoples of India with the might and glory of Britain. Some go so far as to assert that we were specially selected for this purpose by Lord KIT-CHENER, after anxious consideration, on account of the matchless beauty and symmetry of our persons and the magnificence of our physique.

Still, whatever we are asked to do, we are patriotically determined to do

never been known before in all India. summoned to kneel and restore our horse appeared round the corner.

There is generally some reason, if you look for it, underlying even the grub!" most puzzling actions of the Army authorities. We have recently been less by rightly paying great attention where have just been officially informed to ceremonial drill. No detail is contact that we are entitled to benefit by the weather, and I was at first surprised sidered too unimportant in our efforts maternity clauses of the Insurance

the Company football and a washing the small matter of sloping arms from bowl in addition to me. Even allowing the stand-at-ease position. for my rather emaciated condition—as as a gentle hint that my normal figure is slaying Bosches. Months passed, and while I suppose the pillow, the Com-

In view of the foregoing alleged ex-

Small Boy (who has borrowed military boot of brother home from the Front). "THAT'LL FETCH FATHER CHRISTMAS.

it well, even if it is no more than to martinet. Others believe in the most the Front, we do not neglect to train look beautiful. Consequently, when free-and-easy methods consistent with an inspection of our battalion by the efficiency. It becomes a little con-much facetious argument as to whether General was announced a short time fusing for the long-suffering private at shovels should properly be carried at ago, we resolved to surpass ourselves. times. Yesterday, when I was acting the trail or at the slope, and whether Such a creaking of starched tunics, as Mess Orderly, the Battalion Orderly the points of picks should or should such a glittering of equipment, such a Sergeant chanced to be of the martinet not be burnished daily, this does not flashing of bayonets, such a mingled type. At dinner-time he formed us up aroma of hair-oil and tooth-paste, have in companies, called us to attention, dressed us by the right, numbered us In the short march to the maidan, dust in a series of stentorian and bark-like had settled upon our mirror-like boots, orders, and sent us marching off in Native cleaning boys were hastily fours to our respective cookhouses, heads up and arms swinging, left, right, footgear to its pristine brilliance as we left, right . . . Our Company Orderly stood in review order on the parade Corporal, of the opposite school, bore ground, till the nose of the General's it with resignation until we were out And we do our utmost to live up to it. of earshot. Then he said quietly, "Halt! Fall out and get your —

We strive to increase our impressive-

to count silently as we carried out the My DEAR MR. PUNCH,-We Terri- a result of the hot-season-the propor- different motions -- one, two, three, torials in India are gradually coming tions seemed altogether too generous. four-cutting the right hand away to realise the significance of our position But I think I see now that it is meant smartly at four. After a time there grew up a tendency to make the movestatements, we fondly imagined we not as impressively proportioned as it ments too huried, so, instead of counting had been sent out mainly for the should be in order to awe the natives, four, we began to count seven, moving and that it is up to me to develop it only on the odd numbers—one, two, till it conforms to standard. Mean- three, four, five, six, seven. This, it was presently decided, made us too as the hot weather came upon us and pany football and the washing bowl slow, so another method was adopted, we were split up into numerous detach- will have to accompany me when I go and we were told to count—one and two and three and four.

These and similar changes inspired planation of our presence in India, certain frivolous privates to invent Now over a year has elapsed since there are naturally differences of opinion other ways of ensuring uniformity of we landed in Bombay, and we are in the regiment as to what constitutes movement in manual drill. If you persuaded in our own minds that we discipline. Some are all for rigid chanced to look into our bungalow one

> man in a corner busily sloping arms as he murmurs to himself, "Twice one are two; twice two are four: twice three are six: twice four are eight." Another would be performing the same action while muttering "Mensa, mensa, mensam-mensae, mensae, mensa—mensae, mensae, mensas—mensarum, mensis, mensis." Yet another would be reciting-

"There is a happy land Far, far away, Where soldiers don't have stew Three times a day.

And to justify the expectation—which in reality we all nurse at the bottom of our hearts-that some day we shall be required at

assiduously in field work. If we expend prevent us from getting underground with great speed and efficiency when the time comes to use them.

Privately I may confide to you that we argue as follows :-

The best British troops are those trained in India:

We are trained in India:

. . we are the best British troops. Yours ever,

ONE OF THE PUNCH BRIGADE. P.S.—The Home Government has

not, as we feared, entirely forgotten us. to find room in my tunic for a pillow, after perfection. Take, for example, Act on and after 1st November, 1915.

om sed the ee, ay ere veng ng VO. it ed. nd ed nt of ou ne ne ly ırce re r: nng ıta. e.

e,

n-

er

w

X -

of

V

at

ıd

ar

at

ld

ot

d

n

ıt

se

e

ee



Old Lady. "So, William, You've come back to us wounded, I hear. How did it happen?" Old Lady. "A SHELL! OH, DEAR, DEAR! AND DID IT EXPLODE?" William. "EXPLODE, MUM? NOT LIKELY. IT JUST CREPT SOFTLY UP BEHIND-AND BIT ME!"

William, "SHELL, MUM."

# CASES. By A V.A.D.

WINGFIELD HOUSE, the voluntary hospital we were attached to, was an off-shoot of St. Elmo's, the large and dignified mother institution which was supposed to feed us with patients when it happened to remember our existence. No wonder we thought we were forgotten when week after week went by and the wards, which we had rubbed and scrubbed and polished till we could see our enthusiastic faces in practically everything, were still lacking those stricken heroes we longed to succour, help and comfort. At last, in answer to a tentative inquiry from our Commandant, we received a rather curt official intimation that we need not expect any cases for at least a week. On the strength of this the Matron took the night off, the three trained here, and I can't take 'em back." Sisters went home for the week-end, and the ward-maids went to the "pictures," leaving me and Doris and at a loose end. There was a lovely big fire in the kitchen, so Doris and show us where to take 'em.' I improved the shining hour by washmandant came in, and, being struck it from the basin. But she was great. The delighted inmates are ready for an by the soundness of the scheme, Giving her hair a quick mop up with amount of curtailment on these lines.

shampoo when there came an imperative knock at the entrance door. I of the kind that covers a multitude of sins, and went to see who it was. There stood an R.A.M.C. man and a big motor ambulance drawn up at

the gate.
"What have you got there?" I gasped.

"Seven cases for you, Sister," he replied cheerfully. "From St. Elmo's."
"Oh, but—" I cried; "there's

some mistake. We were told none were coming till next week."

The R.A.M.C. man shook his head. "I don't know anything about that, Sister," he said. "This is Wingfield House. My orders was to bring 'em

"Oh no, of course not," I said hastily,

my head in a whirl.
"My mate'll give me a hand to bring the Commandant in charge, and rather 'em in," he continued briskly; "and we'll set 'em down in the 'all till you

I flew to the kitchen with the news, ing our hair, and we were just finishing and I shall never forget the expression off the drying process when the Com- on our Commandant's face as she lifted

followed our example. She had just a towel, she thrust it into her cap, had got to the lathery stage of the her apron on in a jiffy, and, ignoring the soapy water trickling down her tive knock at the entrance door. I back, gave orders as if she were on dropped my brush, bundled my hair parade. The discipline and training into my cap, which fortunately is one Doris and I had undergone told too. Spurred by heavy footsteps in the entrance and the sound of helpless burdens being carefully set down, in less than ten minutes we had the fire blazing in the ward, the beds turned down, kettles boiling and cocoa simmering, and everything ready to hand. Then, led by the Commandant, we went to receive our first cases, and found that the R.A.M.C. men had triumphantly deposited in the hallseven cases of blankets!

> "Lady recommends Woman, lived with her six years, plain cook, or would go abroad with lady, look after children, or Ireland." Morning Paper.

Mr. Birrell might be glad of her as an under-study.

"The Board of Guardians on Wednesday considered the question of Christmas extras for the Workhouse inmates, and decided to curtail the festive fare. On this occasion roast beef will take the place of boiled beef, and the quantity per head is to be 6-ozs. instead of the usual four and a half."

East Grinstead Observer.

The delighted inmates are ready for any

# A WOUNDED HERO.

(By ONE OF THEM).

I LAID my head back comfortably against the pillows and glanced at Eleanor sideways.

forget that I am a wounded herowounded hero, that is, as long as I am wounded, and then of course a hero what they were before the War.'

Eleanor looked at me suspiciously. I should explain that she has an incredibly low opinion of my activities felt that I must strike a nobler note. in every field of human endeavour that I have so far entered. She has also a scorn for my personal appearance, which in her less imaginative moments renders her most unwilling to be seen with me at public functions. Indeed, it has always been a source of permanent and unconcealed amazement to her relations and of modified surprise and gratification to myself that she to doubt whether the rumour started so should ever have chosen me for a husband at all. But that is another is little doubt that, upon the next occastory, which I will tell upon another sion, Their Gracious Majesties will by occasion.

"Pooh," said Eleanor.

I allowed a soupçon of pain to mingle with the "wounded hero" look which I had been practising in front of the Eleanor's eyes were far away. looking-glass every morning for a fortnight and was wearing at the moment.

"But if I am not a wounded hero is it not clear," said I, with a happy touch of the Socratic method, "is it not clear that I must be a wounded coward? Perhaps you suggest," said I with growing heat, "that I myself shot myself through the leg?" (I was suffering from the uncomplicated passage of a German bullet through my thigh).

Eleanor was by this time frankly scornful. "My dear child," she said, "no one who looks like you look could ever be a real hero," and she gave me one of her firm glances, clearly expectbanish this latest bogie from my brain.

"That's because your mother brought you up on novels in which the hero much"-I glanced at Eleanor to see stood six-foot-odd in his stockings, had how this subtle compliment had been eyes of flame and an unnatural supply received, and discovered her with chin of honey-coloured hair. Such men are out of date nowadays. Their height would prove fatal to them in a trench that hat with rooks' wings projecting even if their constitution proved equal on each side which always attracts so to the preliminary hardships. No, much attention," I resumed fiercely Eleanor, heroes nowadays are made of and was rewarded by a flicker of less obvious stuff."

which I often found effective. Were might quite well happen," she less invincibly attractive in all "that they, observing the sa her ways I should describe Eleanor's nature of our offspring, should confer comment as something between a some suitable military or other dissnuffle and a sniff.

"There are proud moments ahead of you," I went on. "As, for example, when you are able to drive by my side round and round Hyde Park in my grandparents' motor. Picture to yourself how the women in the crowd will "And now," I said, "you must never nudge each other as we glide under the arch at Hyde Park Corner; how they will murmur" Lucky girl! Lucky girl!'

I paused a moment for any compure and simple. This implies that ments which Eleanor might make on our relative positions will not be quite this sunny forecast. I judged, however, from her expression that her thoughts were not on the happy tour which I had been planning for her. I

> "And then nothing is more certain than that the King and Queen will visit this hospital," I went on. "Twice already since I was here it has been reported that Their Majesties were coming; and if the startling consequences which this announcement has had upon the flagging energies of the V.A.D.'s. have sometimes tempted me far away as Buckingham Palace there their actual presence in our midst banish so unworthy a suspicion.'

I stopped to recover my breath after this unexpectedly long sentence.

"On that day the procedure will be something like this," I said, looking prophetically out of the window. "My bed will be placed in a prominent position upon the hospital lawn. I shall wear my green pyjamas and a brown woolly waistcoat secured by a safetypin at the throat. The fissure in my leg will be hidden beneath a red blanket. The drawn expression on my face will be released into a slightly wan smile as the Royal couple approach. I shall indicate you standing behind me at a suitable distance with Griselda in your arms, and I shall say, 'Perhaps Your Majesties will allow me to introing by decisive treatment at the start to duce to you my spouse and little one. Whereupon you, wearing that jolly hat with little side wings that I like so on her hand obviously paying no attention to what I was saying-"wearing Eleanor's eyelids, "will advance with I closed my eyes, an invalid ruse dignity towards the Royal party. It I said, "that they, observing the satisfactory tinction upon me."

"I can't make up my mind," said Eleanor slowly, "whether to put Griselda into short clothes to-morrow or whether to wait till next month."

But a quarrel was averted by our daughter and, as we sometimes with ill-founded optimism describe her, our heiress. She had been asleep in my arms for at least ten minutes, but now awoke with small cries which developed, as she observed my moustached and still unfamiliar countenance, into a consecutive wail.

"There, there-did she want her mother, then?" said Eleanor quickly and, not without satisfaction, taking her from me.

That, I find, is one of the great disadvantages of a family of three in its initial stages. I am always the opposition, and my most flawless reasoning is always crushed by that solid majority of two. But Eleanor is generous in victory.

"You'll let me know in plenty of time if the King and Queen are really coming, won't you?" she said, and kissed me.

There was irony in that kiss, certainly; but I still think that there was about it also a dash of something which I had never noticed in similar signs of recognition vouchsafed to me before the War.

# SOUTHAMPTON.

THE sky is grey and the clouds are weeping:

Winter wails in the wind again; Night with her eyes bedimmed comes

creeping; The sea is hidden in dusk and rain.

This is the gate of the path that leads us Whither our duty the goal has set; This is the way Old England speeds 119-

Darkness, dreariness, wind and wet!

This is the gate where battle sends us, Gaunt and broken, in pain and pride; This is the welcome Home extends us-Weeping rain on the cold grey tide.

Would we have balmy sunshine glowing Over the blue from the blue above? Rather the rain and the night wind blowing,

Rather the way of the land we love!

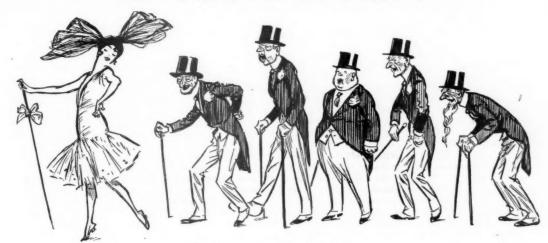
# More Material for Sir A. Markham.

"Recruiting officers from Luton were again in attendance at the Infants' School on Tuesday afternoon for the purpose of attestation of recruits, when a good number of eligibles were dealt with."-Luton News.

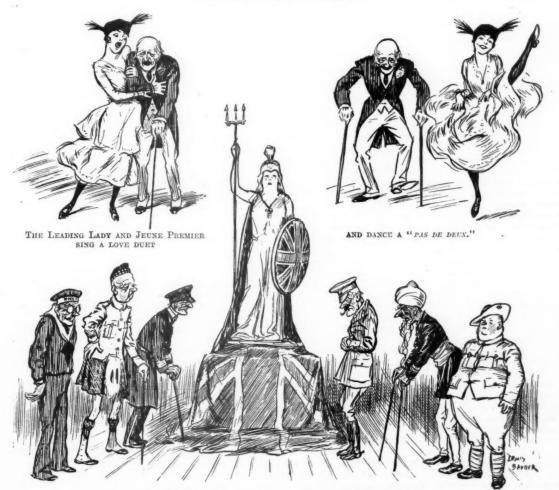
"At Oldham Private John ---, aged 1, was charged with being an absentee from the West Riding Regiment."

Dundee Evening Telegraph.

WHAT THE REVUE WILL HAVE TO COME TO.



ENTRANCE OF MALE BEAUTY CHORUS.



GRAND PATRIOTIC FINALE. OUR GALLANT BOYS ON SEA AND LAND.

said put rrow our with our my

15.

now oped, and to a her ickly

disn its pponing ority s in

y of eally and cer-

was hing nilar me

are emes

ls us et ; eeds wet!

s us, cide; us de.

ve? wind ove!

im.
Igain
Tueson of
were

d 1, a the



CHRISTMAS AMENITIES.

German Sentry. "SHALL WE ZING YOU ZOME CAROLS TO CHEER YOU OOP?" English Sentry. "Noa! SING US SOMETHING FUNNY. SING US THE 'YMN OF 'ATE'!"

## YOUNG ROBIN RED.

Why, from the point of view of even too informative for a sensitive of his passion for gardeners, his adoration for woodcutters, a mystery. And not only is the reason a mystery, but less or surveyed more searchingly. the very presence of the bird is a the next, with the first prod at the earth, with the first fall of the chopper, a redbreast has materialised-saucy, sagacious, critical, vigilant.

It was, I fancy, DAN LENO who first first sight of man they are off. remarked that he loved work; he could men working. Many have said it since,

ideal of pleasure-to watch men work, he observed me walking thither and foland especially, as I say, gardeners and lowed. The day for once being sunny woodcutters. That a gardener should I left the door open; and in flew the man, is the robin the most sociable of be popular is natural enough, for he robin to see what on earth I could be birds? Why is he less affrighted by is continually turning over fresh mould about. I reached down one volume, the phenomenon of a human being and revealing new and succulent articles he perched on another-a dictionary. than any other feathered thing? I of diet; and yet I don't think the That displeasing him, he flew to a row look in vain to the ornithologists for robin's is cupboard love either. I have of Dickens; from these to a new novel the reason. Audubon cannot tell me, observed a robin watching a gardener Morris withholds the answer, and for long periods and he has never Cesar, and again to Lillywhite's Bowdler Sharpe is dumb. They can touched food; and the woodcutter's Scores and Biographies. It was then be great on his changing waistcoat, toil is of course wholly unproductive that I came away, the robin preceding loquacious on his Winter song, and of nutrition. It must be on the robin's me by a couple of yards. All the way part an honest liking for human society, back to the house he flitted about me, reader on his distressing habit of killing mixed with curiosity and possibly a so that I felt like an Italian prince I his parents; but they leave the reason freakish pleasure in playing the fore- once saw leaving Venice, after a civic man, the gaffer. Certainly no gaffer, ceremony, in his motor-boat, escorted not even the most detested, ever did by aeroplanes.

equally haunt the lawn, but at the quiet precision.

stand, he added, for hours and watch mind is so fascinated by the spectacle direct this remarkable gift of espionage. of the labourer, no matter in what for low comedians are not too nice capacity, that to-day he actually paid by no man, not even a German, what about repetition, but DAN, I believe, attention to me, who do no more than valuable information a robin might began it, and one almost thinks he got drive a reluctant pen. I had occasion collect, and, crossed with a parrot, what

on the table, then to a bust of Julius

Half-an-hour later I chanced to go Let us then leave it as a blend of into the kitchen, and there the robin was mystery too, for at one moment there is inquisitiveness and friendliness; but again, watching the cook. Two persons not a robin within miles, and there at why the thrush is devoid of it, and in so small a room being too much for the sparrow and the goldfinch and the him, he made for the door, not in the wagtail, is a problem for the Gilbert foolish panicky style of the ordinary Whites of our day. These birds almost bird that has strayed indoors, but with

And now I am wondering if science One particular robin that I have in that can do so much cannot utilise and Flitting silent as a spirit and resented it from a robin. For it is the robin's to consult a book in a garden room, and valuable information he might impart!



# RELUCTANT SWAINS.

Germania (under the mistletoe). "DO YOU KNOW YOU'RE THE ONLY THREE GENTLEMEN WHO'VE KISSED ME?"

THE DAUNTLESS THREE (aside). "AND WE COULDN'T VERY WELL GET OUT OF IT!"

folnny the l be me, ary.

row

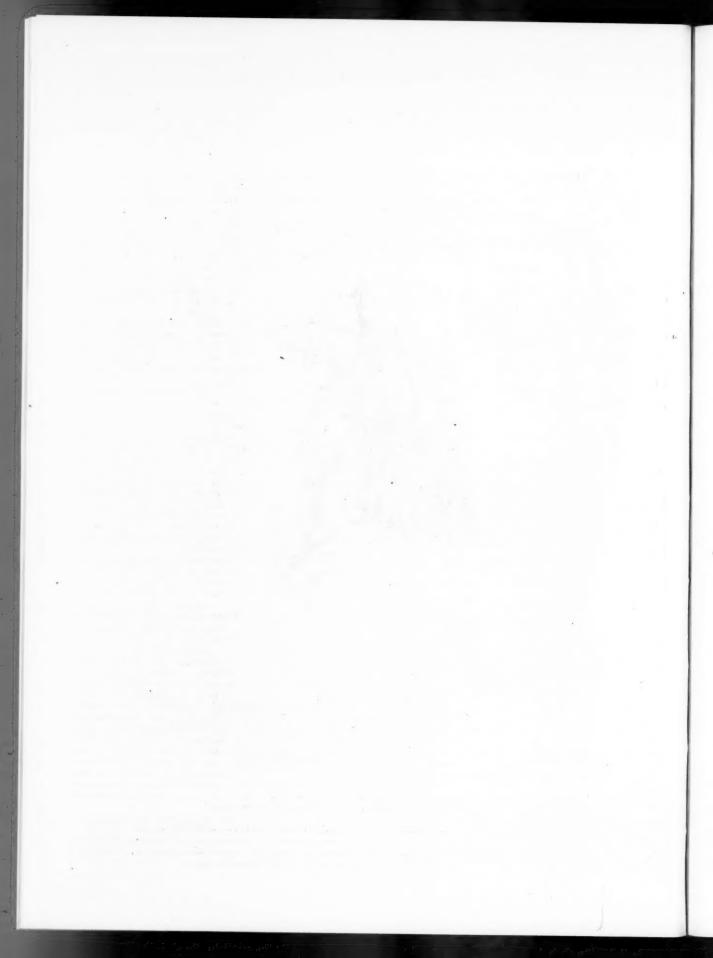
ovel Lus re's hen ling way me, ee I ivic

go was ons for the ary

rted

ence and age. ated that ight that

art!



# ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

TARY FOR WAR, pressed for information, this House."

That made clear, committed himself to statement that missing Member had "gone to the Near East"-personal addresses necessarily vague just now - under auspices of the Association.

MARKHAM, always practical, suggested that the vagrant should be captured, brought home and enrolled as a recruit under Lord Derby's scheme. Cold water thrown on proposal by expression of doubt whether the hon. Member was "big enough round chest."

Subject dropped. Member for Merthyr left missing.

"Curious how phrases recur," mused the Member for Sark. "TENNANT protesting that he does not represent the Young Men's Christian Association (which he might well do) recalls Bobby Spencer's famous declaration which, some time in the last century, amused a crowded House. Interposing in debate on a question relating to wages of farm labourers, BOBBY, dressed in height of fashion, his lofty collar gleaming round his stately neck, turned languid eyes upon the SPEAKER, and remarked, Sir, I am not an agricultural labourer."

Business done.—Chancellor of Ex-CHEQUER moved Second Reading of Bill authorising purchase of all suitable American and Canadian securities held in this country. Some criticism of details by financial experts. But Second Reading conceded without dissent.

Tuesday.—Question of payment of Members to the front again. On this occasion Ministers roped in. COWAN asked whether in order to reinforce by example appeals for personal sacrifice addressed by Ministers of the Crown to all classes of the community the PRIME MINISTER would take steps to reduce by not less than twenty-five per cent. emoluments of public servants, including Ministers and private Members of House of Commons, in receipt of salaries exceeding £300 per annum.

thing. Income of Ministers and Mem- another penny in the slot." (Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.) bers is, he said, taxed in common House of Commons, Monday, Decem- with other classes of the community. ber 13th.—Profound mystery broods Pressed by succession of questions he reading without threatened division. over fate of E. Jones, Member for rose to full height of his commanding To this end Bonar Law contributed Merthyr-Tydvil. Has not for more personality. Unconsciously assuming powerfully persuasive speech. than a fortnight been seen in his usual attitude reminiscent of AJAX defying haunts, including House of Commons. the lightning, he said, "I take my Rumoured he has accepted service salary and am going to continue taking in ranks of Y.M.C.A. UNDER-SECRE-

Great weight lifted from mind of



THE PRIME MINISTER DEFIES ASSAULTS ON HIS

should private Members be called upon | crowded House. to illustrate their lectures on economy and self-denial on part of general public by relinquishing portion of the £400 a year which they voted to themselves in time of peace and prosperity?

Loud cheers supported PRIME MINIS-TER in his heroic determination.

COWAN, now and later, had rather a bad time with the Four-Hundred-Pounders. His conversation with Premier interrupted by apparently irrelevant questions.

"Will the right hon. gentleman," high profit of manufacturers of pennyin-the-slot gas meters?"

Gas meters turned on again in course dred-Pounders nothing will. of Cowan's speech on moving rejection by Speaker with instruction to avoid vanced a stage.

PREMIER wouldn't hear of such a irrelevancy, he was entreated to "Put

Business done.—Bill extending life of present Parliament passed second

House of Lords, Wednesday.-Lord DERBy, rising this afternoon to reply to question as to measure of success attendant upon his Recruiting Scheme, met with reception of warmth rare in loftily replied, "I do not represent the Members uneasily watching growth of this chilly atmosphere. The superb Young Men's Christian Association in movement. If Ministers will not con- service he has done the State by strenusent to reduction of their salaries why ous, unremitting, well-directed efforts to

bring men to the colours recognised by Lord CREWE in brief speech of graceful congratulation.

As LEADER OF THE House said, Lord DERBY is better fitted than any other man for gigantic task undertaken. Might have put it that he is the only man willing and able to do the work. His personal qualities, his experience, military and civil, his friendly relations with all classes throughout the country, political and social, combine to give him a unique position. History will write many glowing pages recording individual achievements since the War began. None is more splendid than that of the man who succeeded in stirring the nation to the pitch of enthusiasm that makes possible the placing in the field of a fourth million of trained soldiers.

Business done.—Bill to amend Munition Act read a second time in Commons.

Thursday.—Attorney-General, standing at Table to announce on behalf of self and Solicitor-GENERAL voluntary relinquishment of considerable portion of their Ministerial income presented noble figure to yearning eyes of almost

Whilst others have been talking about self-sacrifice, with general tend-ency, strongly marked, to press its observance upon the favourable attention of their neighbours, the Law Officers of the Crown have simply achieved it. They save an exchequer drained by unprecedented expenditure for war purposes a joint sum amount-His conversation with ing to £10,000 a year. If that be not enough they "are prepared to consent to any reduction our colleagues in the Government or the House of Commons one asked the Premier, "consider the consider is required by the necessities of the case.

If this doesn't fetch the Four-Hun-

Business done.-Increase of Rent Bill of Parliament Bill. Called to order and other Government measures ad-



IF WE HAD BEEN PRUSSIANS.

SCENES FROM A REVISED HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

EDWARD III. (to QUEEN PHILIPPA, after the taking of Calais). "WOMAN, YOU MEDDLE. WAR IS WAR! BESIDES, YOU ARE TOO LATE."

# KITTY: A WAR PORTRAIT.

Four years ago, when down at Sheen, I stayed with Hale, a college crony, My godchild Kitty, just fifteen, Lived mainly for her dogs and pony;

She was a cheerful, slangy kid; She played a dashing game of hockey; And everything she said or did Was "rotten," or "top-hole," or

"rocky."

Then Kitty took a studious line, And sought to "petrify her tutors"; She banned the British Philistine,

And sniffed at cricketers and shooters; She read and acted in Greek Plays, Discountenanced the social scurry,

And spent laborious nights and days With Sophocles and GILBERT MURRAY.

Another year came swiftly round, And, yielding to a primal passion, Miss Kitty in the van was found Among the votaries of fashion;

Her hair was up, her skirts were down; She made a cult of modish follies; And Pekinese of golden-brown Supplanted her devoted collies.

Then came the War, and all the traits Whose growth herelders were afraid of

Dislimned, revealing to our gaze The real stuff that she was made of:

Rebuking, too, the cynic pens That quoted the Virgilian notum Quid possit femina furens,

And showing us the New Factotum.

With both her brothers at the Front, Her father working at munitions, She found the ancient pleasure-hunt

Repugnant to her new ambitions: She cooked; she nursed; she sold her car; She felt "more natural without it'

She ran the house without a jar And never made a song about it.

There was no stricken household near, No home too intimate with sorrow, But gathered from her words of cheer Solace and strength to face the

And when the wounded saw her come To sing them songs or write their letters,

The grinding pains that grip and numb Seemed to relax their cruel fetters.

So when I met the other day

morrow;

This new, transformed, ennobled Kitty

The gold had triumphed o'er the clay, For pride was swallowed up in pity.

O woman, everlasting sphinx, 'Tis not the least of War's surprises That from the ashes of a minx A ministering angel rises!

#### A Christmas Tip.

"When you burst send to Blank's, New Street."—Advt. in "Worcester Times."

From a Parliamentary report :-

"Mr. Cowan (L.) rising to move the rejection of the Bill . . Mr. Thorne (turning to Mr. Cown) :— Go on: turn on the gas-meter. (Laughter.) Mr. Cowen (proceeding) . . . ' Evening Paper.

It is a pity Mr. Cohen is no longer in the House, or he might have had a hand in this coincidence.

"It is a difficult matter to keep the custom of the Mayor and Corporation officially attending the Parish Church alive.

Provincial Paper.

The dead-head habit is so easily picked up at the theatre.

"Mr. McKenna said that there were a number of useful questions to facilitate saving by wage earners, and he would bring these before the committee which was going to in-vestigate the honeymoon."—The People.

We trust this does not presage a tax on matrimony.

## HOW TO TOUCH THE WORKING MAN'S POCKET.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,-You will have gathered by this time that I never like to be left out of any newspaper discussion that is going on, and I wish to assure you that I never put any restriction upon the publication of my views. You are quite at liberty to make any use you like of my opinions upon how the War Loan is to be introduced to the Working Man. A lot of weighty statements have already been made, explaining to us the preferences of the Working Man. There must, we are told, be no fluctuations because he doesn't like them, and no use of the words per centum because he doesn't understand them. There must be no vouchers because he has nowhere to keep them. There must be no distant date of repayment because he won't wait, and no conversion rights because he distrusts them. Again, the amount must be paid by instalments, so that he may be led to confuse the thing with furniture and goose-clubs. Finally-and this is crucial-(a) the money must be collected in the works: (b) the money must be collected in the home.

Such, Sir, is the current picture of the Working Man. I cannot say that I recognise him, but all the same I think we might set to work to smooth away these little difficulties and thereby open a clear path to success.

We can, in the first place, stop fluctuations once and for all by legislation which shall nail the loan to perpetual par. Anyone paying either more or less can be stuck in gaol, under the Defence of the Realm Act, for creating undue depression or inducing undue elation in the King's subjects. No difficulty there. Again, there need be no trouble about the phrase per centum. It need not be mentioned. A plain fact should be stated in plain language. Let our motto be, "A tanner on every quid twice a year." That should be printed in bold type at the top of the scrip.

when matches run short; besides, if he sticks it in a drawer, it is apt to get simply because, looking ahead to the ciple? I think not.

in

d-

æd



GLOOMY FORECAST OF DURATION OF THE WAR.

Youthful Delinquent (who has just been "corrected" by his mother). "You'll be 8-sorry for this when I'm G-gone to the War."

But this raises the question of scrip.

But this raises the question of scrip.

Paper must be avoided at all costs.

The Working Man distrusts paper. It old stone, by using the Government's furniture on the easy-payment plan. is altogether too handy as a pipe-light acknowledgment for brightening the And, Sir, if it be really true that goose not take the form of a china dog for among the masses, why not throw in down the back; besides, in any other the mantelpiece? One dog for each safe place the spring cleaning is certain pound subscribed. Ten dogs one timeto find it out, and we cannot be sure piece. Ten timepieces one framed and of our War difficulties if they are fairly that the War will be over by the signed portrait of Lord KITCHENER. I faced by people of imagination. Spring. But why, Sir, need we insist do not insist upon dogs. Local custom on paper? It is a mere convention, should be studied. There are districts The suggestion that the amount be where a pewter mug might be preferred. tattooed on the holder's arm I reject, But can anyone quarrel with the prin-

But there are other tokens, symbols or the point about collecting by instalemblems besides paper. Nay, more, ments will be found to have solved home. Why, I ask you, should it clubs have such an enormous vogue

Yours as usual, I am, STATISTICIAN.

# Our Helpful Contemporaries.

"A Littlehampton allotment gardener has time when the issue is redeemed, I can Finally, in this scheme for providing see no way out of it but amputation.

Finally, in this scheme for providing dug up a parsnip forty-seven inches long-dug up

# AT THE PLAY.

"Who is HE?"

SEVERAL influences had contributed to make an eccentric of Lord Twyford of Twyford (alias "Mr. Parker"). There was his parentage for one. His mother (I follow his own account) was an angel, and his father prematurely bald with a cast in his eye. On the female side he had inherited a taste for anonymous charity, which took the form of penny buns stuffed with half-crowns and distributed to hungry people under cover of darkness. The optical defect of the other parent (his premature baldness does not seem to have exerted any hereditary influence) was no doubt a determining factor in the son's choice of the microscope as a medium for nature-study. But, apart from this predisposition to a habit of life unusual in a Peer of the realm, his mind had been incidentally deranged by an unfortunate affair of the heart. His lady, jealous of the microscope which came between them, had jilted him in favour of a cousin of his, and the expenses of their elopement had been met by a forged cheque drawn in the name of the aggrieved party.

Obeying that instinct for secretiveness which was so excellent a feature in his philanthropy, Lord Twyford had fled from the ridicule of Society and under an assumed name had sought the shelter of obscure lodgings, from which he only emerged at nightfall. Here the smallness of his bag and the tendency to inconsequence in his speech (the result of mental shock) might justly have roused suspicions; but the vagaries of a ground-floor lodger, however limited his luggage and however vague his explanations of himself, are never too closely scrutinised so long as he pays handsomely and in advance. Unhappily, however, "Mr. Parker's escapade coincided with a Jack-the-Ripper scare, and his most innocent eccentricities (notably his nocturnal largesse of buns) soon had a sinister interpretation put upon them by a vigilant police. The misunderstandings that followed tended to develop an atmosphere of general insanity, and his landlady's behaviour, based upon a conviction that all was not what it should be in her lodger's head, fell under a like suspicion on his part. In the event, both his mind and the situation were cleared by the intervention, respectively, of a new love and an old solicitor, and all ended well along the simple lines of homely melodrama.

The charm of a scheme that has an eccentric for its leading character is without its cruder buffooneries. His frocks of the latest fashion.



AN INTERRUPTED PROPOSAL.

Reversing the old story, "Mr. Parker" (Mr. Henry Ainley) actually says, "Shut that door," but his lady-love understands that "Je t'adore" is intended.

somersaults are mental and not physical. He does not catch his toe in a material tin-tack; he trips over a kink in his brain. Of course, under favourable conditions his eccentricity is liable to be infectious—to communicate itself to those for whom nature had never designed it; and before you can turn round you are over the borderland between comedy and farce. But in respect



"EXPENSIVE SIMPLICITY."

Irene Harding (Miss IRENE BROWNE) conthat it gives you all the fun of farce trives to starve gracefully in Grafton Street

of his protagonist the author can always claim the perquisites of irresponsibility. He can always say, "This is a figure of comedy; just thus and thus my creation would behave in the life." Which indeed is unanswerable, for here there are no precedents to follow and no rules to break. It is true that my lord, by a disappearance which was bound to get into the papers, must defeat his own desire to escape ridicule; but then he is an eccentric. True that, for an alleged woman-hater, he falls rather rapidly in love with the first woman he meets after his jilting; but what would you? He is an eccentric. And we of the audience are just as pleased as the author with this transparent device; we love to flatter ourselves that we have the good sense to prefer comedy to farce.

Mr. AINLEY, as he proved in the more serious and sustained effort demanded of him in The Great Adventure, is our one man for this kind of part. It was a marvel how many fresh tricks of voice and gesture he had invented to distinguish his new character from the one in the earlier play that so nearly resembled it in its broader features. His personality was an irresistible delight; but the success of the play-and he would be the first to acknowledge itwas not due to him alone; he owed much to the services of Miss Clare GREET and Mr. FREDERICK GROVES as the lodging-house-keepers. Types of a commonplace humanity not easily diverted from its fixed orbit, they both made an admirable foil to his eccentricity, and their closely-observed realism set from the start the right key of comedy.

With the character of Irene Harding neither Miss IRENE BROWNE nor the author was quite happy. As for the actress, she never looked the part of a starved typist; the studied artistry of her auburn chevelure and the expensive simplicity of her frocks gave her a false air. For the author, he put some very indifferent talk into her mouth, and constantly left her pendent in the most embarrassing silences while he busied himself with Mr. AINLEY. One's sympathy is naturally prepared to go out to any woman whose heart entertains a Peer unawares, but we received a very niggardly encouragement. And, by the way, I venture to suggest that Lord Twyford of Twyford a little mislaid his nobility when he thought it necessary to administer so much sparkling Moselle to the lady in order to bring her to the point of accepting his hand.

The unimportance of these plaints must be the measure of my appreciation. I am not in a position to say ın ey, us in rts is ce S. oe C. er, ne 3; nst is er se 10 e-It of to ne eis t:

10

ed

RE as

of

ly

ey

118

ed

ht

ng

he

he

a

of

ve

se

ry

nd

he

he

S

go

er-

ed

d.

at is-

it

k-

to

ng

its

a-

ay



Little Girl. "Mummy, what do you think Santa Claus will bring me this Christmas?" Mother (anxious to economise). "OH, PEBHAPS HE WON'T COME THIS YEAR. HE MAY BE AWAY AT THE WAB, AND THEN WHAT WILL YOU DO?"

pay my gratitude to Mr. VACHELL who wrote the play, and to Mrs. Belloc Lowndes who made the novel from which it was "very freely" adapted; but between the two of them they put Mr. AINLEY in the way of giving me an extremely pleasant evening. O. S.

Little Girl. "I EXPECT THEY 'LL PUT A WOMAN ON INSTEAD."

# "THEY ALSO SERVE . . . "

Across the orchard you can see from my study window the entrance to the "Green Man." My wife is always wanting to have trellis put up to shut out the view.

"How should we ever know the time?" has been my invariable reply.

You see every morning precisely at eleven o'clock William, the sexton, arrives at the entrance to the hostelry. At a quarter past twelve Mrs. William (I don't think William possesses a surname) chases him out to come to dinner. When I discovered William's admirable punctuality I utilised him to check our clocks. It became a habit friendly door closed?" in our home to say, "You've plenty of time for the train. The diningroom clock is five minutes fast by William."

Even my wife recognised the usefulness of William, though with feminine ingratitude she lectured Mrs. William

vantages of temperance. Once Mrs. William retaliated, "Ah, Mum, I see you know what the 'orrors of drink are in a 'ome."

Months before London went dry in the mornings our district was scheduled by the Board and a stern decree oropen till twelve. The rule did not in-Hun lager which I drank in the happy times of peace. But I thought with horror of its effect on William.

At five minutes to eleven on the first beer. morning of the new order I was at my window watching for William. I habit of a generation? At ten seconds to eleven he appeared in the road and with his customary deliberation approached the door.

"Can it be possible that no one has

When he arrived the following morn- William.'

in what exact proportions I should at the Mothers' Meeting on the ad- ing at his usual time I went across to speak to him.

"This new regulation is very trying, William," I said.

"Not a bit, Sir, not a bit," replied William cheerily.

"But you find it dull sitting here?"
"Not me, Sir. I'm goin' to show dained that no licensed premises should that other William that 'owever 'e tries 'e can't put me out o' my regular terfere with me who have given up the ways. Thirty-five year 'ave I been coming 'ere at eleven o'clock and no 'Un's goin' to upset me."

"But you haven't time to get your

"If a man's got the proper spirit, Sir, 'e can manage it. Once it was wanted to see the effect of the mental just sip, sip with me, now it's swaller, shock upon him. Could he break the swaller; and I gets my two pints in. We're goin' to win this War and I got to do my bit-and my bit means no interference with reglar 'abits and no grumblin'.

When Parliament is sitting and I warned the poor old man?" I thought. have the blues about the War-strange "What will he do when he finds that I have have the blues whilst Parliament is in recess—I look out I expected something superb in the for William, and his confident advent way of dramatic denunciation. To brightens my day. I see the determinamy amazement William never even tion in his face, and whatever the tapped at the door. He placed himself Cabinet may do I know that our on the seat at the side of the porch and William will wear out the person waited there solemnly till twelve o'clock. he cuttingly alludes to as "the other

# SINISTER BONDAGE;

MINUTE BY MINUTE.

BY COMPTON SOMERSET MACKENZIE MAUGHAM.

MICHAEL'S condition was atramental, of that there could be no doubt. Nor was he surprised to discover that, having walked due West since breakfast, which he had preferred not to eat, for the bloater had reminded him too poignantly of Lily's favourite supper dish, he was now pointing East with a slight inclination to North, Would his search never end? He wondered vaguely how his mother and his sister would greet him, in the improbable event of his ever seeing them again in the fuliginous atmosphere of Chelsea. Why had he said what he had unquestionably said to both of them? Dulcedinous memories crowded tumultuously into his mind. He saw himself again at Oxford buying first editions of Walter Pater, drinking port and eating crystallized fruit at the J. C. R., making hay in a bad man's rooms, and generally making himself as disagreeable as possible to everybody he met. Had he really been the self-conscious and conceited prig that these memories pictured him as being? He supposed so, and the hypothesis filled him with delight. And now he lived with a murderer in Tosspot Street with a view to discovering Lily and eventually to becoming a Roman Catholic priest, after spending eight hundred pounds a year in purchasing mansions in various parts of London. Life was indeed a strange mixture. He shook himself and proceeded with his walk.

As Michael neared the Thieves' Kitchen where he proposed to have his supper he became aware that someone was following him, someone whose footsteps made a curious clippity - cloppity sound on the pavement. In a flash Michael realised that it must be Philip who was thus pursuing him, and he turned round and confronted him.

"Look here," said Michael angrily, "why do you follow me like that? This is my beat, and I can't allow anyone with a club foot to come dogging me as you do."

Philip blushed deeply, which was a way he had when his

deformity was harshly alluded to.

"By what right," he said bitterly, "do you presume to keep me away? You're not the only person whose thoughts and feelings matter. I know you're looking for Lily in all the shy haunts of London. Well, I'm looking for Mildred in the same places. Shall we search together?

"If you like," murmured Michael, too tired to resist as

he felt he ought to.

"Then," said Philip, "I will first tell you the story of my life in all its details."

"And I," said Michael, "will afterwards tell you the

story of mine."

"Agreed," said Philip; "but I warn you not to be shocked. I have some dreadful things to relate;" and he told him how he had been born club-footed; how he had grown up and dabbled in painting in Paris without the least success; how he had all but poisoned his uncle, who had made a will leaving him his money; how he had nearly starved in London and been an assistant in a dressmaker's shop; and how he had betrayed the daughter of the friends who had rescued him from starvation and given him food and lodging in his misery. As he finished the first beams of the rising sun had begun to touch the houses with a golden glow and the furtive night-shapes were flitting back to their dens. Michael had fallen into a deep silence, though at the outset he had shown his usual tendency to interrupt. At last he spoke.

"To-morrow," he said, "if you will meet me at the same place I will tell you my story. I too have suffered; great God, how I have suffered!"—he brushed away his tears with a bright movement of his hand-"and I find in you a sympathiser, in spite of the terrible fact that you are a medical student. No matter," he added impulsively, "we are both degenerates, and that is a great thing."

"Yes," said Philip, "it has made us what we are. You with your club-footed mind and I with my club-footed foot, we owe more than we can express to degeneracy. And

now let us pursue our search."

They linked arms and moved, supperless but united, towards the dawn.

(To be continued indefinitely elsewhere.)

## THE TROOPER.

I've hollowed my back in the riding school, Broken my neck and been damned for a fool, Learnt to parry and point and guard Till my arm was lead and my wrist went dead, Wisped my fidgetting long-faced pard Till he shone with a silky shine; Learning "how" in the Cavalry, The jaunty, jingling Cavalry, What rides on the right o' the line.

Now here am I like a blinded mole. Toil in a furrow and sleep in a hole Dug in a grave twelve foot by three, My strappings bust and my spurs all rust With nothing but two mud walls to see Sluiced with a driving sleet-Me that was in the Cavalry, The saucy, swaggering Cavalry, Slogging my two flat feet!

I thinks all day an' I dreams all night Of a slap-bang, Tally-Ho open fight, One good chance on the open plain, Then knee to knee, like a wave of the sea, We'll blood our irons again and again In thundering squadron line; We'll give 'em a taste of the Cavalry, The only original Cavalry, And gallop 'em over the Rhine.

#### A Sinister Proposal.

One of the contributors to a discussion on "The Price of Milk" in The Western Daily Press is "A Bristol East Dairyman," who begins his letter:—"SIR,—Let us go to the fountain-head.

In The Border Counties Advertiser the Shropshire Yeomanry is asking for recruits "height 3 ft. 3 inches and upwards. This Bantam business is being a little bit overdone.

p

t

t

t

#### "LIQUOR IN THE WRONG PLACE.

"At the Ormskirk Sessions, to-day, a youth employed at the Bickerstaffe Collieries was fined two guineas for takin gintoxicating liquor into the mine."—Provincial Paper.

Something else besides liquor seems to have got into the wrong place.

"Wanted—Respectable and quiet home offered to parents desirous of leaving one child with good motherly lady, age 8 years upwards."

Statesman, Calcutta.

The maternal instinct develops very early in the East.

5.

ame reat with u a re a we You loot, And ited,



First Tommy. "ULLO, MATE, ANY LUCK?" Second Ditto. "No, 'TAIN'T NO BLOOMIN' GOOD WITH THEM BLIGHTERS DISTURBIN' THE WATER LIKE THIS."

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Do you want a tonic for pessimists, and one that, as the medical advertisements say, shall not be an evanescent stimulant, but a real food for brain and heart and nerves? I can think of no better description of the book to which Mr. Stephen Paget has given the name Essays for Boys and Girls (Macmillan). Do not be misled by the modesty of the Preface, in which the author says, "This book is for boys and girls only." It is not. It is for us all. There is no one of us but can feel strengthened by and profoundly grateful for such essays upon the War as these. Doubtless you know already the charm of manner that Mr. PAGET Front that he is almost certainly far happier than ourselves new thrill for the special and very critical audience to whom

who stay behind. "To be on active service is to be living and working, set, like a diamond in a watch, at the exact centre of a nation's fate." That is one of many phrases that hold my memory. As a pictorial comment on the subjects of the essays the book contains sixteen cartoons, upon which, as they come from his own pages, Mr. Punch can say nothing more than that it is pleasant for him to see them in alliance with a text of such high aim and dignified achievement.

This, they tell us, is to be a Russian Christmas. And a very good kind of Christmas that is. Anyhow, the Slavonic note, already sounded in our theatres and costume-shops, has now spread to the nursery; and one of its echoes is the will bring to the discussion of his theme. These pages appearance of a volume of fairy tales, collected and transare full of it; and the effect of them, their sincerity lated from old Russian chap-books by Mr. Robert Steele, and simplicity, and the fine spirit that they reveal, is and published under the title of The Russian Garland profoundly moving. I should like to quote, but that I (McBride), with a cover and six fascinating coloured despair of finding any one extract that would give you an pictures by Mr. J. R. DE ROSCISZEWSKI. This is altogether idea of the original; because there seems none of all as it should be. In the time that is, I trust, coming, of the perplexities and sorrows and compensations of these greater social communion with our wonderful Eastern tremendous days upon which we might not listen with ally, it will be pleasant for little John and Ivan to be advantage to so brave and persuasive a counsellor. Perhaps able to share such jolly memories, as for example how the chapter to which I should most like to call your Lyvbim was befriended by the wolf, or how the horse of attention is that headed "A Venture of Faith." To see Prince Astratch flew over hills and towns. The odd thing the good that is working in all these horrors, and to write is, however, the extent to which this volume reveals the of it sanely and smilingly, without pose or any kind of tales of fairydom as already the common property of childaffectation, that surely is no small thing. Read especially hood. Here is a self-playing harp, a duck that lays golden the passages of real beauty in which Mr. PAGET speaks of eggs, and many other friends of our youth. Only the the consolation of knowing about some loved one at the setting is different; but it is this that will provide a splendid

rice East o to

hire and bit

the ting the

irous

the book is addressed. Mr. Rosciszewski has caught the river's brim is to me just a willow, and not a sinister sentient find a place amongst their other seasonable decorations.

Mr. A. C. Benson's latest volume, Escape, and Other Essays (SMITH, ELDER) may be briefly described as a for its own peaceful presence in the time of war. The couldn't be better done. argument, convincing enough it seems to me, is pretty much the same in each case, namely, that a civilisation which in

the stress of ordinary business has need of the artist and poet should, even when in convulsion, still find room for the hopes and ideals of peace. Anything more different from a military despatch than these pages can hardly be imagined, and in spite of the high courage involved in the public declaration, in his essay on "Authorship," that he never refuses to give an opinion on the unpublished MSS. of recognised genius, I fail to picture anyone less pugnacious than the author would have himself appear in his deliberate, not to say complacent, self-revelation. Here you will find nothing more unrestful than a little mild telepathy and spiritism, a good deal of admirable if not particularly novel analysis, and quite a notable exposition of the author's own personality, all expressed in language that has purity and charm and, in its lower rather than its more unscalable heights, recalls at any rate the less vigorous half

"Literature and Life" and "School-days" as well as any; those writers for whom the obvious is an irresistible lure. but honestly it is not so much what he says as the way he says it that counts.

The Extra Day (MACMILLAN) is one of Mr. ALGERNON Blackwood's now famous mystery tales, duly diluted for children; and if the mystical child survives into this day of jangling telephones, mechanical toys and general sophistication there should be a happy audience for these topsyturvy adventures of Tim, Judy and Maria, Uncle Felix and The Tramp, and the extra day that came to them between Saturday and Sunday, when the clocks were stopped and they went out on the great quest. Mr. Blackwood puts into his book besides that old, uncanny sense of doom and purpose behind the dark inanimate things, all the bright things too: birds and butterflies, flowers and shining clouds, and all very pleasantly and affectionately. If I never quite found out what the quest was, that is because I am really no genuine blackwoodsman. A willow by the This must be the feather-boas department.

atmosphere of barbaric pearls and gold to a nicety. His being who for tuppence will strangle me with sinuous pictures, of which one recording the equestrian feat of arms if I decide to camp on its island without its per-Prince Astratch is a long way my favourite, are vivid, mission. Of course that is all due to the deplorable lack bright-coloured, and dramatic, with just that touch of faith that comes to disillusioned middle-age, and naturally caricature that nurseries most appreciate. I hope there it is hateful to have driven into one this conviction of sin. may be many in which The Russian Garland will this year The fact is I was distinctly annoyed with Uncle Felix for taking Judy, Tim and Maria, who were simply the nicest imaginable children, out of their charming daily life and drawing them away over the border. I wish Mr. Blackwood would bottle his bogey for once and let us have such double-barrelled apology-in the text, for the existence of an intimate and humorous account of lovable simple things its dream-loving author in a world of affairs; in the preface, and folk as he gives us in his first few chapters, which

In these days, when the facts of war are daily under our

eyes, the novelist who chooses a fighting theme cannot well complain if a super-excellent standard of merit is demanded of him. Mr. L. COPE CORN-FORD, when judged by such 'a standard, passes—but with-out distinction—in The Lord High Admiral (WILLIAMS AND Norgate). He passes because he is the happy possessor both of style and of a real knowledge of his subject, but he fails to reach distinction because his hold upon our mind and our emotions is not sufficiently clinching. If, however, he is to be judged by a less exacting standard I grant him worthy of your immediate attention, and indeed, if only for his stories that have nothing whatever to do with fighting, he has a claim upon our gratitude. Possibly you are already acquainted with some of these tales, for I see "acknowledgments" duly recorded; but even so you will not mind reading again "The Almoner" and "The Photo-

graph"-the gems of this of the Ruskin to whom the writer owes so much. Of collection. They prove that, with his gifted imagination, the individual essays I think I like "Walt Whitman," Mr. Cornford might easily afford to leave war-fiction to



THE SADDEST SIGHT OF THE WAR. A GERMAN PROFESSOR WHO HAS MISLAID HIS BEER TICKET.

# What our Nurses have to Suffer.

"No hospital ship has carried other than sick and wounded, nurses, medical staff, and medical stores. All are permanently painted as required by the Geneva Convention."—The Red Cross. Is that how our nurses always manage to look as fresh as paint? We don't believe it.

"For each shilling subscribed for this purpose a 1/- parcel will be sent to your comrade, and —— Tobacco Fund will send a shilling parcel of smokes to a lonely Prisoner of War in Germany for every 12/- received."

We suppose this is all right, but as it stands we cannot get away from the suggestion that the Prisoner of War will not receive all he ought to get.

"Chick, indeed, is the neckwear counter."-Dundee Advertiser.

915.

entient

nuous

s per-

e lack

urally

of sin.

nicest

e and

LACK-

such

things

which

er our 1008es

t well

ellent

anded

CORN-

uch a

with-

Lord

S AND

ecause

r both

know-

ut he

n be-

mind

suffi-

vever,

a less

t him

ediate only

noth-

fight-

n our

u are

some

ly re-

will "The

hoto-

this

ation,

on to

mded, nently

sh as

vill be

hilling

every

unnot

War

er.

88.

ure.

see

## CHARIVARIA.

British Government has prohibited time to polish his periods. the exportation of sausage-skins to Germany. A shop in Berlin is now doing an increasing trade in sausages made of dog-with the bark left on.

A eulogy of Sir John French in The Daily Graphic, after enumerating his other achievements, laid special stress on "the dogged manner in which he has pinned the Germans on his front."
And a jolly stiff front, too.

There is happily no truth in the reports that British submarines in the Baltic have been blocked in by the ice. It is the enemy's fleet that is kept in cold storage.

A notice set up by Germans in a Belgian village runs as follows:--" Au crépuscule chacun est tenu de rentrer en luimême. Les habitants doivent respecter les troupes passantes et les singuliers soldats alle-mands." And the Belgians are strictly forbidden to laugh at these posters. \* \*

A Berlin correspondent writing to The New York Times believes that the relations between Germany and the United States would rapidly improve "if it were proposed to lift the exchange of thought between Germany and the United States suddenly to a higher super-diplomatic plane." It is thought that Count ZEPPELIN will shortly be appointed as German Ambassadorat Washington, as being the only man capable of rising to the required altitude.

"Romance of the Banana: Value of Published, but it is believed that among Publicity," says a headline. The man in the street is more familiar with its paper. It is quite untrue, however, makes them so poignant.

In a criticism of British generalship Major Moraht, the German military expert, accuses our commanders of lacking imagination, and observes that "The Muses have for the most part gift of seeing, feeling and imagining with almost superhuman power." Lest he should think that our Generals are that Mr. Tennant put forward as an explanation of the delay in the publibeing practised in London. At several mental tonic, many girls are giving small dances, quite alfresco affairs."

Evening Paper. lacking in literary gifts, let him observe set by the Government and the House

cation of the Suvla Bay despatches the first-class hotels you could get a very With a refinement of cruelty the writer of great distinction who took head, while in one or two the charge

> Mr. STEPHEN GRAHAM says that the music you hear in Russian churches same remark applies to a good deal of the music you hear in British variety

CHRISTMAS MORNING WITH THE CROWN PRINCE.

"I wish Father wouldn't put Iron Crosses in my socks."

tragedies, and it is the publicity that that the President has adapted for his own use the motto: Bella gerant alii; tu, felix Austria, nube.

Nothing perhaps could more forcibly the recipe for conjuring up a flush. indicate Germany's straits than the appeal that was made by Deputy GAMP in the recent Reichstag debate been godfathers to the great generals for an increase in the bread-ration. and imbued them with the priceless His illustrious prototype never worried

Thanks, no doubt, to the example

fact that Sir Ian Hamilton was a passable Christmas dinner for £1 a was no more than 10s. 6d. Wines and cigars were, of course, extra.

Professor Munsterberg, the chorrobs you of the sense of time. The agus of the hyphenated Americans, professes to believe that it would have been a good thing for Germany if Mr. ROOSEVELT had been President in 1914, on the ground that he would A full list of President Wilson's have built a dam against the flood of wedding - presents has not yet been lies which inundate the country. Are

dammed lies any better than the ordinary kind?

Declining a suggestion that he should republish his war-speeches, Lord Rosebery has modestly likened them to used tea-leaves, only available to sweep the floor with. But they should come in handy when we wipe the floor with the enemy.

A Government office recently received a letter in which the writer, who was making an inquiry on behalf of his wife, subscribed himself "Her obedient husband." The correspondent who sends us this information thinks it necessary to add, "This is a fact." But who doubts it?

A Lincolnshire paper the other day said that Earl DE LA WARR had been succeeded by his only son, "Lord Buckarest. Everyone seems to be obsessed by the Balkan problem.

The old lady who saw an advertisement beginning "Fish for your friends at the Front." is afraid that the trenches must be wetter than ever, and wonders if one ought to use a net or a rod.

A New Conjuring Trick.

"Then she thrust the envelope into the lownecked bosom of her dress, conjured up a flush, and gave it a push that caused it to vanish completely from sight."—Evening Paper.

Many a poker-player would like to know

#### A Record Time.

"We have had several visits from German Taubs, and I don't like them. I never thought I could run as fast before, for I can do the half-hour in ten minutes."—Falkirk Herald.

## Our Spartan Women.

"For another reason, that of providing a

# THE BITTER CRY FOR BUTTER.

[The Kaiser's edict forbidding all celebration of Christmas has served to increase the despondency caused by the lamentable shortage of butter, without which the life of a German woman is not regarded as worth living.]

The dying year goes out in gloom;
In vain the sodden bunting flaps;
In vain the Potsdam pedlars boom
Their novel line in Balkan maps;
Bare is the festal tree, and still
The breath of music, brass or oaten—
All joyance, by the War-Lord's will,
Being verboten.

And, where beneath her limes Berlin
Moves silent as a dumb golosh,
What is this wail that chokes within
The bosom of the female Bosch?
What is this sense of something lost
Which, when they meet in solemn batches,
Makes an unmitigated frost
Of Kaffeeklatsches.

Is it by any chance a case
Of husband, brother, lover, son,
Far from his womankind's embrace
Doing his duty as a Hun?
Is it the absent strafer's kiss
On whose account this plaint they utter?
No, 'tis a dearer loss—they miss
Their slabs of butter.

O Teuton Fraus are brave, no doubt,
And at a pinch would stand to arms,
But simply cannot do without
The fatty source of half their charms;
Withhold the product of the churn,
You take from life its leading savour,
Those podgy waists by which they earn
Their warriors' favour.

Some day the nation's nerve may crack
(So straws will break a camel's hump)
Through local riots due to lack
Of means to keep its women plump;
I think it may; my hopes are high
That William's world-compelling flutter
Shall yet be dislocated by
A dearth of butter.
O. S.

# Journalistic Modesty.

"The Neanderthal man, we know, rude as he was, made fires, and has left indications that he had reasons to suppose his relatives continued beyond the grave. His brain case, though not like ours, was quite capacious."—Daily News.

#### The Lady-Killer.

From a description of the hero in a recently-published

"He had lived in the world for 40 years . . . Beautiful women had turned to gall on his tongue, shrunken to their skeletons in his weary eyes."

From a report of Lord Rosebery's speech:-

"So long as westuck together . . . there was no danger capable of happening which we could not confront."

Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.

The printer, at any rate, has set a good example.

"Lost, a German Sheep Dog, wearing a new collar with no address-Shaped like a collie, with shorter hair; head like a wolf. Scared left hind leg."

That, no doubt, is the German part of him.

# UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XXXII.

(From Mr. BENJAMIN TILLETT.)

KAISER,—You don't seem to understand the people of this country—if you had understood them I daresay you wouldn't have got yourself into the fix you're in—but anyhow I'll tell you a little story of what happened to me, and then perhaps you'll begin to see light, as the parson says.

It was a year or two back and a nasty rainy day, and I was travelling inside a 'bus. The conductor was a very uppish young fellow-got a swelled head, no doubt, from being put'in what they call a position of authority-and as he came into the 'bus to take the fares he trod on my foot. I'm a little delicate about that foot and we got into a bit of an argument. He seemed to think it was his foot, and I knew it was mine, and there was quite a pretty lot of back-talk flying about, when at last he ups and says, "Who are you, anyhow?" he says, "and what's your blooming name?" I says, "My name's nothing to you, but if you want it you shall have it. BEN TILLETT'S my name, and very much at your service, my young cornsmasher." Just as I said this a tall thin lady who was sitting in the 'bus gave a shriek and got up to leave. "Anything I can do for you, Ma'am?" I says; but she gave me a regular witherer and sort of fixed me to the floor. "Unhand me," she says-I hadn't laid a fingerjoint on her-"unhand me. I can't sit in a 'bus with a firebrand. We shall all be murdered in our beds;" and with that she stepped it in double-quick time. I never laughed so much in my life, and the conductor was struck all of a heap. That shows you what feelings were not so very long ago. We were all scrapping with one another and forgetting we were human beings at the bottom of it all. But now, Lord bless you, we're singing a very different tune. Why, I'd engage to let an Earl, ah, or a Duke either, tread on my best corn so long as he was dressed in khaki or I knew he was doing his bit for the War, like the rest of us. And as for the tall thin lady if I'm not mistaken I saw her in the front row at one of the meetings I addressed the other day, and she was cheering like mad, and afterwards she came up and shook me by the hand very warmly, and she says, "Mr. TILLETT, you've said what wanted saying about the Kaiser and the Germans, and you make me proud to be an Englishwoman. It's liberty we're fighting for, and we're all prepared to die rather than submit to a bloated

There you are, you see. War's a beastly thing—there's no getting out of that—but it's made us one people. I've seen how the soldiers are carrying on in the trenches, and I've seen what we're doing at home in England, and I tell you straight your game's up; you can't win the War. And it's no good trying to think of stopping it just yet. We haven't yet got our teeth far enough into your throat; but there's a good time coming, and when it comes you'll know it and no mistake.

So I send you the compliments of the season and hope you won't deceive yourself any more. We're not cherishing any illusions, as the saying is. We know what the Prussian is; we've seen him at work on land and sea, and we've made up our minds to send him back to the place where he belongs.

Good-bye and bad luck to you.

Yours cheerfully, BEN TILLETT.

#### Precocity.

"The Incubators are seen in full working order, with the babies in charge of the staff of St. Mary's Hospital."

of

nd I. ry m nd to ot s, ur u, y nas e. he ne ernd er ck bn ll. e. ad W nd in er he he ut to nd ed 's nd ell ar. et. t;

he ea, he

oies



SWEEPING THE NORTH SEA.

CHORUS OF GERMAN ADMIRALS. "STILL NO SIGN OF THE BRITISH SKULKERS!"

# THE WATCH DOGS. XXXII.

My DEAR CHARLES, - Great excitement prevails. A number of unexploded shells have arrived, and at present lie in the Camp Commandant's Somebody has insisted on knowing what's inside them, adding, Adviser has demonstrated very lucidly that it isn't the Chemical Adviser. He is quite ready to do his part, he says, which is the latter part. Who is going to do the first part? Ordnance, usually very jealous of its privileges, is not assertive on this occasion. The Quartermaster branch is, for once, modest and retiring. Intelligence is being peculiarly intelligent and is sitting tight: Operations isn't for operating, and the O.C. Sanitary Section is thanking Heaven he isn't a real soldier. It looks to me as if the Camp Commandant is about to open yet another branch of his flourishing business. At any rate we have sent him a chit, entitled "Shell-opening for Beginners: by one who has managed to avoid doing it." The salient paragraph runs: "To remove lid: puncture by sharp blow with dull instrument. If necessary, prize open forcibly with chisel inserted under band."

You have heard it said, no doubt, that battles would be good sport if it wasn't for the shells, and you've heard it added that even the shells are less trying than the telegraphic messages on minor matters which arrive at all hours of the day and night to complicate trench life. Thus, an ill-informed French civilian applied for the recovery of a packet of letters from an upstairs room of his deserted house. Notwithstanding the fact that the site of the mansion was in the first line trenches, the matter passed safely through all the preliminary stages of transmission. The inquiry, as it reached the trenches, was not happily worded. After referring in minute detail to the position in the house of the upstairs room, the position in the upstairs room of the cupboard, the position in the cupboard of the little green box, and the position in the little green box of the bundle of letters, it reply arrived with unusual speed.
"Most of the house," it ran, "has I am just starting out when

from over the way, extracted from him deal with both and at the same time

come over with a little encourage-Commander concerned begged to report

Lastly, there was some to-do further behind the lines about the nocturnal visits of an aeroplane, of which the dut-dut-dut-dut was distinctly heard, and of which the conduct was rendered all the more suspicious by the fact that nothing ever seemed to come of it. The matter was ordered to be inquired into; a patrol, suitably armed, was demanded for all-night watching from the local battalion at (alleged) rest. They went out, and the first thing in the morning their report was received. There could be no doubt about the truth of the allegations; the dutdut-duts were indubitable. That they were produced by an aeroplane was also beyond question; the unmistakable sound had been heard of its horn being

blown as it went round the corners. It is the habit of people when hostile aeroplanes are seen hovering to say to each other, "Now I do hope there isn't going to be any unpleasantness." Talking of which I might as well tell you of the local frightfulness in which I am at this moment involved. I returned this evening to headquarters to find a hubbub in progress. One of the Greatest Ones is scheduled to deliver a technical lecture, and all the less great ones are scheduled to listen. Most of them have run into one part or another of my motor bicycle, and I do not begin my share in this story with any large margin of popularity. Eventually I find myself in the office. Three telephones start ringing at the same time; three magnates proceed to detail three totally different programmes of what and a small chauffeur. For the future is to happen to the lecturer when he . . . who knows? Meanwhile there arrives. The telephones have just been got to lie down and keep quiet for a bit, when he himself blows in. Having had a judicious mixture of the three programmes put to him by me, he invents a fourth, to which he gives first place, concluded with the ingenuous question: and leaves me to settle things up with "Is the house standing still?" The the other candidates. Meanwhile he

I am just starting out when two of removed, but that part which is still the telephones, growing suspicious, not so friendly as all that. He wanted begin ringing violently. The obvious to know if there was any chance of Again, a unit, having with some tact course is for him to silence one while ever seeing me again. "Damn all," I and address secured a German soldier I soothe the other; instead of which I replied, and rang off.

the information that lots more would maintain my conversation with him very deferentially as becomes a subalment. Forthwith the unit was asked tern. No. 1 telephone wants to know, somewhat curtly to state if any steps | Sir, whether it would be convenient for had been taken to encourage same, and, me, Sir, if it came round to see me, Sir, if so, what? With all the respect and and, if so, at what time, Sir? Being submission which could possibly be informed as to who I am, it changes packed into a telegram, the Company its tone and says it's coming round at once, and if I am not there to meet it in a chatty sort of way, that "all you that "he had procured a gross (144) I'm finished. No. 2 telephone refers have to do is to knock the tops off and use your common sense." Ah, yes; but who's "you"? The Chemical Favourable winds awaited."

native sausages and had suspended to my X.Y.Z. 1 and its A.B.C. 2, and my X.Y.Z. 3, and asks me if I mean anything by my last, and if so, what? It must know at once and will hold on while I find out. Meanwhile my distinguished guest is getting fidgety, not finding my remarks at all enlightening. So we leave No. 2 grimly holding on, pretend not to notice that No. 3 is waking up, and go outside to find that his motor, with his chauffeur and all that is his, has disappeared into the void. Thither I follow it, alone, realizing as I go, with a cold sinking feeling, the picture of the three magnates expecting three totally different programmes to function.

When I find the car the chauffeur is, of course, absentee. When I find the chauffeur and the car and get the two back to where I left the owner, he, of course, is gone. Not daring to go back into the office for fear of telephone bells, I get hold of a sentry, armed with a rifle and 150 rounds of ball ammunition, and set him to mount guard over the chauffeur and the car and to take immediate action if either of them tries to escape. I then retire apart and evolve in my own mind a fifth programme, on the basis of what any humanly constituted man would have done, if there hadn't been so much arranging. Finally (to omit for your sake many further harassing details) I return to find that a sixth programme, cancelling all previous programmes, has come into force, the exact details of which are, I gather, SECRET.

For the present I am left in undisputed possession of a large motor car are others greater than myself to answer the telephones. At this moment, as I write, one of these terrors has started ringing again. The Major, who's talking to it at this end, isn't best pleased when the fact comes out that the man at the other end is another mere lieutenant, who only wants to have a little friendly chat with me. The chat, conducted in public, was

Yours ever. HENRY.



Tommy (on his way back from the trenches-to General's chauffeur). "Take 'er 'ome, Chawles. We're walkin'."

#### FERGUSON.

Ferguson has just returned to us from an enjoyable holiday spent in what I am constrained to refer to as "a fortress" situated somewhere contiguous to the Eastern Counties of England. Already, exact details of his imaginary adventures have begun to snowball their mendacious course through the village. I have no scruple about repeating them, for I know Ferguson to be a satirist and suspect him of being a Scot.

We have a local witticism to the Ferguson I feel that ingenuity spent in connecting his reputation with the desultory expenditure of very occasional perhaps better suited to the requirements of the superficial reader, I conper cent. of the girds at Ferguson are from 3 A.M. to 10. composed by their alleged victim and you follow.

almost within the shadow of one of our most sacred and irreplaceable public disadvantage just at that period. People were not really nervous, she hastened to add, but they all seemed to prefer the basement to the attics. Ferguson gravely assented—even enlarged a little effect that teaching a duck to quack is on the drawback—but suggested that labour "dra'd away in vain." From a thrifty and verra courageous man what I know and don't know about might face the risk at a materially reduced rent. Terms were agreed upon. Then, and not till then, did it come out that the modest fellow, combinsixpences is also labour dra'd away in ing patriotism with pleasure, and at vain. Put in another way, and one the same time covering all his holiday "But"—Ferguson's vigorous tone vain. Put in another way, and one the same time covering all his holiday expenses, had been taken on as a short nightly relief at a convenient munition tend that something over ninety-nine factory. His hours for sleep would be

This is mere bludgeoning. I prefer circulated solely to afford him the the rapier-like malice of the theatrical in the dark as just slippit under the peculiarly Caledonian amusement of experience. At which theatre it took seat and, after bidin' there a wee laughing at us laughing at him being place nothing short of a strictly legal bit hour or twa, as come oot unpairlaughed at by someone else. I hope indemnity against any action for damages could drag from me. Tears stood naething."

There is the account of Ferguson in Ferguson's eyes, beads of perspiraobtaining lodgings. With some little tion on his brow, as he spoke of trouble he discovered a small room the long-drawn agony of witnessing right at the top of a house kept by a the performance. Misled—heaven help very worthy person of marked religious him! -- by a specious title, he had tendencies. As the house itself stood thought to witness a really serious play, and it turned out to be a confection of the lightest and most buildings, the situation had, as the frivolous description. Not to censure good lady readily admitted, some slight too heavily in the light of what follows, it must be understood that Ferguson, himself a highly moral man, considered that he had been defrauded by false pretences.

It was a *matinée* performance, I gathered, and there were three Acts. At the end of the first Ferguson made his way to the gallery pay-box and offered, as a great bargain, to compound for the remainder of the entertainment by the return of fivepence.

dropped almost to a melancholy tenderness-"aa got even wi' them after a'." "How?

"Aa went back and leestened to a' the fulishness recht to the end. Then ceeved and saw it a' over again for

# ANTI-AIRCRAFT.

THE Mess waiter knocked at the door reproduction: and came in.

"Come in," I said.

"Letters, Sir."
"Ah!" I held out my hand.

A minute later I wakened Henry up. "Good morning. Letters," I said tersely.

"Go away."

"Letters for you."

"Go away.

"One in a lady's handwriting." Henry sat up in bed; he opened the

letter and scanned it through.

"Well," he said, "this is good. Listen. 'DEAR SIR,-I am endeavouring to collect funds for Xmas gifts for our brave troops abroad. May I solicit your help?' There's a whole lot more," he added.

"That's all very well," I said; "but I am endeavouring to collect funds for my brave

tailor."

"Surely," Henry suggested, "we ourselves come under the heading of brave troops. At any rate it's hardly our resporsibility.

"And yet it is," I objected.
"I feel we ought to do something. In fact, I'm going to do something. We'll make up

a parcel for them."
"I'd rather do something for our own men."

"Precisely," I agreed. "That's just where the parcel's going to, or rather coming to. It's for this detachment."

Henry smoothed his pillow. "I leave it to you," he murmured. "Good night."

Personally I was rather pleased with it officially, Christmas with one officer and twelve other ranks, promised to be a matter of doubtful festivity.

There would be letters of sympathy; there would be parcels; there would be a football match, officers and N.C.O.s v. men, the officers' team borrowing two or three men from the other side.

The Corporal would arrange for himself and the older gunners to be off watch on Christmas night; also I found it would be Henry's night on.

Nevertheless I felt there would be something lacking. I was convinced that a parcel of food, tobacco and cigarettes, including a box of cigars for the officers, would help enormously.

were spent in the composition of this letter, which I think is perhaps worth

" The A.A. Detachment, 3rd South Wessex,

Rock Hill.

"To twelve (12) British boys, wishing them a Happy Christmas and hoping they will soon get abroad, from a few others similarly situated."

I was quite satisfied with this, quite satisfied, and yet Henry wanted to spoil the whole thing by sending an orderly for the food and tobacco and distributing it there and then.



ART AND LIFE.

Ali Baba (of Touring Pantomime). "SHOVE THE GOLD IN THE VAN, JOE, AND ASK THE DOORKEEPER TO LEND ME THREEPENCE."

He had several objections to make. the idea. Christmas on detachment with Henry and twelve men, or, to put comes from us," he said. "I don't want them to think-

"They shall know," I assured him. "Then, good heavens, man, they

mustn't see that—er—composition. What about discipline?"

"They needn't see it; the parcel will be addressed to you."

"What are you going to do with the letter then?"

"Frame it," I said rather shortly. Henry didn't seem to be entering into the spirit of the thing. However, I was determined to see the matter through. I spent a whole afternoon's leave and two days' pay and arrived back laden and triumphant.

Henry by this time had changed his I had another happy idea: a letter of opinion and on the morning of Christgood wishes. Some two night watches mas Eve together we made the parcel up. ears.

I addressed it to the O.C., A.A. Detachment, 3rd South Wessex, Rock Hill, and called for the Mess waiter.

"You can't give it him to post," Henry objected; "if he sees the address he'll think we're mad."

"Henry," I said, "need I remind you a soldier never thinks? He obeys."

I was the author of the business. and naturally I was the one to receive the blame, but, as I pointed out, Henry being the senior, I was, anyhow, the only one who could be blamed.

The Mess waiter had not thought us He had merely thought we had made a mistake, and that the parcel was intended for the

other 3rd South Wessex A.A.'s at Hill Grove.

So he altered the address. Technically this is known as initiative.

I forget what I called it.

#### Seasonable Presents.

"Chilblains and Broken Skin, 4d. and 7d., by post."

North Eastern Daily Gazette.

"He applied for a commission before the war started under Mr. Churchill's scheme."

Yorkshire Evening News.

Major Churchill's responsibility is evidently greater than we thought.

"There are many ways of cooking old hens. They may be boiled very slowly for as many hours as they are cld."—Farmer and Stockbreeder.

Begin at once, and be sure of a good dinner after the War.

From the report of a recruiting meeting :-

"The Mayor of Kilkenny associated himself and his constituents with the resolution, and said so far Kilkenny had done its hare and would continue to do it." Waterford Evening News.

Obviously a misprint for hair.

are glad that Kilkenny's cats are keeping their fur on in war-time.

"A submerged dialect is now being towed into Milford Haven."—Shipping News.

No doubt the jettisoned property of a naturalised Englishman whose speech bewrayed him.

From a recent notice of a "tonepoem ":-

"The picture of 'The Gallows' with the creaking caused by the body is wonderfully graphic."—Morning Paper.

Evidently a picture that jumps to the

# RESPECT FOR THE CLOTH.

TAKING us altogether we are a serious Mess. As a whole at table we are not demonstrative. Groups of young subalterns in obscure corners do, it is true, abandon themselves to occasional bursts of hilarity; and where the great ones sit there are quite audible sounds of respectful laughter when the P.M.C. or the C.O. is in exceptionally good form. But ordinarily we do not express ourselves as a body.

To-night there was an exception. When the bugle sounded "Officers' wives have puddings and pives" and we filed into the long hut, there were exclamations of delighted astonishment which grew rapidly into a tumult of applause. There were clean tablecloths.

That sounds rather as though we have been accustomed to pigging it; but it isn't so. The fact is that a recent moving of camps has landed us many miles from the nearest laundry, and the linen which should have been on our tables has been elsewhere.

For two or three days one may pass such matters by unobserved. gradually we began to take notice. We began to recognise spots and stains, and at first there was a certain excitement about speculating as to their origin. We began to see in them a kind of diary of past meals. We recalled, almost with a smack of the lips, the roast-pork of Tuesday's dinner; we found traces of the chutney which had been eaten with the curry of Thursday's lunch; there were marks of the efforts of a certain O.C. Company—a sturdy eater—to draw his full fourteen-cunce ration from a bony segment of loin of mutton. It was the sic ibat Simois sort of thing, and we were getting to love the old cloth for association's sake, and to look forward to seeing it again at every meal.

You must understand that in the circumstances in which we are placed such things may occur. The spirit of active service is over everything. Somehow it is easier than it would be in times of peace for your bottle to mark its standing-place with a wet ring. When there is little luck anywhere it is not noticeably unlucky to spill salt; and if salt may fall why not mustard?

But, as time went on, stain merged into stain until the whole threatened to blend into one uninspiring neutral tint. It was at this point that contentions arose. Born of regret at losing old landmarks, so to say, there sprang up a feeling of antagonism to-



DON JUAN IN KHAKI.

Shop Assistant (to Tommy who has asked to see some silver name-brooches). "Here you re. Take your choice. Ethel, Maud, Gladys, Pearl, Dolly—any of these?" Tommy. "YES, ALL THOSE BUT GLADYS. AND I'LL HAVE POLLY AND ALICE TOO, IF YOU'VE GOT 'EM."

undistinguished blur to obscure or oblit- determined to find out exactly who of somebody else.

to be eaten in an atmosphere which seemed to be charged with acrimony.

was only a happy accident that restored | bottle. wards their destroyers—those Goths us to the normal. After the applause who recklessly allowed some new and had subsided, everyone settled down minded that.

erate one with a history. Officers who are really quite tidy eaters began to get other reputations. "Steady on," nervous. You see there was no chance we would say, "with that gravy. Just of accusing anyone else. The target look what you've done!" And replies was too clean and the range too short. would come bristling with accusations A happy accident, as I said, saved the meal from being a dismal tragedy of Thus little by little our meals came suspicious glances and painful rigidity. Suddenly into the silence that reigned burst a brief exclamation. It came There was what you would call a pent- from the padre, a man never known to up, tense sort of feeling. And you can use a word of one syllable if a word of easily understand why, shaken from three would do. All eyes turned in his our reserve, we burst into applause at the sight of the clean table-linen. direction, and we saw him trying with a fork to recapture from the cloth the But the reaction was brief, and it contents of the Worcestershire Sauce

It was the last bottle, but no one

# "CUT THE CACKLE . . . "

THE PHRASE AND ITS MAKER.

AFTER a recent visit to the House of Commons—the second time only that I had listened to that assembly at work-I have come again to the conclusion that few of the sententiæ of the world have more virtue than old ASTLEY'S growled command to his stage manager, "Cut the cackle and come to the 'osses." There is hardly a moment of the day when this rule of life could not profitably be remembered. Every child should work it on a sampler and read it on its mug; copy-books should prefer it to the usual run of more arguable maxims; patriotic plutocrats should pay for its insertion at the top of The Times' personal column; and wherever there is an empty space on hoarding or wall, in omnibuses or tubes, it should be emblazoned in letters of to-day the passengers are warned by Government placards to be silent and suspicious, for the ears of the enemy are everywhere; so that "Taisez-vous! méfiez - vous" has become a catchphrase in that country where catchphrases have ever prospered. ASTLEY'S immortal sentence should be equally popular here, for never was the recognition of its importance more necessary.

Entertaining such feelings as these with regard to the dictum, I naturally wished to know more of the man who gave it life, so I have been inquiring into PHILIP ASTLEY'S career. To Newcastle-under-Lyme belongs the honour of his birth, in 1742, his father age, however, of seventeen (which would horrify some of our head-masters, however much it pleased others,) the boy turned his back on chisel and plane and enlisted in General Elliott's Light Horse, became remarkable as a rough-rider and breaker-in, and so diseral presented him with a favourite charger. With this noble companion, toured England, to exhibit the tricks that he had taught him, which com-prised unsaddling himself, washing his long while." feet, removing a boiling kettle from a flaming fire, and impersonating a in ASTLEY'S service for forty-two years, and, on passing to Astley's successor at the Royal Amphitheatre, was carewhen death at last came, his hide (in remained steadfastly honest.

order to perpetuate his memory) was tanned and made into a thunder drum for the prompt side of the theatre.

From touring ASTLEY turned to circus and theatre management in London, and, with various ups and downs of fortune, he continued in this business to the end, both in London and Paris, though on the breaking out of the French Revolution he again joined the army, under the Duke of York, and not only fought but was invaluable as a horse-transport officer. He behaved also in a way that marks him out especially as a forerunner of present-day methods, for he was thoughtful as to supplies of clothing and other comforts to the troops. In the words of one who knew him: "When he left this country he took with him a very large strong chest, with bits of broad-cloth, thread, needles, leather, bristles, wax, in fact everything useful in camp in that way; besides gold. In all French railway carriages five hundred flannel jackets, and at the corner of each of them was sewed in a shilling, that in case they [the soldiers] should be in want of money for refreshment they would know where they might find a 'friend in need.' Previous to its being got together, like a good tactician he called his company to the theatre and asked them what they would vield as contents for the chest? The ladies instantly offered their services in making the jackets, which was received very good-naturedly.'

After this campaign he was back at his amphitheatre, which was then on the site of the Lyceum Theatre, in time to dress in the Windsor uniform and sit his horse at the door of his estabeing a cabinet-maker there. At the blishment when the King and Duke of YORK rode by in triumphant procession. The DUKE and Mr. ASTLEY saluting each other, "the King was pleased to say to his son, 'Who is that, Frederick?' to which his Royal Highness immediately replied, 'Mr. Astley, Sir, one of our good friends, a veteran, one that tinguished himself at the battles of fought in the German war.' Upon Ensdorf and Friedberg that his Genthis the King turned towards Mr. Astley and made a most courteous assent to him." The incident, the known as the Spanish Horse, Astley chronicler continues, was "a theme of exultation to Mr. Astley, and it was constant in his remembrance for a

Mr. Astley's house of entertainment was famous not only for horses but for waiter at a tavern. Never had a the gigantic spectacles which he devised man a better friend. The Spanish and elaborated. Among his inventions and elaborated. Among his inventions Horse (to anticipate a little) remained I rather fancy that "real water" has to be included.

In his circus he reigned supreme, a vain and choleric martinet, who was, fully tended, two quartern loaves a day however, beloved by his employees. being provided for a toothless mouth In all his adversity—and through fire Mr. Galsworthy, we understand, is that could no longer manage corn; and alone he had more than his share—he now wondering whether he should rest

name throughout England became synonymous with whatever was most daring and exciting in horsemanship. Not only the best showman, but the best horse-tamer of his time, he never gave more than five pounds for a horse, nor did he care what colour, shape or make it was: temper was his only consideration. But when he had done with the horse fifty pounds probably could not buy it.

A contemporary account of the great man by one of his company, which I have already quoted from, calls him "very facetious and liberal." It adds that "he was obstinate at times and would not give up his opinion to anyone, but very forgiving the moment after."
He was inclined (like so many autocrats) to be a little deaf now and then. Riding was not his only accomplish-"One day, for a considerable wager, he floated on his back in the Thames, from Westminster Bridge to Blackfriars, with a flag erect in each hand." Brave times! None of our theatrical managers—neither Mr. Butt ner Mr. DE COURVILLE - does these sporting things nowadays.

ASTLEY died in Paris in 1814, and was buried in Père-la-Chaise. His son "Young Astley," who had long assisted and then succeeded him, lived only for seven years after, and Père-la-Chaise guards his dust too.

The great PHILIP ASTLEY built altogether nineteen amphitheatres; and what the old fellow's ghost can think when he visits London now and finds not a single circus for all her millions (many of them children), who shall say? Twixt revue and revue no room for a horse to put even his nose in! Could his reflection be other than that we have cut the 'osses to come to the cackle?

"An 'R.T.O.,' as a railway transport officer is commonly termed, does more work than any other two officers put together and under far more trying conditions. His day begins at cock-crow and, if he is lucky, ends at the same time the next morning. But he is not often lucky, and the result is he may be kept on the go for a few additional hours." Morning Paper.

The only time he gets ahead of his work is when his superior officer kicks him into the middle of next week.

From a notice of The Faithful, Mr. Masefield's new play:-

"If this play is not the equal of 'The Silver Box' and some others of his works, it will have to be considered in the final estimate of Masefield's place in our literature. Morning Paper.

His his poetical reputation on Dauber.

st

p. 10

er

or

n-

e

ly

I m

 $\mathbf{g}$ nd

е,

0-

n.

1-

le

10

to

ch

ur T

se

bi

n ed

a-

ıl-

nd

ık

ds

ns

7?

1d

ve

he

nd

ds

nis

ks

ul,

he

ate

is

est

# AUNT'S GUIDE TO THE ARMY.

ABBREVIATIONS AND A MOTTO.

For the elucidation of military mysteries, this treatise is written to assist those estimable ladies who have given their nephews to the service of K. and C.

Motto.—When in doubt send tobacco

Abbreviations. - Previous acquaintance with the following is assumed:-C.O., N.C.O., O.C., A.O.C., P.C., A.P.C., D.C.M., G.C.M., L.C.M., W.O., T.O., M.G.O., D.P.O., G.P.O., H<sub>2</sub>O.

C.S.M.—A fierce misanthropist, who made the British Army what it was, not what it is, and who is justly jealous for its future. Men reassure themselves with the thought that he cannot eat them; but they hate to be victims of the partial success that attends his efforts. On approaching the C.S.M. a man halts rigidly at attention, says, "Sir," blushes by numbers (One-give the blood a smart cant up to the facial capillaries; Two-cut it away sharply), and makes his request. There is an interval of some minutes, during which the man carries on with blushing, judging his own time. Then he repeats, "Sir, may I——" "No!" says the C.S.M., and they carry the man away.

M.O.-A callous officer, who heals the sick and makes the lame to walk, even when they can hardly limp. Soldiers with ailments report to him, and he marks them "Medicine And Duty," using only the initial letters, as he is a rude man. Then he explains that, there being no medicine available, only the latter part of the remedy is at their disposal. He is the Great Disillusion.

O.O.—The officer who sees that the rations are served and satisfactory. There is a scheme to replace him by a leaflet, printed, "If you are satisfied tell your friends; if not tell us." This would serve also as a recruiting agent, and, for convenience, might be indexed, "A F \(\psi \) 9999 - - - - to n terms." O.O. may not accept a gratuity.

SECOND LOOTS. -- No reference to later enterprises of the Crown Prince; but the name applied by sisters and fiancées to that vast crowd whose rank is denoted by a solitary star. Late 1915 models may still be obtained, new or hardly used at all.

C.Q.M.S.—The man who proves by algebra that soldiers are entitled to less pay than they expect. "What about your H.9731, and your B.C.55, and your U.8?" he says; and, being unable to solve even the simplest simultaneous would be W. for "Wigs, ear." A sugequation, they depart with sorrow and



Punctilious Officer. "Don't you know that you must salute an officer?" Recruit. "YES, SIR; BUT I WAS TOLD NEVER TO DO IT WITH A PIPE IN MY MOUTH."

in assisting Germans to leave their and are never seen again. trenches. It may also be used to remove superfluous hairs.

C. 348.—A piece of paper divided laterally, with an unpleasant request on the left-hand side and a blank space on the right. Officers of the rank of captain and above fill in the space with "Passed to you for necessary action, please," and send it on to a subordinate.

O.S.E.—In summer camps an officer of omnicidal tendencies is appointed Officer Strafing Earwigs. Were this under W.O. authority the third initial gestion in "Insecticide Instructions, 1915," is based on the earwig's well- end to war, not to take the end off peace.

T.N.T.—An ingenious discovery hav- known propensity for climbing. A pole ing a remarkable elevating influence of infinite length is erected; the little which is found to be of great service creatures make for the upper extremity

Another Impending Apology.

"At the Hotel Riposo, with Captain absent on active service, nothing is left to be desired."—Bexhill Chronicle.

Under the heading, "An Excusable Error," an evening paper last week printed the following:

"The following correction of a telegram was sent out to-day by a news agency

In Christiania telegram sent you to-day

please read:—
'Mr. Ford's peac expedition' instead of 'Mr. Ford's peace exhibition.'

To us the correction seems quite inexcusable. Poor Mr. Ford wants to put an



# THE PIPES: A PALINODE.

[Suggested by reading in *The Westminster Gazette* that the Provost of Inverness had received £194 from Java, subscribed by Dutch, Armenians and Chinese, to be utilised "in helping the pipe bands of the battalions of the different regiments quartered in the Highlands."].

When I was young and precious, and thought it fine and smart

To advertise my loathing of any low-class art, I priggishly regarded the skirling of the pipes, Matched with orchestral music, as mere melodic swipes,

I waxed supremely scornful about their nasal tone; Denounced as inartistic their everlasting drone; Denied that those who played them required the slightest skill,

And held that their æsthetic significance was nil.

But time brings his revenges, and age the truth discerns, Or, as the ancient proverb remarks, "one lives and learns"; And I, who scorned the piper as one who squealed and crowed, By way of recantation now pen this palinode.

We praise, most incorrectly, the piping times of peace, But O it is in war-time that piping should increase; For then no decent Briton—I leave the freaks alone— Can hear unthrilled the music that from the pipes is blown.

I lounge up to the window when bands and soldiers pass, Drawn by the lure of bugles, of drums and fifes and brass; I hurry there like lightning when it's a kilted throng, And at their head the pipers stride valiantly along. For in these strains barbaric a wondrous magic sings; They tell of ancient battles, forgotten, far-off things; Of grief and death and glory, until the pageant glows With memories of Wallace, of Bruce and of Montrose.

The firth now calm and glassy, now flecked with angry foam;

The flaming pall of sunset that glows on Suilven's dome; The bracken and the heather, the clover and the broom—All haunt the vision woven by music's fairy loom.

Back to the lonely shieling beneath the cloudy skies, To strath and glen and corrie the yearning spirit flies; For all the Highland glamour and all the Highland pride Lives in these poignant measures, enshrined and glorified.

So when I find in Java diverging racial types, United by their common allegiance to the pipes, Remitting to old Scotland close on two hundred pounds To foster the production of patriotic sounds,

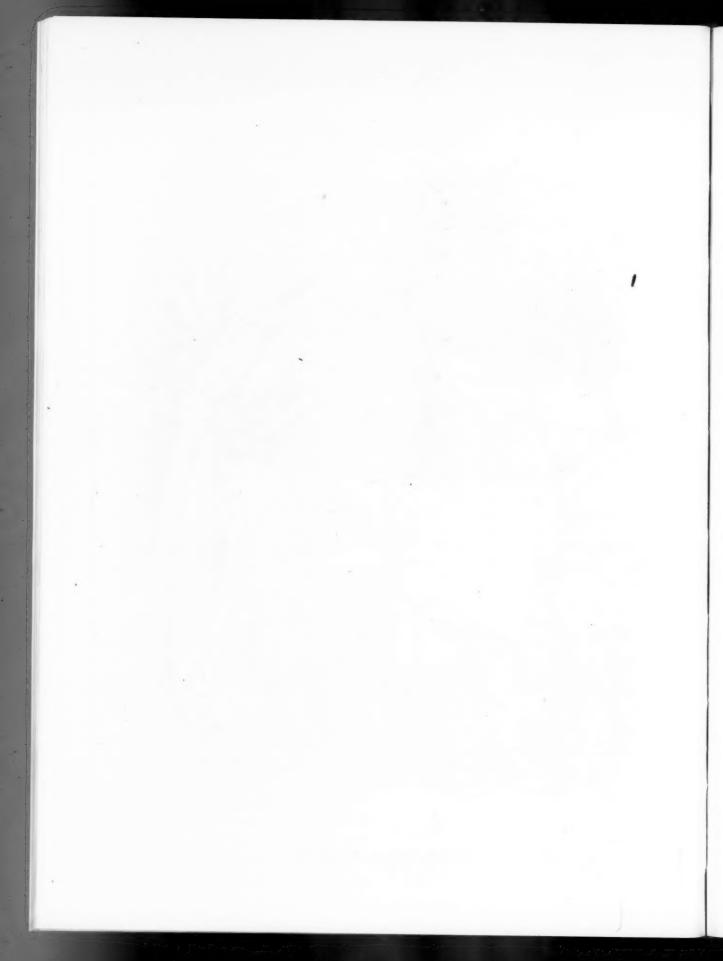
I'm not surprised or prompted to talk of zeal misplaced, Or call their contribution good money gone to waste, But deeply moved at finding Armenians and Chinese And Dutch combined to cheer us in trying times like these.

For, though I'm but a Cockney and know that in my veins

There 's little blood deriving from any Gaelic strains, I feel I 'd merit beating with many bitter stripes If I had failed in paying my homage to the pipes.



DEAD SEA FRUIT.



# ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



# ALMOST TOO LATE.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE ONLY JUST CATCHES THE VICTORIA 'BUS.

House of Commons, Monday, Decem- almost ran into weeks, but there was ber 20th.—For nearly two hours the House, marvellously full considering Christmas Day falls within the week, the beginning. Whi listened to Minister of Munitions relating a story which will live among stirring chapters of English history. It began on doleful note, disclosing perilous condition in which for fully a year the country stood for lack of material capable of competing with the elaborately-planned preparation of the enemy. To this part of his address the Minister devoted one-half of his allotted time. It may be vividly summarised in a sentence.

"In the month of May," he said, "when the Germans were turning out 250,000 shells a day, most of them high explosives, we were turning out 2,500 a day in high explosives and 13,000 in shrapnel.'

A gasp of pained astonishment passed along the benches. It was succeeded by hearty cheer when the Minister described transformation brought about in four months by the Department he created, whose work he has with rare

| Thursday. — House adjourned for the contemptible in four months by the Department he created, whose work he has with rare insight and tireless energy directed.

"In September battle lasted for days, work on 4th January.

House learned that this is only the beginning. Whilst store of high explosives for our armies in the field is abundant the time is close at hand when, in addition, we shall be able to increase our supply of high explosives to those of our Allies who are in need of them.

Generous in acknowledgment of services rendered by experts whom he has gathered round him for the accomplishment of this stupendous work, LLOYD GEORGE studiously kept his personal share in the background. Omission repaired by prolonged cheer from all parts of House that hailed an eloquent peroration.

Business done.—PREMIER consenting to extend life of Parliament by eight months instead of twelve as proposed, Parliament Bill passed through Com-

Wednesday.-Vote passed at 5 A.M.

brief Christmas holiday. Back at

# The Superfluous Woman. "BIRTHS.

On 15th December, at —— Crescent, Cardiff, to Mr. and Mrs. ——, a daughter.

FOR SALE BY AUCTION."

. Welsh Paper.

"After a clam night the German artillery has been very active."—Evening Paper. So that's how the Germans get their shells.

"Foreman Gardener, aged 25½ years, seeks position in a good Church Choir, where similar occupation could be found."—Musical Times. Our Cockney commentator suggests that the advertiser might be useful in keeping the verger in order.

"Washington, State department announces that several Belgian prayer employed as counsellor to American legation at severals has left Belgium and were not return. Germany has informed united states that natural was 'Personal non Grata.' Delaval whose report on could can injured cargely in french ministers correspondence published in great Britain were probably go to Havre."—Quetta News.

There would seem to be some justice in the complaints regarding the supply of news to the outside world.



"Lor, Mrs. Green, you ain't looking yourself at all this morning. Whatever do be the matter with you?" "There, Mrs. Budd, you know the trooble we've allus 'ad with our George, an' now ah've a postcard this mornin' SAYIN' AS 'OW HE'S GOT T' V.C., AN' ME AN' 'IS FATHER TEETOTALERS ALL OUR LIVES!

# TOAST IN WAR-TIME. CHAPTER I.

A WISTFUL subaltern sat in the mess-hut at breakfast. The rain poured down unceasingly and ran musically off the tin roof. He stared at the slice of anæmic-looking A.S.C. bread he had cut, and thought of toast-hot toast, wonderfully crisp and divinely brown. Toast for breakfast! He took up his slice of bread and buttered it sadly.

#### CHAPTER II.

After breakfast he wrote in the Mess Suggestion Book: "It is suggested that toast be supplied for breakfast.'

After some time the Mess Secretary wrote on the opposite page: "This is impossible owing to lack of accommodation in the kitchen."

### CHAPTER III.

For many mornings he ate his depressing bread in sadness; then an be supplied for the Mess." But here inspiration came to him. He wrote he was on perilous ground. The answer again in the Suggestion Book: "It is came swift and decisive: "This touches suggested that toasting-forks be sup- on the Quartermaster's department,

cold morning making that pale expanse eagerly for the Mess Secretary's answer, and was chilled to find written under wrote underneath, "To toast with," and smiled gladly. The smile faded when he found written neatly underneath his ingenuous irony the single word, "Where?" Still undaunted he appended the necessary explanation: "At the stove."

He waited again for this to bear fruit, and was himself noticeably brighter for the new interest which he found in his days. The answer, however, was not reassuring. "As it is a coke stove in the Mess at present, I am afraid you would not be successful."

## CHAPTER IV.

He tried a fresh line of attack. "It is suggested that coal instead of coke

"one up" on him, he interviewed the of bread divinely brown. He waited Quartermaster. "Coal? What's the use of indenting for coal for a grate which is made for coke, and burns his request for toasting-forks: "What better with coke? If you can have the for?" But, with a gleam of irony, he stove changed, I'll get you some coal. You'd better see the R.E.'

> He saw the R.E. man, who was a friend of his, but nothing could be done without the G.O.C.'s permission. "You'd better write out an application and put it in through me."

> He went back to his quarters and began to write. He had begun the third copy, for it had to be sent in in triplicate, when he started to think.

> After all, toast seemed a very difficult thing to obtain. It would only lengthen the War. He tore up his letters.

#### CHAPTER V.

A wistful subaltern sat in the messhut at breakfast. The rain poured down unceasingly and ran musically off the tin roof. He stared at the slice of anæmic-looking A.S.C. bread he had cut and thought of toast - hot toast, wonderfully crisp, divinely brown. Toast for breakfast! He took up his plied in the Mess." He pictured himself squatting in front of the fire on a Feeling that the Mess Secretary was slice of bread and buttered it sadly.



"CON-FOUND YOU! YOU DID GIMME A JUMP!"

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

he

he

te

ns

he

al,

be

n.

on

nd

ılt

en

ed

ly

10

10

ot

is

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Readers who expect biography to be spiced with gossip and flavoured by anecdote will find little to suit their tastes in The Life of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal (CASSELL). Mr. Beckles Willson has given us a monumental book, and if we are compelled occasionally to think that he treats Lord Strathcona more as an institution than as a man I for one am in the end bound to admit that his method is justified by its results. After reading these 600 pages I have not a very intimate knowledge of Lord Strathcona himself, but I do know thoroughly the work he accomplished, and Mr. Willson may well say that the work is the man. What everyone knows from mere hearsay of Lord STRATHCONA is that he played a wonderful part in the development of Canada, that he was extraordinarily generous, and that he lived to a very ripe old age; what perhaps is not widely realized is that the thought always at the back of his mind was to bind the British Empire closer and closer together for self-support. That was his vision, that was the poetry of a life strenuously lived among business men and the atmosphere of business. When at the age of seventy-six, after years of devoted toil, Lord Strathcona (then Sir Donald Smith) was appointed High Commissioner of Canada in 1896, one of our ex-Cabinet Ministers apparently had never heard of him, and certainly did not know his Christian name. "Who," he wrote, "is this Sir David Smith who is to replace our old friend Tupper?" In the end honours fell fast to the lot of this gallant veteran, and really perfect dears. Pray let me introduce you. to-day, when we are all Imperialists at heart, we have to thank him very largely both for the spirit of Canada and | Still the War books come; and not in single spies. But

for the splendid way in which she has been able to make that spirit manifest.

I make a guess (it's dull of me not to be certain) that the title of *The Accolade* (Sidgwick and Jackson) had something to do with clever philandering Johnny Ingestre's victory over himself when that tenderly passionate and innocent maid, Helena Falkland, surrendered her heart to him so completely. He had been jockeyed by a criminally obstinate father into an early marriage with the wholly unsuitable Ursula, but he never claimed that the real thing when it came justified the breaking of all other pledges and many other people's happiness. Such knights are rare in modern fiction, and Johnny, who was the very opposite of a prig, but an odd bundle of whims, vanities, gifts and ambitions, and whose particular desire it was to throw over all the rather solemn swagger of the Ingestre tradition for the freer glories of the stage (his father dished that business also), is a character drawn with the uncanny cleverness and subtlety which the author of Herself so consistently achieves. If I have a grievance against Johnny it is that he found time to carry on such a delicate flirtation with Violet Shovell, née Ashwin. I feel that if Mrs. Shovell was going to allow anyone to flirt with her it might very well have been me, who met her in Duke Jones and fell desperately in love. So far I have very properly let concealment feed on my damask cheek. But I am sorely tempted to a paragraph in that indiscreet column of The Times. . . . The fact is that Helena and Violet are

Regiment (HEINEMANN), and its author a young officer who volume, which has at least the classic excuse of being a little one, is published at the pleasantly economical price of three-shillings-and-sixpence, and from cover to cover is filled with most vivid and well-realized pictures of the early days of the War, as they presented themselves to the writer. That is the special value of the book, that it gives in detail just those impressions that the stay-at-home watchers of Platoon Commanders most wish to receive; to read it is to share every experience the day when he hurriedly joined at the outbreak of War, to that on which the Hospital Ship welcomes him, as a cotcase, to her tender ministrations. But the book is not only of interest for its descriptions of campaigning. Into his subject, arma virosque, the writer introduces many incidental about the reason—I have clung to from my youth up is a

portraits of the men who are making our War, of fellow - officers, the resourceful company commander, or the junior sub., fresh from Sandhurst, facing unmitigated horror with the quiet heroism of a boy and a gentleman; of certain N.C.O.'s in whom a deserved tribute is paid to a magnificent body; and finally of the best private soldiers in the world. "The men are fine," said a letter from the Front that I opened while in the very act of reading With My Regiment. "If the Germans could see their spirit they 'd give in at once." No better words could be applied as the motto of a little book that everyone who has

relations or friends at the West Front, and more especially the parents, sisters, cousins and aunts of Platoon Commanders, should make a point of reading.

I do not know which to admire more, the courage of Madame Albanesi in sitting down to write a long novel with a hero whom only the most skilful handling could make sympathetic, or the art with which she has triumphed over this obstacle. She has set herself one of the most difficult tasks which the art of fiction presents to those who practise it, and, in the expressive American phrase, she has got away with it." One of the most rigid rules governing fiction is that the hero, whatever his other defects, must never marry for money. He may have his faults, but he must not do that. Yet such is the magic of Madame Albanesi's pen that, although the hero of The Sunlit Hills (Hutchinson) deliberately commits this worst of crimes, never for a moment does the reader cease to like him. Perhaps you imagine that there were mitigating circumstances, that he did this thing to support a widowed mother or to restore the dear old family estates? Not at only way to get it. And yet, as I say, it is impossible to once.

however dense their battalions there should, I am sure, dislike and despise Toby Settringham. You cannot judge him remain room and a warm welcome in our hearts for the by ordinary standards. He is such a good chap. You feel one I have last read, the title of which is With My all the time that he will wake up and be ashamed of himself, and then he will prove his real worth; and of course this discreetly signs himself "Platoon Commander." His is what happens. I was a little sorry that Madame Albanesi fell back on the old device of the birth of a child to bring about the reconciliation of Toby and his wife, but I suppose the temptation was irresistible; and, after all, it is probably what would have happened in real life. Madame Albanesi has the knack—achieved by virtue of her admirably natural dialogue—of making the reader feel that he is reading about living people. She uses no wood in the manufacture of her characters. Toby Settringham is so alive that he becomes a personal friend on the second page; and Oscar Beel is, I (almost) in the life of a lieutenant on active service, from think, the only moneylender I have met in fiction who gave the impression of being able to walk and talk without active support and prompting on the author's part.

Among the many things that—without wishing to argue

tender feeling for pirates, and I am not at all grateful to Mr. LOVAT FRASER for trying to rob me of this cherished possession. Yet Pirates (SIMPKIN, MARSHALL) is garbed, as it should be, in a garish cover; it contains "decorations" by Mr. Fraser that would thrill a cod-fish; its mere title is enough to stir the blood of the most anæmic. Moreover Pirates has a delightful history, for it appears that it reproduces The History and Lives of all the most Notorious Pirates and their Crews, the fifth edition of which was printed in 1735, and that this book was a "piracy' of a larger work by Captain CHARLES JOHNSON,



IF WE HAD BEEN PRUSSIANS. Scenes from a revised History of Great Britain.

RICHARD III. (after that little affair of the Princes in the Tower) RECEIVES, AT HIS OWN REQUEST, THE IRON CROSS.

> entitled A General History of the Pyrates from their first Rise and Settlement in the Island of Providence to the Present Time; with the Remarkable Actions and Adventures of the two Female Pyrates, Mary Read and Anne Bonny. The smaller book takes no cognisance of the second section, and so we miss the deeds of these adventurous women, but we have record enough of the crimes of such men as Captains AVERY, JOHN RACKHAM, ANSTIS, etc., to satisfy most of us. My trouble is that their crimes were too sordid, that they murdered each other with an impartiality that is bound to be distressing to anyone who has a regard for their profession. I am not sure that even my profound affection for Smee is proof against the devastations caused by this dreadful thing that Mr. Fraser has thrown at me.

> "There is shortly to be opened at Nuneaton, her birthplace, a memorial to George Eliot. This is the first public memorial to be erected to the novelist's memory, the other one in existence being that erected by Mr. F. A. Newdigate-Newdegate, M.P., on his estate Arbury—the Cheveral Manor of her works—where George Eliot was born."—Morning Paper.

all. He did it from purely selfish motives, because he liked George Eliot appears to have had Homer's knack of money and the ease which money brings, and this was the being born in several (we will not say cheveral) places at



### THE PASSING.

"A first of British lager, if you please," said the dear old gentleman who was my vis-à-vis in the restaurant car, and he turned from the waiter to me. "One misses the Munich kind," he said, "but I couldn't stomach it now."

"Nor I, Sir," I replied, and was glad that he had spoken. I had watched his benevolent face—it seemed some-

how familiar -- in the compartment which we had shared, and wished he would speak to me. And now, with nothing but a small table for two between us, the ice, as they say, was broken, and we fell to talking of the changes of taste and

habit, even in little things like lager, that the War had brought about. "I should like to tell you, if I may," he said, "of a rather sad dream that I had last night. In my sleep I found myself in a certain London bier-halle (now Anglicized) that I used to frequent in the old days before everything German became impossible. Though the decorations of the room were still as I knew them, the atmosphere had changed with the management. I was sitting in meditation at my favourite table when there fell upon my ear a gentle moan, very human and appealing. I looked up. It was just from where the little man in the red cap was smiling from behind a Gargantuan barrel of beer that the sound of tender lamentation seemed to come. To be sure the little fellow was only half a man, being a flat presentment on the frescoed wall of the restaurant, and of course it could not have

been he who had spoken. And then suddenly I knew that it was.
"'You don't mind me speaking to you?' said the small person. He came right off the wall as he said the words and squatted on the wooden table with its dumpy legs, swinging his own as he took his place. 'You see I fancied you would understand. I shouldn't wonder if they close this place now, for it is gone and will never come back any more.

"'What's missing?' I asked, feeling sorry for his dejection.

"'You know. I have often seen you coming in for a sandwich and a drop of Münchner. What I am sorry for is that it is all over, all the jolly old spirit of Germany; but there—it is gone, and nothing will make things the same again. You see we were the real Germany, the Germany you and the rest admired. Pity to spoil it all, for there was a lot of good in it, and we never did any harm.' He planted his feet on a chair and shifted his belt.

"'I come from the Rhine, but I've been here in London for years now. Good place Germany, or it was once,

but I shall never go back. They can scratch me off the wall if they like, I don't care.'

"'You don't approve of this Kaiser person, then?' I asked, a little relieved, for it seemed strange to be conversing with one who possibly should have been interned. The little man shook his head till the red cap quivered.
"'Him!' he said with vibrating contempt. 'No, I don't. He's not Germany. It's we who are Germany.

we and my friends; and we are sorry, I can tell you that. Up there'-he gave a backward gesture whence he had

tural bout f her omes is, I who hout rgue is a

15.

him ı feel self, this NESI oring pose ably NESI

ates, rate-ASER e of sion. KIN, l, as rish eorathat ; its the over

ntful ears The all rates fifth was that cy" Cap-

SON, first the ures The and we ains

they d to protion this

f us.

ce, a to be peing his eorge

c of s at come—'we have talked it over, and we are all agreed. They have gone mad. You know what I mean. You've seen the Rhine. I heard you speaking of it one night, for you always used to sit close to me here. I am thinking of all that, and the music and the dreams, and the old professors-real professors who scorned politics as trivial things-and turret windows, and ancient cities, and fat old burgomasters, and the little villages and the kinder. You know the Christmas Tree came from there, the old Germany which we used to love when folks were kind and did their best.'

As he spoke he waved his hand, and in an instant there stood in the centre of the now deserted café a radiant vision of a tree, all fairy lights and dark and mysterious shadows, with dainty little fair-haired Gretchens sitting on

the branches, and toy houses suspended by golden twine.

"'It was good, wasn't it?' murmured the little man as the vision faded away; 'but it wasn't only that. Germany had its kingdom, a mighty kingdom among the only things which really matter. It had romance and the spring, and it was good to see the students, to hear the laughter, and to listen to the old fellow who used to play the violin at that place in Heidelberg, you remember him? Ah, yes, it is sad enough, for it never can happen again, since the spirit of the true Germany is dead. No, it never can happen again—never again—never again— He seemed about to say it once more, when suddenly there was a step on the stairs and a waiter hurried across the room, coming from the modern department on the floor above, and I looked up to see that my friend had returned to his place behind the beer barrel.

"That was my dream. Of course the little fellow had been out of Germany for many years, and had not seen that the changes of which he spoke had been going on for a long, long time under the influence of Prussian militarism. So that to-day we are not just at war with the Kaiser and his professional soldiers, we are at war with the whole German nation whose heart they have brutalised. How else can you account for the ecstasy of delight with which the sinking of the Lusitania, to take one example, was received by all classes in Germany? No such change of heart could be made on a sudden, even under the stress of war . . . Shall we go back to our compart-

ment and continue this talk?" . . . We returned, lit pipes, and he began again.

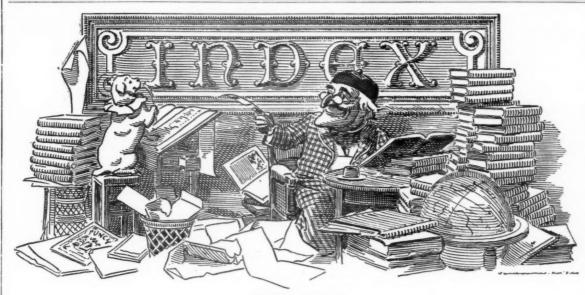
"We too, of course, have changed, but not like that. We have roused ourselves from our apathy; we have learned to hate, and more hotly than we ever hated anything before, the spirit which provoked the War, and whose conduct of it has put our enemies for ever outside the communion of humanity. But we have not changed our hearts; we still cling to the old ideals and nurse the old hopes; we have not denied our faiths and loyalties; we have not lost our sense of honour and pity, nor yet our love of that humour in which tears and laughter are blent. I hope not; I hope not," he said very earnestly. "I look into my own heart and tell myself that I can find no change there. But I should like the test of some one else's unprejudiced opinion." He looked me very straight in the eyes as though to probe my sympathies. Then he rose and took a nice fat bag from the rack.

"I have here," he explained, "a few samples of my own thoughts, put down during the last half-year that has so tried our English tempor. I am to give them to my friends for an Old Year's memory and a New Year's greeting. Will you do me the favour of accepting a copy, and letting me know at your leisure whether you think my heart, as far as these pages reveal it, is right? You will find my name and address on the fly-leaf."

As I was passing down the corridor behind him I had noticed a familiar excrescence between his shoulders, and now my best suspicions were confirmed as he handed me Mr. Punch's

# One Hundred and Forty-Hinth Volume.





			ons.
 Persuading of Tino (The). Pride before the "Fall" Privilege Record Breaker (The) Reluctant Swains Self-invited Guest (The). To Lighten the Ship. Two Ideals (The) Unauthorised Flirtation (An).	110	451 271 511 391 871 -111	Banquetin By Way of Carolling b Derby's Du Enemy M. Ganymede Hail, Colu Imps of W New "Bat Old Man o

	Carte	oons.		
PARTRIDGE, BERNARD.         Advance that Failed (The)         211           Boys of the Dachshund Breed         33           Call of the Tar (The)         231           Clean Sweep (A).         71           Dead Sea Fruit         531           Empty Victory (An)         491           Friend in Need (A)         91           Heroic Serbia         351           Hohenzollern Habit (The)         311           Hommage à la France         31           Last Word (The)         251           Le Grand Penseur         190           Matter of Routine (A)         411           New Departure (The)         921	Persuading of Tino (The)	Ranqueting as Usual	03 Rea Swe Do Sw	
	Arti	cles.		
ASTON, JOHN.  "They also Serve" 130 BERESFORD, J. D. Victim of Invasion (A) 248 BIDDER, MAJOR. Twenty-two 427 BROWN, C. HILTON Ingratitude of Private Willocks (The) 408 Munitions 225 Pambi 362 "Pi" 478 BROWN, H. C. B. Aunt's Guide to the Army 529 BURNET, W. HODGSON "Requisitional" 159 BUSBRIDGE, A. W. As Advised 4 To a Neutral Friend 230 CARSON, J. H. B. Rex of the Transport 882 CARTER, DESMOND. Arms and the Woman 278 CLARKE, DUDLEY Gentle Slacker (The). 108 Musketry Instructions 78 COBB, MISS JOYCE BUILDON. 230 EVENT. 1201.	CUTLACK, F. M.   From a Belgian Garden	Summer and Sorrow   96	HAST Adm Am Bat Feed Am Bat Feed Feed Feed Run Thr To " Woo " HoDo " Bab Bos Legg Litee Pass Litee Pass Thii Wit HOSK Cam Our Ferr Sur HoW Mor HoW Mor Gift	
COBB, THOMAS           Empty Sleeve (The)         365           Exception (The)         158           COLLINS, G. H.         158           Dirgs of the Dress Coat (The)         458           Jeune Premier (The)         409           Our Literary Tapleys         188           Saving Graces         108           Sidelight on History (A)         206           Signal (The)         262           To an Alarum         256           To my Postmaid         177	Fount of Inspiration (The) 97 FENN, CLIVE R. Passing (The) 537 FIEEMAN, W. Honeymoon (The) 87 GARSTIN, C. "Quat' Sous Lait" 148 Trooper (The) 518 GARVEY, Miss I. Blanche's Letters 188, 388 Letter from Gretchen (A) 458	Tyranny of Ealing (The) 187 IV Ubiquitous Scot (The) 469 War's Surprises 394 HALL, COMMANDER FITZROY More Mascots for our Heroes 313 HASELDEN, PERCY Adventurer (The) 138 Devon Men 1 HASKINS, MISS M. L. K	Zep ENK Gen Thir OHN At 1 At 1 Gen	

	Ready and Waiting	8
1	Realization 32	3
ı	Sweeping the North Sea 52	3
ı	Tug of Peace (The)	
ł	Unsinkable Tirp (The) 22	3
1	War Spirit (The) 20-2	
1		
Ì		
-	TOWNSEND, F. H.	
-	Townsend, F. H.	3
-	Achievement (The) 16	
-	Achievement (The)	3
-	Achievement (The)	3
-	Achievement (The)	3 3 3

	HASTINGS, B. MACDONALD	
96	Admiral Post	289
00	Admiral Post	194
	Battle of the Elbe (The)	368
526	Feeding the Nations	
208	HERBERT, A. P.	
	Dambucia of the Touth Dieteon (The)	496
196	Paralysis of the Tenth Platoon (The)	436 397
	Rum	290
185	Through the Gate of Horn	207
	To James	450
296	Twitting the Turk	450 327
122	woes of a wounded (1ne)247,500,	358
309	II	200
335	Hodgkinson, T.	
205	"Beware of Imitations"	407
36	Bosen numour	297
228	Legend of the Rhine (A)	95
87	Literary War Worker (A)	438
255	Passing of the Mother-in-Law (The)	198
165	Things that Matter	121
514	Witness for the Defence (The)	278
367	Hosken, J. F.	
347	Camp Quartermastering249,	268
278	Our Regimental Sports	182
294	Permanganate of Potash	68
49	Surprise Visit (A)	214
530	HOWELL, CAPT. E. B.	
109	More Fishing in Floriday	mah.
495	More Fishing in Flanders	221
120	HUGHES, C. E.	
76	Respect for the Cloth	527
454	HYNDMAN, S. H.	
110	HYNDMAN, S. H. Gift Shell (A)	905
153		000
187	INGLEBY, H.	
469	Zeppelins and other "Muck"	347
394	JENKINS, ERNEST	
	Gentler Ways with the Press	430
	Things he might do	
313		910
	JOHNSTON, ALEC	
138	At the Back of the Front270,	496
1	At the Front 6, 167, 187, 308,	354,
4	370, 418, 456,	476
	KEIGWIN, R. P.	
316	Gift of Tongues (The)	\$15
	- 1	

lost; I ere. ugh s so

5. seen f all and the est.' iant

on

any

and

n at

pirit

say lern

el. and e of e at y of No artave ose rts;

ing. , as ers,

## tinued.

17 4	
KIDD, ARTHUR	
Echo of "The Big Drum" (An)	237
Meals and the Man	148
New Inferno (The)	68
Our Super-Optimist	376
Permissible Extravagance (A)	168
LANGLEY, F. O.	
Watch Dogs (The) 48, 88, 133, 156,	848
396, 428, 448, 488.	594
	001
LEHMANN, R. C.	338
Budget (The)	498
	378
Diary (The)	198
Eleven to One	398
	76
In Kensington Square	
Killed in Action Making of a Soul (The)	310 122
Making of a Soul (The)	278
"My dear Sir" Novel (The)	
Novel (The)	43S 178
Sea-Socks	518
Sinister Bondage	96
ThriftUnwritten Letters to the Kaiser	
216, 242, 296, 358, 416, 462,	102,
	36
Volunteering Spirit (The)	58
War-Loan Form (The)	238
Wood	200
LOCKER, W. A. Charivariawee	ekly
Lucas, E. V.	
Charlie	186
Charlie "Cut the Cackle" Dogs at Bay	528
Dogs at Bay	302
	314
Famous Victory (A)	168
General Rising (A)	346
Ho'ding the Line	389
Holding the Line	487
Mould of Form (A)	217
My Friend's Crutches	146
New Vivisection (The)	465
Non-Stonner (A)	592
On Bellona's Hem245, 267, 285,	405
Single Thought (A)	334
Sommevere-en-France	138
Universal Pretext (The)	497
Young Robin Red	510
W. G	375
Way to the City of Light (The)	445
LUCY, HENRY Essence of Parliament during Sess	sion
McCree, LieutCol. John	
In Flanders Fields	468

Article	5-	-cont
MACKENZIE, A. G.		SEAMAN
Office-Girl (The)	233	Affair o
		At the
Her Grace's Hospital	349	Balkan
Pair of Braces (A)	307	Bitter (
MARSHALL, MISS H.		Dear Ol
Holiday's End	216	How to
M. comes N D		Limitat
MARTIN, N. R. Constabulary Tact	470	Mof
Great Game (The)	906	More So
Great Game (The)	54	To a So
"They also Serve"	517	Front
"They also Serve"	426	To a Ze To Ferd
NORRIS, FLEET-SURGEON H. L.		To Mr.
War Poem (The)		Trained
OGILVIE, W. H.		Trench-
Australian (The)	490	Ueberla
OYLER, MISS M.		Wanted
Robin at the Front (A)	205	War No
PEZARE, C. T.	200	Wayside Weary
Defaulters	135	-
PLUMBE, C. CONWAY	100	SHAKESI
Angels at Mone (The)	903	Fishing
Angels at Mons (The)	195	SMITH, I
Janet	302	Changin Diversion
Janet	128	How to
POPE, MISS JESSIE		How to
Beauty Triumphant	67	How to
Cases	507	Pocke
POWELL, G. H.		Inside I
Censor among the Poets (The)	345	Navy in New Lis
Further Concessions :	222	Our "H
PRITCHARD, J. T.		Press in
Back	218	Running
Lower Third (The)	142	Sumptu
RIGBY, REGINALD		To Get 1
Army Contracts	8	Truth al
Best Seller (A)	286	Winding
Gap (The)	386 148	SMITH, I
Mote and the Beam (The)	137	Ballad o
Veg		(The)
Risk, R. K.	-	Convers
Assisting Nature	7	"Light
RITTENBERG, MAX		Mouth (
GovertisementOur Neighbour's Duty	105	<b>SMITH, 1</b>
Our Neighbour's Duty	107	Ferguso
ROBERTS, E. W. G.		Phases of
Too Compleat Angler (The)	147	Super-S
ROWAN, HILL		SIERNE,
64 Day 19 (Mac)	3 5 4	

SEAMAN, OWEN	1
Affair of Outposts (An) 162	
At the Play 98, 356, 376, 516	
Balkan Nursery Rhymes 342	
Bitter Cry for Butter (The) 522	
Culture and the Colossus 482	
Dear Old Fetish (A) 182	
How to Review War Poetry 362	
Limitations of the Kaiser (The) 282 Mof	
More Sorrows of the Sultan 62	
To a Soldier M.P. Home from the	
Front 242	S
To a Zeppelin 222	-
To a Zeppelin	
To Mr. McKenna 262	
Trained Volunteers and the Register 2	T
Trench-Humour made in Germany 422	-
Ueberland Route (The) 442	
Wanted: A Censor of the House 42 War Notes	T
War Notes	-
Weary Willie, Junior 82	
Swirmonnian Committee W. I.	
SHAKESPEARE, CAPTAIN W. J.	
Fishing in Flanders 197	
SMITH, BERTRAM	
Changing the Bowling 406	T
Diversions of the Cabinet 322	
How to End the War in no Time 82	
How to Make a Boom in Vouchers 65 How to Touch the Working Man's	T
Pocket	
Inside Knowledge 385	
Navy in a Nutshell (The) 422	T
New Light on National Finance 47	
Our "Helpful" Series 486	
Press in War-Time (The) 485	T
Running the War 42	
Sumptuary Laws 455	T
To Get the Men	
Uses of the Fund (The) 125	
Winding up our Watch 126	T
SMITH, MISS C. FOX	
Ballad of the Resurrection Packet	
(The) 377	V
Conversation Book (The) 470	
"Light Cruisers (Old)" 150	1.
Conversation Book (The)         470           "Light Cruisers (Old)"         150           Mouth Organ (The)         70	
SMITH, E. B.	11
Ferguson 525	**
Phases of a Year of War 169	W
Super-Saleswoman (The)	**
SIERNE, ASHLEY	W
Country Cotters (The) 86 116 198	**

1	Flying Colours	366
2	Hair-Tonic (The)	234
3	Life on a Halved Income	
2	Map-Makers (The)	306
2	My Consol	
2	My Moustache	482
?	Our Ally	158
9	Rondeau of Regret (A)	374
?	Shirker (The)	266 256
2	Stooping to Conquer	113
2	To a Weeping Willow Tonsorial Finance	176
	Carrage A A	110
3	SYKES, A. A. Burning the Brassard	oor
1	Burning the Brassard	225
	Squad Drill with Respirators Terrors of the Dark	
		214
	TALLENTS, S. G. 9	
	Khaki Courtship (A)	246
	Wounded Hero (A)	508
	TEWART, A. PRESTON	
	Breakdowns and Repairs	45
	Daughter of France (A)	318
	Dead Secret (A) High Water Mark (The) Kippy of the "Blues"	175
	High Water Mark (The)	209
	Kippy of the "Blues"	228
1	My Working Party	425
1	THOMAS F. S.	
1	THOMAS, F. S. Literary Forecasts	104
	Our Children's Corner	505
ı	THOMAS, R. W.	000
J	Doing his Bit	965
1	Doing his Bit	155
1	THOROLD, R. A.	200
1	Dhilosophy of Thomas (Tho)	460
ı	Philosophy of Thomas (The) Professional (The)	902
1	Froiessional (The)	201
	THORP, JOSEPH At the Play196, 236, 316,	000
1	At the Play 196, 236, 316,	356
1	TRUSCOTT, PARRY	
Į	Family Ties	415
4	Sale Price	494
	TURNER, J. H.	
I	Chat with Scylla and Charybdis (A)	468
1	Imminent Problem (The)	475
1	VAIZEY, MRS.	
ı	Zeppelin Bag (The)	106
1	VENNER N I R	
1	Toast in War-time	521
1	WALKER, F. C.	001
1	To a Red Correspondent in Com-	417
1	To a Bad Correspondent in Camp	311
J	WESTLAND, MISS A. M.	
1	Traitor (The)	75
1	WHITE, R. F.	
J	Territorial in India (A) 173, 226, 287,	506

# Pictures and Sketches

274, 354, 379, 394, 435, 467, 495, 534 Cobb, Miss Ruth ..... 298 
 COBB, MISS RUTH
 298

 DIXON, G. S.
 66

 DOWD, J. H.
 286

 DOWNEY, THOMAS
 281

 DRUMMOND, STEVEN B.
 526

 FENNING, WILSON
 78, 101

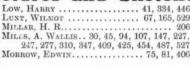
 FRASER, P.
 16, 186, 207, 295, 436, 481

 GERMAN, DICK
 38

 GRAVE, CHARLES
 35, 85, 154, 187, 219, 267, 309, 447

HARRISON, CHARLES. 15, 100, 237
HART, FRANK 217, 235, 449
HASELDEN, W. K. 316, 356, 357, 376, 516
HENRY, THOMAS 136, 314, 386
HICKLING, P. B. 405
HOPKINS, EVERARD 146, 261
TUNNYIS C 283, 313, 341

Jennis, G......283, 313, 341 Lloyd, A. W......33, 53, 54





S.
Morrow, George 28, 29, 40, 60, 80, 103, 135, 180, 200, 220, 255, 280, 300, 320, 327, 363, 380, 398, 400, 414, 420, 440, 474, 498, 514, 520, 536
Morrow, Norman 140
NORRIS, ARTHUR 153, 167, 346, 434, 460, 475, 501
Partridge, Bernard
PEGRAM, FRED 127, 259, 265, 369, 389, 421, 455, 515
PRANCE, BERTRAM 178, 221, 321, 498
RAVEN-HILL, L 17, 20-21, 34, 173, 209, 275, 397, 429, 510, 538
REYNOLDS, FRANK 24, 25, 26, 27, 37, 44,
70, 97, 117, 145, 170, 189, 229, 245, 269, 287, 335, 355, 437, 489
REYNOLDS, PERCY T 6
ROUNTREE, HARRY
SHEPARD, E. H 57, 119, 193, 250, 270,
294, 329, 357, 417
SHEPPERSON, C. A9, 11, 50, 90, 115, 129,
150, 190, 213, 230, 254, 305, 337, 349, 370, 395, 430, 450, 497, 517
SIMMONS, GRAHAM 95, 174, 340, 426, 480
STAMPA, G. L16, 56, 74, 108, 126, 130, 169,
181, 250, 289, 301, 307, 367, 387, 410,
427, 469, 490, 535
STYCHE, FRANK 196
Tennant, Dudley 400
THOMAS, BERT
Townsend, F. H. 7, 14, 15, 49, 65, 73, 93, 105,
113, 139, 159, 177, 185, 201, 225, 236,
241, 253, 273, 285, 293, 325, 333, 345,
353, 365, 373, 385, 393, 413, 433, 445,
453, 465, 473, 493, 505, 513, 525, 533
400, 400, 410, 490, 000, 010, 020, 000

Wilson, David.......... 86, 210, 226, 507

5.

. 366 . 234 . 436 . 306 . 62 . 482 . 158 . 374 . 266 . 256 . 113 . 176 . 225 . 231

. 246 . 508 . 45 . 318 . 175 . 209 . 228 . 425

. 534

100, 320, 440, 450, 450, 5516, 498, 5516, 498, 516, 498, 410, 5516, 498, 410, 517, 498, 410, 517, 498, 410, 517, 498, 410, 517, 410, 517, 105, 400, 377, 105, 349, 410, 535, 5445, 445, 535, 507